

Great Master 531

Chapter 531: Twist of Fate!

Arthur's eyes were filled with surprise and realization.

He glanced again at the massive scale-like structure of the 'ritual' before him, and couldn't help but look once more at the text that had just appeared—

[Name: Twist of Fate (Cripple)]

[Type: Other Type Items]

[Quality: Legend]

[Attributes: Bloodline Seal]

[Remarks: At the end of the Golden Age, the fairies of Theofact sensed some ominous changes and, wanting to ensure Theofact's continued presence in the material world, they created this item, which they called 'The Splendor of Theofact.' However, they ultimately failed.

'The Splendor of Theofact' ended up having no splendor at all.

It wasn't until the end of the Empire that someone dug it up and used it as a foundation to establish the original Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

It was then that it came to be known as 'Twist of Fate.'

However, when it fell into the hands of Glast, this lady had a groundbreaking plan in mind. She made some changes to the 'Twist of Fate,' turning it into its current form.]

...

[Bloodline Seal: With the crippled 'Twist of Fate' as the core, using the umbilical blood of Islan from the Golden Lion Family, and placing 'Water of Life' and 'Death Hound's Brow Bone' on either side, when an item resonating with Islan's soul is added, a unique 'Bloodline Seal' will form.]

(Remark 1: Islan's resonating object was anchored by Glast as 'Islan's Leap')

(Remark 2: After Glast's modifications, 'Twist of Fate' requires a great deal of Death Qi as power)

(Remark 3: 'Twist of Fate' is severely damaged and will lose its efficacy completely after one more use)

...

The colossal entity before him was not a 'ritual.'

It was a prop.

A prop that surprised Arthur greatly.

Arthur had never thought that the 'Force of Distortion' was related to fairies.

Nor had he imagined Glast could get her hands on 'Twist of Fate.'

'Didn't Glast empty out the Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association?

Or does Glast have a loyal lackey?

Someone who would uproot the very foundation of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association for her?'

Arthur thought to himself, his gaze involuntarily shifting to the corpse-like version of Glast.

'She's not as good-looking as Marinda.

How did you manage it?

Or perhaps...

Do you have another identity?'

Arthur thought, his eyes involuntarily moving to the 'groundbreaking plan' mentioned in the remarks.

Having seen part of Glast's memories, although they were highly chaotic, Arthur could affirm that 'Glast' was plotting everything even when using the male knight identity 'Gillgick.'

Even the birth and death of 'Islan' were within the plans.

As for why do so?

Greed or grudge.

Or perhaps a plot for something else.

Arthur couldn't be sure.

But one thing Arthur was very certain of, 'Glast' was prepared from the start—'Glast's' other identity was the 'Witch' Cleaver.

Although this 'Witch' was captured in Seberlin, due to the gravity of the case, the public trial was held in the core of South County, Inner Bay.

In the end, the order for execution by fire was signed by the Duke of the Inner Bay that year.

This also sparked the Seven Years' War.

Then, the 'bastard' Island of the Golden Lion Family became active on the battlefield, caught the attention of the Old Lion, but soon perished in a sea of flames.

The whole process was incredibly rapid.

This made Arthur suspect that this too was part of Glast's plan.

Adding to that, the knight Gillgick had appeared even earlier within the Golden Lion Family, the clues began to clear up, and Arthur's brain started spinning rapidly—

'Glast' must have been seeking something when she entered the Golden Lion Family under the guise of 'Gillgick,' and quickly displayed her Talent, soon becoming highly valued.

Then, she discovered that the item she wanted could only be accessed through the bloodline of the Golden Lion Family.

For this, she began her machinations.

She intended to possess the Bloodline of the Golden Lion Family.

Hmm, the umbilical cord blood is so intact...

'Would Glast personally take action?'

Arthur, amidst his thoughts, was slightly stunned.

To keep the plan more confidential, it was indeed likely for 'Glast' to do such a thing.

As for instigating the 'Seven Years' War'?

'Coincidence?

Or...

Was this also a necessity for that object?'

Arthur thought to himself, his eyes narrowing slightly.

What was that object?

'Ascend Step'!

It must be related to 'Ascend Step'!

Apart from anything related to 'Ascend Step,' Arthur could not think of anything else worth 'Glast's' significant effort.

'Playing it so big, huh?'

Arthur, squinting, muttered to himself, a slight smile curling his lips.

Since he had inherited 'Glast's' plan.

Then, this object related to 'Ascend Step' should rightfully be his, right?

After all, his mother did possess the purest bloodline of the Golden Lion Family!

Thinking this, Arthur swept his gaze once more over the object that resembled a giant scale, the Twist of Fate, then turned his attention to the books nearby.

Unlike other Mystic Side Persons who neatly arranged their books on shelves.

'Glast' simply stacked the books on the floor.

A stack might contain five or six books, or seven or eight; roughly looking, there were more than a dozen stacks on one side, and similarly on the other side as well.

Arthur, while casually flipping through, stored the books into the 'Bracelet of Carmen.'

For Arthur, the value of these Mystic Side books was self-evident.

Arthur was very aware of what he lacked.

Fundamentals of the Mystic Side!

Not a foundation of power, but the knowledge base possessed by a 'Millennia House.'

Therefore, Arthur spared no effort in collecting them.

Of course, this was not merely a disguise.

Rather, the knowledge within these books was what Arthur truly needed.

Soon, nearly a hundred books from one side were collected into the 'Bracelet of Carmen.' The young 'Spirit Medium' checked this side to confirm no books were missed before moving to the other side.

There, as he picked up the first book, the text before his eyes began to flicker again—

'[Secret Technique Detected: Distortion]'

'[Determining Secret Technique Distortion...]'

'[Possessing 'Power of Death' - Determination Passed!]'

'[Possessing 'Force of Life' - Determination Failed!]'

'[Unable to learn Distortion!]'

...

The sudden prompts momentarily stunned Arthur.

'Is it the Secret Technique [Distortion]?'

Not the Ritual [Distortion]?'

According to the information Arthur had received, Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association's ritual was [Distortion], but there was no mention of a Secret Technique [Distortion].

Yet, the current situation indicated the emergence of a Secret Technique [Distortion].

Furthermore, it required determination involving 'Power of Death' and 'Force of Life'.

Considering the prompts before him, a daring idea couldn't help but surface in Arthur's mind—

"Could it really be like this?"

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"Could 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' be fraudsters?"

Arthur stroked his chin, revealing an amused smile.

You know, there were rumors that 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' was also a continuation of the 'Tower of Mist' faction, and even that it was a direct lineage of that 'White Robe'.

And as everybody knows, that 'White Robe' was a follower of 'The Light' and the kindest-hearted among the four Wizards of the 'Tower of Mist'.

Before, Arthur would just look at such rumors and move on.

After all, although rumors were a bit different from gossip, they were in some ways far more potent, particularly as time passed by. Rumors would ferment just like gossip, becoming more and more exaggerated and unreliable, until they bore no resemblance to the truth.

It was like the saying:

There once was a divine bird, wearing rainbows, able to speak human language.

After some time, another line was added: It could discern good and bad fortune.

After some more time, another line was appended: It understood the nature of good and evil.

And after yet some more time, one more line was added: Eating it granted eternal youth and life.

String it all together, and you get: There once was a divine bird, wearing rainbows, able to speak human language, discern good and bad fortune, understand the nature of good and evil, and eating it granted eternal youth and life.

All together, it sounded quite believable.

A bird that could talk like a person, isn't that amazing?

It could even determine one's destiny of good and evil, that's even more incredible.

Eating it to live forever, that seems plausible enough.

With each new layer of myth, the parrot is utterly bewildered.

The parrot would die without ever knowing it had such powers.

It would die with its eyes wide open.

But the people around didn't know, right? They kept eating parrots, and after eating, they would live forever. But immortality is not the same as invincibility from death.

So, those who hadn't had a taste, had to kill those who did.

Over time, everyone who had eaten was dead, and the parrots became extinct. Those remaining scoffed at this old saying, yet mixed with a hint of longing.

Of course, there were also those who ate the parrot and hid away in the mountains and forests, escaping death.

These were most likely the saddest cases.

Because they all died of old age or sickness in the end.

Right before dying, they would still cry out, 'I ate it! I shouldn't die!'

