

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 31**

Since they returned to Evergreen Town, Caspian locked himself in his small courtyard. Unless James called for him, Caspian would not leave the room. As Caspian purposely remained low-profile, the Lawrences gradually lost interest in him. After all, he was not an official son-in-law of the family, so there was nothing much worth paying attention to.

Since there was no one bothering him, Caspian could conveniently practice. Besides needing to show himself when the servant sent his meals, Caspian would be in the Time Warp Zone practicing hard at all times. Other than that, Caspian would free some time and read the books that he borrowed to widen his knowledge.

At noon four days later, Caspian perspired profusely in the Time Warp Zone. Then, just as when he was practicing the Bloodthirsty Spear Method, he suddenly felt something tugging his heartstrings. Without hesitation, he stabbed the Silver Scales Spears onto the ground. Then, he sat cross-legged and started meditating.

After a while, the sweats on his body seemed to have evaporated, turning into white mist and slowly rose.

Caspian's chest was always rhythmically undulating at this time. If one paid close attention, they could hear Caspian's blood flowing, and his heart was violently beating. His blood flowed like a rushing stream, and his heart beating like a drum.

The whole process lasted about half a day. Suddenly, Caspian screamed, and his bones made crisp crackling sounds like fireworks exploding. Then, Caspian opened his eyes, and it was as if the whole night sky was lit up.

"Fourth stage of the True Martial Realm! I've returned to the fourth stage!" Caspian leaped from the ground.

After carefully feeling his current state, Caspian smiled.

Since he left the hellhole prison half a year ago, Caspian finally returned to his initial True Martial Realm stage. Moreover, he was even more powerful than before!

Next, Caspian clenched his fists, and he felt his arms roaring with strength.

'Although I've returned to the previous stage, my strength today is far stronger than it was before!' Caspian thought.

'It's such a shame that I've finished up the Sea-Breaker Beast's blood and Qi when I was recovering. If I want to strengthen my body after this, I can only use The Fundamental Law of a Hunting Whale to absorb the energy and essence when I'm eating.'

After pondering for a while, Caspian shook his head. 'Although the Lawrences provide me with three meals a day, those are still normal food, and the energy in them isn't enough, let alone the spiritual Qi. Thus, I must find my ways... But, food that's full of energy and spiritual Qi will need a hefty amount of money to purchase, and I don't have much money right now...'

At the thought of this, Caspian laughed bitterly. "It seems that my expectation before was correct. Faking my identity to enter the Lawrence family is only the beginning, and I'll face more problems in the future. Moreover, my time's constrained. If Fabian's news before is true, then the news about the Lawrence family's selection will be released soon. I must make sure James thinks that I'm worthy of the Lawrence family's nurturing before that."

Soon, Caspian shook his head and temporarily tossed away all these thoughts to the back of his head. Later, Caspian's eyes glistened with brilliant lights, and he walked up the stairs of the Tower of Life.

Now that he returned to the fourth stage of the True Martial Realm, Caspian could finally enter the fifth floor of the Tower of Life and search for treasures. Caspian was curious as to what type of treasure was awaiting him on the fifth floor.

When he reached the stone entrance, Caspian pushed the door open, and a loud sound rang. In an instant, a colorful and bizarre ray of lights burst out. However, it was soon calm again.

Caspian walked in and noticed that light spots were floating on the fifth floor. There were dozens of light spots, and they were floating in midair in an orderly manner. They were in different colors as if they were ice crystal flakes shining under the light.

"What are these?" Caspian was intrigued.

He then approached them to get a closer look. There were lights in each of the light spots, and it glowed with mysterious colors. The more Caspian looked at it, the more dumbfounded he was. Nonetheless, Caspian felt that this floor and the floor with The Fundamental Law of a Hunting Whale were somewhat similar. Therefore, after observing for a while, Caspian swiftly touched the first piece of the light spot.

Just as when his fingertip touched the light spot, it shook violently as if a massive force was tugging at it.

Swoosh!

It entered Caspian's fingertips.

"Huh?" The next second, Caspian felt large pieces of information surging into his brain like a wave of rushing water.

The information was boundless and appeared to be many times more condensed than The Fundamental Law of a Hunting Whale. Caspian instantly felt as if his head was about to explode, and he could not help but groan and fall to the ground as he curled himself into a ball, grinding his teeth. Soon, his clothes were wet. Nevertheless, the intense pain came and went away quickly. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, it disappeared.

Caspian lay on the floor, and he could not help but wonder if what happened was just an illusion. However, he swiftly confirmed that the severe pain and influx of information were not an illusion as there was an extra memory that did not belong to him suddenly appeared in his mind.

Caspian gasped.

The extra memory was related to the inscription skill he just learned about a few days ago, and it seemed to belong to a certain inscription master, showing his journey when he just entered the beginner's stage.

In other words, besides not having an experience, Caspian's understanding of inscription technique was far beyond ordinary warriors. Furthermore, Caspian was confident that as long as he had the necessary equipment, he successfully engraved an inscription after a few times compared to other apprentices that needed dozens of trials and errors. Then again, Caspian

also understood that this memory he just absorbed was only relatively rudimentary, and the more profound knowledge should be stored in the rest of the light spots.

Having said that, Caspian did not dare to simply give it a try as the pain was too intense just now.

"The rest of the memories on the inscription skills must be higher than the current one. I almost passed out from the most basic information. If I do it again, there's a possibility that I'll ruin my head. I should take it slow and gradually increase my skills before getting the next memory. Moreover, this memory appears to differ from what Fabian told me. He said a weapon could only be inscribed if it were at least middle-rank. But, it doesn't seem to be so based on this inheritance, and so long as it's a weapon, it can be engraved, Why are there two conflicting views?"

Caspian could not make sense of it for now, and he could only get the answer by inscribing the pattern now. Furthermore, as long as Caspian had the materials, he was sure that he could successfully carve the pattern after a few tries.

The only problem was... He did not have any material not any money to purchase them.

"I bet when mother placed the information on the inscription techniques, she would've never expected that I won't have the money to buy the necessary materials now." Caspian smiled wryly as he touched his nose.

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 32**

Another four days passed.

It was late at night, and in the forest outside of Evergreen Town, there was a sudden hurried and brief rustling sound. It was as if a wild animal ran away in a hurry. As the cloud floated away, the covered moon instantly appeared, lighting up the ground.

At that moment, a long and narrow silver light suddenly lit up the darkness. Then, with a roar, the silver light burst out like lightning. It stirred the surrounding airflow, and it even made a loud and piercing exploding sound.

Swoosh!

Woo!

Deep in the forest where the silver light was, blood sprayed everywhere out of the blue.

A black figure howled out in pain, flew into the air, and heavily slammed on a big tree, making the tree shake violently. Then, after struggling a few times, the figure stopped moving.

Soon, Caspian's silhouette appeared from the nearby darkness.

Looking at the dead grey wolf nailed to the tree with his Silver Scales Spear, Caspian nodded and smiled. "Even though it's just a wild animal, it will do fine for now."

Through his recent readings, Caspian found that not only humans could cultivate, but any creatures too. Just as warriors and cultivators, the creatures were divided into realms too.

The evil wolf in front of him would be regarded as a wild animal or wild beast, which was equivalent to warriors in the human world. Those in a higher level than wild animals were called monsters, which was equivalent to cultivators in the human world.

The forest Caspian in was Dark Cloud Forest.

There were monsters in Dark Cloud Forest, but Caspian was only cruising the surrounding area, so naturally, he encountered wild animals.

After a few days of careful observations, Caspian noticed that the Lawrences did not even pay attention to him. Besides sending him meals three times a day, Caspian was usually ignored by the Lawrences. If it were other people, they might feel dejected, but that was exactly what Caspian wanted. Hence, Caspian would leave the Lawrence Manor at night and practice in the Dark Cloud Forest.

Although he always practiced in the Time Warp Zone, and he had double the time an ordinary person had, Caspian knew that he needed to go through many actual combats as a warrior to accumulate experiences.

