

Great Master 811

Chapter 811: Bert Territory's Morning I

Late at night, when Gleisa Hamlet's ship entered Rondohart Port, the three sons of Count Bert received the news.

Then, the three of them hurried to the dock in unison.

The three of them had met the Little Lion more than once.

However, their relationship was not intimate.

The reason for such 'diligence' was due to the Little Lion's 'generosity'.

Although they had only met a few times, each time, the Little Lion would give them enough gifts, each of considerable value.

The three were quite satisfied with this.

Until—

Hayes received the Little Lion's 'gift'!

Seventeen young and beautiful maids!

Moreover, Hayes rented a holiday villa outside Inner Bay with the seventeen young and beautiful maids!

Upon receiving this information, Count Bert's eldest son 'Depro', second son 'Diliven', and third son 'Peigi' were so jealous that their eyes turned red.

Those were seventeen young and beautiful maids, a gift from the Little Lion, naturally of high quality.

It's worth noting, they did not receive such gifts.

Furthermore, they learned that the 6000 gold coins spent on the holiday villa rented by Hayes were also paid by the Little Lion.

This news made the three sons of the Count unable to remain calm any longer.

They had to see the Little Lion.

They had to inform the Little Lion that Hayes was a good-for-nothing wastrel.

They were the ones truly deserving of recognition.

Simply put, they deserved better.

And now, a better opportunity had arrived—

"What do you think about that Southern Lost Spirit Medium?"

Depro, as the eldest son of the Count and the first heir to the Bert Territory, asked his two younger brothers in a tone resembling a consultation with his aides.

Diliven frowned slightly.

Peigi slightly bowed his head.

However, the next moment, both of them smiled.

"The name 'Calamity' is not a good reputation.

His presence is enough to cause panic among the commoners.

This is something we can use."

Diliven said this.

"Brother is right!

Let the commoners handle that Southern Lost Spirit Medium; we don't need to pay attention!

Doesn't that Southern Lost Spirit Medium have a reputation for 'benevolence'?

Faced with hundreds and thousands of commoners, surely he can't act violently?

And we?

We need only appear at the right moment to quell the anger and win the heart of the people, a win-win situation!"

Peigi nodded repeatedly.

Hearing his two brothers' words, Depro did not object.

Because this is how the eldest son of Count Bert thought.

Through various channels, the eldest son of Count Bert knew what the Southern Lost Spirit Medium had recently done, the 'Inland Church', the 'Church of Suffering', eliminating the 'Devourer' Imola, and seemingly the 'Blood Drinker's' Haibo's death was also related to him.

These affairs highlighted the opponent's strength.

But,

The eldest son of the Count was not panicked.

No matter how strong the Southern Lost Spirit Medium was, could he be stronger than his father?

With his father around, he only needed to deal with the Southern Lost Spirit Medium with 'protocol'.

And what could be a better 'protocol' than using the commoners?

People are numerous and unreasonable.

A little guidance could lead to a disaster.

"Heh, Calamity?

He probably hasn't witnessed a real disaster!

We need to show this newly-ascended noble what 'the noble's game' really is."

Depro sneered coldly.

Diliven and Peigi nodded again.

The three of them bore extraordinary malice towards Arthur.

Because—

The three wished to gain more benefits from the Little Lion.

Those benefits were beyond what Arthur, the newly-ascended noble, could offer.

Those benefits were enough for them to disregard greater dangers.

Moreover, they did not perceive this as danger.

They thought their victory was assured.

Especially upon hearing the sound of shattering glass, confirming that the Little Lion was enraged due to the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, the three of them smiled even more.

"Gentlemen, please come with me."

The Little Lion's servant opened the cabin door.

The three sons of Count Bert saw Gleisa Hamlet dressed in a hunting suit.

The cabin had already been tidied up by now, but the Little Lion still looked displeased. Only upon seeing his guests did he get up and say—

"Good morning, Depro, Diliven, Peigi."

The friendly greeting was as usual.

Yet the worry between the eyebrows was evident.

"Gleisa, are you worried because of that medium?"

Depro eagerly jumped to the point.

Diliven and Peigi, behind him, also turned their gazes to the Little Lion at that moment.

Facing their gaze, the Little Lion did not deny it.

"Yes.

That bastard has thwarted me several times in South Los.

Then, he disrupted my years of arrangement at Port Doldot.