But no one could hear them.

And so, they all died.

That's the 'charm' of rumors.

As a qualified 'Spirit Medium,' Arthur was keenly aware of how terrifying this 'charm' could be, which was why he always remained cautious in the face of rumors.

Unless, of course, he could see some concrete evidence.

Just like now—

[Secret technique discovered: Distortion]

[Judging secret technique Distortion...]

[Having 'Power of Death' judgment passed!]

[Lacking 'Force of Life' judgment failed!]

[Unable to learn Distortion!]

...

Among a series of textual prompts, Arthur's gaze lingered on the 'Force of Life' line—everyone knows that 'White Robe' was a follower of 'The Light,' and the most direct proof was that 'White Robe' created the awe-inspiring 'Healing Art'!

A secret technique centered around the 'Force of Life'.

It was precisely because of this technique that The Holy Court extended an olive branch to that 'White Robe'.

All of this was explicitly documented.

But, this documentation definitely did not include the secret technique: [Distortion].

Especially not the fact that [Distortion] was a secret technique and not a ritual!

And that the secret technique [Distortion]...

Required 'Force of Life'!

Putting all these factors together, Arthur couldn't help but think harder about it.

After all, if [Distortion] were a 'Ritual,' then given the original rituals of that 'White Robe,' this stark contradiction would have meant certain oblivion, even if the 'White Robe' had already 'Ascended.'

Moreover, the stronger the power, the quicker the 'White Robe' would die!

But if it were a secret technique, that was a different story altogether.

...

There was a lot of room for interpretation.

Arthur unconsciously looked toward the "Twist of Fate."

'Until the end of the Empire, someone unearthed it and used it as a base to create the original Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

And it was at this time that it came to be known as "Twist of Fate."

Arthur recalled this passage in the "Twist of Fate," his speculations becoming clearer in his mind.

'Distortion?

What could be more twisted than the opposing change of life and death?

This kind of transformation brought about a distortion that was almost a complete change!

No wonder it's called the "Twist of Fate"! he couldn't help but think.

Clearly, that someone was very likely the 'White Robe.'

As for whether the other party could live that long?

Glast could live for over a hundred years, still looking as if he was in his early twenties.

For the 'White Robe,' wanting to live a bit longer, naturally, there was no problem at all.

However, this raised interesting questions about the 'White Robe's' initial intent when creating the Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

The Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association was not an organization recognized by the masses.

Although it was marginally better than the universally condemned Death Poetry Society and Pale Hand, it was only slightly so, because—the Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association not only specialized in the distortion of the living's thoughts but also had a propensity for corpse research.

'Could it be that his personality was twisted after coming into contact with the "Twist of Fate"?' Arthur guessed to himself.

This possibility was not nonexistent.

On the contrary, it was quite likely.

'This 'White Robe' accidentally discovered the original 'Splendor of Theofact,' dug it out, and upon curiosity, started researching it, then, as the research deepened, although he created the secret technique "Distortion," his personality also became twisted, and the originally intact 'Splendor of Theofact' ended up damaged after numerous studies.

To honor the name 'Theofact,' the 'White Robe' created the Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

Similarly, to witness his own creation of the secret technique, the 'White Robe' renamed 'Splendor of Theofact' to "Twist of Fate"...

Arthur speculated, but his brows slightly furrowed.

Because there was one point that didn't make sense.

Although the "Twist of Fate" was damaged, it could still be used.

And such a prop with profound commemorative significance should not be discarded carelessly.

So—

Either, the 'White Robe' had died.

Glast had discovered the "Twist of Fate" by accident.

Or...

Glast had been used as a pawn by someone.

And with the 'White Robe's' capabilities, the likelihood of the latter increased vastly.

If Glast had really been used as a pawn by the 'White Robe,' that would imply that the 'Seven Years' War' could very well have been instigated by him.

As for his reasons to stir up the 'Seven Years' War'?

Besides his own distortion.

It must also be related to 'Ascend Step.'

Not the 'Ascend Step' used to 'lure' Glast, but the possibility of going further after reaching a certain level of 'Ascend Step.'

'Hiss!

What a terrifying 'White Robe'!

How many died in the 'Seven Years' War'?

One million?

Or two million?'

Arthur thought to himself, subconsciously glancing at the corpse version of Glast.

For a moment, the young Spirit Medium didn't know what to make of Glast anymore.

In the end, he decided to take it as a lesson.

Of course, to better hone his own ability to discern others, so that the young, upright, simple, and kind him wouldn't be deceived by others.

Arthur picked up the book that recorded the secret technique "Distortion" and gently flipped through its pages.

...

Chapter 533: Named Eternal, Meaning Distortion!

The manuscript recording the secret technique "Twist" was handwritten.

Based on the handwriting in other books he had flipped through, it should have been transcribed by Glast, or more precisely, written down after memorizing it.

Before he became conceited, Glast was quite cautious.

Just like this book on the secret technique "Twist."

Not to mention that Glast copied it twice, but he also made amendments between the lines.

And this facilitated Arthur's memorization.

After skimming through it twice, Arthur memorized about fifty to sixty percent of it.

Right away, he gained a general understanding of the secret technique "Twist"—

'To create a personal anchor of life or death, then use an external force to construct a corresponding point. When the two points align, a distortion will occur.

It can not only distort the perception of living beings between the two points but also, depending on the level of the anchor point, can alter the creatures' traits, power, and even...

Gender?!'

Hiss!'

It was just as Arthur had speculated before; nothing causes greater changes than those resulting from the shift between life and death, which perfectly reflects the trait of distortion.

But as his understanding deepened, Arthur couldn't help but gasp in surprise.

Gender can be distorted?

That was something Arthur never imagined.

Yet, on second thought, gender doesn't seem so significant amidst life and death.

'Hmm, it makes sense.

At least according to the description above, with my level of Death Talent as an anchor point... I should be able to do it!

Arthur involuntarily thought if his enemy were male, he could "Distort" him into a woman and let them suffer from menstrual pains.

If it were a woman, then change her into a man to experience what is called testicular pain.

And if someone were androgynous...

Then let them self-inflict.

Of course, these are not the main points!

The key is, can the secret technique "Twist" make Marinda a bit more normal?

Of course, this depends on Marinda herself.

If Marinda wants to experience the joy of being a man, Arthur doesn't mind at all; being Marinda's "close friend," Arthur considers it his duty to help... pfft.

Thinking about it made Arthur burst into laughter.

For an actor of Arthur's professional caliber, such a burst of laughter was inappropriate. But he really couldn't help it.

Just the thought of it made the corners of Arthur's mouth irresistibly turn up, more uncontrollable than an AK.

However, accomplishing this was not easy.

Other people used some life or death-related 'Ritual' as the anchor point to find the corresponding point and create a distortion force field.

Arthur, however, used his Talent.

It's not that nobody used their Talent.

According to Glast's description, using a corresponding Talent as an anchor to find the corresponding point would create a stronger distortion force field than one created by a 'Ritual.'

But others did not have a Talent as powerful as Arthur's.

"Breath of Death"!

If the "Breath of Death" were used as the anchor, what would the corresponding point be?

The average 'Water of Life' would certainly not suffice.

It would need to be at least the 'Stone of Life.'

And perhaps even...

'Fountain of Youth'!

With that thought, Arthur felt a throbbing in his temples.

The 'Fountain of Youth' is definitely a legendary item, rumored to exist only in the depths of the sea on Mermaid Island, but apart from Master Hercules, no one has truly seen the 'Fountain of Youth.'

That's right, the same master again.

The discovery of the 'Fountain of Youth' stands out prominently in the master's experiences.

Of the three vials of 'Fountain of Youth' that the master brought back, two have a reliable record. One vial was given by the master to a good friend at the time, whose son, in an attempt to save his comatose beloved, administered the 'Fountain of Youth' to her mouth to mouth. This act was later referred to by Master Hercules as the prince kissing the princess, and eventually, the princess awoke.

The other vial of the 'Fountain of Youth' was used by the master when he came across a girl swallowed by a wolf in Seberlin. Taking pity, he saved the girl from the wolf's belly, revived her with the 'Fountain of Youth,' and also left one of his own creations, a red hat, to protect the kind girl.

These two vials of 'Fountain of Youth' are well documented.

As for the third?