As he had no opponent of the same realm, the Dark Cloud Forest's wild animals became Caspian's target. Besides, since the Sea-Breaker Beast's essence was fully absorbed, Caspian needed a massive amount of wild animal meat to replenish his energy and spiritual Qi.

Later, Caspian removed the taller-than-a-human wolf from the tree, skillfully disemboweled it, skinned it, and washed it clean. Next, he roasted the wolf.

Caspian did not waste any time as he waited for the meat to cook. Instead, he took the Silver Scales Spear and repeatedly practiced the Mortal Grade's middle-ranking Bloodthirsty Spear Method. As the Bloodthirsty Spear Method's grade was not high, there were naturally not many moves to be learned. In fact, there were only three, and they were not too difficult either.

After practicing for a few days, Caspian mastered the first move, Bloody Skyfall, and the second move, Bloody Chains.

As for the third technique, Caspian needed to reach the fifth stage of the True Martial Realm before starting to learn it. Thus, Caspian was not in a hurry. Instead, he practiced the two moves repeatedly until he could react instinctively without giving much thought.

After practicing for a while, Caspian could smell an irresistible aroma from the roasted meat. Since Caspian used the Sea-Breaker Beast's essence to strengthen himself, his appetite increased a lot. Furthermore, with The Fundamental Law of a Hunting Whale's technique, Caspian would not feel full even after eating such a giant wolf that weighed about hundreds of kilograms with its bones.

Caspian was hungry as he chased after this wolf and practiced the spear skills for a while. Then, seeing that the meat was cooked, he immediately stabbed the Silver Scales Spear onto the ground. Then, he tore off one wolf leg and started eating it in big bites. The meat was muscular and tough. If it were other warriors, they need to use a sharp knife to cut through the meat, even if it were only a size bigger than their fist. Then, they could slowly chew on it. However, Caspian's teeth were like a large blade.

With a few crunches, Caspian easily chewed the meat into pieces and swallowed it. His digestive system was also dozens of times better than an ordinary person, and it made a leather rubbing sound. Within a short

time, Caspian already digested those pieces of meat that usual people might need hours to digest.

Soon, Caspian felt a warm flow spreading along with his internal organs and toward the limbs. It was so comfortable as if he was immersed in hot water. Not long after, Caspian finished devouring the roasted wolf, and he did not leave a single bone either.

Caspian wiped away the grease on the corners of his mouth. Then, he sat cross-legged and began concentrating on absorbing the energy, making sure that all the power in the wolf meat entered all parts of his bones and muscles.

After about two hours, Caspian opened his eyes.

The accumulated fatigue from his previous training was all gone. Soon, Caspian was full of energy, and his eyes lit up like a sky full of stars.

"The sky's rather gloomy today, and even the air is damp. Is it going to rain soon?" Looking at the sky, Caspian pulled out the Silver Scales Spear from the ground. Next, he tidied up and got ready to leave the mountain.

As Caspian walked along the trail down the mountain, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. Then, he squinted and looked at a silhouette standing not far away. The figure was skinny and tall, and stood there, not moving as if it were a piece of rock.

This mountain was located in a remote area, and typically, no one would come over. Moreover, it was not even morning yet, and someone was already blocking the middle of the trail.

The only possibility was the person was coming for Caspian.

Caspian's mouth twitched, and he held the Silver Scales Spear in his hand. Then, he slowly moved forward as he glanced around his surroundings.

Carson's subordinates could not come here, and the Cloud Valley's cultivators would have killed him already if they wanted to. Since Caspian arrived at Evergreen Town, there were only a few people he provoked, and among those few, there were even fewer of them that wanted him dead. After giving it a thought, Caspian guessed where the person in front of him was from.

"Did the Yates family send someone experienced over cause I beat up their little fellow?" Caspian stopped in his tracks when he was about ten meters away from the figure.

Then, he sneered.

There was a faint sound of footsteps coming from behind him.

After a while, a familiar voice rang from behind him. "You guessed it. Since that's the case, I can't let you walk away."

Caspian sighed and turned to look at the towering figure. "Harold, are you dumb?"

The person walking out was indeed Harold, and behind him, there was a crouched man.

Harold's arm that Caspian broke last time was not sandwiched between two clamps, and it was hung by the cloth around his neck. Indeed, Harold appeared pathetic there.

When Harold heard Caspian's words, he was angered. "Hmm? What did you say?"

### **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 33**

"Since you can stop me in the wilderness in the middle of the night, you must've planned it out earlier. Hence, do you think that I'll let you go and give you another chance to kill me again?" Caspian said indifferently.

Seeing his calm composure, the skinny and tall man not far away from them let out a snort.

Initially, Harold was dumbfounded, but soon he regained his senses. His expression was ferocious as he yelled maliciously, "Casper, stop pretending! I bet you're so scared that your knees are weak! None of the Lawrences are here to protect you! I'm not afraid to let you know that tonight's your last night on earth!"

"How? The third-stage warrior beside you and the fourth-stage warrior over there?" Caspian mocked.

"How dare you be so arrogant?! Aren't you a third-stage warrior too..."



Before he could finish his sentence, Harold seemed to have abruptly noticed something, and he widened his eyes in surprise.

Harold stared at Caspian in disbelief, and he stuttered, "You... You've entered the fourth stage of the True Martial Realm?"

When he spoke the last few words, he shrieked. Harold's expression was initially complicated, but he soon appeared evil again. "Nevertheless, what about it! You're a fourth-stage warrior, and we have someone in the same realm here as you too! I refuse to believe that you can escape... I... You! What are you doing?!"

Before he even finished, Harold's evil laughter turned into a cry in fear.

Caspian did not wait for Harold to finish speaking, and he already ran toward Harold.

The ten-meter distance between them was nothing for a stage-four warrior. Moreover, Caspian's figure was much firmer than other warriors in the same realm as him. Hence, Caspian was stronger and faster. In Harold's eyes, Caspian was just like a meteorite that violently crashed at him.

"Watch out!" The servant next to Harold shouted.

Then, he shook his hand and crossed two scimitars before him as he rushed toward Caspian.

When Caspian ran toward Harold, the servant noticed the other servant standing far away, who was also at the fourth stage of the True Martial Realm. The other servant darted toward them. Therefore, he would only need to block Caspian for a moment. Then, when the fourth-stage True Martial Realm servant arrived, they would have the upper hand as they had more people against Caspian. After that, they could kill and behead Caspian!

The servant's plan was good. However, he forgot that his realm was lower than Caspian by a stage.

Swoosh!

Caspian abruptly swept his Silver Scales Spear across. Before this, Caspian purposely turned his Silver Scales Spear to a certain angle so that it did not

refract the light. Thus, under the already gloomy moonlight, the few people present did not notice that Caspian held a weapon.

The Yates family's servant, who was a third-stage warrior, was caught off guard by the sudden long spear sweeping in front of him. Soon, his head exploded.

The incident caused Evergreen Town's little genius to be stupefied.

"You..." Seeing that Caspian got closer, Harold felt the pressure of the murderous aura. Moreover, he thought that the air surrounding him had also condensed.

Harold ground his teeth hard, making a loud sound, and he could not even speak a complete sentence. He was not a match for Caspian before this, and now, he could not even see Caspian's movement.

Suddenly, Harold felt his throat tightening. He lowered his head and saw a spear pierced through his neck. Harold opened his mouth, trying to say something as if he could not believe that his life ended just like this. However, no sound came out from him, but only a surge of blood gushing out from his mouth.

Caspian stared coldly at Harold's eyes as they gradually lost their light.

At this moment, he heard a loud sound breaking the silence, and it was filled with anger.

"Mortal-grade's high-rank martial skill, Lotus Leaves Chop!"

Bang!

In an instant, the person's roar turned into a loud thunder-like sound. It was as if the airflow surrounding them was stirred, and it turned into a whirlpool of blades.

Caspian immediately felt a stinging pain on his back. As Caspian fought countless times on the battlefield, he almost did not hesitate to push the Silver Scales Spear deeper through Harold's throat. Then, he suddenly turned around and hid behind Harold's body.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Harold bore the brunt, and his body was instantly slashed into four pieces as they fell onto the ground with his blood still warm.

