

## **Great Master 661**

Chapter 661: Contract, or Contract!

Abel, Abel...

Arthur murmured this name in the depths of his heart.

None of the mystic books he'd read had ever mentioned this name.

But Arthur wasn't disappointed.

On the contrary, he was pleased.

Because—

It meant that he was about to encounter more unknown histories and legends.

And knowledge.

Moreover, it was of the most precious kind.

With the addition of Yumir Manor's collection and the tomes from the mad Master Alchemist Geppetto found under the beach, Arthur's understanding of the Mystic Side's history and folklore had far surpassed that of the average Mystic Side person, and what Arthur had not heard of must be exceptionally secretive.

In the Mystic Side, secrecy often signified value!

With that in mind, Arthur utilized the power of the contract to call upon this fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm—

'Abel, tell me your origin.'

Abel: ...

Bewilderment flowed back in response to Arthur.

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

With eighteen contracts laid as a foundation, this bewilderment was naturally genuine, neither a ruse nor deceit. but while the contract was inviolable, it had loopholes to exploit.

Just as Arthur and Abel had entered into a contract, Abel could have sealed his own memory moments before the contract, to slowly wait for an opportunity for a resurgence.

Or...

Before signing the contract, he could use another contract as insurance.

For instance: Once reaching the 'Entry' or 'Ascend Step' level, the sealed memories would automatically return, offsetting the contract's backlash with the loss of corresponding props or abilities.

Or even, taking this as a starting point, to devise other contracts that would counteract the one signed with Arthur.

Arthur was unafraid of this.

Nor was he wary.

After all, he still had the eighteenth contract as a supplement.

The purpose of this eighteenth contract was to address such situations.

He, Arthur Kredos, wasn't a person of nasty character, how could he possibly enslave a worm without reason?

Impossible!

Absolutely impossible!

He, Arthur Kredos, was merely cautious and curious.

Caution was innate, as well as pressured by the world he lived in.

And curiosity...

To be precise, expectation!

Arthur was keenly anticipating what prop or ability Abel would come up with if he anticipated Arthur's move, to counter his eighteenth contract.

Conservation of energy was not exclusive to the world of science.

It was the same for the Mystic Side.

Therefore—

"Now, let me add three more terms to our contract.

Firstly, if Abel voluntarily seals his own memory, after the Awakening of memory, he must repay tenfold everything he gained from me.

Secondly, if Abel harbors resentment because of this, the repayment will be multiplied by ten.

Thirdly, if Abel comes to hate me because of this, the multiplication for repayment will be increased by a further ten."

Arthur once again entered into a contract with Abel.

The fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm was extremely dissatisfied, hissing repeatedly, but to no avail.

Not only because 'Mikhail's Touch (Fragmentary)' was its life.

But also because, with those eighteen previous contracts supplementing it, it had no strength to resist.

After these three contracts were signed, Arthur smiled.

'Look, how strong our bond is.

Now with twenty-one contracts, let's call it...

The Twenty-One Clauses!

How logical, just, and fair!'

Arthur thought to himself and placed 'Mikhail's Touch (Fragmentary)' upon the 'Blood of Doting.'

Almost instantly, the antique ring underwent a transformation.

A smear of blood-red dyed the entire ring.

The crimson, as if blood, began to glow like jade.

After that, ripples spread out and a small green bug with distinct spots on its back crawled out. The bug itself was very small, but when only the head remained, it became even tinier.

However, even with only the head remaining, it still had a ring of spiky projections akin to a cactus.

'Foreign prickly ash?!'

Arthur was taken aback.

When Arthur was a child, he had been pricked by a foreign prickly ash and it hurt terribly.

It was indeed a memory that remained fresh in his mind.

Meanwhile, the Abel that was crawling out paused momentarily.

Although there were no specific words, this pause spoke louder than a thousand words.

And it was only moments later that the pent-up emotions could no longer be contained and erupted forth.

They surged overwhelmingly like a tidal wave—

You beep beep beep beep you beep beep beep!

Arthur just shrugged his shoulders in response.

Let it curse.

It's not like he'd lose a piece of flesh.

Just keep tabs on it.

He intended to recover everything, with interest.

Abel, reduced to just a head, climbed onto the [Fragmentary Mikhail's Touch], and began to devour it bit by bit, much like nibbling on leaves.

Arthur curled the corner of his mouth.

Ever eaten noodles?

Slurp them up!

Come on, slurp them up!

With the contract in place, Arthur didn't specifically hide his thoughts. Fragmentary Abel could certainly sense these thoughts, but what could Abel do about it?

The contract was in Arthur's hands.

It's just a broken little bug.

There's no chance of resisting.

Slurping noodles was also out of the question.

It's not that it didn't want to, it's just that its current bodily structure made it unrealistic.

Which bug, with only a head left, could slurp noodles? I'm not a rice weevil!

The eating pace was not fast. It took a full ten minutes for Abel to completely consume the fragment of [Mikhail's Touch], growing a small segment, roughly turning from just a head to having a neck as well.

As a result, [Blood of Doting] underwent a transformation, not just gaining an amber hue with a faintly red exterior, but more importantly, the attributes—

[Name: Blood of Doting]

[Type: Ring]

[Quality: Above Heroic]

[Attributes: 1. Child of Blood; 2. Contract]

[Requirement: Belongs to Arthur Kredos]

[Remarks: A ring forged by the Blood Marquis and his wife for their son, yet the hidden Abel inside made you realize that the incident of the Blood Marquis hunting the members of his fiancée's family was not as simple as the rumors suggested. This was definitely not about 'washing away shame' but had a deeper purpose. You cannot yet know what happened, but the fragmentary Abel has repaired a bit of its body]

...

[Child of Blood: While wearing this ring, it will continuously consume the fresh blood within your body to feed the fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm, which in return will grant you power. You will become akin to a Bloodline Clan member with the 'Entry' bloodline who possesses the purest bloodline, allowing you to transform into mist, bats, use the power of frost, walk on vertical walls ignoring gravity, command bats as your spies, and gain a power boost on moonlit nights, reaching its peak during a full moon; the wearer will obtain an 'Entry' level Physique and can use their own fresh blood to create semi-complete Blood Brides, as well as complete Blood Slaves, Blood Gladiators, and Bloody Warriors]

[Contract: The existence of twenty-one terms makes Abel obey you, your loyal servant]

(Note 1: Blood Brides still have strict training conditions to control a crucial step, but Blood Slaves, Blood Gladiators, and Bloody Warriors now only require the wearer's fresh blood; meanwhile, due to the partial restoration of fragmentary Abel, the needed fresh blood is significantly reduced)

(Note 2: Controlled Blood Brides are highly unstable. When the fragmentary Bloodsucking Ancestor Worm is affected, it may self-destruct)

(Note 3: Among the Blood Slaves, Blood Gladiators, and Bloody Warriors you create, you can select up to 13 individuals to become your next generation of Bloodkin; currently at: 0/13)

(Note 4: Because of the suppression by the contract, fragmentary Abel cannot drink blood without your permission)

(Note 5: If the wearer dies, fragmentary Abel will consume the wearer's body, and if you die, fragmentary Abel will self-destruct with you)

...

'Not bad!'

Looking at the brand-new attributes of [Blood of Doting], Arthur immediately thought of his 'Blood Descendant' vest. Originally, as the enemies he encountered grew increasingly strong, the 'Blood Descendant' had become inadequate and started to fade into the background. But after this, the 'Blood Descendant' could become active again.



And the first thing to do...

Was naturally to declare his return!

Chapter 662: Stage!

A formal return naturally requires a formal stage.

And this time, Arthur didn't need to build it himself.

The young 'Spirit Medium's gaze turned toward the first-class cabin—

At this moment, Ms. Yula had already sent away the suite's butler and the restaurant's servants.

Facing a sumptuous breakfast, the lady did not partake, but instead walked again to her luggage containing the Messenger Stone; she intended to complete what she had not finished before.

Just as Yula's fingertips touched the Messenger Stone, the stone lit up ahead of time.

"Yula!"

A steady voice with a slight huskiness rang out.

Without any hesitation, Yula immediately knelt on one knee.

"High Priest!"

The kneeling Yula bowed her head in respect.