'''

'''

No one knew anymore.

It might have been in one of the master's laboratories.

It could also have been hidden within some relic.

Even then, it could be that someone had consumed it without certainty.

Therefore, the difficulty of finding the third "Fountain of Youth" was almost as challenging as directly searching for "Mermaid Island".

Even with Arthur having a professional relic hunting team like "Storm Sword" Deljo at his disposal, there was no guarantee of success.

"We need a two-pronged approach!

While "Storm Sword" Deljo's team continues exploring relics, the ocean-going fleet will also need to be assembled."

Arthur thought to himself.

Then, another rather unreliable method popped into his mind.

If one were to solely consider the "Force of Life", it seemed that the life force of the "Bloodline Clan" was also quite vigorous.

Of course, it wasn't his vest, but rather the true "Descendants of the Blood Clan".

As Arthur was contemplating this, his "Death Intuition" flickered again.

Faster than before!

Even more, Arthur saw an image of himself being killed by a scarlet figure flash before his eyes.

Immediately, Arthur began to clear his mind.

This wasn't the first time something like this had happened. Last time he thought of that 'Descendant of the Blood Clan', a similar situation occurred, so Arthur had become quite adept at dealing with it.

"What kind of secrets does this 'Descendant of the Blood Clan' hold anyway?"

Arthur wondered simply, without delving further into thought.

Curiosity killed the cat, after all.

As the current Leader of the Cat Sect, Arthur took this saying to heart.

At the same time, another bizarre idea formed in Arthur's mind—

That was the repair of the "Human Puppet".

Repair of the "Human Puppet" with gold.

What was the mechanism behind it?

If he figured it out, could he use gold to replace the elusive "Fountain of Youth"?

With many thoughts in his heart, Arthur's gaze turned to the "Twist of Fate".

Compared to the temporarily shelved secret technique "Distortion".

The "Twist of Fate" appeared incredibly real.

Its humongous yet intricate construction stood like a scale in the midst of the secret chamber.

Without any hesitation, Arthur directly hung "Islan's Leap" at the exact center of the "Twist of Fate" scale—on the left was the "Death Hound.Brow Bone", on the right was the "Water of Life", and in the center position was something resembling a three-clawed paw.

It was just right for hanging "Islan's Leap".

Clang!

When "Islan's Leap" was placed on it, the entire "Twist of Fate" emitted a crisp sound.

The massive scale tray began to swing up and down.

Arthur unflusteredly channeled Death Qi into it slowly.

Immediately, the previously swinging tray began to spin.

At first, it moved slowly, as if stirred by a gentle breeze, but in just a single breath, the tray spun with extreme speed, twisting the chains connected to it together.

Creaking!

As the chains emitted a grating noise, the "Death Hound.Brow Bone" and "Water of Life" inside the tray started to emit a dense color.

A greyish white of deathly stillness.

A white-green of vitality.

Both rays of light shot straight towards "Islan's Leap".

In that instant, "Islan's Leap" became suffused with flowing radiance, a kaleidoscope of light filled the entire secret chamber, the speckles of brilliance like popping candy scattering in all directions.

Arthur cautiously stepped back two paces to dodge all the sparkling light.

Although from the current phase it seemed that there was no problem when they landed on the ground, Arthur wouldn't touch them until he could be 100 percent sure they were safe to land on a person.

About ten seconds later, the kaleidoscopic light completely vanished, and so did "Islan's Leap".

Only a bright red glow lingered on the claw.

Arthur scrutinized it, and immediately, his eyes shone with delight—

'This is something good!'

...

Chapter 534: The Bloodline Seal!

...

Words flowed like water, making the corners of Arthur's mouth couldn't help but turn up—

[Name: Bloodline Seal (Perfect)]

[Type: Other Items]

[Quality: Hero]

[Attributes: 1, Mark; 2, Lionheart King; 3, Twisted Legacy]

[Remarks: The abundant Death Qi that activated the 'Twist of Fate' combined with the 'Water of Life' and the 'Death Hound, Brow Bone' to create a unique life and death force field. It not only dissolved Islan's umbilical blood but also initiated a soul resonance at the fastest speed, merging blood and soul rapidly. Moreover, your Death Qi effectively reduced the consumption of the 'Twist of Fate'. Although it ultimately couldn't avoid damage, it still imbued the 'Bloodline Seal' with distinctive attributes.]

...

[Mark: The Bloodline Seal exists in the form of a tattoo]

[Lionheart King: With the mark, the exceptionally pure bloodline of the Golden Lion Family will manifest with your heartbeat. Your charisma will undergo a qualitative change, earning you trust, respect, and following from others, and even reverse the course of a small-scale battle when you choose to activate 'Monarch's Presence'.]

[Twisted Legacy: The residual power from the 'Twist of Fate' has accumulated in the mark, allowing you to distort the vision, hearing, taste, smell, and touch of any creature within a 10-meter radius centered on you. Those whose senses are distorted must make a -1 judgment against your spirituality. If the judgment passes, they will be unaffected; if it fails, their senses will be distorted.]

(Note 1: The mark must be placed on the chest above the heart and will be infused with vitality as the heart beats.)

(Note 2: The Lionheart King effect will grow stronger with your increasing spirituality, and it can be recharged by sunbathing or gold.)

(Note 3: When the Lionheart King is fully charged, you can choose to activate 'Monarch's Presence', currently 0/300.)

(Note 4: A mark is just a mark, although it can be considered as bloodline, it is ultimately not bloodline.)

(Note 5: Once the Bloodline Seal is used, it cannot be removed; if forcibly removed, the Bloodline Seal will cause irreversible damage.)

...

Watching the Bloodline Seal in front of him glowing with red light, Arthur already envisioned such a scene—

Warriors of Inner Bay, your emperor has returned!

If you wish to kill your emperor, I am right here!

Fire!

In the silence, soldiers dropped to their knees, crying out long live the emperor!

Who doesn't dream of exuding the aura of hegemony, with thousands kneeling before them?

And now!

The dream was right in front of him.

Without hesitation, Arthur tore open his collar and placed the Bloodline Seal on his left chest.

Roar!

In the deep lion's roar, Arthur saw a golden lion.

That lion was not only lifelike but also incredibly huge.

Appearing before Arthur, it looked down at him with a gaze that was wilful and filled with arrogance, as though only by submitting to it would Arthur be worthy of its favor.

Arthur raised an eyebrow subconsciously.

"I don't like being looked down upon."

The young Spirit Medium softly spoke these words, and then...

He raised his hand and slapped the mighty lion across the face.

Slap!

The slap was loud.

And powerful.

Most importantly, it was so sudden and unexpected.

The lion was struck dumb.

When it finally came to its senses, the lion glared fiercely at Arthur and let out another roar.

Roar!

The roar was much louder than before.

Unmoved, Arthur watched the other while his Talent "Breath of Death" flickered, and endless Death Qi erupted like a volcanic eruption.

The invisible Death Qi turned into a murky mist when it reemerged, as if it were fog.

And within this fog, a figure wielding a long-handled sickle appeared indistinctly, and from beneath the pitch-black hood, invisible eyes stared at the lion.

...

Suddenly, the lion shivered with alarm, and fear, rather than anger, filled its eyes, which had been so full of pride just a moment before. Now, it became sycophantic.

That's right!

Sycophantic!

The enormous lion lay prostrate on the ground, trying to make itself look smaller.

Then, it began to nuzzle Arthur with its head and the mane around its neck.

Even a meow resounded from its mouth—

Meow~

Arthur laughed and raised his hand to touch the lion's bridge of the nose.

"I still prefer your unyielding demeanor," he muttered to himself. The huge male lion that had been before him vanished in a daze, along with the phantom realm that had come with it, leaving only a golden lion tattoo on Arthur's chest.

And for some reason, although the tattoo looked majestic at first glance, upon closer inspection, one could find a tiny bit of grievance in the lion-shaped mark!

Some high-level Mystic Tools possess "spirituality"!

Arthur had realized this long ago.

So the scene just now was not strange to him.

As for what was happening now?

Arthur raised his hand and took out a gold coin to use as a snack for recharging.

Immediately, the lion on the tattoo seemed to come to life, affectionately rubbing against Arthur's hand holding the gold coin. When Arthur released his grip, the gold coin was quickly gobbled up.