Following that, he left me in disgrace outside Port Pult."

The Little Lion spoke, then chuckled bitterly twice.

"Would you like to take a slight revenge on this medium—the name 'Calamity' has indeed terrified the commoners of Rondohart Port."

Depro lowered his voice, a sinister glimpse on his slightly narrow face.

"You mean?"

The Little Lion uncertainly looked at Depro and the two behind him, Diliven and Peigi.

The three of them had narrow faces, eyes like mung beans, and their appearance was by no means handsome, downright ugly.

If not for the need for these three fools in the next step of the plan, the Little Lion wouldn't have looked at them twice.

"Exactly as you thought."

Depro grinned.

The Little Lion immediately showed an expression of gratitude.

"Depro, my dear friend, truly thank you."

As he spoke, the Little Lion gestured to his servant.

The next moment, several servants carried out a large and two smaller chests.

Moreover, the lids of the chests were immediately opened.

Full of gold coins and jewels.

In the morning sun, these things glistened.

Instantly attracting the attention of Depro, Diliven, and Peigi.

And the Little Lion, with a guilty tone, said—

"I only brought this much for now. When I return to Inner Bay, I will certainly present gifts to satisfy all three of you."

"These are enough!

I will teach the Southern Lost Spirit Medium the rules of the game!"

With that, Depro raised his hand and put away the three chests of jewels into his bracelet, turning to leave.

Diliven and Peigi's faces immediately turned sour.

"Brother?!"

Peigi queried.

"What's the matter?"

Depro stopped and turned to ask.

"Those things..."

"Of course, they're mine.

You don't think three chests should be divided among three people, do you?

You, the third heir!"

Depro said, raising his voice, and the tone deepened, with obvious disdain in his bean-like eyes.

Then, ignoring his increasingly disgruntled brothers, he continued to walk outside.

Diliven and Peigi's expressions fluctuated.

Finally, with unspeakable anger and red faces, the two left the cabin.

The Little Lion watched the scene as if watching a show.

Then, the Little Lion began counting silently in his mind—

'3, 2...'

The silent count hadn't reached zero.

Peigi, who had just left, returned again.

Chapter 812: Morning in Bert Territory II

Unlike his previous cautiousness, he even seemed a bit timid.

At this moment, although Peigi's face was dark, his demeanor seemed to have changed into another person, with tiny cold glimmers in his pea-sized eyes.

It was not just murderous intent but also something deep from within...

Brutality!

Yes, brutality!

Gleisa had witnessed such brutality more than once.

In the cells of Inner Bay, those twisted-minded fellows harbored such a sense of brutality.

What stood out most was one guy biting off the nose of the guard delivering the meals, even when people around punched and kicked him, that bastard chewed the nose and swallowed it.

At the time, eleven-year-old Gleisa was extremely curious.

He mixed it with lettuce and beans and ate it.

It wasn't very tasty.

Dry, fishy.

Far worse than roasted ham.

But after that, he became infatuated with visiting the cells.

He loved watching those filled with murderous and brutal intent become panic-stricken upon seeing him.

For this, sometimes he didn't mind changing the menu.

Of course, Peigi was different.

Peigi wasn't in the cells.

Peigi was at Rondohart Port in Bert Territory.

So, seeing Peigi return, Gleisa smiled.

"Peigi, have you made up your mind?"

Gleisa asked.

"Yes!

I agree to your request; after taking care of Depro and Diliven, you get half of Rondohart Port.

When do we start?"

Peigi nodded, and the voice was squeezed out through clenched teeth.

He was originally hesitating whether to cooperate with the Little Lion in front of him.

The third son of Count Bert knew very well how ruthless this Little Lion was.

But!

Damn Depro!

'You forced me!'

Peigi roared in his heart.

This soundless roar echoed in his ears, and with such a roar, he seemed to see himself becoming the sole heir of Bert Territory.

Suddenly, this third son of Count Bert couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement.

Moreover...

The heart also burned with passion.

Therefore, this third son of Count Bert didn't see the teasing look that flashed in Gleisa's eyes.

"If the journey is not delayed, the 'Oriental' will appear at Rondohart Port tomorrow or the day after; I need you to have the tax officer at the dock slightly 'trouble' the 'Oriental'."

The Little Lion said.

"Trouble the 'Oriental'?"

This wasn't part of our previous deal!"

Peigi frowned.