Although she had received a blessing, Yula still understood how she was supposed to act in front of the person closest to the 'Lady of Sorrow'.

Even if she harbored other thoughts at the bottom of her heart, it was the same.

Or rather...

It was precisely because of such thoughts that she became even more reverent.

She needed to set an example.

And 'Pain Church's High Priest took Yula's reverence as a matter of course, speaking on his own.

"You have done well, Your Crown's blessing upon you is your honor.

In the same vein, the church will also grant you a new position.

We need a new 'Priest of Suffering!'."

After hearing such words, Yula bowed even lower, her voice filled with immense excitement.

"I thank Your Crown for the gift!

Thank you for your trust!

I shall give it my all!"

During her speech, Yula was already choking back sobs.

However, from Arthur's perspective, he could see the disdain and mockery at the bottom of the lady's eyes, especially the cold sneer at the corner of her mouth when it curled up; Arthur caught it all.

Immediately, the young 'Spirit Medium' stroked his chin.

He suddenly felt that his plan had just gotten a bit easier.

The maneuvering of that tentacle, or rather, the matryoshka-style tactics plus balancing act played by 'Miha' or 'Yiluo', he was too familiar with, all the way to an almost instinctive level.

After all, in his original world, he'd 'moonlighted' in a similar industry.

At that time, of course, he hadn't thought much about it, just aimed to earn a bit more money and retire early.

Who could have expected to eventually get entangled in such an exaggerated situation?

Therefore, at this moment, while Arthur felt joy, he maintained the necessary caution.

Some losses, once experienced, are enough.

Inside the first-class cabin, the conversation continued—

"Contact that 'Spirit Medium'.

And inform him that he will be discussing matters with the true hierarchy of the church tonight."

The High Priestess said as such.

"Yes, my lord.

I will take the initiative to communicate with the other party.

And preliminarily confirm..."

"Enough!

You just need to notify the other party!

The rest, I will arrange!"

Yula's words were cut off, and the High Priestess's speech was extremely discourteous, it could even be described as a rebuke.

Yula, however, appeared genuinely fearful.

Until she confirmed that the Messenger Stone had truly ended the session.

Only then did the lady's face reveal anger and bitterness—she, who was blessed by Your Crown, the true Child of Destiny, had been humiliated by the other party.

"Just you wait!

I will let you know what it means to wish for death!"

As she said these words, the lady returned to her normal state.

Afterward, the lady dragged Lucius out of the washroom and initiated a new round of hypnosis—

"You've confirmed it, your 'Guide' all along has been Yula.

You are somewhat surprised at this outcome and also somewhat relieved.

Only this could explain why Yula seemed to have you at her fingertips.

And when you discovered Yula's true identity, Yula told you that you had passed the test, you not only completed the basic trial but also the extra one!

You've made contact with the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los, which is a great achievement.

And this will catapult you to great heights within the 'Pain Church.'"

Having said that, Yula got up and once again stomped forcefully on Lucius's abdomen.

She reveled in Lucius's pain.

And was fascinated by it.

'Despicable woman!'

Meanwhile, Arthur was internally assessing her, while also pondering the words of the 'Pain Church's' High Priest from moments ago.

Tonight!

This timeline made Arthur think.

Given the speed of the 'Oriental,' they would arrive at Seberlin's Doldot Port by tomorrow morning, so a meeting tonight would necessarily be in the wilderness along the shore.

As for the 'Oriental'?

Anyone with a sane mind wouldn't dare encroach on his territory.

It would surely be a location fair to both parties.

At least, it would appear that way on the surface.

So...

It must be here!

Utilizing Fujin's high-altitude vision, Arthur identified an approximate area in his mind and then took out the original 'Exquisite Human Puppet.'

He also gave the newly-created 'Blood of Doting' to it.

Of course, the 'Blood Bat Ring' and plenty of Gold Coins were included as well.

After all this was done, Arthur looked at the 'Blood Descendant' before him and said in his heart,

'I'll leave that place to you.'

'Understood.'

'Blood Descendant' responded.

For Arthur, this feeling of talking to himself wasn't embarrassing or uncomfortable in the slightest.

On the contrary, Arthur was quite accustomed to it.

So much so that he and the 'Blood Descendant' exchanged a knowing smile.

Following this, the 'Blood Descendant' left the top-deck cabin, with the new 'Blood of Doting,' and turned into a mist headed for the shore. Once confirming there was no one around, it then summoned a 'Blood Bat'—not a new summoning,

but waking the 'Blood Bat' hidden outside South Los, guarding the secret spot from Mouse Alley's former overseer.

At once, the 'Blood Bat' touched the Messenger Stone before it.

The Messenger Stone belonging to Freeman.

The entire process was completed in a very short amount of time.

However, the Chief Sailor on the ship still noticed.

But to 'Bloody John,' it was something he didn't care about at all.

He saw that the 'Blood Descendant' left from the top deck, and that was enough for him.

After all, the one residing there was the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los.

So, the old pirate glanced only briefly before turning away to continue basking in the sun on his deck chair—being the Chief Sailor, of course, meant he didn't need to do menial tasks like scrubbing the deck, and his daily meals were especially lavish, with a crew of seemingly reliable underlings at his service.

Life was comfortable indeed.

"Such warm sunshine! How does that saying go... ah, yes, vacation, right, vacation!

I might as well consider it a vacation!"

Old John muttered to himself.

And amidst his muttering, Ms. Yula had already gotten ready, switching her long dress for simpler clothes, and headed toward the top-deck cabin.

After ascending the stairs, the lady immediately spotted Arthur reading on the exterior terrace.

Similarly, Arthur turned to the lady due to the sound of her footsteps.

But with just a glance, the young 'Spirit Medium's' face turned pale—

"How is this possible?!"

Chapter 663 Provocation!

Arthur's voice was filled with surprise and shock.

Because of her hidden identity, when Ms. Yula arrived at the top of the 'Oriental,' she had contemplated over a dozen scenarios of meeting Arthur - ranging from extreme caution, to disdain, even to murderous intent. Of course, surprise and shock would not be absent.

But never this level of surprise and shock.

It was a bit...

Over the top!



It was as if she were acting - meant to convey a sorrowful smile, but with too much force, it turned into a duck's quack!

However, Ms. Yula pushed her doubts to the back of her mind, and proceeded with the question she had prepared.

"Are you surprised by my identity?"

As she said this, the lady approached Arthur.

Her gaze swept over Arthur's face and demeanor, which had become increasingly striking after the significant enhancement of his Physique and Spirituality.

The enhanced Physique made Arthur appear healthy and full of vitality.

While the enhanced Spirituality enveloped Arthur in an aura of mystery.

The former stirred the instincts of surrounding creatures.

The latter confused the minds of surrounding creatures.

When both Physique and Spirituality passed the threshold of an Ascend Stepper, Arthur was like a constant charm spell, making one unconsciously indulge in it.

Ms. Yula was no exception.

Initially, Ms. Yula only wanted to use her gaze to seek more clues.

But as she watched, she thought Arthur...

smelled so good!

The sensation was a bit ticklish.

She squirmed, as if hundreds of claws were scratching at her heart.

Then, it was even itchier, like the humidity of returning south.

Arthur acted as if he noticed nothing, placing the "Record of Night Travels" down, then stood up and answered with a serious expression.

"Of course, I'm surprised!

I never thought that you would be the High Priest of the Pain Church."

As Arthur spoke, it was as if he had figured it all out.

"I was wondering why things were so coincidental.

Now it seems it was all your layout.

Ms. Yula, you truly surprised me."

As he said this, appreciation emerged in Arthur's eyes as he looked at Ms. Yula.

Facing this admiration, Ms. Yula found it extremely gratifying.

All of this was, of course, the result of her efforts.

Something she had fought hard to attain.

But...

She was not the High Priest.

'Not yet!

It will definitely be mine later!

Definitely!'

The lady consoled herself, then felt a bit curious.

"Why do you think I am the High Priest of the Pain Church?"

Ms. Yula did not hide her curiosity as she blinked while asking.

It was definitely not just an act of cuteness.

There was also...

temptation.

Arthur unwittingly attracted the lady.

The pleasant aroma made the lady waver in her thoughts, filled with fanciful desires and yearnings.