Yet the [0/300] recharge bar didn't change in the slightest.

Arthur didn't stop there.

His childhood dream made him continue feeding the lion.

After a full 100 gold coins, the number on the recharge bar finally changed.

It went from 0 to 1.

Looking at the number 1, Arthur fell silent.

'100 gold coins for 1 point?

300 points would mean 30,000 gold coins!

My childhood dream is rather expensive!' he sighed, stopping the 'feeding' of the 'lion,' and grabbed two cleaned gold coins, tossing them into his mouth—the taste of gold coin milk chocolate immediately filled his palate.

A sense of fullness brought a slight satisfaction to Arthur.

He turned his gaze back to the "Twist of Fate."

With the birth of the "Bloodline Seal," the "Twist of Fate" was completely damaged, but Arthur wouldn't discard the remains.

He had Glast collect these fragments, planning to transport them later to No. 2 Cork Street.

The "Twist of Fate" was simply too big.

It was so large that it far exceeded the storage limits of "Atos's Box" and "Bracelet of Carmen."

It had to be transported by horse-drawn vehicles.

And, out of caution, it needed to be done in batches.

While Arthur pondered, he continued to sift through the books on this side of the shelf, other than the secret technique "Distortion."

Unfortunately, apart from "Distortion," not a single book triggered a response from his talent "Omnivorous," but this did not prevent him from packing them all into the "Bracelet of Carmen."

'There is a total of 211 Mystic Side books.

Among them, 49 have duplicate content.

That means I've gained access to 162 completely new Mystic Side books!'

The opportunity to delve into more unfamiliar Mystic Side knowledge filled Arthur with sincere joy.

Then, just as Arthur was looking forward to the nights of reading ahead, an unexpected throb in the depths of his heart compelled him to connect to Wuni's vision. When Arthur saw the scene before him, he couldn't help but exclaim in his heart—

'Hmm?'

Chapter 535: Grandpa, Father, Uncle, and Sons!

After witnessing Arthur walking on air, Dilbark hastily left the crowd, distancing himself from those amateur peers and returned to his own newspaper.

Indeed, a newspaper.

To the outside world, Dilbark was a reporter, an editor-in-chief.

And this newspaper in South Los was quite famous.

It was called the Moon Newspaper!

The Moon Newspaper that wrote sensational stories and compiled some gossip news.

Using this identity, Dilbark had access to a wealth of information, yet he never once sent any back to Inner Bay.

Because, among the Old Lion of Inner Bay's spies, Dilbark was the most special kind.

The kind who would not be activated until the time was right, and when used, could turn the tide.

Hence, Dilbark was completely out of the common spy system, not only in direct contact with the Old Lion but also one of the Old Lion's Seven Golden Mane Advisors!

This time, this 'one of the Seven Golden Mane Advisors' received a surprising order from the Old Lion: Investigate Arthur Kredos as much as possible!

To this, Dilbark was quite astonished.

Not only was he surprised that Arthur Kredos might be a lost member of the Golden Lion Family, but also that His Highness had activated him for Arthur Kredos.

To this special stalker, even though investigating whether Arthur Kredos was truly a lost member of the Golden Lion Family was very important, his original mission was even more crucial.

Assassinate the Earl of South Los!

This was Dilbark's original, and only mission.

Dilbark knew this task very well.

Thus, this special stalker had always been making preparations.

And now, for another mission, to abandon the task he had been preparing for 26 years was something Dilbark could not accept.

However, faced with the Old Lion's order, this Golden Mane Advisor, loyal to the Golden Lion Family and the Old Lion, didn't hesitate.

So, he mingled among a group of amateur peers, ready to begin observing Arthur Kredos.

This Golden Mane Advisor was full of confidence.

He was certain that he could clarify everything in the shortest time.

But who would've thought, just as he started, he would witness the scene of Arthur Kredos walking on air.

This moment completely disrupted his rhythm.

When a lion grows wings, that is the time for the New King to ascend the throne!

This was the Witch Cleaver's Curse on the Golden Lion Family!

When the witch was burned at the stake, she had shouted at the Grand Duke of the time—

'I curse you, curse your Golden Lion Family, you shall never ascend to the throne! Only when the lion can fly, shall a New King be born!'

But as everyone knows, lions cannot fly.

Hence, this curse became a taboo for the Golden Lion Family.

Especially as the New Grand Duke aged and the future heir was unclear, this 'Curse' was like a shadow hanging over the heart of every member of the Golden Lion Family.

'No wonder His Highness would rather have me abandon my mission that's been prepared for 26 years, and go investigate that Arthur... no, Young Master Arthur.

Turns out, Young Master Arthur is the key to breaking the stalemate!

The ruler of the Golden Lion Family!

Who would've thought that the ruler of the Golden Lion Family would be raised in South Los!

Heh, the witch's curse, huh?

Even a curse cannot stop the wheel of Destiny from turning!

God's Blessing be upon Inner Bay!

God's Blessing be upon the Golden Lion Family!'

With these thoughts in mind, Dilbark swiftly sent his investigation report back.

Then, this Golden Mane Advisor quietly awaited further orders.

Most likely, it would be to protect Young Master Arthur, until Young Master Arthur ascends to the throne.

For this, the Golden Mane Advisor was more than happy.

Who wouldn't want to follow by the side of a king?

Gleisa Hamlet was unwilling!

As the eldest son of the Old Lion, Gleisa Hamlet had begun to assist the Old Lion with some state affairs as his father grew older.

Of course, it wasn't just him.

There were also the Old Lion's other two sons.

The three men undertook different roles, helping the Old Lion manage every aspect of Inner Bay.

For instance: the oldest and the first to come of age, Gleisa Hamlet, was mainly in charge of intelligence.

When the Old Lion rested, most of Inner Bay's intelligence systems were overseen by this eldest son of the Old Lion.

Dressed in a yellow silk pajama, Gleisa Hamlet was solemnly perusing the documents signed by his father, the Duke of Inner Bay, known as the lion in pride—Severus Hamlet—concerning the rewards for the 'Inner Bay Swordsmanship Competition' champion.

Gleisa was aware of the argument in his father's study at noon.

He also knew what his Uncle Baro was after.

Although the Golden Lion Family had been under the control of his father since the 'Seven Years' War', Uncle Baro's ambition had never faded.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have sent that fool Alvis to South Los, aliasing him as Dorn.

'Dorn... Hmph!

Such audacity!'

As soon as he thought of the alias, displeasure surfaced in Gleisa's eyes, and he snorted coldly.

Dorn was the name of another uncle of Gleisa.

This Dorn Hamlet unfortunately perished in the 'Seven Years' War' and was the most talented of his father's generation.

Rumor had it that he awakened the family Talent at age four and possessed Arcana Level strength at eight.

And it was the death of this Dorn Hamlet that paved the way for the current Old Lion to ascend the stage back then.

Consequently, many privately speculated that the Old Lion had a hand in the demise of this exceptionally talented brother.

As for who was spreading these rumors?

Who else could it be other than his dear Uncle, Baro Hamlet?

And this time?

It was naturally his wily Uncle again playing his tricks!

What inheritor forgotten by the family!

What once-in-a-century prodigy!

If such coincidences weren't orchestrated, Gleisa would never believe it.

After all, it was well-known that his grandfather, Constantine Hamlet, was faithfully devoted; how could he have indulged in such unreliable acts that might affect the family?

Therefore, all these were the schemes of Baro Hamlet!

'My father is merely old, not dead!

Since you dare to reach out, harboring unthinkable thoughts!

Then don't blame me for being ruthless!

The lion's honor will not be tarnished by the hyenas!'

Thinking thus, the eldest son of the Old Lion narrowed his gold-flecked eyes, which shone bright yet cold under the candlelight.

"Where is my cousin Alvis now?" the eldest son of the Old Lion inquired.

"Lord Alvis has already boarded the ship returning to Inner Bay," a voice replied from the shadows.

"Hmm, the seas have been rough lately, a lot of ships have gone down," the Old Lion's eldest son nodded and said as if discussing the morning weather.

The person in the shadows bowed and took their leave.

Five minutes after this person left, the Messenger Stone on the desk lit up. Gleisa connected to the encrypted Messenger Stone.