If possible, Peigi absolutely didn't want to confront the Southern Lost Spirit Medium.

The power this person displayed truly frightened the third son of Count Bert.

"What was then is then.

Now is now!

You wouldn't think my words earlier were just talk?

My current anger is no less than yours."

Gleisa said matter-of-factly and then spread his hands easily, continuing, "I'm not asking you to truly trouble the Spirit Medium.

You just need to delay the 'Oriental' for half a day or a day on the grounds of investigating contraband.

Our Spirit Medium won't blame a tax officer with a welcoming smile."

Upon hearing Gleisa's explanation, Peigi nodded.

"Alright!"

Peigi didn't hesitate, nor did he refuse.

He knew that once he returned, he had no room for refusal.

Then, a secret contract was signed.

Peigi left.

After checking the contract again, Gleisa placed it in the second last drawer on the left under the desk; similar contracts almost filled the drawer.

The last drawer?

It was already filled ten years ago.

After all this, Gleisa continued waiting patiently.

About half an hour later—

Diliven returned.

The second son of the Bert Family wore a cloak, concealing his figure and appearance, and entered the cabin more cautiously than before.

"It's safer here than outside."

Gleisa smiled immediately as he watched Diliven enter the cabin without taking off his hood.

"Of course, I know.

Only necessary caution is the key to our success—

Are the terms you previously offered me still valid?"

Diliven spoke in a low voice without removing his hood and asked directly.

"Yes!

I already said!

As long as you need, Diliven, the deal remains — kill Depro, you gain the Succession Right of Bert Territory, and I gain trade facilitation.

When you truly seize control of Bert Territory, I get half of Rondohart Port."

The Little Lion replied confidently.

"Alright!

Let's sign the contract!"

Diliven said immediately.

But the Little Lion smiled and waved his hand.

"Before signing the contract, Diliven, can you agree to one thing?"

"What thing?"

Diliven became cautious, unconsciously lowering his voice.

"I need the 'Oriental' not to receive any supplies at Rondohart Port, not even a cup of water, a piece of bread!"

The Little Lion said fiercely.

Upon hearing this, Diliven immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

The second son of Count Bert had worried that Gleisa would request something impossible, but it turned out to be just a supply issue.

Although it might cause some irritation for the Southern Lost Spirit Medium, done properly, it's nothing to worry about.

Thinking this, the second son of Count Bert nodded immediately.

"No problem."

Then, another secret contract was signed.

The contract was again placed in the second last drawer on the left under the desk.

Diliven left cautiously, just as he had arrived.

The second son of Count Bert believed that no one would discover him.

In fact, that was true.

The second son of Count Bert's stealth skills were exceptional, and combined with the tools he carried, they truly reached an expert level.

But...

Depro still knew!

With a communication crystal in hand, Gleisa Hamlet said with a mocking tone—

"Your two brothers are desperate for you to die!"

"Ha, they both thought they encountered the opportunity to change their Destiny, but neither ever realized it was an opportunity given by me—my collaborator, I'm sure you have arranged everything."

Count Bert's eldest son had an expression of assured victory.

"Of course!

They will fall into conflict with the Spirit Medium, and then be killed—I believe even the most merciful person will become angry facing repeated provocations.

And by then, the people you've arranged among the commoners can act."

Gleisa said with a smile.

"Then let's watch their final performance—according to the agreement, your caravans will be tax-free at Rondohart Port in the future."

After speaking, the Communication Stone was extinguished.

Yet a smile with ambiguous meanings appeared on Gleisa's face.

Why did he dock at Rondohart Port and not return to Inner Bay directly?

It was all for this moment, wasn't it?

He had no time to play games with Count Bert's three sons!

What tax-free, what half!

He wanted the entire Rondohart Port!

He wanted it all!

Chapter 813: Bert Territory's Morning III

Hayes directly refused the breakfast invitation from Jimte and Kalal.

It's not that Hayes doesn't have the habit of eating breakfast, it's just that the breakfast offered by Storm Inn truly doesn't interest him.

Fried fish, fried chips, and fried potato chunks are all fine.

But what is fish-eye cream coriander chowder?

At the moment he saw this soup, Hayes's 'Spirituality' was almost distorted—on the thick, green soup floated spheres of eyeballs.

The number of eyeballs was overwhelming, densely packed and layered.

The cream-infused broth was still bubbling over charcoal fire.