"B\*stard!" When he saw the scene, the servant screamed furiously. The resentment in his eyes almost gushed out.

Caspian backhandedly held the Silver Scales Spear, and he stepped on the ground. Next, his body twisted as if it were a spinning top, and his spear danced as if it was a fallen leaf being blown by the wind.

"The Bloody Chains!"

Dozens of spear's shadows instantly turned into a steel wall, blocking Caspian's front. The blade light met the spear's shadows, and a series of dazzling starlight could be seen in the night.

"I won't let you go!" Then, realizing that he did not kill Caspian but chopped his master into pieces instead, the Yates family's servant fumed with rage. Once again, he rushed forward with the blade in his hand forming into a whirlpool again as he slashed at Caspian angrily.

"That's something I wanted to say too!" Caspian's gaze was gloomy, and his tone was indifferent. However, his murderous intent suddenly burst out like raging waves.

"The Bloody Skyfall!"

The Bloodthirsty Spear method's first move was an attack and the second move was defense. At that moment, Caspian's body was like a powerful bow, and he stabbed at the servant unreservedly with his spear as he completely turned a blind eye toward the slashing blade light.

When the servant saw what happened, his pupil constricted.

If he were to kill Caspian recklessly, the Silver Scales Spear would also stab his head.

After a slight hesitation, he abruptly moved his arms, and the blade light turned into a stream of light, tossing away the Silver Scales Spear. At the same time, he roared, "I'd like to see how you're going to fight me without a weapon!"

"I don't need a weapon to kill you!" Caspian's voice suddenly rang by the servant's ear, frightening him so badly that his heart almost stopped beating.

"The Strangulation of an Angered Dragon!"

Caspian's arm wrapped around the servant's long blade, and his fingers turned into claws. Then, as if they were a giant dragon emerging from the sea, they heavily slammed toward the servant's heart.

Crack! Crack!

In a blink of an eye, there were sounds of bones cracking coming from the servant's chest, and the position at the back of his heart suddenly burst open.

Thick blood and mashed flesh mixed and exploded. The servant's eyes widened, and he let out a blood-curdling scream. Then, as if he was a large and wet sack, he flew several meters away before slamming heavily onto the ground. Next, blood flowed out of his wounds, and after a few convulsions, he stopped moving.

That was not the first time Caspian killed someone but it was the first time he felt the beauty of regaining the strength he lost. Furthermore, he was also confident of one thing.

'We're in the same realm, yet I'm much stronger than this Yates family's servant. The Fundamental Law of a Hunting Whale is indeed really effective in strengthening my body!'

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 34**

After a moment of excitement, Caspian immediately calmed himself down and started cleaning the scene.

Firstly, he had to remove those obvious traces that he left, but thankfully, Caspian already thought about this point when he attacked them just now. The Yates family's third-stage True Martial Realm servant's head was entirely shattered by brute force.

Harold's throat was pierced with a regular blow. However, his body was chopped into pieces by the other servant

As for the fourth-stage True Martial Realm servant, no scars on his body showed that the Lawrence family's martial skill hurt him. Moreover, to cover the traces of The Strangulation of an Angered Dragon, Caspian also attacked him with the signature move on his heart instead of his head. Hence, from the marks left on the scene, no one would relate their deaths to Caspian.

While he cleaned the location, Caspian also searched through the body and found much good stuff. There were almost eight hundred fedulings.

Feduling was a common currency used by many countries. It was polished from a unique jade stone and shaped like other round copper coins with a square hole in the middle.

In normal circumstances, one hundred fedulings could provide for a family of three for a month. Thus, eight hundred fedulings could be considered as a small fortune. Besides that, Caspian also took both of the Yates family's servants' weapons.

The third-stage warrior used double scimitars, and it was a third-grade weapon. On the other hand, the fourth-stage warrior used a long knife, a fourth-grade weapon. A fourth-grade weapon was considered a helpful weapon in the Lawrence family. Furthermore, the most important thing was that a fourth-grade weapon was middle-rank, so Caspian could inscribe it.

Other than these, Caspian also found a booklet on Lotus Leaves Chop. The booklet looked somewhat depilated, so it might be pretty old. From its appearance, Caspian could tell that the Lotus Leaves Chop was not a martial skill kept by the Yates family but was found somewhere by this servant.

Caspian also recalled that the servant said the Lotus Leaves Chop was a Mortal Grade's high-rank skill, and he thought it would be useful too. Thus, Caspian naturally took the booklet, weapons, and fedulings as his trophies. Then, he kept them in the Earring of Echo. Caspian also only recently found out that he could keep things in the Earring of Echo, and it was convenient for him to access it.

As for space, Caspian had plenty too. Besides the Tower of Life in the Earring of Echo, there was also a large vacant land, and hundreds of people

could fit in there. Therefore, placing the few small items would not be much trouble.

After keeping away those items, Caspian once again carefully cleaned off the traces on the scene and hurriedly left after that. He also decided not to come to this mountain for practice for a while. After all, Caspian was unsure if other people were aware that Harold and the rest came here to kill him.

The gloomy sky started to pour two hours after Caspian left.

The rain fell on the Yates family's fourth-stage warrior. Soon, he twitched and spat out a mouthful of blood. Then, the man unexpectedly woke up!

The servant was once an infamous bandit in his younger years, and he learned many occult skills. For example, he would freeze his blood vessels and shrink his heart into a ball at the most crucial time. That was one of the life-saving secrets that he mastered. Nevertheless, Caspian's grasp was too strong, and the servant's heart almost shattered. Hence, despite being awake now, he knew that he would not last long.

"I must leave some messages..."

The servant gritted his teeth and dipped his finger into the blood. Next, he started to drag his finger over the ground.

"My murderer's Evergreen Town's Lawrence family's Casper..."

The servant wanted to write that, but he thought it was too long and he might be dead before he could finish the sentence. Then, he wiped the ground and started once again. "My murderer's the Lawrence family's Casper Montgomery."

However, just as he started to write, he felt that he used too much energy. After writing the words, my murderer, he felt his vision turn black. Once again, he wiped the ground and decided on, "Murderer Casper Montgomery."

As his injuries were too severe and lost a lot of blood, he wrote those three words messily. Some alphabets were large, and the others were too small as if his handwriting was chicken scratch. Nevertheless, the Yates family's servant had no strength to fix his writing anymore.

After writing the final alphabet, he gritted his teeth as he struggled to take out a small tube from the sole of his boot with his one last breath. As the small tube was hidden well, Caspian did not notice it before.

Then, the servant opened the tube and pointed to the sky. Suddenly, a bunch of fireworks shot directly into the sky, exploded in mid-air, and could be seen from a distance.

After doing all these, there was a gurgling sound in the servant's throat, and he fell to the ground. This time, he was indeed dead. One of his hands covered the word, murderer, but Casper Montgomery was exposed to the rain.

\*\*\*

More than two hours passed, and the sky was bright. However, the mountain trail appeared dim due to the rainy and foggy weather.

Several silhouettes appeared among rain, and the leading man was actually Tony, who came to the Lawrence Manor to propose marriage before. Under Tony's guidance, the several figures moved surprisingly fast. Moreover, they did not appear to be affected by the slippery trail.

When they saw Harold and the servants' bodies, the atmosphere instantly turned chilly.

"They dared to kill the Yates family's members!"

Seeing how Harold died with his eyes wide opened, Tony roared angrily. He clenched both of his fists, and there was a sound of muffled thunder in the surrounding air.

"Investigate it now! Hurry and check if the murderer left any traces! I want to tear him from limb to limb!" Tony growled and ordered.

The few men that followed him here quickly dispersed and started to look around the corpses.

As Tony watched everyone getting busy, he knew that there might be no useful clue left at the scene as it had been raining for a long time. Just as he expected, each news that he received troubled him.

"There's no clue in the area."

"Young Master Harold's injuries were from blades."