The next moment, the face of the eldest son of the Old Lion darkened, his golden eyes radiating ferocity, as he growled—

"Unforgivable!"

Chapter 536: Waves Begin to Rise!

Gleisa listened to Dilbark's account from the Messenger Stone, veins bulging on his forehead and his golden eyes even showing some bloodshot threads.

Everyone has an untouchable bottom line.

Similarly, this is true for families composed of these individuals.

And sometimes, this bottom line might be even more stringent.

Because...

The other members of the family are watching.

The Golden Lion Family is no exception.

The "Prophecy" made by the "Witch" Cleaver about the Golden Lion Family is indeed the family's bottom line—turning a "Curse" into a "Prophecy" is undoubtedly an act of deceiving oneself.

But that doesn't mean that such an act can be trampled on by just anyone.

Strangers cannot.

Nor can members of the family!

"Uncle Baro, you really are courting death!"

Gleisa muttered to himself under his breath.

For the eldest son of the Old Lion, Baro Hamlet had not only touched on the family's bottom line of 'failing to produce a king,' but he had also breached his own personal bottom line.

From the first day he started helping the Old Lion manage the Inner Bay, Gleisa had regarded the Grand Duke's title and the entire Inner Bay as his own.

Now someone was actually trying to meddle with what originally belonged to him, even trying to use the family's "Prophecy" to do so.

In Gleisa's view, that was simply seeking death.

Right then, this eldest son of the Old Lion was about to issue an order.

But as the words reached his lips, the Old Lion's eldest son furrowed his brow and quickly calmed down.

He certainly knew about that Uncle Baro.

Ambitious, but without cunning.

Quick-tempered, not knowing when to advance or retreat.

Yet when faced with a situation, he was intimidating only in appearance.

Would such a person dare to use the family "Prophecy" as a stepping stone to support that Counterfeit?

He wouldn't dare!

The answer appeared in the heart of the Old Lion's eldest son.

If he wouldn't dare, yet such a situation had arisen...

Suddenly, this son of the Old Lion thought of his two younger brothers.

Dieudonne Hamlet.

Pistri Hamlet.

Dieudonne was the Old Lion's second son, who had always helped his father manage internal affairs.

And the youngest, Pistri, had made some achievements in military affairs and had trained quite a respectable cavalry in the past year.

For his two younger brothers, Gleisa had never taken them seriously.

Dieudonne, someone who only knew how to please their father with tasks like building the "Lion Palace," was not worth concerning over.

As for Pistri?

Experienced in military affairs, but fond of spending time with the common folk, he was even less worthy of concern.

But that was before.

Now?

The Old Lion's eldest son, Gleisa, began to reassess his two younger brothers.

Because aside from the worthless Uncle Baro, only his two younger brothers could have pulled off such a deed.

"Who could it be?

Could it be that you two are dissatisfied with me as your elder brother, and have joined forces?

If that's the case...

Then that would be just perfect!"

Gleisa murmured softly.

The original anger had long since vanished from the face of the Old Lion's eldest son.

What remained was only a smile.

Although his two younger brothers couldn't possibly threaten his position as the first in line for succession, Gleisa would still be glad to see them dead.

Before, there was no opportunity.

Now, the opportunity had presented itself right before his eyes.

Of course, Gleisa would seize it.

After all, he didn't want to end up like his father, suffering from headaches and finding no solution when dealing with the constantly nagging Uncle Baro, only able to slap the table to demonstrate his authority.

That would be too incompetent!

Moreover, he still had two younger brothers.

The thought of his two younger brothers ending up like Uncle Baro made the eldest son of the Old Lion wish they would just die right away.

However, he couldn't be the one to do it.

If he took action, his father would surely find out.

That would cause unnecessary trouble.

For 'family,' the Old Lion had his own philosophy—some responsibilities, as well as incomprehensible aspects, but overall, if it came to patricide, he would definitely regard the perpetrator as an enemy.

So...

Gleisa's gaze once again fell on the Messenger Stone—

'Do everything possible to protect Arthur.'

Gleisa issued the command with his father's voice to Dilbark.

After speaking, the eldest son of the Old Lion's face once again showed a cold, sinister smile.

"Since you all want to play, then I'll join you and have a good game!"

The Old Lion's eldest son muttered to himself.

Then, the Old Lion's eldest son took out a brand-new Messenger Stone from the drawer on his right hand side—

'Frame Faske's death as an inside job.'

Having said that, the Old Lion's eldest son casually crushed the Messenger Stone.

Faske, one of his father's 'Seven Golden-Bearded Advisors,' specialized in handling affairs in South Los, had been assassinated in his own office not long ago, and the Hidden Guard and secret police had not found the murderer till now.

Many people had started to suspect it was an inside job.

Since there was such suspicion, he would make it appear to be an inside job.

After all, it was just an advisor with an impressive title.

No need to care!

And certainly no need to mourn!

The dead were not worth his tears.

What he hoped for now was to use the death of the other to stir up some waves within the family.

As for Arthur Kredos?

In the past, he was worth paying attention to, but now?

Not worth considering at all.

The other was nothing more than a chess piece.

As for such a chess piece, he had plenty in his hands.

Therefore, the Old Lion's eldest son knew very well how to deal with such a chess piece.

As long as he was the real victor, then this chess piece should know what to do.

"Hmph, the ultimate victory will surely be mine!"

Gleisa snorted coldly, thus declaring.

...

Meanwhile, far away in the Western Sea, Drake Kredos's eyes widened looking at the intelligence in his hands.

'Child of Misfortune born in secrecy, favored by the Grim Reaper, the contemporary "Black Cat," the "Leader of the Cat Sect," the South Los Swordsmanship Competition Champion, master of Caesar Manor, the "Spirit Medium" Arthur Kredos...'

Unconsciously, the Western Sea Pirate General recited the string of titles on the intelligence report.

Soon after, confusion appeared on the Pirate General's face.

Is this really my showy but incompetent, muggle nephew?

Impossible, right?

Hm?!

The Pirate General, who had been repeatedly criticizing, clearly thought of something and was suddenly taken aback.

'No way! No way!

Uncle and you share a heart, and you're playing mind games with Uncle!

When did you realize something was amiss and started acting?

Was it after Winters disappeared?

Or even earlier?'

The Pirate General thought to himself, yet the smile on his lips was uncontrollable, eventually—

"Hahaha!

Worthy of being my nephew!

If the Old Man saw this, he'd probably be shocked to drop his jaw!

Your brothers and sisters can act.

Your nephew is even better than the lot!"

In the midst of laughter, the Pirate General shouted at a subordinate nearby—

"Fish out those two fools from the Water Prison and question them in detail again about their encounter with Arthur.

Then...

Throw a banquet!

Let loose on food and drink, I'm happy today."

As he spoke, the Pirate General pulled out a bottle of rum from thin air and began to gulp it down.

He seemed genuinely uncontrollably elated.

At least, that's how most people saw it.

Only a few close confidants could see their boss's hidden signal—

Go to Inner Bay.

Chapter 537 Jian and Jennifer!

"Lord Kledos actually became the 'South Los Swordsmanship Competition' Champion! That's really amazing!"

With a serene face and a delicate demeanor, Jian put down the newspaper she was holding and couldn't help but sing praises — this once mistress of the Dort District Police Chief, had now changed out of that long 'Belite' dress made predominantly of wool and silk with long sleeves, for a replacement black fabric skirt. The colorful ram's horn shawl had also been swapped for a cotton one prioritizing warmth, and instead of jewelry in her hair, she now wore a simple wooden hairpin.

Even dressed simply, the outfit inexplicably complemented her tranquil face. Paired with her frail aura, anyone seeing Jian for the first time would think her a young girl.

In a way, she was.

Jian, to be honest, was only 19 years old this year.

Free from James's clutches, although there was still a hint of timidity in Jian's large eyes, they had become more animated. She seemed to come alive, radiating brilliance.

"Although I am a woman, every time I see you, Jian, I can't help but exclaim — you truly are beautiful!"

Jennifer praised her friend.

From the second day after Jian's invitation to join her on the carriage, the two became good friends.

Their friendship stemmed from Jian's candor.

After seeing the corpses inside Jennifer's carriage, Jian didn't hide her actions anymore, especially when mentioning how she was grateful to the 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos for sparing her life.