That scene, in an instant, made Hayes completely lose his appetite.

This nephew of Count Bert expressed refusal toward the chef's meticulously prepared cuisine.

Which left the inn's chef quite dissatisfied—

"Your excellency doesn't like it?

Then you've missed the earthly delight!

Let me tell you, my two apprentices have opened their own restaurants on the busiest street in South Los!

They've told me their business is excellent, with guests constantly coming and going!"

The chef's rhetoric did not manage to win back Hayes's heart.

On the contrary, this nephew of Count Bert walked away even faster.

In the carriage, Manta pulled out a sandwich and a jug of orange juice.

"I borrowed the inn's kitchen to make it.

The chef even gave me some tips. He thinks the sandwich I made is too conventional, and should have bold breakthroughs."

At this, Lady Manta laughed.

She recalled the chef's suggestion of putting fresh, living octopus into a sandwich, letting the ravenous diner feel the satisfaction that combat brings when their mouth is completely filled by octopus, surpassing mere taste satisfaction.

Lady Manta did not refuse this suggestion.

Of course, she didn't make it either.

She only made a simple egg sandwich.

As for the octopus sandwich?

She noted it down, but won't make it.

At least not for Hayes right now.

"Thank you, Manta.

Don't listen to that chef's advice, he's a nice person but his culinary skills are... lacking.

I think he needs to correctly understand the meaning of food.

Food, first and foremost, should fill your stomach!

Only through extension and building of characteristics can it be called specialty, otherwise, it's just futile work."

Hayes said as he ate the sandwich and sipped the orange juice.

Manta watched Hayes.

It's not just because Hayes is eating the breakfast she made, but because she enjoys listening to Hayes's analysis—she finds him most charming at these times.

In fact, he is.

Unlike Count Bert's three sons, who hail from different backgrounds.

Hayes is certainly handsome, especially the concealed contempt in his eyes and the corners of his mouth, which inadvertently attracts attention from the opposite sex.

Manta is captivated in this way.

Of course, she won't admit it.

What she admits is that Hayes caught hold of her weakness, and after secretly competing with him seven times and losing every time, she chose Hayes.

Propping her chin, tilting her head, Manta responded softly.

"Hmm."

No more words.

For Manta, this is the happiest moment.

She wishes for time to halt here.

Yet she also knows.

At this moment...

It's merely the calm before the storm.

Soon enough, everyone will be swept into the invisible vortex, some will soar, sitting on the clouds, while others will be torn apart, leaving no remains.

What will happen to her and Hayes?

She doesn't know.

The turmoil in her heart made her breath slightly quicken.

Hayes immediately noticed, and this nephew of Count Bert laughed—

"Concerned?"

"Hmm."

"No need to worry, we're safe, or should I say... facing Depro, Diliven, Peigi, we've long stood undefeated.

They maintain a surface of harmony,

but beneath, their struggle has exceeded imagination.

Depro wishes for Diliven and Peigi to die.

Diliven and Peigi also wish Depro dead.

Just one spark, and they'll fight to the death."

Hayes laughed.

"Little Lion?"

Manta guessed.

"Yes, Little Lion!

During his several encounters with Depro, Diliven, Peigi, Gleisa had begun promising things, this is the seed, and now it's time for it to take root and sprout.

Otherwise, he wouldn't stay in Rondohart Port.

His target has always been Rondohart Port!

So, surely Depro, Diliven, Peigi are doomed to die!"

Hayes nodded, and when mentioning Little Lion, the long-held contempt in the eyes of Count Bert's nephew disappeared immediately—though those meet-ups were secretly arranged by him and were very successful, Hayes never doubts that Little Lion sensed something.

Little Lion was merely going with the flow.

Moreover, using it as leverage, preparing to manipulate him at the critical moment.

It's precisely because of this, that he was able to woo away Lemo and seventeen other maidservants from Little Lion.

Otherwise, even Little Lion would not be so generous.

It's only when the purpose is clear that Little Lion's generosity is truly generosity—Little Lion needs Depro, Diliven, Peigi dead, so he can take over Bert Territory.

At the same time, pin their deaths on Arthur.

Let his uncle strike against Arthur.

And then?

Little Lion naturally benefits from the chaos.

Hayes turned over Little Lion's plans in his mind, and also considered his point of entry once again.

For this, Hayes never struggled.