"The blade wounds appeared to be from Lotus Leaves Chop!"

\*\*\*

Putting together all the pieces of information they had, it seemed as if Harold might have entered into an argument with his servants in this wilderness. In the end, they fought to the end of their lives. Nonetheless, Tony knew that was not what happened. However, without any reliable clue, Tony only felt even more depressed when he thought about it.

"Elder Tony, there's a message left by the deceased!"

Suddenly, one of the Yates family members yelled as he squatted in front of the servant who sent the signal.

"What?!" Tony was stunned, then he felt glad as he hurriedly strode toward the kid.

"Murderer er mery!"

The words appeared in front of everyone at once.

As it was raining heavily, the words Casper Montgomery were washed away by the rainwater. Moreover, the servant was on his deathbed, and his writing was really messy. Hence, what was left were the letters, Ermery. They were almost the same size.

"The killer's name is Errnery!"

"Ermery? That's a strange name!"

"Maybe it's a codename?"

The crowd looked at each other, feeling excited as they knew the identity of the murderer. At the same time, they also had doubts as the name was too strange.

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 35**

Tony stared at the word on the ground, and he was deep in thoughts.



Tony racked his brains and could not seem to understand who Ermery could be. The name was simply too strange. However, Tony could not neglect this message as it was left by the deceased, directed at the murderer.

After pondering for some time, Tony turned around and gloomily ordered, "Bring back the bodies and don't mention this matter at all. We shall wait for the chief's instruction!"

"Yes, Elder Tony!"

The rest of the Yates family members nodded their heads. Then, under Tony's order, they started to lay the bodies in the coffins and rechecked the surroundings to ensure they did not miss any clues.

At this time, Caspian returned to his small courtyard within the Lawrence Manor in Evergreen Town. After testing for a while, Caspian ate the breakfast sent by the servant. Then, he continued practicing. Once again, he returned to his life behind closed doors again.

Three days passed, and Caspian noticed that there was no news about Harold's death. It was as if the matter never happened.

Another two days passed. Caspian indirectly asked the servant who sent food to him daily. Finally, after making sure that there was nothing unusual with the Lawrence family and Evergreen Town, Caspian walked out of the Lawrence Manor the next morning and headed toward the center of Greenfield.

As Caspian purposely lived a low-profile lifestyle, no one noticed that he went out. Since he arrived at Evergreen Town, Caspian never wandered around the whole area. However, he already knew the layout of the entire town through reading. He was not out to wander them instead, Caspian had a direct intention.

After walking languidly for some time and making sure that no one followed him, Caspian immediately fastened his steps. An hour later, he finally arrived at the busiest central business district in Greenfield. The place was so crowded, and the sound of people bargaining could be heard everywhere. Stalls and shops were closely arranged one after another. However, Caspian was not interested in these at all. Instead, he walked past

the crowd and arrived at a shop with a simple and unadorned yet unique front.

As compared to other busy and lively stores, this shop was unfrequented. Someone only entered the place after a long while.

Nonetheless, this was Caspian's destination today.

"Oceans Chamber of Commerce", Caspian looked at the board attached at the top of the shop, and he smiled faintly.

Fabian mentioned that this was the only store in Greenfield where one could find an inscription master. Caspian walked in and instantly noticed that although the Oceans Chamber of Commerce did not seem big from the outside, it was like a whole new world inside. Not only was it spacious, but it also had a complete selection of products. There were medicinal ingredients, leather, weapons, elixirs, and even talismans.

It could be said that one could find whatever the stalls and shops outside were selling on this Oceans Chamber of Commerce. Comparing the prices outside, Caspian realized the items sold in the Oceans Chamber of Commerce were almost doubled in price. Hence, this might be the reason why most customers were outside.

Just as Caspian was walking and browsing, a young girl in a pink dress smiled and approached him. Then, she greeted Caspian politely, "Welcome, sir. May I know if I can be of any help?"

Caspian glanced at the girl and answered indifferently, "I'd like to see some inscriptions."

Later, he looked away in another direction.

Although he was born in Salleria, Caspian was still a prince, and the dignified aura that he possessed could not be learned by ordinary people. Hence, despite wearing a commoner outfit, the young lady did not dare to slack, and she respectfully led Caspian into the shop.

After passing through a few booths, the young lady stopped in her tracks. Then, she crossed her arms in front of her lower abdomen and bowed slightly at Caspian. "Sir, the inscriptions that you need can be chosen from here. May I know if there's anything else I can help with?"

When the young lady was speaking, a fair and plump shopkeeper walked out from the booth.

"That's it. Thank you. I can take a look at these myself." Caspian nodded.

Caspian acknowledged the shopkeeper and walked into the booth.

The young lady who greeted Caspian watched as he walked into the booth, then she breathed out a sigh of relief. She could not help but feel curious as she wondered, 'Who's this guest? His aura's so imposing, and I almost felt suffocated. I've never felt this way even when the elders of several families in Greenfield came here to select items.'

As they walked into the booth, the plump and fair shopkeeper asked Caspian with a smile, "Young Master, may I know what type of inscription you're looking for, and what type of weapon are you going to inscribe on? The Oceans Chamber of Commerce had the best apprentice in the entire Greenfield, and I'm sure you'll be satisfied."

"Apprentice? Don't you have an inscription master here?" Caspian eyes glistened slightly.

The shopkeeper sized Caspian up and down and laughed. "We do have an inscription master. But, the charges will be more expensive. "

"Ah... Alright." Caspian nodded, completely ignoring the fleeting contempt in the shopkeeper's eyes. Then, Caspian told the shopkeeper his intention, "Well, I'll be frank... I'm interested in inscriptions, so I want to research it. I wonder if you sell any inscription brushes that are used to draw the pattern?"

The shopkeeper nodded and answered, "I do. As long as it's related to inscriptions, you can get it in the Oceans Chamber of Commerce. However, what type of inscription brush are you looking for?"

"How many types are there?" Caspian asked.

"Please wait for a moment." The shopkeeper turned around and walked away. Not long after, he returned with a few trays in his hands.

Caspian noticed that the inscription brushes on the trays were similar to the daily writing brushes. However, the inscription brush had a mysterious halo floating on its surface, and it appeared extraordinary.

The shopkeeper displayed the trays in front of Caspian, and he explained, "If you're interested in inscriptions and want to research on your own, I don't recommend buying an overly expensive inscription brush. There are a few types here, and I believe you can pick one that suits you."

After he said that, he showed the inscription brushes on the trays one by one.

Although Caspian was mentally prepared, when he heard the cheapest inscription brush cost four hundred fedulings, he still could not help but feel upset. He might have gained a small fortune from Harold and the two servants, but Caspian needed to buy more than just an inscription brush.

In the end, Caspian could only purchase the four hundred fedulings inscription brush under the shopkeeper's somewhat scornful gaze.

"Do you need any other materials?" When the shopkeeper asked this, he showed a forceful smile.

The shopkeeper deduced that Caspian was not wealthy. Nonetheless, as a shopkeeper, he could not show his disdain.

"There's nothing else," Caspian answered calmly.

The materials sold in the Ocean Chamber of Commerce were twice the price outside, and he did not have much money to spend now.

After rejecting the shopkeeper, Caspian changed his mind and asked, "I still need some inscription papers. By the way, how much is a lightning inscription here?"

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 36**

The shopkeeper asked, "How many pieces of paper do you need? The inscription papers are graded too. What type are you looking..."

"I need ten of the cheapest ones," Caspian answered without waiting for the shopkeeper to finish his sentence.

Caspian did not have much money at the moment. After buying the inscription brush and papers, he needed to purchase engraving materials. Hence, Caspian had to save up.

It appeared as if the shopkeeper expected Caspian's request, and he took out a pile of yellowed but firm square paper, saying, "The cheapest ones are level one inscription papers, and they cost ten fedulings per piece. Since you're getting ten, that's a hundred fedulings."

The price was within Caspian's expectation, so he was not overly surprised. After paying the money, Caspian took the papers and checked them.