What could Jennifer say to that?

She could only marvel at the wonders of destiny.

With Arthur as the 'pivot point', their relationship progressed by leaps and bounds.

Halfway through their journey, they had become friends who could talk about anything.

After they reached Inner Bay, the two were inseparable.

Faced with her friend Jennifer's compliments, a blush crept onto Jian's cheeks, adding an extra layer of allure to her already delicate features.

"You're the one who's truly beautiful, Jennifer."

Jian whispered softly, her words filled with envy.

The journey from South Los to Inner Bay was anything but peaceful, especially since the two ladies were unaccompanied by men. Add to that Jian's lovely appearance, which made her seem very easy to bully, they naturally attracted quite a bit of trouble.

There were groups that acted with lustful intentions.

Groups with intentions of greed.

And groups that wanted both money and beauty.

This journey truly could be described as fraught with trouble.

And every time, it was Jennifer who stepped up to solve the problems,

while the gentle Jian tried her best to assist with knives, daggers, crossbow arrows, and firearms, swiftly becoming more adept after taking down four ill-intentioned fellows.

At least, when it came to crossbow arrows and firearms, she gained considerable insight.

With knives and daggers, Jian was also making an effort.

Therefore, Jian greatly envied Jennifer.

Because her friend needed only a wave of her hand, and those people would fall straight to the ground.

Even though she had witnessed it more than once, now when Jian recalled it, she couldn't help but feel impressed by her friend's prowess and coolness.

It's a pity that she seemed to have no Talent, even though her friend taught her, she still couldn't grasp it.

"You're just temporarily confused by the 'Mystic Side', that's why when you look at me, you have the illusion that I'm very capable and therefore beautiful.

If beauty is truly measured by strength, then Lord Kredos would have been universally charming, appealing to both men and women long ago."

Jennifer swept a glance at her friend without good humor, her words not sparing any feelings.

Jennifer considered herself not bad-looking, but that also depended on who she was compared to.

Compared to ordinary people, Jennifer was certainly confident.

Compared to her own friend, Jennifer felt she was just a passerby.

Her friend never seemed to understand what kind of destructive power her looks had on those men. Can you imagine just because of getting wet in the rain, and a faint cry of "Ah, it's so cold," it attracted a bunch of men to gather around, and they even began fighting over her?

Before, Jennifer couldn't imagine it.

Now?

Jennifer had seen it.

More than once.

So much so that to reduce unnecessary trouble, she had to make up her friend's face to look uglier.

Even, Jennifer was starting to wonder if her friend had some special Bloodline.

For this reason, Jennifer had even secretly watched Jian take a bath.

The rumors say that 'succubi' have tails.

Even if it is a 'succubus' bloodline, the coccyx would be different.

But from her observations, Jennifer thought everything was normal.

Once the 'succubus' bloodline was ruled out, it could only be said that Jian was exceptionally talented.

With delicate features and just the right temperament, she formed the unique Jian.

'It's precisely because of this that the psychologically twisted James couldn't bear to kill Jian!' Jennifer sighed.

Afterwards, Jennifer no longer dwelled on these thoughts.

Instead, she pondered their next plan.

The lady from the 'Mystic Side' looked at Jian and asked softly.

"How are the preparations going?"

"Uh, ready.

I came to Inner Bay from Seberlin because I longed for St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, and I have a father, a mother, and an older brother in my family.

My father is an outstanding hunter, and my brother inherited his talent.

My mother was once a kitchen maid for Lord Eldar, and after the Eldar Household fell, she met my father and gave birth to my brother and me."

Jian recited fluently.

Even as she mentioned her parents and brother, a hint of longing appeared in her eyes.

"Hmm."

Jennifer nodded with satisfaction.

Lord Eldar was certainly not made up, but truly existed.

The reason for choosing him was that Jennifer had encountered him in a previous mission, knew his details, and was aware that he could not pursue the matter.

Of course, the most important thing was that St. Joan of Arc Girls' College would be very lenient towards any student with even a hint of noble status.

As for how to hint at it?

Jian didn't need to speak; just standing there was enough to set imaginations running wild.

Who would dare say Jian looks like a hunter's daughter?

They would definitely speculate in certain directions.

And that's exactly what Jennifer wanted.

"My current identity is your cousin, the daughter of your mother's sister. We've had a close relationship since we were little, and this time I came because I was worried about you.

After coming to Inner Bay, I had a very good impression of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, so I'm planning to apply for a position as a history teacher at the college.

If you're asked about something you don't know, don't panic. Just widen your eyes and look pitiful, and leave the rest to me."

Jennifer instructed.

"Uh-huh."

Jian nodded repeatedly.

She was well aware of the efforts her good friend had made for their new identities. So, she disliked playing the victim as it reminded her of that pervert James, but for her friend, she could endure.

"I'm sorry, Jian.

I made you think of unhappy things.

But this is only temporary—we don't know what's happened in Inner Bay, but those secret police are acting like madmen, hunting down suspects. We must stay out of sight of these secret police, and St. Joan of Arc Girls' College is the best option."

Jennifer took her friend Jian's hand and comforted her softly.

Jian nodded again.

Then, when the carriage stopped, Jian let Jennifer pull her down from the carriage—just as they had discussed before.

Jennifer is the assertive cousin.

Jian is the shy, timid cousin.

One after the other, they walked towards St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

Just as they were walking, a falcon happened to fly overhead and landed on the security room.

Chapter 538: Gather!

Anna, with a fake mustache stuck on, leaned weakly against the wall of the security room. Although her eyes still fixed on the entrance of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, it was obvious that her attention had drifted elsewhere.

The St. Joan of Arc Girls' College was just too boring.

She had originally come to St. Joan of Arc Girls' College to find the "Cassandra Kredos" for Marinda.

Who would have known, Cassandra Kredos never even showed up to report to the college.

Or more precisely...

Someone using Cassandra Kredos's letter of introduction did report to St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

But that person was not Cassandra Kredos.

It was just a hireling.

The individual appeared at St. Joan of Arc Girls' College for a fee.

And from start to finish, this hireling had never met the employer.

They had only communicated through letters.

Anna's investigation had come to an end at this point.

As for further investigation?

Anna didn't want to complicate matters.

Because of the secret police.

A few days ago, Anna had discovered the Inner Bay's secret police were surveilling St. Joan of Arc Girls' College. Although she didn't know if it was because of that kick she delivered, she knew she had to keep a low profile.

Of course, aside from those annoying secret police, there was also—

Arthur Kredos!

A genius the likes of which appears only once in a hundred years!

An Entrant!

And...

The Child of Misfortune born in secrecy, the favored one of the Grim Reaper, the contemporary "Black Cat," the Leader of the Cat Sect, South Los Swordsmanship Competition Champion, the male master of Caesar Manor, the "Spirit Medium" Arthur Kredos.

A string of titles made Anna feel as though she were dreaming.

But she knew the reliability of her sources.

After all, the Cloak Society took great care with their reputation and would never fabricate information.

As for being dubbed "a genius the likes of which appears only once in a hundred years," Anna wasn't impressed.

She had been called the same.

But what about "An Entrant"?

Anna was filled with disbelief.

Even though she had known before that the Kredos family had indescribable secrets—hence their Concealment in South Los, letting Cassandra Kredos attend St. Joan of Arc Girls' College—the exposure of Arthur's status as an Entrant made Anna realize she had still underestimated the Kredos family's intentions.

Even if she didn't know what the Kredos family wanted, they definitely harbored some earth-shattering plan.

Of course, none of this mattered to Anna anymore.

Because—

"The male master of Caesar Manor"!

Accompanying this title was the news that the Lady of the Long Night was pregnant!

Upon hearing this news, Anna had turned pale.

That's right!

She was a tiny bit of a deviant!

But her level of deviancy wasn't that high!

"Marinda, how could you get pregnant?

What's so good about that man Arthur Kredos?

You even had me take care of his aunt, and as a reward, can the child call me "Auntie"?

Why didn't you take me with you?

I could've done it too."

Anna, leaning there, was empty-eyed, always muttering to herself in her heart.

Knock, knock, knock!

The sound of knocking echoed continuously.

It took several moments for Anna to snap back to reality.

"Who is it?" she asked with a hint of impatience as she opened one side of the door, only to see two ladies holding hands.