Long before he confessed the 'plan' to Arthur, Hayes knew exactly what his point of entry would be.

"Given Little Lion's sailing speed, he should return to Inner Bay by the afternoon.

The master should rest today at Port Pult, departing tomorrow morning.

So, Manta, please help me invite Alvis Hamlet to my manor's dinner banquet, alright?

When being manipulated and coerced by Little Lion, I will definitely need an observer—Alvis's presence is truly appropriate.

Only he can be the most suitable person to inform my uncle of the real cause of Depro, Diliven, Peigi's deaths."

Hayes said, looking at Manta.

At this moment, the contempt in Hayes's eyes emerged again.

That strong sense of disdain made the lady instantly guess what Hayes intended to do.

And this filled the lady with worry.

"Will it be too dangerous?"

Manta hesitated.

"Dangerous?"

Everything comes with dangers!

Yet nothing must be dangerous!

Because—

We are not betting on the goodwill inside human hearts, but the evilness!

Bet on good, I lose.

Bet on evil, and I win every time."

Hayes laughed.

Manta nodded, then disappeared inside the carriage.

Hayes took a deep breath, gently patting his cheeks, and whispered to himself—

"I'm truly eagerly awaiting to see your performance."

Chapter 814: Bert Territory's Morning IV

The massive roast, along with the bones, was set on the table, accompanied by coarse bread, sweet soup, and a large bowl of lettuce, with seasonings of butter, honey, cream, coarse salt, and black pepper.

This meal was sumptuous enough for the commoners.

But for a great noble, it wasn't sufficient.

Anyone invited would feel slighted.

At least, at the very least, there should be a roasted deer.

Ideally, the antlers of the deer should be adorned with an assortment of roasted fruits.

However, those familiar with the Marquis of Ainhars wouldn't think so.

They might even feel flattered.

Because this marquis adhered to the Ainhars family's tradition—a tradition unique to demon hunters.

Simple and direct.

Or rather...

Filling and satisfying.

As a guest, Arthur was grateful that the Marquis of Ainhars retained a part of the demon hunter's tradition, at least this marquis didn't torment him with grand balls or prolonged salons.

That's right!

For Arthur, such social and relaxed interactions were a torment.

Because Arthur had to be vigilant and attentive at all times.

Not only did he need to secretly record everyone's expressions, but he also needed to repeatedly analyze and infer things that might concern him or might not.

Tired?

Of course.

Yet no matter how exhausting, it's better than dying for an unexplained reason, right?

Just like now—

The Marquis of Ainhars signaled his personal valet and chef to leave.

Arthur's heart tightened.

He knew that the marquis was about to discuss something important.

Or rather, inquire about something.

Whether it was a discussion or inquiry, it demanded Arthur's full attention.

Arthur didn't believe that signing a contract made everything safe and secure.

If something was carelessly revealed, it could lead to significant trouble.

At the very least, the marquis in front of him would not easily let it go.

This marquis's character was as sharp as his twin swords, and...

Easy to understand!

While raising his guard internally, Arthur outwardly tore off a piece of roast, dipped it in coarse salt, and stuffed it into his mouth, chewing heartily.

As for the sweet soup in front of him, he drank it like a cow quenching its thirst.

In almost one gulp, the bowl of sweet soup was emptied.

Seeing Arthur's demeanor, the Marquis of Ainhars wasn't offended at all.

On the contrary, the marquis appreciated Arthur's style very much.

Consequently, the marquis swallowed back his words, waiting until Arthur had finished his third piece of roast and displayed a satisfied expression before speaking.

And that straightforward inquiry became gentle at this moment—

"Arthur, what do you think of that matter?"

That matter?

Which matter?

I have no idea, how am I supposed to think about it?

Of course, I couldn't care less!

Facing such vague questions could give anyone a headache.

Arthur was no exception.

In fact, Arthur despised such enigmatic individuals.

However, Arthur was surrounded by such enigmatic individuals.

Thus, Arthur had long been accustomed to it.

No matter how much he grumbled internally, outwardly, Arthur only furrowed his brows slightly.

Adapting was inevitable.

Only by treating the symptoms could there be a result.

Under the gaze of the Marquis of Ainhars, the young South Los Spirit Medium took out the first three items of the 'Salt Brick Oil Sword': [Demon-Repelling Holy Salt], [Evil-Repelling Brick Powder], and [Barrier Oil].