Yet Arthur appeared oblivious, maintaining a serious demeanor.

"Because, I can sense your strength.

Besides...

I felt a hint of 'divine' breath.

This breath is very similar to that of an Old Friend of mine, but far more powerful.

So, it must be that lady who bestowed Divine Grace.

If you, strong and graced by divinity, are not the High Priest of the Pain Church, I really can't think of who else it could be."

As Arthur spoke, he spread his hands.

Ms. Yula listened to Arthur's analysis.

She thought it made a lot of sense.

She was so powerful and blessed with Divine Grace; if she wasn't the High Priest of the Pain Church, then who else could be?

That woman?

No!

It should have been me!

It was supposed to be me!

The thought that crept up from the bottom of her heart incited the already unwilling lady — the patience she had maintained in the face of this slight indignation seemed like a joke.

Like fragile paper, it shattered with a single hit.

However, on the surface, the lady still maintained her smile.

"You guessed wrong,

I am just a Priest of Suffering.

The High Priest is someone else, and I am here on their behalf — tonight, the seniors of our church will negotiate with you."

Yula relayed the words of the High Priest.

Arthur appeared shocked, seeming not to believe that Yula was not the High Priest of the Pain Church, and this act only further pricked the lady's heart.

More importantly, the words of Arthur that followed —

"Is that so?

What a surprise!

But now I am even more looking forward to meeting the others within the Pain Church. If someone like you is just a priest, the elegance of the others must be truly admirable.

Moreover, I am filled with confidence in completely eradicating the Inland River Cult.

This time, we will undoubtedly succeed.

Afterward, without the Inland River Cult's interference, the church you belong to will inevitably witness staggering development under the leadership of that High Priest."

While Arthur's Skill "Bluff" flickered, Yula saw sincerity.

It was real.

That was what Arthur truly believed.

But the more genuine he seemed, the more it pained Yula's heart.

Each sentence felt like a small knife stabbing at her heart.

By the time she heard Arthur's last remark about the church undergoing staggering development under the leadership of that High Priest, the woman's hands clenched into fists.

In that moment, the woman made up her mind.

However, on the surface, the woman still smiled and said,

"Of course!"

"I am looking forward to our meeting tonight."

Arthur offered a smile.

After a slight bow, Yula quickly turned and left.

She soon disappeared down the stairs.

Once Yula was truly gone, Arthur lay back in his chair, turning his gaze to the other side — Marinda stood there with arms crossed and a half-smiling, half-smirking expression, puffing on her pipe.

When Marinda caught Arthur's gaze, she snorted softly.

"You rogue!"

"Thanks for the compliment," Arthur replied, grinning.

The woman then flipped him off.

Immediately after, the woman approached Arthur and scrutinized him closely.

Then, sniffing the air around him.

It seemed she was confirming something.

In her deep blue eyes, a hint of shock surfaced, followed by a sense of understanding, then urgency and excitement.

Arthur enjoyed watching Marinda's eyes change expressions as though she was performing a quick change of masks.

Marinda snorted once more.

"Done with pretending?"

His question was out of the blue, but Arthur knew what it meant.

The significant increase in Physique and Spirituality couldn't possibly escape Marinda, who saw him almost every day.

Of course, Arthur was prepared for this —

"Had a little accident, the Prop got damaged," he said.

Arthur didn't elaborate on what the accident was, trusting that Marinda would guess.

Indeed, she did.

"You always get up to this kind of thing. The Pain Church is not so straightforward," Marinda remarked, blowing out a ring of smoke, then pulling out a silver cufflink and tossing it to Arthur, saying, "Put this on, don't flaunt yourself like a peacock in heat, showing off everywhere!"

Chapter 664 All Here!

Under the sunlight, the silver cufflinks shimmered with a unique brilliance, tracing a beautiful arc and landing snugly in Arthur's hand.

Subsequently, the words before his eyes flickered—

[Name: Carmen's Stealth]

[Type: Other Items]

[Quality: Secret Technique]



[Attributes: Concealment]

[Remarks: In the 99th year of the Silver Era, the 90-year-old 'Gentleman Thief', Carmen, successfully ascended to Master Alchemist in his tenth year, he left his laboratory—despite it having complete experimental equipment and a wealth of materials, and many disciples following and serving, it wasn't fun anymore.

For the master, it was really too boring.

So, he planned to leave North County.

He wanted to go back to South County for a visit.

Of course, South County was not the final destination.

The master was only returning to South County to see which of his friends were still alive, and then, he would go to the West Coast, which surely was filled with even more unknowns that unwittingly attracted him.

But shaking off the horde of disciples following him was not easy.

For this reason, the master specially concocted this pair of cufflinks. ]

...

[Concealment: Wearing these cufflinks will greatly mask your aura, and it will make strangers unable to clearly remember your face]

(Note 1: The wearer will only make an impression after being in contact with someone three times or more)

(Note 2: The aura you conceal cannot be detected by any beings below 'Third Order Ascend Step' unless you remove the cufflinks)

...

'What a treasure!'

Arthur appraised it silently in his heart.

Previously, he had been thinking about getting a cloak to disguise his current self.

But now, with Carmen's Stealth, it was obviously unnecessary.

Without any hesitation, Arthur quickly affixed the cufflinks to the cuffs of his shirt.

Upon seeing this, Marinda's lips, clenched on a pipe, curled into a smirk.

But Arthur was busy attaching the cufflinks as he spoke.

"Consider it your ticket into this collaboration," he said.

Marinda's upturned lips quickly smoothed out.

Like...

A chuckle, no chuckle.

Suppressing the urge to kick Arthur, Marinda quickly spoke out.

"Of course.

What else?"

Having said that, the lady immediately changed the subject.

"My people are ready. They've boarded a speedboat on the outskirts of South Los, and by the latter half of tonight, they will catch up with the 'Oriental'.

As agreed, some of them will board the ship as guards.

The rest will take the speedboat, protecting the 'Oriental' as an escort vessel."

At this point, the lady paused.

"Are you sure there's no need to send someone to Port Doldot's harbor?" she asked.

"No need.

Someone will arrange everything there," replied Arthur with a smile.

He wouldn't send anyone to Port Doldot.

Because—

Someone would invite him.

And it would be a courteous invitation.

Watching Arthur's mysterious demeanor, Marinda, who was used to it, raised her middle finger at him, then blew a smoke ring and disappeared into it without a trace.

From beginning to end, the lady never asked about Yula.

But it seemed as if she had said everything.

At least, to Arthur, it was like that.

He wasn't opposed to it.

But there was still a hint of doubt.

From the moment of their arm-in-arm contact yesterday, Arthur had been pondering.

Was Marinda truly becoming desensitized.

Or...

Did she start seeing him as a woman.

If it was the former, naturally it was cause for celebration.

If it were the latter...

He refused to cross-dress.

Besides that, bearing it was all it took to get past it.

Just the thought of possibly being asked by Marinda to cross-dress, especially likely in Marinda's worn clothes, made Arthur feel desensitization suited the two of them even more.

After covering his face with the book titled "Nightwalker," Arthur sighed softly—

"Life!

It's always full of surprises everywhere!"

...

"Do you want to tell me what exactly defines a surprise?"

What in the damnation is 'surprise'?"

Amiel sat atop the 'Blood Bat', shouting loudly.

The fierce wind hitting his face disheveled the hair of this Earl's staff member.

But Amiel had no concern for such matters, as the enraged Miss Staff scolded her unreliable partner Freeman, who had promised her a surprise.

She thought it was 'Bruto Family's treasured Doll'—something she had mentioned in passing at the dinner table during the 'Winter Banquet'.

She believed the surprise from Freeman was going to be this.

But what actually happened?

She was taken directly to the outskirts, mounted the 'Blood Bat,' and went straight after the Oriental.

Although Miss Staff sometimes seemed a little slow-witted, at other times she was incredibly shrewd.

Just like now—

"Your father asked you to go, not us!

Let me down!

I want to return to South Los!"

Amiel yelled loudly.

However, Freeman sitting in front remained deaf to her protests.

Having received a message from his father, although unsure of the reason for the summons, he knew this was an opportunity.