The level one inscription papers were cut in squares, and each piece was only the size of two palms together. Moreover, when Caspian felt the paper, he sensed a strange force on the surface, as if there was an air current floating on it.

Later, the shopkeeper asked, "Sir, do you still need the lightning inscription? It's slightly expensive. May I know what type of weapon you want to engrave the inscription on?"

Caspian gave it a thought and replied, "It's a fourth-grade long spear, but I didn't bring it with me today."

"Once a lightning inscription is activated, it'll release thunder and lightning that can paralyze your opponent in an instant. Therefore, the most suitable weapons for it will be any knife or sword, and the effect might not be as good on a long spear."

Then, the shopkeeper continued, "As the lightning inscription is an inscription for additional attributes, its price will be higher than those inscriptions that are used to increase the weapon's original attributes. It will cost five hundred fedulings for each paper."

Even though Caspian was prepared, he still could not help but gasp when he heard the price. The price was higher than the inscription brush that he just purchased!

Nonetheless, Caspian's original intention was not to buy that lightning inscription but to determine the price.

Now that he found that out, his purpose was achieved. Caspian waved his hand to indicate that he did not need the lightning inscription and left the Oceans Chamber of Commerce with the inscription brush and papers he purchased.

The shopkeeper waited until Caspian was far away before snorted disdainfully, "He's broke, yet he wants to practice inscriptions. He's just another guy with an unrealistic dream, wanting to earn a lot of money through inscriptions! I'm afraid there's only regret waiting for him!"

After walking out of the Oceans Chamber of Commerce, Caspian made his way toward other shops.

In Evergreen Town, only the Oceans Chamber of Commerce had inscription masters. However, it was not the only place that sold inscription materials. After all, materials for drafting low-level inscriptions were not rare. Some of them were everyday items. Caspian walked into one shop and purchased a few items. Then, he wandered around and entered another shop and bought a few things.

About an hour later, Caspian carried more bulging paper bags than before. Each bag was filled with engraving inscription materials.

The few bags might appear light, but Caspian finished his remaining three hundred fedulings on them.

At this moment, Caspian was once again broke. However, Caspian did not seem dejected. His gaze was filled with expectation and excitement.

There was a reason why he asked the Oceans Chamber of Commerce's shopkeeper the price of a piece of lightning inscription. Through the memory he inherited from the Tower of Life, Caspian mastered three types of inscriptions. One of them was the lightning inscription. The other was a shape-shifting inscription, which could change the user's appearance, and the last one was a weight inscription that could be used to increase the weight of a weapon.

Caspian was doing quick math in his mind. "I spent one hundred and twenty fedulings on the materials for a lightning inscription. If I included the cost of the inscription papers, it's only one hundred and thirty fedulings. However, a lightning inscription is priced at five hundred

fedulings. I can earn three hundred and seventy fedulings when I sell it, and I'll earn about three times the profit!"

At the thought of that, Caspian got more excited. He wanted to return to the Lawrence Manor immediately and start drawing the inscription.

Just as he walked home, Caspian heard a sudden commotion from the street in the distance. He looked in the direction and noticed that the ruckus was coming from the Oceans Chamber of Commerce.

A gorgeous carriage stopped at the Oceans Chamber of Commerce's entrance. People were swarming the area and shouting, but it was unknown what they were discussing.

Caspian only took a glance, but he was instantly attracted by the six snow-white horses in charge of pulling the carriage. The six big horses were as white as snow, and their fur was well kept. Moreover, their coats were glowing under the sun, and no one could directly look at them without hurting their eyes. However, the most eye-catching part was each of the white horses had a single red horn the size of an adult's palm on their head. The single horn made the white horses appear more elegant and majestic.

'Crimson-horned unicorns!' Caspian was stunned.

Caspian saw a crimson-horned unicorn before as they had one in Salleria. Nonetheless, it was also precisely why Caspian knew how precious the unicorn was and how hard it was to tame them.

Besides, even with the power of the Salleria's royal family, they only managed to raise one unicorn, and it was only shown during the national ancestor veneration. On other days, Caspian could not see the unicorn. However, the carriage in front of the Oceans Chamber of Commerce was pulled by six crimson-horned unicorns, and it instantly piqued Caspian's curiosity. He wondered who could be in the carriage.

When the carriage stopped, someone soon got out of it. Nonetheless, as too many people were surrounding the scene to look at the crimson-horned unicorns, and Caspian stood quite far away, he could only see a swaying white figure walking into the Oceans Chamber of Commerce through the crowd.

He could tell that the person seemed to be a woman, but Caspian was uncertain of her age and appearance.

'Forget it. What does that person have to do with me? The world is humongous. As long as I ascend into the Pulse Control Realm or even a higher realm, owning six crimson-horned unicorns will be as easy as pie.' Caspian shook his head and walked through the crowd, continuing his journey home.

When Caspian reached the Lawrence Manor, it was already past lunchtime. Nevertheless, the servant noticed that he was not at home and placed his meal on the stone table in his courtyard.

The food was still warm.

Caspian hurriedly finished his food and returned to the room. Then, he shut the door tightly and entered the Time Warp Zone. Later, Caspian neatly arranged the inscription brush, papers, and other materials that he purchased just now in front of him. Next, he recalled the three inscriptions he mastered and decided to start on the shape-shifting inscription.

Just as the Oceans Chamber of Commerce's shopkeeper said, inscriptions were also divided into nine levels, and each level was divided into high, middle, and low ranks.

The shape-shifting inscription did not help enhance the weapon's power, but it could change the user's appearance. Hence, it was easier to draw, and it was considered a level one low-rank inscription.

Although Caspian had enough theoretical knowledge, he lacked practice. Thus, Caspian decided to familiarize himself with the shape-shifting inscription first.

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 37**

As Caspian rehearsed countless times in his head, he was calm and collected when he had the actual materials in front of him.

From Caspian's expression and movements, no one would believe he was a novice who never tried his hands on inscribing.



The materials needed for shape-shifting inscription had been ground into powder. Then, Caspian poured some inscription water that was needed to draw the inscription in the powder. In an instant, the powder blended in the inscription water. The originally pale green inscription water quickly turned pale yellow. Moreover, there was a layer of light on its surface, and it was stunning.

Caspian pursed his lips, held the inscription brush, and wet the tip. Next, he started to draw with the brush.

His speed was extremely fast as he swung his arm in the air, and only shadows could be seen. After a while, a not-so-complicated pattern appeared on the inscription paper.

Caspian held his breath and watched as the pattern slowly seeped into the inscription paper until it was settled. Later, with a flash of light, the inscription paper suddenly showed an aura of agility that was not there before.

Caspian immediately breathed a sigh of relief and smiled. "It's a success!"

It was his first time drawing an inscription pattern, and he instantly succeeded. Not only would this help him save on the materials, but it also gave him unprecedented extra confidence.

The paper in Caspian's hand was no longer just an inscription paper but an actually finished inscription, and he could use it directly. As the shape-shifting inscription was easy to draw, its rank was also low. Hence, it would not be expensive.

Caspian asked around and knew that it would only sell for two hundred fedulings. However, the inscription cost was not more than 80 fedulings. As long as Caspian could sell them, he would earn 120 fedulings.

Nonetheless, Caspian did not plan to sell this inscription as it was the first one he did, and he thought it had a memorial value. Besides, he wanted to keep it for his use. Later, Caspian drew two more shape-shifting inscriptions. Unfortunately, he failed once. Surprisingly, Caspian was not sad, nor did he feel any negative emotions about it.

Even an apprentice or inscription master would have failed a few times while drawing an inscription, let alone Caspian, who was just a

novice. Other inscription apprentices might waste countless materials when they started drawing inscriptions. Furthermore, it was already considered good enough if they only succeeded two times out of ten in drawing the somewhat simple shape-shifting inscription.

Caspian did not receive any guidance, and it was his first time practicing, yet in the four attempts, he successfully drew three inscriptions. He was indeed a genius!

Hence, Caspian only used up four inscription papers to draw three pieces of shape-shifting inscriptions successfully. Caspian did not plan to sell any of them as he wanted to keep them for his use. After all, certain matters were inconvenient for Caspian to handle with his current identity.