The Marquis of Ainhars's eyes immediately showed astonishment.

The marquis clearly didn't expect Arthur to have [Demon-Repelling Holy Salt], [Evil-Repelling Brick Powder], and [Barrier Oil].

Moreover, his usage was so skilled.

If [Demon-Repelling Holy Salt] and [Evil-Repelling Brick Powder] could be understood, as they weren't particularly rare.

But [Barrier Oil] was the core legacy of demon hunters.

'Is there a demon hunter in the Arthur Family?'

Instinctively, the Marquis of Ainhars inquired of the Old Earl.

'I don't know!

After that incident years ago, demon hunters have long fragmented.

It wasn't strange for the Arthur Family to obtain a demon hunter legacy.

However, Arthur's caution suggests he really knows something about that incident.'

The Old Earl answered thus.

In response, the Marquis of Ainhars nodded slightly.

This scene was seen by Arthur from the corner of his eye.

It wasn't seen inadvertently.

It was seen through genuine attention.

Why did Arthur, in response to the Marquis of Ainhars's inquiry, display [Demon-Repelling Holy Salt], [Evil-Repelling Brick Powder], and [Barrier Oil]?

Wasn't it to attract the attention of the 'Witcher Inheritor,' the Marquis of Ainhars, and 'Master Demon Hunter,' Count Bernaken?

Then, from the reaction of the Marquis of Ainhars, speculate further.

'This surely indicates that 'the matter' is still being monitored and can't be discussed casually, otherwise it would be overheard—given the current strength of the Marquis of Ainhars and still being so sure, it indicates that this matter involves...'

Divine spirits?!

Arthur felt his temples throbbing.

As a small figure who just made 'entry,' encountering 'demigods' was already a giant step forward.

Now, even 'demigods' weren't enough, and he began encountering 'divine spirits.'

If something were to go wrong, it could genuinely spell disaster.

Arthur internally complained, but outwardly he seriously used [Barrier Oil] to encircle himself and the Marquis of Ainhars.

Then, a spark flickered at his fingertips.

[Barrier Oil] was ignited.

In the unique gleam of the flames, Arthur returned to his seat.

The young spirit medium from South Los placed his left hand on the armrest of the chair, with his right elbow propped on the chair armrest, and his right hand supporting his chin, while his fingers gently skimmed over his upper lip with his breathing.

"What price are you willing to pay?"

Arthur asked in return.

This question stunned the Marquis of Ainhars.

"You haven't forgotten what I once said, have you?

Fair trade!

This is the spirit medium's creed.

It's also my motto."

Facing the dumbfounded Marquis of Ainhars, Arthur said matter-of-factly.

"I thought we were friends!"

The Marquis of Ainhars emphasized.

"Precisely because we are friends, I'm willing to answer this question of yours—if we weren't friends, believe me, you wouldn't even have the chance to ask this question.

After all, it involves too much.

Related matters, especially are...

This makes its value immeasurable!"

Sometimes leaving a lingering resonance is better than being clear-cut.

Ambiguous words made the Marquis of Ainhars seriously ponder what he should trade for the answer.

This left the Marquis of Ainhars quite distressed.

Because he had already given all his assets to the spirit medium in front of him!

And this was the situation Arthur wanted!

One habitual solution to facing an unanswerable question: raising the price.

Raise it to a point where the other hesitates!

If the other remains obstinate?

Arthur wouldn't mind brandishing a blade.

In facing someone who had already given him everything, Arthur would wait for them to fall into his web.

A soft-hearted Arthur wouldn't harm anyone.

But Arthur lacked people.

He needed a high-end combatant.

Fortunately, the Marquis of Ainhars was quite suitable.

'This is destiny.'

Arthur mused, looking at the marquis with an increasingly complex expression.

And this complexity made the Marquis of Ainhars furrow his brow.

Chapter 815 That Matter I

If you give away all your property to the other party, what else can you bring out?

The Marquess of Ainhars was well aware of this answer.

Himself!

He himself!

He could only offer himself!

Beyond that, he had nothing else to offer!

Similarly, he was very confident in himself.

This confidence stemmed from strength.

It came from the confidence of an Ascend Steper nearing the Fourth Order!

Therefore, the Marquess of Ainhars already had the answer in his mind and anticipated Arthur's expression—it would be joyful, possibly even smug, but definitely not complex.

Joy because of his promise as an Ascend Steper.