This scene caused a mysterious ache in Anna's heart.

Haven't she and Marinda also held hands like this?

"Hello, I am here to apply for the position of a history teacher at the college."

Jennifer introduced herself, then pulled out her letter of introduction.

"Go straight ahead, third floor of the teaching building. The headmistress isn't in, but the deputy headmistress is," Anna directed.

Anna finished speaking and promptly shut the door.

She didn't want to be sentimental.

Even though she could sense the "spirituality" of the woman before her, and could tell that the woman behind had some make-up on—a more beautiful face would likely be revealed after removing it.

She had no interest in these matters.

Bang!

The door slammed shut forcefully.

The sound made Amy shrink back even more carefully behind her friend Jennifer.

"It's okay, this person probably just ran into some troubles,"

Jennifer said this, gently squeezing Amy's palm.

This was their secret code.

It meant to be careful.

Amy immediately felt chilled to the core.

And Jennifer became even more vigilant.

That security guard was definitely not simple; although it was just a casual glance, it gave her a feeling of goosebumps all over her body.

At that moment, Jennifer somewhat regretted choosing St. Joan of Arc Girls' College as their hiding spot.

But retreating was not an option now.

That guy was in the security room, already blocking the exit.

And who could guarantee there weren't other tough characters inside St. Joan of Arc Girls' College?

'Damn it, that bastard who sold me the information that St. Joan of Arc Girls' College was safe—if I catch you, you're getting a beating for every time I catch you!'

Jennifer was cursing in her heart while keeping her expression incredibly calm.

She pulled Amy toward the teaching building.

Afterward, Jennifer became more convinced that St. Joan of Arc Girls' College was far from as simple as it seemed.

After all, which college's janitorial staff hides a strong scent of blood?

And that cook, carrying bread past them and smiling, appeared kind and approachable, yet her "spirituality" was reminding her that this woman posed a certain danger, too.

'Damn it!

Is this place a dragon's lair, a tiger's den?

Why do the security guards, the janitors, and even the cook not seem like normal people?'

Jennifer's heart grew more tense.

Amy noticed something off about her friend.

She gently squeezed her friend's palm, and when her friend looked back, Amy immediately flashed an encouraging smile.

We're together, it's going to be fine!

Jennifer instantly understood Amy's smile.

Right away, this lady from the Mystic Side stabilized her mood.

'Besides that security guard whose depth I cannot fathom, the janitor and the cook are not so difficult to deal with. Now, let's head to the teaching building. If something is off, I'll pick Amy up and run. Let's see who can catch me.'

Once her mind was set, Jennifer immediately calmed down completely.

The two walked hand in hand toward the teaching building.

Amy, who was tasked with janitorial duties, watched their retreating figures with perplexity.

This lady, who had previously worked as a receptionist at the Swordsmanship Club, felt that there was something not quite right with the 'ordinarily-looking' woman among the two that had just passed.

'The atmosphere in the college has been a bit off recently...

Should I take Shara and run away first?'

Amy pondered.

Inside the security room, Anna was regretting not having run away sooner.

Just as she had opened the door to give directions to those two women, a letter had appeared on the desk by the window.

Anna was certain that this letter had not been there before.

This meant that while she had opened the door to provide directions, the letter had appeared.

The entire process from her opening the door to closing it and returning took less than 5 seconds!

To place a letter here in less than 5 seconds, without her noticing and then to disappear quietly...

An icy chill ran down Anna's neck.

She felt as though she might not be able to keep her head for much longer.

With trepidation, Anna opened the letter—

You have passed the test!

These words, abrupt and without context, made Anna take a sharp breath.

Because the signature was—

Cassandra Kredos!

Chapter 539: Cleansing Ears with the Tongue of a Snake

Cassandra Credos!

It was Cassandra Credos!

Facing the message from the target she had been seeking all along, Anna felt no pleasure whatsoever.

Or rather, it was impossible to feel pleased about such a thing!

Because—

What did the content of the letter from the other party indicate?

It indicated that she was under their surveillance!

Even...

Her coming to "St. Joan of Arc Girls' College" had been anticipated by them.

As for the test?

It naturally involved her discovering the whereabouts of the other party, then immediately cutting off all contacts, remaining silent, and pretending as if nothing had happened.

"Hiss!

Is this the Kledos family?"

Anna inhaled sharply.

Instinctively, the lady raised her hand, picked up the letter, and threw it into the fire pit—in the winter season, the college provided fire pits and firewood for the security room, along with some winter aid, including but not limited to cotton clothes, cotton shoes, cotton hats, meat food, and 20 Suo in cash.

All things considered, the aid was quite nice.

Anna was wearing cotton garments provided by the college, and the congee she cooked in the morning also had some cooked meat mixed in.

But even with a full stomach and warm clothes, Anna still felt a coldness at the bottom of her heart.

Because, new text flickered in the flames of the letter—

One hour later, at the small grove behind the college.

The text glowed faintly before rapidly disappearing.

But Anna was utterly stunned on the spot.

At that moment, Anna felt as though she had fallen into an ice cellar.

The other party wasn't just monitoring her, but was monitoring her constantly, because only in this way could they truly understand some of her habits and give such precise timing.

For instance: read and immediately burn.

The other party might even be here now!

Thinking of this, Anna felt as if she had been stripped naked for all to see.

A sense of shame accompanied by an unusual thrill tensed Anna's entire body.

Immediately afterward, the lady quickly turned around and started to check inside and outside the room.

Nothing!

Nothing at all!

'What kind of trick is this?

Could it be some sort of "Spirit Medium" bloodline?

Tonight at eight, at the small grove behind the college?

I will definitely be on time!'

A sense of curiosity rose in Anna's eyes, and she prepared to meet this Cassandra Cremos.

She was very curious.

In contrast to Anna's curiosity, Amy and Shara, who had finished their morning work, were looking at the letter beside their pillow with doubt and apprehension—

One hour later, at the small grove behind the college.

Hope the two of you can arrive on time.

Cassandra Cremos, who means no harm to you

...

A clear signature, including a note.

But it still did not alleviate Shara's panic.

"Amy, should we run away?"

Shara grabbed Amy's sleeve, her whole body trembling.

"We can't run away!

This Cassandra placed the letter beside the pillow, and it was full of warnings.

Plus, if I remember correctly, this Cassandra is that person's aunt.

The one with the 'Spirit Medium' bloodline.

Would his aunt not have it?"

Due to Shara's accidental killing of Woolter, Amy had no choice but to accompany Shara in dismembering Woolter's body, setting the house on fire, and fleeing. However, the fear of Arthur that lingered in Amy's heart made her constantly aware of Arthur's exploits, especially through the "South Los Daily" brought by the merchants, Amy was very clear about that "Spirit Medium's" abilities.

Thus, Amy was even more convinced that Arthur's appearance at the Jorge Jock Swordsmanship Club was not accidental.

It was because of the ghost in her that attracted him.

And now?

Although they had escaped Arthur Kredos, they had attracted Cassandra Credos instead.

"I'm sorry, Shara. It's my fault you're involved."

Amy looked at Shara with an apologetic face.

Shara immediately shook her head.

Having heard Amy's stories about Arthur, Shara naturally knew why Amy had left Inner Bay.

And now?

The family of the other party had come looking for them again.

Shara immediately pulled an ax from the suitcase under her bed.

Then, the lady looked at Amy.

"That's the worst-case scenario.

We need to think positively."

Amy said this, but she had already started organizing darts, daggers, short swords, axes, crossbow arrows, firearms, and explosives—besides the darts, daggers, and axes, the rest of the items, especially the crossbow arrows, firearms, and explosives, were recently purchased by Amy, which gave this lady a considerable sense of security.

While the two of them were organizing their items, Jennifer and Jian had successfully passed their respective interviews.

Moreover, because the two were cousins, they were exceptionally allowed to share a dormitory room.

Without a doubt, the name "Lord Eldar" played a crucial role.

Jian was happy about this.

Because it meant not having to separate from her good friend Jennifer.

Jennifer also breathed a sigh of relief; having Jian by her side made it much easier to take care of her.

The two thanked the teacher who showed them the way and, after he had left, they looked at each other and smiled, pushing the door open together—

The room was small but very neat, equipped with bunk beds, a desk, a wardrobe, and even a private bathroom.