His former merchant's intuition told Freeman this was a once-in-a-lifetime chance!

If missed, it would be a lifelong regret!

He had to seize it.

And for added safety, he brought Amiel along.

Most of the time this woman was unreliable, but at critical moments, she was completely dependable.

Their recent interactions had made this well known to him.

He also knew exactly how to win this woman over.

"'Bruto Family's treasured Doll'."

Freeman said.

The former merchant, with some secret channels unknown to others, found getting his hands on such discontinued items not too difficult.

"Hmph, you think the 'Bruto Family's treasured Doll' can fool me?"

Let me tell you, it's too late!

Freeman, I'm telling you..."

"Two of them!"

Freeman interrupted Amiel's words.

He had already sensed his father's presence.

Nothing could go wrong at a moment like this.

"Ah, two?"

Well, then... I suppose I can agree to that, but no more surprises next time."

The once indignant Miss Staff instantly became stuttering.

Freeman, without waiting for the Blood Bat to land, leapt down from midair and went straight to the figure before him, kneeling on one knee—

"Father!"

The 'Blood Descendants' paid no attention to Amiel still on the Blood Bat, but looked down at Freeman in front of him.

"I have some unforeseen private matters to deal with.

Therefore, I need your help to discreetly protect the 'Oriental'.

If you perform well enough, I can offer you a reward.

Of course, you also have the option to refuse."

How could Freeman refuse.

If he wanted to refuse, he wouldn't have come.

"I will definitely complete the task!"

Freeman said emphatically.

Arthur, controlling the 'Blood Descendants', nodded and a smile crept up in his heart—

The cast is all here!



Chapter 665: Docking at Xilongde!

Being human, one has utility.

Even if he appears to be trash.

And Freeman was certainly not trash.

Freeman was a man obsessed with the Mystic Side... no, to put it precisely, obsessed with power and youth to the point of madness.

He could use his entire fortune to decisively obtain what he needed.

Arthur greatly admired this resolve.

Because Arthur knew that such a man would definitely prove useful when the time came.

And now was the time for Freeman to truly take the stage—with the "Oriental" under Freeman's protection, it was bound to clash with the Pain Church!

This was beyond question.

Freeman's keenness and decisiveness, when faced with the insidious Pain Church, would undoubtedly make him take action without hesitation.

As for his cooperation with the Pain Church?

Of course, it existed.

But who said one couldn't probe before cooperating?

Humans are always greedy.

That is human nature.

Arthur was like that.

The Pain Church was also like that.

No!

Even more excessively so.

Because they had God's name to command their subordinates more obediently, using God as their backing felt incredibly empowering.

So...

They would definitely be excessively so.

And that was exactly what Arthur wanted.

'You had better not disappoint me!'

Arthur patted the top of Pendragon's head, his lips curling into a slight smile.

...

Outside Seberlin.

A secret squad of fifty was quickly assembling.

All were dual-horse cavalry, each cavalry member cloaked in black, hiding their faces; they stood silently at the side, uttering not a word, their horses under them as quiet as statues.

Even ordinary people could sense something different about this cavalry.

Not to mention those from the Mystic Side.

Yet, nobody had noticed the appearance of this cavalry.

A profoundly unique power enveloped this cavalry, rendering them practically invisible.

Catherine looked on with satisfaction at her 'Calamity Cavalry.'

She firmly believed her cavalry could bring calamity to any enemy.

"Sister, leave it to me!"

Catherine looked toward her sister, the High Priest of the Pain Church.

"Out here, you must address me as High Priest."

Jacqueline said so.

Catherine pursed her lips but obediently responded.

"Yes, High Priest Your Excellency."

Saying this, the girl who had just celebrated her sixteenth birthday, with her golden hair tied into twin ponytails, green eyes sparkling mischievously, performed a knightly gesture on horseback with perfect form. Her shoulder guards and half-body armor rubbed together, producing a distinctive metallic crisp sound, while her golden ponytails bounced vibrantly, exuding even more vitality.

"Remember, our most important task is to expel the Inland River Cult!"

Jacqueline instructed her sister.

Being twins, Jacqueline and Catherine shared eight parts of similarity in looks, with identical hair and eye color, the only difference being their hairstyle.

Jacqueline's hair was coiled at the back of her head, making her appear more mature.

"Yes, High Priest Your Excellency!

I know what I should do!

I need to quietly probe that 'Spirit Medium' from South Los, and if he is all show and no substance, we can use his name to infiltrally proselytize in South Los.

If he is genuine, we will then cooperate with him to drive out the 'Inland River Cult' and, following that, collaborate again to find a way into South Los."

Catherine said.

"Yes, deepen cooperation, not infiltration."

Jacqueline emphasized.

"Mm-hmm."

Catherine nodded repeatedly.

Seeing her sister like this, Jacqueline couldn't help but sigh deep in her heart.

If it wasn't to deal with their father, she would have definitely gone herself this time.

She always worried a bit when her sister was alone.

Catherine noticed her sister's concern.

"Don't forget, Your Crown just blessed us!"

The Saintess of the Pain Church said with a smile.

Such words immediately eased the mind of Jacqueline, the High Priest of the Pain Church.

With the blessing given by Your Crown, there definitely wouldn't be a problem.

"Leave early and come back soon!"

The High Priest finally cautioned.

"Alright!"

Catherine smiled, then pulled her cap down, and the entire Calamity Cavalry disappeared.

The cavalry moved towards their established destination at a speed far exceeding that of horses—the port where the "Oriental" would dock tonight: Xilongde.

Xilongde was also a territory of Seberlin.

However, unlike Port Doldot.

Xilongde was a shallow port.

Therefore, it was destined not to host large ships, but only some small fishing boats would appear.

Of course, there were exceptions.

Some passenger ships, to board more passengers, would stop at Xilongde.

But, passengers needed to be ferried by small boats.

And the "Oriental" certainly didn't need to do that—it had a rule of "only selling tickets at South Los" when it was launched.

Thus, there were no passengers at Xilongde who could board the "Oriental," but the "Oriental" needed to replenish clean, fresh food and beverages here.

Therefore, the "Oriental" would dock here tonight.

"We can go to Xilongde to buy food!"

Facing the dry food delivered by Freeman, Amiel suggested.

"We could give up a 'precious doll from the Bruto Family.'"

Freeman responded.

"Are you a demon?"

Miss Staff immediately countered.

"No!"

"I most certainly am not!"

"Before I devoted myself entirely to my father, people preferred to call me Devil—I not only would drain every last copper from their pockets but also squeeze out the blood from their bodies!"

Freeman, crouching on a tree, shook his head.

This was the spot he chose for the best vantage point.

The tree was tall enough.

From here, he could see everything, whether it was the "Oriental" on the river or the surrounding riverbanks.

"So, faced with the temptations of the Bloodline Clan, you simply fell?"

Miss Staff crouched beside him, her cheeks puffed, clearly a retort to Freeman's threat using a beloved doll.

"Fell?"

Perhaps, to someone with Talent like you, Amiel, it may seem like I fell, but to someone like me without Talent, this is...

a Miracle!"

Freeman spoke, and suddenly his pupils flashed crimson.

A unique vision of the Bloodline Clan allowed him to spot something different.

Men and horses!

And not just a few!

Then, Freeman twitched his nostrils.

He smelled a trace of kerosene.

Instantly, the newly born Blood Gladiator cracked a smile, and two fangs slowly protruded.

Shortly after, the newly born Blood Gladiator silently vanished into the tree canopy.

Chapter 666 Crazy Freeman!

Barry and Albert stood on the side of the "Oriental" deck staircase.

One by one, the small wooden boats were being lowered from here.

On board sat the guests of the "Oriental".

"Dear guests, the 'Oriental's' dinner will begin promptly at eight o'clock, and if possible, please return to the 'Oriental' before eight.



Of course, if you come back late, we will save some food for you.

Furthermore, as the first mate of the 'Oriental', I assure all guests that the sailors of the 'Oriental' are on the docks of Xilongde. If you find yourself in trouble, please inform the sailors, and we will help you solve any issues within our responsibilities."

As the first mate of the 'Oriental', Albert was reminding every guest boarding the shore boats.

And each guest responded with a smile.