After he finished drawing the shape-shifting inscription, Caspian meditated as he summarized what he learned from the practice and failure just now. Later, Caspian opened his eyes and stared at the rest of the materials with a heavy expression. Next, Caspian wanted to draw the primary goal of that day, the weight inscription.

The weight inscription was only a level one mid-rank inscription, and it could increase a weapon's weight. However, the weight would not affect the weapon's user.

The Silver Scales Spear that Caspian received weighed 100 kilograms. If he engraved the weight inscription on it, the spear's weight would increase by at least 100 kilograms, but Caspian would only feel the 100 kilograms weight when he used it. Nevertheless, when he swung the Silver Scales Spear, its power would be more than 200 kilograms. Hence, Caspian's opponent would think that he was only using a long spear, but in truth, its power was much stranger than a giant ax. If the enemy underestimated Caspian, then the battle scene at that time would be interesting.

"Inscriptions are divided into high, middle, and low rank. Only low-rank inscriptions can be drawn on inscription papers, whereas middle and high-rank inscriptions must be engraved on a weapon. I must seize the opportunity now and earn more money through the inscription papers. Then, I can buy more food ingredients to strengthen my body." Caspian breathed out a long sigh, and the light in his eyes gradually focused.

Caspian fully absorbed the Sea-Breaker Beast's essence. However, due to Harold's incident, Caspian was unable to visit the Dark Cloud Forest and hunt for monsters for the time being. Therefore, if Caspian wanted to replenish his energy, he could only spend some money and purchase them in Evergreen Town.

The higher the vigor of the monsters, the higher its price. Hence, Caspian must earn more money.

Based on his estimation, the Dark Moon Sect would announce the extra candidate in a few more days.

After calming himself down, Caspian picked up the inscription brush and started drawing.

The weight inscription was four times more complicated than the shape-shifting inscription. It must be drawn in one go with no pauses in between. In addition to that, the difference in pen strokes in certain areas was also significant.

Although Caspian rehearsed it countless times in his head before, he failed twice in a row when he started practicing it.

After the failures, Caspian was only left with four pieces of inscription papers.

He pondered for a while, and he was not in a hurry to continue. Instead, Caspian went through the lessons just now before continuing.

On Caspian's third attempt, there was light on its surface. The weight inscription was done.

Caspian was breaking out in sweats, and he appeared serious, showing a focused look. However, he did not take another look at the inscription that took much effort to draw. Instead, Caspian took advantage of the excellent momentum and luck to continue drawing.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The Time Warp Zone was instantly filled with the sound of the brush moving on the paper. Soon, three pieces of successfully drawn weight inscription appeared in front of Caspian.

At this time, Caspian's sweat dripped from his hair. Drawing four pieces of weight inscriptions seemed to be more tiring than practicing The Strangulation of an Angered Dragon ten times. Nevertheless, Caspian was happy.

"I'll keep one of the weight inscriptions and sell the rest." Caspian took a deep breath.

"A piece of weight inscription's cost price is one hundred and twenty fedulings, and it can be sold for about four hundred fedulings. Since I'm selling three and after deducting the cost, I can earn more than eight hundred fedulings. It's almost the same amount as what I've gotten from Harold and his servants." Caspian calculated.

Nonetheless, Caspian thought that it was rather pitiful. "If only I had more money back then... I might even brazen myself and draw the lightning inscription."

Now that he had three additional weight inscriptions, Caspian was instantly filled with extra confidence too. Then, Caspian kept aside the three weight inscriptions and took the remaining weight inscription and his Silver Scales Spear.

"Fabian told me that only middle-rank weapons can be engraved, but the memories that I've gotten said weight inscription can be used on low-rank weapons too."

Caspian took a deep breath. "Who's right, and who's wrong..."

"This is the moment of truth!"

Caspian pressed the weight inscription onto the Silver Scales Spear. Although he was confident that the weight inscription was successfully drawn, Caspian was still nervous.

He held his breath and watched as the weight inscription slowly got closer to the Silver Scales Spears and directly pressed onto it.

One breath...

Two breath...

On Caspian's third breath, there was light appearing on the weight inscription. It was as if the lines on the paper were alive, and it swam toward the Silver Scales Spear!

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 38**

The light disappeared in a flash.

When Caspian calmed himself down to look at the inscription paper on his hand, the complicated drawing disappeared. Moreover, the paper lost the toughness and brilliance it had before. It then turned into an ordinary piece of paper. Then, he took a closer look at his Silver Scales Spear, and he immediately noticed that there was a layer of detailed engraving on its surface.

It was as if the Silver Scales Spear was already carved since the beginning.

Following the appearance of the inscription, Caspian felt a profoundness that he never felt before on the Silver Scales Spear.

"This should be done." Caspian swung the Silver Scales Spears, but he did not feel that it was heavier.

Nonetheless, Caspian expected this too. Next, Caspian activated the Time Warp Zone's button, and a stone statue suddenly popped out of the initially flat surface.

Caspian raised his Silver Scales Spear and smashed at the stone statue.

With a loud bang, the stone statue not only lost its head but its chest was also broken into pieces. Even its waist was cracked open, and its thighs broke and flew out. It was then left with two calves standing on the ground.

With a loud bang, the stone statue not only lost its head but its chest was also broken into pieces. Even its waist was cracked open, and its thighs broke and flew out. It was then left with two calves standing on the ground.

Caspian blinked and exhaled.

It was a success!

Previously, the Silver Scales Spear would at most only break the stone statue's head and chest into pieces. Now, the strength of the Silver Scales

Spear doubled. Looking at the remaining stubborn calves on the ground, Caspian revealed a satisfied smile.

The inheritance was correct. More importantly, he succeeded. Caspian was still unaware that what he did was mind-blowing.

Later, Caspian continued training in the Time Warp Zone as he did before.

\*\*\*

At night, a housekeeper lowered his hands and murmured something to James in James's room.

In front of James, there was a small note with two vigorous and forceful words on it, "You decide".

James waited until the servant finished reporting before placing the note down and rhythmically tapped on the table. Then, he asked, "Besides training in the room, he doesn't do anything else?"

"That's his routine every day," the servant answered.

James frowned and pondered for a while. Suddenly, he smirked. "This kid knows how to keep himself hidden. When he just arrived, he caused such a commotion. After that, it was as if he disappeared, letting others inadvertently forget about his existence. What an interesting child. It seems father picked him not because of impulse. Oh, right. Besides this note, is there anything else Old Master Lawrence said?"

The servant whispered, "Old Master Lawrence mentioned that he's now at the most crucial moment to break through the realm. Once he does, he'll return in about ten days. For the time being, you, decide on everything, Chief James."

"I decide on everything..." James frowned again, "I know you hope that he's qualified, but not only does he not have any status, but there's also no reason that can be used to convince everyone. If I directly decide on it, other people will refuse it openly. The situation might be hard to handle then. Hence, I must at least let him do something so that I have a good justification."

When James mumbled to himself, the servant beside him lowered his hands and did not say a word. Soon, James seemed to have thought of something and abruptly asked, "By the way, is there any news about Jessica?"

"Lady Jessica's still training in St. Jade Chamber, and we didn't receive any news yet," the servant informed James.

When James heard that, he snorted. "This brat! She doesn't even come home and keeps wandering around outside."

The next second, his tone softened. "Forget it... I can't control her anymore. If you have the time, let her know that Casper's here and she should come back to meet him. It's rude to keep hiding out there."

After saying that, James waved his hand. The servant nodded and left quietly.

Under the swaying flame, there was a hint of exhaustion on James's face, but it soon disappeared.

\*\*\*

Caspian trained for the whole night before leaving the Tower of Life and went to fetch pails of water from the courtyard's well to shower. Since he did not swallow the vital energy, Caspian could feel that his body reached its limit.