Smugness also due to his promise, but unlike the former, the latter carried an additional pride.

But complex?

The Marquess of Ainhars was puzzled.

Such a complex expression could only appear between friends.

But were he and Arthur friends?

No!

Without the test of time, the term friend was too abstract.

At best, they were allies now.

Allies based on shared interests.

Anything more?

Non-existent.

The Marquess of Ainhars thought with his understanding, but the more he thought, the more puzzled he became.

And at this moment, the Old Earl appeared again—

'Stop thinking!

Arthur's complexity isn't directed at you... no, rather, not entirely at you, but at the Demon Hunters.

He knows what happened to the Demon Hunters back then.

Thus, when you ask about that past event and wish to delve deeper, that complex expression emerges.

In his heart, he is certainly lamenting the unpredictability of destiny.'

The Old Earl's words were filled with bitterness.

And the Marquess of Ainhars finally got it.

'So that's it!

Arthur had used the Demon-Repelling Holy Salt, Evil-Repelling Brick Powder, Barrier Oil...

He likely learned about that event from the Demon Hunter who taught him.

In fact, his family might have already been paying attention to the matter, being able to save the Demon Hunter, and in return, that Demon Hunter began teaching Arthur.'

The Marquess of Ainhars instantly concocted a complete story in his mind.

The Old Earl did not object to this.

Nobles guard their legacy fiercely, various sects and forces hoarded it jealously, but the Demon Hunters were different, family-based Demon Hunters were more carefree.

They would teach someone who wasn't part of their family out of gratitude.

Later, they would invite this benefactor to join their family, treating them as brothers and sisters.

Of course, these are traditional Demon Hunters.

As for those newly emerged Demon Hunters who extricated from The Holy Court's indoctrination?

As long as they aren't backstabbing, they're considered virtuous.

And undoubtedly, the Old Earl was a traditional Demon Hunter.

Thus, at this time, the suggestion the Old Earl gave to the Marquess of Ainhars was—

'Offer cautiously.

Don't go all-in right away.'

After affirming in his heart, the Marquess of Ainhars relaxed his brow, looked at Arthur, and raised the index finger of his right hand.

"Once!

I can promise you, as long as it doesn't harm the interests of the Ainhars Territory and the South County Demon Hunters, I will go all out once!"

The Marquess of Ainhars said.

Upon hearing the Marquess of Ainhars' words, Arthur smiled.

The scene before him was not beyond his expectations.

The Marquess of Ainhars was quite straightforward.

But the Old Earl was not.

Therefore, Arthur's complex look was merely a test for the Old Earl.

From the moment he took out the Demon-Repelling Holy Salt, Evil-Repelling Brick Powder, Barrier Oil, to his subsequent words and expressions, every move of Arthur was a test.

At the same time, it was a way for him to find a fallback.

Just like this moment—

Arthur dipped his hand in some clear water and wrote on the table: Conspiracy.

Then, Arthur wiped it off.

This scene stunned the Marquess of Ainhars.

Then, the Marquess became angry.

"Arthur, are you joking?"

Conspiracy?

Of course, he knew it was a conspiracy.

In fact, this matter did not need Arthur's mention; anyone who wasn't a fool would know that matter was laden with conspiracy.

The Marquess of Ainhars, feeling toyed with, was filled with fury.

Arthur still remained calm.

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium pointed at the burning Barrier Oil and said softly.

"You started the joke, Ainhars.

What do you think that matter is?

A child's play?

Do you think that the entangled issues can be solved in one move by an Ascend Steper?

I believe in 'fair trade,' not unconditional contribution!"

Arthur's voice gradually rose, his deep eyes also showing disappointment and anger.

Then, after speaking, the young Southern Lost Spirit Medium stood up.

"Thank you for your hospitality.

Our cooperation continues.

But 'that matter,' please do not mention it again."

Having said that, Arthur turned to leave.

The Marquess of Ainhars immediately stood up and hurriedly said—

"I'm sorry, Arthur, you misunderstood me.

My full force isn't reckless.

I can burn my life, even my soul, that is my all-out effort!"

Facing Arthur about to leave, the Marquess of Ainhars revealed his trump card directly.

For the Marquess of Ainhars, this back-and-forth testing was not his nature.

He preferred straightforwardness.

Upon confirming that Arthur knew more about 'that matter,' the Marquess went all in.