These guests had no reason to doubt Albert's words.

Because they had seen the sailors with their own eyes.

Each of them looked very reliable.

Although the chief sailor seemed a bit lazy.

"Well done.

Albert, you'll soon be able to become a qualified captain!"

Barry said with a smile.

To which, Albert responded with a wry smile.

This first mate of humble origin was pushed into the limelight, a role that should have been filled by Barry as captain.

But Barry had directly handed it over to him.

This made Albert realize that Barry was really about to retire.

And him?

He truly was favored by luck.

No!

He was favored by the Big Boss.

Subconsciously, the young first mate looked up at the top level of the "Oriental".

There, their Big Boss was holding that chubby orange cat, gazing at the sunset.

Seeming to notice his gaze, their Big Boss looked down and smiled at them as a gesture.

Immediately, the young first mate respectfully bowed in salute.

Barry did the same beside him.

Even Barry, who was about to retire, was more respectful than the young first mate next to him.

After all, the captain knew a bit more.

As Arthur watched the two bowing in respect while holding Pendragon, he smartly moved from one part of the terrace to another.

He didn't want to disturb the two sailors' rest time after this.

"Want to go have fun in Xilongde?"

I know a bar where the strippers are incredibly spicy!"

As Arthur left, Barry immediately extended an invitation to Albert.

"No, I..."

"Then let's go to another bar, the male strippers there are incredibly spicy!"

Albert, of civilian origin, immediately declined, but before he could finish, Barry interrupted him.

Immediately, the young first mate flashed a wry smile.

He knew his senior and superior was nicknamed 'Big Mouth'.

But it wasn't until this moment that he finally understood why the nickname was so apt.

However, clearly, the young first mate still underestimated 'Big Mouth' Barry.

"Neither?"

Then would you like to try something else?

For example: The story of the big goose!

When I was still a sailor, I saw that very special performance once..."

Barry wrapped an arm around Albert's shoulders and began whispering.

After a brief moment, Albert's face showed shock.

"What?"

"Don't be surprised, it's normal, not everyone is wealthy. A big goose is also worth considering, and even sheep!

Let me tell you!"

Faced with his shocked junior, 'Big Mouth' Barry began to impart his wisdom.

These words should have only been heard by the two of them.

But they completely underestimated the power of those from the Mystic Side.

At least, Arthur and Old John could hear everything.

Regarding this, Old John scoffed disdainfully.

Geese? Sheep?

What's this supposed to be?

Back then, a piece of flesh was all they needed.

And Arthur?

He pricked up his ears to listen while covering Pendragon's ears with his hands.

"As a pure little kitty, you mustn't listen to such stories; you'll be tainted."

Meow?

Pendragon's cat face scrunched inward, resembling an old man peering at a cellphone in the subway.

It knew its owner was using it to relieve stress.

And so...

Pendragon rubbed against his owner.

Then, the kitten's eyes turned to the dense woods on the riverbank, where there was an unusual airflow, tinged with threads of malice.

Arthur noticed Pendragon's expression and immediately a smile appeared in his eyes.

Clearly, the griffin physique and spirituality had taken effect.

When the faint scent of blood arose, Arthur whispered to Pendragon, cradling it in his arms—

"The show's about to begin!"

...

Freeman, having vanished into the tree canopy and relying on the Blood Gladiator's secret technique, clearly locked onto a knight with ill intentions.

With no finesse, but sheer brute strength and his claws, Freeman twisted the knight's neck sharply.

Crack!

Amid the crisp sound, sharp claws sliced off the head like a knife.

Fresh blood spurted out like a fountain.

Freeman's face, neck, and chest were all drenched in such fresh blood.

A thick scent.

An old, familiar scent.

A sweet scent.

This caused Freeman, who had always been suppressing his bloodthirsty nature in Mouse Alley of South Los, to burst into maniacal laughter—

"Haha!

What lovely sunshine today!"

An arrow whistled through the air, and Freeman caught it with his hand, but the immense force and hidden power still left fine wounds in the palm of his hand.

Crimson blood belonging to himself mixed with the original crimson, and Freeman laughed even more heartily.

"Damn, pretty strong bite!"

In his maniacal laughter, Freeman flung the arrow back whence it came.

At the same time, he lunged at the knight who was charging at him, sword in hand.

Without dodging, Freeman caught the longsword.

Ignoring the blade nearly severing his palm completely, Freeman, towering above, slammed his forehead against the knight's helmet with force.

Bang!

It was like a heavy hammer swung in a full circle, flattening the helmet; brain matter and blood sprayed from the gaps in the helmet like a crushed tomato.

"I'll bloody well not lose! Not gonna lose!"

Freeman shouted while lapping up the blood.

Instantly, the wound in his palm began to heal rapidly.

Even a newly born Blood Gladiator still possessed all sorts of incredible powers.

Feeling his transformation, Freeman's laughter grew even more deranged; he covered his face with both hands, tilting back so far that his body almost lay parallel to the ground.

Anyone witnessing this scene would think they had encountered a madman.

And that's exactly what Catherine thought.

This 'Pain Church' Saintess snorted coldly.

"Kill this lunatic."

At the Saintess's command, the Disaster Knights charged in unison.

Thump thump thump!

The unique charging sound of the cavalry rose, like battle drums, intimidating and heart-stopping, making one involuntarily retreat.

But the crazily laughing Freeman didn't care; he kept on laughing.

A madman!

The people of the 'Pain Church' became even more convinced of this, but only Amiel could see clearly through the gaps between the fingers covering the face, those blood-red eyes that were bloodthirsty yet unbelievably calm.

It was the cold bloodedness of waiting for prey to step into a trap.

In his heart, Freeman quietly counted down—

Three, two, one...

Boom!



Chapter 667 Blood Gladiator!

Hooves thundered, yet the cavalry was invisible.

Like a blind man standing by the sea, facing the coming waves and towering surges.

Invisibility and loud noise woven together a terrifying prelude.

But this prelude was also the finale.

Because—

they encountered Freeman.

They encountered the Freeman who knew exactly what he wanted.

Boom!

Flames shot up into the sky.

Marbles burst out shooting.

The wave-like invisible cavalry collapsed just like wind-swept wheat, constantly tumbling, and clusters of scarlet blossoms bloomed profusely.

Men screamed, and horses neighed in agony.

Catherine's emerald eyes were filled with shock and disbelief.

Once confirming that the "Oriental" had docked in Xilongde, the Saintess of the Pain Church immediately chose this place as her group's stopover. In making such a decision, she had already sent out scout cavalry to inspect the area—with the advent of gunpowder, creating traps had become easier and more deadly. With enough gunpowder, even a fully armed cavalry could be annihilated at any moment.

Catherine certainly didn't want her "Calamity Cavalry" to suffer incomprehensible losses.

Thus, the Saintess of the Pain Church was extremely cautious and expressly instructed her subordinates.

But!

What the Saintess of the Pain Church did not expect was that the explosion did not come from around them, but from...

Freeman himself!

Yes, the explosion had originated from within Freeman's body.

And it was not just the explosion; the marbles were also shot out from within Freeman's body.

Did this guy have a death wish?

This question arose in Catherine's mind.

Certainly, Freeman wanted to live!

But Freeman knew what he was after, and he was ready to risk his life for it!

So, he obtained explosives from Amiel.

Not gunpowder.

But liquid explosives from the Talin Faction.

As for the marbles?

Freeman had prepared them in advance.

He had swallowed the liquid explosives that would explode upon contact with stomach acid, along with the test tubes into his stomach, followed by hundreds of marbles.

Next, he provoked the 'Calamity Cavalry' and waited for the cavalry to charge.

Then, he punched himself in the abdomen, shattering the test tubes filled with liquid explosives.

The explosion occurred.

Freeman lost most of his body.

The remaining body was also in tatters.

While hidden behind a large tree, Amiel who had buried himself in the ground emerged.

Two potent poison potions were thrown directly—

Pop! Pop!

Two crisp sounds, and after the poison potions hit the ground, they formed a toxic smoke.

Immediately, the smoke enveloped the 'Calamity Cavalry,' which had already lost a dozen riders.

Seizing the moment, Amiel grabbed Freeman, who was barely alive, and started pouring a healing potion into his mouth as they ran away.

