

Chapter 633 The Feud

Arthur's tone carried unmistakable recognition—he knew Serpent Society well.

Milton's eyes sparked with sudden hope. After ending his call with Elliana, he had torn through the Campbell family's digital archives, searching desperately for any mention of Serpent Society. The hunt had yielded nothing but frustration and empty folders. Disappointment had settled heavy in his chest, but now fortune smiled upon him. His father possessed the knowledge he craved.

"What exactly is the Serpent Society, Dad?" Milton pressed forward.

Arthur steadied himself, the initial shock fading from his features. His voice emerged soft as silk, yet weighted with centuries of pain. "They represent our family's sworn enemy—a blood feud stretching back through a thousand years of darkness."

Milton's brow creased with confusion. What manner of hatred could survive an entire millennium?

"The tale runs deep and treacherous, Milton." Arthur gestured toward a chair. "Settle yourself, and I shall unveil everything."

Milton obeyed without hesitation.

Arthur's face transformed, bearing the gravity of ancient wounds as he began weaving the dark tapestry of their family's past.

Both bloodlines—Campbell and Griffiths—had once worn crowns, though centuries separated their reigns. The Griffithses ruled first, until the Campbells shattered their dynasty and claimed the throne for themselves.

New royalty never permitted old dynasties to survive. Complete annihilation remained the only acceptable outcome.

When the Campbells seized power from the Griffithses, they had

slaughtered countless family members and pursued the survivors across kingdoms, determined to extinguish every last breath of royal blood.

Yet, their campaign had fallen short of total victory. One Griffiths princess slipped through their net, vanishing beyond distant shores where no hunter could follow.

Three centuries later, fate had turned its wheel. The Campbell dynasty crumbled beneath a new regime's assault, and now they faced the hunter's blade. A Campbell branch escaped across the ocean, and gradually, both families dissolved into history's forgotten pages. But neither bloodline truly perished.

The escaped Griffiths princess had nurtured her family's legacy like a poisonous flower, birthing the Serpent Society from her exile. The organization flourished and multiplied until its tendrils wrapped around the globe itself.

Meanwhile, the surviving Campbell branch had endured through sheer determination, constructing the Sun Group into a financial empire that commanded the world's economic heartbeat.

Though the ancient battlefields had long grown silent, the Griffiths princess never released her burning hatred for the Campbells. With her final breath, she carved a sacred commandment into her descendants' souls: the Campbell family must face absolute destruction.

When the Campbell dynasty finally collapsed, Griffithses operatives had orchestrated much of the devastation. Their patient infiltration and careful manipulation had accelerated the kingdom's downfall beyond natural speed.

Logic suggested the debt was settled. The Campbells had crushed the Griffiths dynasty, and the Griffithses had secretly engineered the Campbells' ruin in return. But the Griffithses could not satisfy their thirst for vengeance. Only the complete extinction of every Campbell would quench their burning hatred.

The Campbells had refused to march meekly toward their graves. Upon discovering the Griffithses' deadly intentions, they began forging their own weapons of war. While deflecting enemy strikes, they launched brutal counterattacks, racing to eliminate their rivals before falling themselves. Thus began generations of endless bloodshed, each family

locked in a dance of mutual destruction.

Three hundred years ago, the two families had clashed in one final, apocalyptic battle. The Griffithses suffered a crushing defeat, and the Serpent Society vanished like smoke in the wind.

The Campbells had celebrated their victory and sought to prevent future conflicts by obliterating every record mentioning the Griffiths family and their dark society. This explained why later generations discovered no trace of their ancient enemies.

Arthur released a weary sigh after completing his grim recitation. "Who could have imagined," he murmured with bitter wonder, "that the Serpent Society survived our supposedly final blow three centuries ago? Instead of dying, they concealed their remaining strength, gathering power in darkness. Now, we cannot fathom how formidable they have become."

Milton's expression darkened under the terrible weight of revelation. Nearly a thousand years had passed since the feud's birth. The world bore no resemblance to its ancient form. Did this inherited hatred truly demand continuation?

Arthur exhaled another heavy sigh. "Your mother carried mysterious, unbreakable connections to the Serpent Society. Yet, destiny brought her to me, love bloomed between us, and she blessed me with you and your sister. Fate weaves patterns beyond mortal understanding."

"What path should we choose now?" Milton asked. "Three centuries have elapsed since that supposed final battle. We cannot determine whether the Griffithses' descendants have abandoned their ancient hatred or if the Serpent Society still prioritizes our family's annihilation. We stand exposed in daylight while they move through shadows. The disadvantage weighs heavily against us."

For three centuries, the Sun Group had danced with the world's evolution, ascending to finance's highest summit as a beacon of public legitimacy. The Serpent Society, by contrast, wrapped itself in impenetrable veils of mystery. The unknown transformed them into creatures of pure terror. Those who dwelled in brightness became perfect targets for arrows loosed from darkness.

Though the Serpent Society's resurrection stirred whispers of approaching doom within Arthur's chest, his composure remained

uncracked marble. He still commanded the chessboard with unwavering authority.

Silence stretched between father and son before Arthur's voice emerged, steady as bedrock. "Deploy every Campbell asset to hunt the Serpent Society's shadows. Whether the Griffithses have buried their ancient hatred or nurse it still, we must gather every fragment of intelligence about their movements. Victory demands knowing both enemy and self."

"Understood completely," Milton responded with a crisp nod.

"Surround Elliana with our finest protection detail," Arthur continued, his tone hardening like cooling steel. "I refuse to watch history repeat itself. What happened to your mother will not happen to her."

Milton hesitated, uncertainty flickering across his features. "She refused our protection."

"For what reason?" Arthur's brow furrowed with genuine bewilderment.

A smile bloomed across Milton's lips, radiating fierce pride. "She revealed her truth today. She is Death Thorn herself."

"What?" Arthur's legendary composure exploded into fragments. He fixed his son with an incredulous stare as understanding crashed over him like a devastating wave. "Then her sworn arch-nemesis is Blaze Wraith."