"A fourth-stage True Martial Realm warrior can smash a rock into pieces with a slap, break three-fingers-thick steel with a kick. My strength's indeed more powerful than these, but if I could replenish myself with vital energy and strengthen my body, not only can I slap rocks into pieces, but I can directly explode the iron steels with The Strangulation of an Angered Dragon."

Then, Caspian changed into a fresh set of clothes and put the three pieces of weight inscription he prepared in front of his chest. Later, he carried his Silver Scales Spear and headed out of the Lawrence Manor.

Caspian planned to sell the weight inscriptions and purchase a monster's meat with the money he would get to replenish his energy.

These items could be kept in the Earring of Echo, but it would be inconvenient to take them out in front of everyone. Moreover, if Caspian did that, he would expose the secret of the Earring of Echo. Thus, the easiest way was to bring it along with him.

Since Caspian was deliberately keeping a low profile, he naturally would not use the main entrance to leave the Lawrence Manor. Instead, he chose the side door. However, Caspian was stopped when he tried to leave. The person who blocked Caspian was a Lawrence family member, and he appeared to be in his thirties.

The man looked at Caspian. Next, he introduced himself with both hands behind him, "I'm Jordan Lawrence. Casper, don't you remember what Young Master said to you?"

"Young Master? Which Young Master?" Caspian faked a smile.

Seeing Caspian's expression, Jordan frowned. "Stop playing dumb! Young Master Ashton warned you to stay within your bounds. Carrot or stick, it's your pick!"

"Am I not allowed to go out?" Caspian's smile widened, but the color in his eyes gradually got colder.

Ashton dared to provoke him the last time, and Caspian disregarded it as he was feeling generous. However, it seemed that Ashton pushed his luck, thinking that Caspian was afraid of him.

"Chief James has something big to announce soon, so everyone in the Lawrence family must be obedient. This is an order. Yet, you want to go out at this hour. Are you trying to do something shameful?" Jordan frowned, and he swiftly reached out to Caspian.

"Bringing a weapon is breaking the order! I'll temporarily keep this third-grade weapon for you!"

Caspian took a step back and avoided Jordan. His face instantly turned gloomy. "Nobody told me about not being able to leave. As for this weapon, Chief James gave it to me. Who do you think you are?"

Jordan sneered again and again. "You're just a son-in-law who's marrying into your wife's family. What rights do you have to own a weapon? I'm



warning you to give the weapon to me. Otherwise, you might suffer. Unlike the servant that was badly beaten by you the other day, I'll retaliate. Besides, few people will pass by this side door, and I've also arranged people away from here. If you don't listen to my words... Hmph! It'll be useless even if you scream at the top of your lungs as no one will come to help you!"

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 39**

"Really?" Caspian frowned. The next second, he yelled as loud as he could, "Help!"

After shouting that, he listened carefully, and there was no movement at all. No one came either.

Jordan looked at Caspian in surprise. There was no fear and panic on Caspian's face as he expected, but there was excitement on his face instead. "You're right! No one's coming!"

"It seems that you're indeed a stubborn person. Since that's the case, I'll teach you a lesson. Otherwise, Young Master Ashton's hands might get dirty."

When he regained his senses, Jordan laughed menacingly. Then, he took out a shield the size of a washbowl from behind and placed it in front of him. "I'd like to see how you'll escape my fourth-grade Groundbreaker Shield."

"Fourth-grade weapon?" Caspian glanced at the shield, and his eyes lit up. Soon, he weighed his Silver Scales Spear. Then, just like a cannonball, Caspian instantly rushed at James with the Silver Scales Spear sweeping at James.

"Ha! It's useless! I've inquired about your Silver Scales Spear before this, and it's only a third-grade weapon weighing not more than one hundred kilograms. On the other hand, my Groundbreaker Shield has force-reducer inscription on it, and it can withstand at least three hundred kilograms of force!"

Before Jordan could finish speaking, his voice was entirely swallowed by the surging waves of wind caused by the sweeping of the long spear.

In an instant, Jordan felt what was coming at him was not a third-grade Silver Scales Spear but a monster that was running wild and a destructive storm. Then, Jordan raised his Groundbreaker Shield to block himself.

Bang!

The loud noise was like thunder striking the ground. Light flashed on the surface of the Groundbreaker Shield, and it swiftly exploded into pieces.

The massive impact from the explosion blasted Jordan away at once.

His arms crackled as it broke, his internal organs suffered from the blow, and he soon spat out a mouthful of blood. Then, like a meteor, Jordan was tossed seven meters away, smashing through a wall next to them. As he was stuck in the hole, there were no movements from him anymore, only a pair of quivering legs hanging out.

"You dare block my way with this ability?" Caspian snorted. He did not cast Jordan another glance and left the Lawrence Manor.

'The effect of weight inscription is indeed obvious. Silver Scales Spear was only a hundred kilogram before this, coupled with my swinging strength. It'd be at most five hundred kilograms of force. If the Groundbreaker Shield blocked it, Jordan would be unharmed from the remaining hundred kilograms. With the weight inscription, the Silver Scales Spears suddenly became two hundred kilograms, and when I swung it, it could create a force of about one thousand kilograms. If the Groundbreaker Shield could withstand the force, then something was up...'

As Caspian was thinking about that, he was walking nonstop. Not long after, Caspian was away from the Lawrence Manor and arrived at a secluded alley. Caspian glanced around to ensure no one was there before keeping the Silver Scales Spear in the Earring of Echo.

When he saw Jordan's Groundbreaker Shield, Caspian instantly remembered that he had third-grade scimitars from the Yates family's servant. Thus, he wanted to use this opportunity to sell it. Caspian did not plan to sell the other fourth-grade long sword as he wanted to use it after engraving it with an inscription.

After taking out the scimitars, Caspian took a piece of shape-shifting inscription and pressed it on his face.

Soon, Caspian felt his face muscles tightened and then slowly relaxed. Caspian took the knife and used the blade as a mirror to look at his reflection. He noticed that his face became long and narrow, his eyes droopy, and his lips turned thick and plump. The appearance was extremely foreign, and it was different from Caspian's face.

'The effect's great!' Caspian nodded his head in satisfaction.

The shape-shifting inscription effect did not have a specific time limit. Therefore, when the user was done, they just needed to rub a few particular spots on their face to restore their original appearance.

Only the shape-shifting inscription inscriber knew the specific spots. Hence, Caspian need not worry about other people seeing through him.

Caspian walked wobbly with the strange face on, and he soon arrived at the Evergreen Town's business district he visited yesterday. After a few observations, Caspian turned into a small shop in a relatively remote area.

Seeing that the guy in the shop took a nap, Caspian walked over, slapped the table, and yelled with a rough voice, "Hey! Do you buy weapons?!"

The guy was annoyed as he was abruptly woken up from his dream. Nonetheless, since it was a customer, he could only greet him with a smile. Moreover, the customer did not appear to be friendly at all.

"We do. Of course, we do. May I know what type of weapons you are planning to sell?" The guy hurriedly asked.

Then, Caspian purposely looked around to ensure that there was no one before taking out the scimitars from his chest. "I want to sell this weapon for six hundred fedulings!"

The guy glanced at the scimitars a few times and laughed. "Sir, this is a third-grade weapon, and it's quite damaged, so we can't buy it for six hundred fedulings. However, we'll accept it for one hundred and fifty fedulings."

"One hundred and fifty fedulings? Are you trying to cheat me! This is a third-grade weapon! It's alright if you don't want it. I'll just go to another shop!" Caspian cursed as he grabbed the scimitars, ready to walk away.

Of course, the guy would not let Caspian leave just like that. After all, a customer was finally at his door. He hurriedly walked forward and pulled Caspian. Then, with a smile on his face, he said, "Don't be anxious and take a seat first. Why don't you have some tea while I ask our shopkeeper to discuss it with you?"

"That's more like it." Caspian looked around and arrogantly took a seat. "Well, I'm just letting you know that I'm only going to agree on six hundred fedulings. No less!"

"Sure, sure. Of course." The guy comforted Caspian.

When he turned around, he twitched his lips and walked to the back.