Feeling the liquid medicine at his lips, Freeman's corners of the mouth immediately lifted in response.

He knew Amiel wouldn't let him down.

Although Amiel was unreliable most of the time, he was absolutely dependable at critical moments.

The potion from the Talin Faction rapidly healed Freeman's grievously wounded body, and an eyeball squeezed out from the depths of the eye socket, quickly bringing blurry vision into focus.

Clear enough to see a rider breaking through the poison fog blockage, charging at them.

It was Catherine!

The Saintess of the Pain Church, her emerald eyes brimming with tangible hatred.

She intended to capture these two bastards who had almost destroyed her 'Calamity Cavalry'.

She intended to make these two bastards experience pain.

The hatred was like a thorn in their sides, scaring Amiel to the point where his face went pale.

Miss Staff, not caring about anything else, dragged Freeman and ran even faster.

And Freeman started laughing again.

"Haha!

Come on! Continue!

Tough enough! Tough enough!"

Only the fragmentary body of Freeman laughed, his face smeared in blood was not only mad but also appeared incredibly distorted and fierce.

This sent a chill down the core of Catherine as she pursued him.

Something's not right!

Something's not right!

Could there be a trap?

Her anger quickly subsided, and the speed of this 'Pain Church' Saintess slowed down, her eyes now scrutinizing even more.

"Come on! Come on! Continue!"

Freeman continued to taunt.

But the more he did so, the slower Catherine became.

Until the jungle became denser, Catherine pulled tightly on the reins.

The Saintess of the 'Pain Church' stared at the thick jungle in front of her, her furrowed brow never relaxing.

Then, she slowly backed up.

Meanwhile, in the dense woods, Amiel immediately took out two potions for Freeman to take as he watched this scene.

Watching Freeman, who now only had his head, neck, and half his chest intact, with his limbs all lost, Miss Staff's gaze was complicated.

It wasn't just Freeman's calculations, accurately grasping those guys' psychology, but also because of Freeman's fearless demeanor—she certainly knew Freeman could survive because of the special constitution of a Blood Gladiator, but this type of constitution doesn't spare him the pain.

On the contrary, lacking a 'protection mechanism', it would be much more painful.

But, Freeman was fearless.

Subconsciously, Miss Staff thought of the words Freeman had said before—

'Corruption?

Perhaps so. In the eyes of someone talented like you, Amiel, what I do might seem like corruption, but to someone untalented like me, it is...

Miracle!

"Miracle, huh?"

Miss Staff murmured softly.

Meanwhile, Freeman was groaning in the potion.

Pain!

Too painful!

By now, Freeman was in too much pain to speak.

He somewhat longed to drink blood.

If Amiel allowed him a bite, he would be immensely grateful.

Unfortunately...

Freeman shook his head, not because of any consideration for camaraderie, but because Freeman knew that once he started, he would likely drain Amiel dry.

He didn't want such a reliable companion to die so pathetically by his own hands.

Just then, Catherine, who had been slowly backing away, suddenly stopped.

Under the cover of her helmet, her delicate face revealed a harsh coldness.

"In pain?"

Greater pain is yet to come!

Not only did you ambush me, but you also dared fool me—I will let you fully experience pain!"

Using the 'Pain Church's' unique secret technique, Catherine finally discerned the situation inside the dense forest.

No ambush!

Just those two bastards!

Realizing she had almost been fooled again, the Saintess of the 'Pain Church' was immediately incensed beyond control.

With a neigh from her warhorse, the 'Pain Church's' Saintess charged into the dense forest.

Fast!

So fast that Amiel was caught off guard and knocked flying by the warhorse!

By the time Amiel brutally fell onto the ground, feeling like all his bones were breaking, the slowly regenerating half-arm of Freeman had already been impaled onto the ground by Catherine's spear.

Not the head, but the neck.

Like a grasshopper strung on a string.

The 'Power of Suffering' inherent in the spear stimulated Freeman, making the pain he was enduring manifest tenfold.

Pop pop pop!



Amidst extreme pain, the skin Freeman had just regrown burst open inch by inch, and as the flesh peeled back, blood splattered everywhere.

As Catherine looked down from above at this scene, she coldly said,

"Laugh, why aren't you laughing now?"

With his throat pierced and a suffocating sensation spreading, the extremely painful Freeman obviously couldn't laugh.

But that didn't stop the Blood Gladiator from splitting his mouth open, showing his sharp teeth and gesturing a curse word at Catherine with his mouth shape—

wcmm!

Chapter 668: Poop Fighter!

Catherine's eyes narrowed, and she twirled her long spear in her hand.

The unique "Power of Suffering," washing over Freeman's fragmentary form with ripple after ripple—In the next moment, Freeman, already impaled through the throat, began to boil from that point downwards.

Flesh and bone bubbled as if made of water.

Ugh!!!

Freeman let out a deep nasal groan.

Veins burst from his forehead and temples.

Pain!

It hurt so much!

The pain was so intense, Freeman wished he could die immediately.

"Does it hurt?"

This is just the beginning!

"I'll make you regret coming into this world!"

Catherine enunciated each word, as the "Power of Suffering" grew even more violent.

But this wasn't the point.

The point was, Catherine was manipulating the "Power of Suffering" to awaken Freeman's memories, determined to drag the person behind the scenes out—

"Is it worth enduring such pain for your original goal?"

Catherine said coldly.

Immediately, the "Power of Suffering" traced runes one after another inside Freeman's body, and coupled with Catherine's repeatedly trembling breath, Freeman's will began to be hammered, as if by a great mallet wielding a chisel, smashing into his brain.

And this was just the first time!

By the second time, it had turned into scalding oil poured over his brain.

Sizzle!

Freeman felt as if his brain was being cooked.

An unprecedented sensation of pain made Freeman's facial skin spasm.

Yet, even so, Freeman managed to gesture a word to Catherine using his mouth—

Idiot!

Catherine, insulted for the second time, humphed coldly.

The Saintess of the Pain Church showed no hurry, merely increasing her output instead.

After a total of six times, an expression of surprise appeared in the verdant eyes of the "Pain Church's" Saintess.

She hadn't retrieved Freeman's memories!

More importantly, no one had ever lasted six times under her "Agony Whip."

Catherine had tested the "Agony Whip" more than once.

Starting with the servants who had erred in her family's dungeon, then the criminals of great wickedness in the prisons—most of them would cry and wail within three strikes, and then, she would see their innermost secrets.

Then, to test the limits of the "Agony Whip," she had even sought out hunters who had managed to live alone in the mountains for over ten years, apart from an old hunter who had died outright after six times, most could only withstand three or four strikes before breaking and having their memories read by her.

And now, Freeman had endured six times, which only increased Catherine's curiosity.

She looked at Freeman, who was still alive, reduced to nothing but a head, and her mind was already filled with many more ideas.

However, before Catherine could act, a potion was thrown her way.

The potion was thrown by Amiel.

Catherine had long noticed Amiel rising from the ground, and even the potion in her hand, but the Saintess of the Pain Church paid no mind.

To Catherine, poisons were not her fear.

With the blessing of "Your Crown," poisons would not only fail to harm her but could even become an aid to some extent.

So, the Saintess of the Pain Church allowed the potion to land at her feet.

Crack!

The bottle shattered crisply.

A thick, viscous yellow liquid splattered everywhere.

An utterly nauseating stench spread.

Dung!

To be precise, it was fermented dung.

The smell rushed to the crown of her head, causing Catherine's complexion to change drastically.

It wasn't just the smell; it was also the fact that yellow had stained her boots.

This feeling like stepping in excrement caused Catherine's mind to go blank for a moment, which was exactly what Amiel had hoped for.

Seeing Catherine emerge unscathed from the toxic mist, Amiel knew her strongest method was ineffective.

However, upon hearing that the voice from under that hood was a crisp, young female voice, Amiel prepared to try another card up her sleeve—

**Dung Bomb!**

This special concoction, mixed with extracts from humans, dogs, and cats, was not only foul-smelling but also lasted an extremely long time, and more importantly, in the eyes of Amiel, was remarkably effective against young girls.

At least, she thought that if she were contaminated with a Dung Bomb, she would be in extreme discomfort for the following week.