But what caught their attention the most was the letter on the desk.

Jennifer and Jian looked at each other.

Then, after carefully inspecting it, Jennifer opened the letter.

It was written with letters cut out from newspapers—

Welcome to the academy, and my heartfelt congratulations on passing the interviews.

In one hour, please come to the hill behind the academy.

Believe me, I have no ill intentions.

Cassandra Cremos

...

Seeing the contents of the letter, Jennifer was struck as if by lightning.

Kredos!

It was the Kredos Family!

That "Spirit Medium" really wouldn't let me go!

Jennifer's whole body began to tremble.

Next to her, Jian's complexion turned slightly pale, but she reached out both hands and held Jennifer's hands.

"Jennifer, I'm here. We'll face this together.

I promised you, even if death approaches, I'm willing to face it with you."

Jian spoke softly.

Jennifer, looking at her friend, felt comforted in her fear.

Being born on the Mystic Side, the lady took a deep breath.

"Alright!"

Having said that, the lady began to get ready.

She wanted to face Cassandra Credos in the best possible condition.

Meanwhile, the falcon that had just left soared back into the sky and eventually flew out of Inner Bay, landing on a lady's shoulder.

The falcon affectionately rubbed against the lady.

"Well done, Icarus.

You wouldn't have thought that Arthur could do such a big thing quietly, would you?

As his aunt, I feel ashamed.

I not only underestimated Arthur but also failed to notice my own pride—indeed, just as father said, it's only by recognizing our own ignorance can we open the door to knowledge!"

The lady stroked her falcon, murmuring to herself.

Then, the lady pulled up her hood and leaped down from the treetop.

Since she was behind.

It was time to catch up.

She would find some capable people and spread the fame of the Kredos Family in her own way.

She had already decided, her organization would be called—

The Shapeless!

Chapter 540: Murderer, Psychopath and Pervert!

An hour later, behind St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, in the small grove.

The first to arrive there were Amy and Shara.

Loose robes concealed their axes, crossbow arrows, and firearms.

As they walked side by side, Amy adjusted her breathing—it was a combat instinct she had developed from numerous battles, a breathing method that gave her more power and speed.

She had noticed the signs when she first killed a man, axing down her foster father.

After chopping down the village chief and his three sons, she had mastered this breathing technique, and when the last man stabbed her, the pain and near-death experience branded it into her soul, causing her to instinctively enter this state whenever she grasped a weapon.

Meanwhile, Shara became increasingly cautious.

The lady's palms were sweaty, and because of her nerves, phantoms even appeared before her eyes.

Fortunately, this lady had her own ways of adjusting.

She was recalling Woolter.

Recalling the bastard she had killed by mistake.

Recalling the bastard she had gradually hacked to pieces.

Unconsciously, Shara's lips curled upward.

Relief!

It was a deep-seated sense of relief, hidden in the depths of her heart, something she felt in the moment her blade descended, bringing her unparalleled ease.

And when she felt she couldn't hold on, she would recall this ease.

Unconsciously, the horrific image turned warm.

Especially when the scent of blood filled the air, Shara felt even more joy.

The tension had vanished.

All that remained was...

Anticipation!

Would there be gushing fresh blood?

Would there be the soft touch of a knife slicing through flesh?

She was eager.

Under the sunlight, an unusual blush appeared on the lady's face.

And as she stepped into the shadows of the woods, this blush permeated her eyes; concealed but fierce, much like a snake hiding in the bushes.

Within the grove, Jennifer and Jian were already there.

Jennifer had her arms crossed, and Jian was slightly bowing his head, his fingers nervously fidgeting, appearing extremely tense.

In fact, anyone would be nervous on their first day entering the shelter of the heart, "St. Joan of Arc Girls' College," facing such an incident.

Even the seemingly calm Jennifer was on full alert at this time.

And Jian?

He clenched the explosives hidden in his sleeve even tighter.

He had just stashed them there.

A short fuse.

About to explode.

He didn't know why he had done this, but he instinctively felt it would keep him safe.

He trusted his intuition.

Just as his instincts had told him how to survive in the clutches of the twisted James.

He had never been wrong before.

And he wouldn't be now.

Jian firmly believed this.

Jennifer, meanwhile, was channeling her "Spirituality," feeling an unprecedented liveliness of "Spirituality," which always seemed somewhat absurd to her.

In South Los, to just stir her "Spirituality," she had needed all sorts of efforts, be it aromatic oil, incense, or even drugs.

But each time, her "Spirituality" would stir and then fade away.

But now?

Her "Spirituality" was like a spirited horse.

"Spirituality" pulsates!

Jennifer knew she was facing what all "Mystic Side People" longed for, but if possible, she'd rather not have it.

She hoped to stay safe and sound inside "St. Joan of Arc Girls' College" with Jian.

Ideally, they would lie low for a while and then quietly accumulate some money.

For this, Jennifer had made a very comprehensive plan.

Jobs like bounty hunter she couldn't manage, and she wasn't professional as a relic explorer, but as a temporary gentleman thief, she had some experience.

And moreover, not much was needed.

Just one successful operation would be enough.

After that?

Naturally, they would once again seek refuge in "St. Joan of Arc Girls' College."

She was a teacher at the college.

And Jian?

After graduating, he too would stay on to teach.

That was her plan.

Regarding the "Mystic Side"?

Get lost!

She didn't need it anymore.

But, things were strangely weird.

When you pursue it, it never appears.

When you don't want it, it instead chases you.

Jennifer could clearly sense her Spirituality beginning to grow.

It was a pace far surpassing the slow growth dependent on time during a "Ritual"!

If the normal state was a snail's crawl, her current state was like a galloping stallion.

And it was very safe.

"What are all these freaks?!"

Anna, who had arrived at the grove earliest, couldn't help but exclaim in her mind as she saw the four people faintly confronting each other in the clearing.

Amy and Shara had a scent of fresh blood about them, along with that abnormal breathing and smiling appearance, all telling Anna one thing.

These two women were murderers.

The kind who were completely insane.

It was better not to provoke them.

If provoked, one must strike first to be strong, otherwise, a horrible death would ensue.

With the arrival of the two murderers, those two who arrived earlier also turned suspicious. That pitiful-looking woman, disguised to hide her true face, became nervously agitated.

It made Anna think she had encountered a priest from some cult on an overseas island.

But what surprised Anna the most was Jennifer.

Spirituality pulsated!

How had this woman suddenly entered a state of Spirituality jumping?

Anna knew very well, as long as the "Ritual" Jennifer chose wasn't disastrously poor, this jump in Spirituality would immediately bring her to "Arcana Level" and lay a solid foundation for "Great Arcana Level."

"Is this the choice of the Kledos family?"

Thinking this, Anna stopped concealing herself.

She was not some freak.

She was just slightly perverse.

So, she needed to step forward and declare her difference.

But as soon as Anna stepped out, the gazes of Amy, Shara, Jennifer, and Jian were cast on her.

That unwelcoming look made Anna realize belatedly.

She seemed to have been misunderstood.

She was mistaken for that Summoner.

"It's not me!

I'm not!

I'm just like you!"

As Anna spoke, she removed her fake beard and, to show sincerity, even took off her shirt, undoing her chest wrap.

What kind of pervert?

Amy, Shara, Jennifer, and Jian all paused for a moment, then collectively took a step back.

Especially Shara and Jian, who even blushed.

That kind of blushing made Anna feel humiliated.

A murderer and a madwoman, why should they blush at her sight, as if she were some kind of pervert.

"Hey hey, what's with that look?"

Anna bellowed.

"Shameless!"

Amy retorted with a cold laugh.

"You murderer, who are you to call someone shameless!"

Anna countered.

"Tsk, not big, huh."

Jennifer commented.

"Don't think a leap in Spirituality is so great. I finished one when I was twelve!"

Anna rolled her eyes.

Then, she continued to dress herself and put on her beard.

Muttering to herself —

"Has the person not arrived yet?

Does the Kledos family like to play these mysterious games?

What's there to like about such people? Marinda must have been bluffed."

As Anna spoke, she was about to pick up her chest wrap bandage.

Just then, a piece of paper suddenly blew in with the wind.

It read —

In the middle of the Grove, under the tree.