After a while, a shopkeeper in his forties walked out. He took a look at the scimitars and chuckled. "I'm afraid the origin of this weapon isn't legal, right?"

Caspian's expression changed, and he straightened his neck and roared, "It's... It's none of your business! I found it by the roadside, and I took it! Do you want it or not? If you don't, I'll leave!"

"Come on, don't be impatient," the shopkeeper chuckled, "These scimitars aren't worth six hundred fedulings. How about this? I'm willing to buy them for two hundred fedulings. I won't ask you where you got them, and if someone asks me, I'd tell them no one came to my small shop to sell this third-grade weapon. What do you think?"

"You're sure you won't tell anyone about this?" Caspian showed a doubtful expression.

"Not only will I not tell anyone about this, but you can also bring over other weapons that you find next time. I can assure you that I'll give you a reasonable price, and most importantly, it's safe too," the shopkeeper replied with a faint smile.

"Alright. Then, I'll just suffer some losses. I'll settle with two hundred," Caspian spoke through gritted teeth.

"Great!" The shopkeeper ordered the other guy to bring in some money. Then, he sat and accompanied Caspian for a chat.

The shopkeeper was in a good mood. After all, his shop was rather remote, and business was never that good. Thus, when he received the third-grade scimitars, he knew that it could be sold for at least four to five hundred fedulings after polishing, which meant that he would earn double what he bought it for.

Hence, how miserable could the shopkeeper be at this moment?

## **The Prince Who was Raised in Hell – Chapter 40**

When Caspian walked out of the shop, he held the 200 fedulings and a bag of Sweet Nothings, which was a good spiritual tea that he extorted from the shopkeeper.

When Caspian drank the spiritual tea, he thought it was extraordinary. Caspian inquired about the tea, and he found out that those tea leaves were plucked from a plantation in the sect's territories. Hence, it was naturally nourished with spiritual Qi, and it was far from comparable to ordinary tea leaves. Each tea leaf contained subtle spiritual Qi, so when one brewed and drank it, it would help with concentration, useful for cultivation.

It was also why one small bag of tea leaves would cost 30 fedulings.

Now that Caspian saw it, the tea leaves were naturally Caspian's. Regardless of how much it pained the shopkeeper, Caspian still left the shop feeling satisfied. Now that the troublesome scimitars are traded for fedulings that he urgently needed, Caspian was relieved.

He once again found a hidden alley, and after making sure that there was no one around, Caspian rubbed the few specific spots on his face. Soon, Caspian returned to his original appearance. Then, he took out the Silver Scales Spear and made his way to the Oceans Chamber of Commerce.

Yesterday, Caspian saw a gorgeous carriage pulled by six crimson-horned unicorns stopped in front of the Oceans Chamber of Commerce. However, it was no longer there today, and the Oceans Chamber of Commerce's entrance returned to its usual quietness. It was as if nothing happened yesterday.

Caspian was unbothered. After entering the Oceans Chamber of Commerce, he directly walked toward the booth where he purchased the inscription items yesterday.

The person that greeted Caspian was still the plump shopkeeper yesterday. When he noticed it was Caspian again, the shopkeeper forced a smile. "You're here again. What do you want to buy today?"

"I'm not here to buy but to sell," Caspian answered.

The shopkeeper was stunned, but he soon nodded. "Sell? Yes, we do accept inscription materials. What are you planning to sell?"

"I'm not selling materials, but inscriptions." Then, Caspian took out the three weight inscriptions he prepared and patted them in front of the shopkeeper.

"Sell inscriptions?" The shopkeeper's plump cheeks shook, and he widened his eyes in surprise as he stared at Caspian in disbelief.

"Don't you accept inscriptions here?" Caspian frowned.

Based on his understanding, regardless of whether the shops outside or Oceans Chamber of Commerce, they acquired inscriptions. Since on the one hand, it was necessary to prepare for emergencies, and on the other hand, it was also essential to stock up on goods. After all, inscriptions were not easy to come by.

"Sir, are you saying... After you went back yesterday, you've successfully drawn out inscriptions?" The shopkeeper was stunned, but soon he regained his senses, and his tone was filled with doubt.

Although he was not an inscription master nor an apprentice, he was responsible for the inscriptions booth in the Oceans Chamber of Commerce. Hence, the shopkeeper was also knowledgeable with inscriptions. He knew the most gifted person in inscriptions, who was currently being personally entertained by the manager behind, had also failed many times before finally succeeding when he first began.

Therefore, the shopkeeper's first reaction was that Caspian was bluffing. Nevertheless, Caspian did not answer him and just raised his brows, hinting at the shopkeeper to take a look

Finally, the shopkeeper took the three pieces of weight inscriptions with skepticism. At first glance, there was light floating on its surface, and there was no problem. It was indeed an inscription. However, under closer inspection, the shopkeeper was sure that these were indeed inscriptions, and they were the level one middle-rank weight inscription.

The shopkeeper instantly became suspicious. He could not believe that Caspian drew these inscriptions. The only possibility was he found a few inscriptions somewhere, so he was here to sell them. Then, he said he drew them himself as it would be a more straightforward explanation. This young man acted on his impulse and decided to brag just to get an outsider's attention, hoping that he would be praised. The shopkeeper thought that such a thought was understandable.

When he thought of that, the shopkeeper felt as if he unraveled the truth.

After pondering on it, the shopkeeper said, "Three pieces of level one middle-rank weight inscription. If we base it on one piece for two hundred and sixty fedulings, I can round it up to eight hundred fedulings for all three pieces. What do you think?"

"It's low..." Caspian frowned.

The price offered was much lower than what he anticipated.

After all, the cost for these three pieces of weight inscriptions was almost 400 fedulings. Besides, Caspian even failed twice, and he must consider those papers too. Caspian would not gain much profit if they went with the price the shopkeeper offered.

"At least one thousand," Caspian added, "I know that the weight inscription you're selling here's more than four hundred fedulings per piece. Hence, you can still earn at least one hundred fedulings."

The shopkeeper smiled awkwardly. "You're right, but you should know that the weight inscriptions we're selling are drawn by our inscription apprentices, some by the masters too. Hence, the prices are naturally high. The best I can do is nine hundred fedulings. It's not considered low."

Caspian snorted and snatched the three pieces of inscription papers from the shopkeeper. Then, he turned around, wanting to leave.

The shopkeeper did not lie, but Caspian knew the inscriptions he drew would be better than the works of the apprentices here, and it was impossible to be worse than theirs. And once they accepted his inscription, they could say that the apprentices here drew it. As long as they did not expose the truth, no one knew anything.

Since the Oceans Chamber of Commerce did not appreciate his works, Caspian did not mind going to another shop and selling them. He believed that other stores would welcome him well.

In truth, the shopkeeper tried to depress the price. When he saw that Caspian did not say anything but chose to leave instead, he was immediately anxious. He was not anxious because he was distressed about losing a few hundred fedulings worth of profit. Still, he knew well that there was undoubtedly an apprentice or even master behind this young man!

No matter what, the shopkeeper and the Oceans Chamber of Commerce must win him over. Even if they could not win them over, they should not offend them!

If the manager knew that he offended someone sent by an apprentice or master, he would no longer have this job as a shopkeeper! Moreover, he might be heavily punished!

Therefore, by hook or by crook, he needed to make sure that Caspian would not leave!

"Sir! Let's discuss it first. Come in and have a seat." The shopkeeper stopped Caspian, and at the same time, he waved his hand at the nearby maid in a pink dress, letting her hurry over to entertain Caspian.

Caspian stopped in his tracks and took out a bag of spiritual tea from his chest. Then, he showed it to the shopkeeper and flashed a smile as he said, "Another shop used this tea to entertain me while we were discussing business. He even gave me a bag before I left."

Naturally, the shopkeeper would not say that might offend Caspian. He patted his chubby chest loudly and replied, "Of course! We have that too! The Oceans Chamber of Commerce's spiritual teas won't be worse than other shops! Someone, come here and serve this young man tea. Use a good one!"



Realizing the shopkeeper had a change in attitude, Caspian nodded and walked back in.