Indeed, that was the case.

Catherine, who had been in an overwhelmingly superior position against her and Freeman, couldn't help but be stunned when she got splattered with the Dung Bomb.

Seizing this moment, Amiel turned and ran.

She wasn't abandoning Freeman.

When Amiel threw the Dung Bomb, her pet Crystal Beetle had already silently crawled to the side of Freeman's head.

As the Dung Bomb exploded, splattering Catherine's shoe and covering Freeman's face, the Crystal Beetle flung Freeman's head toward Amiel.

Immediately, Miss Staff let out a scream—

"Nono, stop!"

But it was too late.

The Crystal Beetle had already flung Freeman's head her way.

Instinctively, Amiel dodged to the side, and Freeman's head crashed into a tree trunk.

Suddenly, the foul stench of the dung liquid contaminated it.

After that, Freeman's head rolled off, and the dung fluid splattered even more.

But none of these mattered!

What was important was that Freeman had just opened his mouth!

The complex taste spread in his mouth, and due to the Blood Gladiator's unique physique that gave Freeman an exceptionally acute sense of taste, several times that of an ordinary person, he could taste it with unsettling clarity...

At that moment, Freeman suddenly felt that life was meaningless.

Power, youth, ambition.

None of it mattered anymore.

He...

Wanted to die.

But in the next instant, a foot kicked him right on the bridge of his nose.

Yes, it was Amiel.

Miss Staff, as if kicking a soccer ball, drove Freeman along.

Pick it up?

Sorry!

If she could help it, Amiel wouldn't even want to touch Freeman, let alone pick him up.

Amiel, you bastard!

Amiel, you're finished!

Amiel, I'm going to kill you!

He couldn't shout it out, but Freeman expressed his innermost thoughts with his mouth shapes.

As for Catherine, she was much more direct—

"Aah!!!"

A scream.

Everything within a five-meter radius of the Saintess of the Pain Church was blown away, whether turf, pebbles, or trees; as they flew into the air, they were crushed by the Power of Suffering.

Moreover, the usually invisible Power of Suffering now revealed a color.

It was an abnormal shade of black-gray.

Conspicuous, yet profound, and simultaneously restrained.

A very contradictory color.

But it possessed an undeniable power.

"Die! Die! Die!

I want you all dead!

Not just you, but also those behind you!

No matter who it is, I want them dead!"

Catherine, who had never suffered such humiliation, roared and hurled her spear straight forward.



Whizz!

The spear, filled with the Power of Suffering, resonated in mid-air.

In the next moment, the forest scene changed abruptly.

Chapter 669: Fishing!

The uncontrollable pain, hidden in the deepest recesses of her soul, emerged once again before Amiel's eyes.

The cage!

Originally meant for large dogs, Amiel was curled up inside it!

The man known as her father, who had actually gone insane long ago, kept drawing blood from her body relentlessly!

'Why! Why!

Why do I lack the Talent!

You mudblood, why did you Awaken the Talent!

After every instance of drinking or injecting Fresh Blood, the crazed man would erupt into a furious rage, lashing her violently with a whip while subjecting her mother to even more brutal abuse.

Eventually, her mother, whose arms and legs had been chopped off and was kept in a jar, died.

The stench of decay permeated the entire basement.

The man cursed everything.

Afterward, he brought in a swarm of insects to feast on her mother's corpse.

Amiel watched with her own eyes as her mother's flesh turned to bones.

She was terrified, frightened, and wanted to cry.

But she dared not.

She only dared to sneak closer to her mother and whisper softly.

Then, she lay in her mother's embrace.

But after being discovered by the man once, her mother's bones were also shattered.

The man disposed of most of the bones.

Amiel was left with very few.

She made a tiny Puppet out of those fragmentary bones.

A very rudimentary one, with only symbolic a head, torso, and limbs.

And this became Amiel's driving force to endure.

Every day she would talk to her mother.

Time passed, and Amiel spent each day being beaten and drained of blood.

Until—

'You mudblood are now ready to serve as a new birthing machine!

Now, get down on your knees for me!'

The man bellowed.

But this time Amiel resisted.

She killed the man, but the 'mother' she had subconsciously used as a Weapon shattered, and no matter how she tried, she could never piece together a complete 'mother' again.

She howled in grief.

Freeman was on the verge of tears as well.

The neophyte Blood Gladiator clenched his teeth to keep from bursting into tears. At that moment, Freeman saw himself old and weary once more.

He had acquired money, a wealth beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

He had a beautiful wife, and every time they attended a banquet, they were always the center of attention.

The envy in other people's eyes always made him feel comfortable and content.

But a severe illness woke him up completely.

He lost his health.

He was no longer young.

Not only did he see unsettling looks in the eyes of his close associates, but even his wife's gaze held a hint of disdain.

The wealth he had striven for all his life became a poison hastening his death.

His wife conspired with his trusted subordinates.

The two of them planned to take everything from him.

Then, he fed them to the dogs.

Without any desire for games where they would kill each other and the survivor would be spared, he simply threw them into a cage with several famished, Bloodthirsty Hounds.

Amidst the carnage, the woman claimed she was carrying his child.

But he was indifferent.

In fact, the woman was indeed pregnant, and the child was likely his.

If it had been before, he would have been overjoyed.

He had always wanted a child.

But now?

It no longer mattered!

Nothing mattered anymore!

What mattered was that he too felt the looming presence of Death!

He couldn't allow it!

He wanted to be young again!

He wanted to be healthy!

Leveraging his extraordinary wealth, Freeman soon obtained some secret information, but as time passed, he grew more and more desperate.

He lacked the Talent.

And even if he had Talent, there was no way to regain youth.

That pain tormented him every moment.

Just when Freeman had managed to escape this torment, facing this memory once again, his mouth opened wide and snapped shut, yet no sound emerged.

"Don't!"

Freeman didn't shout out, but Amiel did.

She didn't just shout out; Miss Staff was also streaming with tears.

Moreover, she became completely catatonic.

Upon witnessing this scene, Catherine let out a cold sneer.

This,

was just the prelude!

It was when the spear finally pierced through Amiel's body, and the 'Power of Suffering' it contained fully erupted, that he would truly experience a fate worse than death.

Amiel would be trapped in a cycle of painful memories, endlessly looping until his soul shattered.

The process was exceedingly long.

For Amiel, it would seem as long as an entire world.

Amiel would keep howling and crying.

Catherine looked forward to it.

Of course, Freeman, left with only a head, would suffer the same fate.

At this moment, the Saintess of the 'Pain Church' didn't care about anything else.

From the moment she was hit with the dung bomb, Her Holiness the Saintess completely lost her sanity.

What reading memories, what mastermind behind the scenes.

Unimportant! All unimportant!

She just wanted to torture the two of them!

To make these two bastards, who caused her such humiliation, wish for death!

No one could stop her!

Her rage had long...

Gone out!

Cold.

Ice-cold.

Colder than the chill of harsh winter, a hush appeared in the dense forest; in an instant, frost began to form on the trees, and in the next moment, more ice crystals appeared in the air.

An ice-blue spear materialized in front of the thrown black spear.

The two spears collided mid-air.

Clash!

Tip to tip.

The blue-white seemed to freeze everything in its path.

The black-gray seemed to obliterate all.

Invisible waves of force cut through the surrounding trees, cleaving them in half.

Amiel had long since fled, kicking Freeman's head away as he ran.

As Freeman's head tumbled along, his mouth opened and closed with the shape of the word 'Father.'

Catherine saw this.

It was at this moment, the initially pride-entangled, then anger-driven Saintess of the 'Pain Church' finally regained her rightful rationality.

She instantly recognized Freeman's identity.

Or rather...

She recognized the identity of the 'Blood Descendants.'

The events that transpired in South Los had the full attention of the Saintess of the 'Pain Church.'

In fact, in some ways, she was even more focused on it than the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los.

Because, the 'Blood Descendants' were once Nobles.

Moreover, it was after her family, the Ainhars family, and the Bert family received the inheritance of the 'Bloodline Clan' that they truly developed and grew in stature.



Most importantly, their livelihood in Doldot Port, according to the original map, belonged to the 'Bloodline Clan.'

Thus, the Saintess of the 'Pain Church' had an exceedingly detailed understanding of the 'Blood Descendants.'

Including their appearance, abilities, personality, strength, and so on.

However...

The strength seemed to have a huge discrepancy!

Sensing the pressure from the 'Spear of Pain,' Catherine clenched her teeth tightly.

The opponent was definitely not some Arcana Level powerhouse.

But...

An Entrant!

When this thought surfaced, the Saintess of the 'Pain Church' only felt a mild surprise, but no further shock.

Because, if she were a 'Blood Descendant,' she too would hide her power.

Of course, such composure from the Saintess of the 'Pain Church' was because she still had the trump card bestowed by His Crown.

Without hesitation, Her Holiness the Saintess was ready to use her trump card.

But, the Blood Descendants were quicker.

To be precise, the 'Blood Bat' was faster—

Zoom!

An invisible yet intense sound wave hit Her Holiness the Saintess.

Splat!

Immediately, Her Holiness the Saintess was sent flying, blood spewing from her mouth.

At the same time, an unprecedented killing intent descended from the heavens.

Amiel and Freeman were instantly pinned down by this killing intent, unable to move an inch.

The ice crystal spear and the Spear of Pain exploded outright.

Boom!

The blue-white and black-gray maelstrom scattered in all directions like a whirlwind.

Arthur, controlling the puppet of the 'Blood Descendants,' sensing this tangible killing intent, breathed a slight sigh of relief—

He had finally lured it out!

Chapter 670 Iron Blood Mutual Killing!

When the 'Blood Bat' appeared, its sonic attack shattered two layers of force field defense, cracking the inner armor she wore close to her body, Catherine was a mix of shock and anger.

It wasn't the damage to her ultimate defense.

For that piece of inner armor, it had fulfilled its duty.

In fact, that was its duty, so Catherine naturally wouldn't be shocked or angry, at most she felt fortunate and regretful.

Fortunate that she had such an ace up her sleeve for defense.

Regretful, since she now needed to invest more energy in finding a similar ace.

What shocked and angered this "Saintess of the Pain Church" was...

Forgotten!

She had seen the 'Blood Descendants,' but forgot about their 'Blood Bat.'

This shouldn't have happened!

She shouldn't have forgotten!

She couldn't possibly have forgotten!

Then, why did she forget?

And...

There seemed to be more things out of the ordinary with her!

Memories were about to surface, but they vanished in an instant!

The memories disappeared, but a residual feeling lingered, she couldn't pinpoint what it was, yet Catherine's own "Spirituality" kept warning her time and again.

Something was really off with her.

'What's going on?'

Lying on the ground, spitting out fresh blood, Catherine's emotions instantly shifted from a mix of shock and anger to doubt and uncertainty.

Then—

A killing intent as tangible as reality struck down.

It crashed into this dense forest like a waterfall falling from the sky.

Creak, creak!

The robust trees, under such killing intent, emitted a series of pungent creaks.

Chunk after chunk of stone, under this killing intent, vibrated over and over.

And Catherine began to panic.

Not the fear one faces when confronting a formidable enemy.

But the panic of a child who has erred in front of an elder.

Because, the source of this killing intent was—

Her father!

The Marquess of West Berlin, Deljo Otto von West Berlin!

And this tangible killing intent was one of the West Berlin Family's core mystical arts, 'Iron Blood Mutual Killing.'

Instantly, Catherine struggled to get up.

But the 'Blood Bat's' sonic attack, even with three layers of defense, had dealt her severe injuries, not only shattering numerous bones and muscles but also displacing several organs, some of which had split open directly.

Even though she possessed many of the 'Pain Church's' secret techniques that allowed Catherine to disregard pain,

Ignoring pain didn't mean she could ignore the injuries.

Therefore, Catherine tried several times but only managed to sit up, not stand up.

This only made Catherine feel more embarrassed.

A flush of shame spread across the cheeks of this 'Saintess of the Pain Church.'

In contrast to Catherine's blushing,

Amiel's face turned white with fear.

Upon sensing that tangible killing intent, this Miss Staff felt as if she were plummeting into an abyss.

It was in this moment that Miss Staff knew it was the Marquess of West Berlin who had arrived—Amiel, born from the Talin Faction and serving the Earl of South Los, was definitely not unfamiliar with the nobles of South County, especially the origins and family secret arts of the Great Nobles, which she knew inside out.

And being adjacent to South Los, West Berlin was of utmost importance.

For this family's Bloodline Talent 'Eagle's Flight,' and the family secret arts 'Iron Blood Mutual Killing' and 'Array of Cannons,' Miss Staff could recite them backwards.

So, instantly, Miss Staff confirmed the identity of the newcomer.

Then, when Miss Staff saw the face under Catherine's hood,

she knew everything.

The black hooded cloak had shattered during the 'Blood Bat's' sonic attack, revealing Catherine's definitely beautiful and delicate features directly to Miss Staff's view, especially those green eyes, which confirmed the other party's identity for Miss Staff.

'It's over! Over!

It's the daughter of the West Berlin Family!

Damn it!

How could we have provoked the West Berlin Family!'

Amiel clutched her head, her body swinging wildly from side to side.

The Marquess of West Berlin had no sons, which was well-known.

However, the Marquess of West Berlin's affection for his four daughters was well known.

Even if the four daughters did not awaken the West Berlin Family's bloodline talent and were unable to cultivate the family's secret techniques, it was the same.

For the Marquess of West Berlin, his children were his children.

Rumor had it that the reason why the eldest daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin was widowed was because the Marquess had killed his own son-in-law—following a chance encounter at a club.

Faced with a son-in-law who was unfaithful to his daughter, the Marquess directly crushed the man.

Although the two were only engaged and not truly married, it was the same.

Indeed, there were also many rumors that it was because the Marquess did not want his daughter to marry far away.

But regardless of what it was, Amiel knew that trouble had escalated.

And Freeman, similarly intimidated by the aura of killing intent, remained indifferent.

He sensed the killing intent.

He could also understand the gap between himself and the master of that killing intent.

But,

he believed in his father.

He believed that his father could face these challenges.

Even, counter them.

Seeing Freeman's thoughts at a glance, Amiel roared—

"It's all your fault, you bastard!

Do you realize how much trouble we're in!

That's the Marquess of West Berlin!

A real Great Noble!

We're done for!

By the way, when burying me, can my tombstone be pink? And could you put a Bruto Family's collector's edition doll in the coffin with me?"

The words of Miss Staff gradually became nonsensical.

Familiar with such behavior, Freeman simply ignored her and kept his gaze fixed on his father.



Catherine glanced at Miss Staff before her gaze also turned to Auburn, the 'Blood Descendant'.

When two out of the three observers turned their gaze towards the center of the event, even someone as odd as Amiel couldn't help but look towards the 'Blood Descendant'.

The long-unseen 'Blood Descendant', whose appearance had not changed and whose complexion was still pale, had eyes that were even more brilliant and crimson.

'Why does he seem even stronger?'

Miss Staff muttered to herself in her mind.

Then, Miss Staff saw the 'Blood Descendant's' upturned lips and a hint of... excitement appearing on his face?!

Suddenly, Miss Staff was taken aback.

This was not the scene she had anticipated.

In her expectations, even if the 'Blood Descendant' was not struggling like them, he should at least be on high alert. What was with this ease? Why did it seem like he had long been anticipating this?

Meanwhile, Freeman almost burst out laughing.

'Indeed!

This is exactly what Father wanted!

Father is about to truly show himself!

The inner laughter turned into the purest form of power, quickening the healing of Freeman's fragmentary body several fold.

Catherine, however, was disdainful of these things.

She knew the strength of her father.

She learned and inherited the power of the Pain Church, precisely to chase after this strength.

So...

Wait?

Am I chasing after my father?

Aren't I the chosen Child of Destiny?

A sense of confusion arose in Catherine's heart, but quickly, Catherine looked at the 'Blood Descendant' with a cold sneer.

"Prepare to die!"

Catherine said this.

The 'Blood Descendant' merely sneered contemptuously.

This youth with crimson eyes slowly said—

"I have long anticipated this moment, and it unexpectedly arrived.

I am so happy, I...

Hmm?!"