The Old Earl sighed helplessly.

However, the Old Earl did not obstruct, naturally expressing approval.

'What is wrong with the young these days?

Why are they all in such a hurry?

Can't they sit down, have some tea, eat snacks, and discuss in detail?

Ah, the times have changed.'

The Old Earl murmured in his heart, his gaze at Arthur growing complex.

Being a Master Demon Hunter in South County, he didn't dislike haste.

On the contrary, this Master Hunter appreciated haste.

Because the Master Hunter stubbornly believed haste represented courage, as long as properly guided, not turned into folly, it would make a good Demon Hunter.

Honestly, half of the Demon Hunters were hasty.

And as for the Old Earl's murmur?

Naturally, it was because Arthur didn't choose to learn Demon Hunter skills from Lynn.

Had he learned, Arthur would be a better heir, right?

Thinking this in his heart, the Old Earl waited for Arthur's answer.

Upon hearing the Marquess of Ainhars' explanation, Arthur's heart was already blooming with laughter, but outwardly, he appeared slightly placated.

Arthur withdrew his steps and sat back in the chair.

The young Southern Lost Spirit Medium looked at the Marquess of Ainhars and took a deep breath.

Then, he wrote down an answer that surprised and astonished both the Marquess of Ainhars and Count Bernaken, yet one that made perfect sense.

Chapter 816 That Matter II

Arthur once again dipped his hand in clear water and wrote down a location name—

South Los.

Looking at this name, Marquis Ainhars and Count Bernaken both suddenly felt a sense of realization.

Almost simultaneously, both thought about why the Kledos Family had settled in South Los.

So that's it!

It's because of 'that event'!

But the area of South Los is just too vast!

It's not only the place that's large; there are also a lot of people!

Relying on just the name 'South Los' to get definite information is clearly impossible.

No one can do it.

No!

Not even the 'Divine Spirits' can do it.

However, with past experiences, this time Marquis Ainhars didn't complain—obviously, burning everything he got could only exchange for the name 'South Los'.

'South Los, South Los!

That event didn't happen in South Los!

So this is a follow-up?!'

Marquis Ainhars thought excitedly.

This marquis had a new understanding of Arthur's 'fair trade'.

If it truly is the follow-up to 'that event', then burning everything without considering the consequences was indeed worthwhile.

But how can a single 'name' be enough?

He wanted to know more.

But he had nothing to offer.

For a moment, Marquis Ainhars was restless.

That feeling of being so close yet untouchable was extremely frustrating.

The same was true for Count Bernaken.

Even without a body, this old earl felt as if thousands of ants were crawling all over him.

Without hesitation, this old earl leaped out.

Marquis Ainhars had nothing left.

But he did!

The small, illusory old earl appeared before Arthur and directly said—

"Are you interested in my collection of books?"

It may not compare to those so-called legacy nobles.

But my collection is far superior to ordinary nobles."

"Interested."

Arthur replied very affirmatively, and even more assured was his subsequent addition.

"But not enough."

"Not enough?"

The old earl furrowed his brow once again.

His collection was his most valuable asset.

In fact, this old earl even considered placing his unique Demon Hunter legacy in those books—Arthur was such an excellent young man that the old earl was reluctant to give up.

Perhaps Arthur had his own legacy.

But this didn't conflict with being a Demon Hunter.

What if Arthur took an interest in the Demon Hunter legacy?

However, the old earl could not speak openly.

Arthur had already refused him once before.

If he mentioned it again and was rejected, would he have no face?

He, Count Bernaken, the only Master Demon Hunter in the South County!

So, he had to be subtle.

While the old earl was pondering, Marquis Ainhars spoke up.

"Arthur, your sword momentum is imposing, but your Sword Intent is not tenacious enough, which causes your Sword Qi to scatter and lacks sharpness—I have a notebook here, you can take a look."

As he spoke, this marquise took out a palm-sized notebook.

However, Arthur did not accept it, and his eyes showed inquiry and wariness.

This left Marquis Ainhars stunned.

"Apologies, Ainhars.

Marinda is a good girl.

We haven't truly married yet."

Arthur said.

"Hahaha.

Rest assured!

Although the content inside is related to the 'Sword Body', the drawbacks of the 'Sword Body' will not appear in it, and a genuine 'Sword Body' has no drawbacks.

I was just impatient back then.

And now, I have slowly repaired it."

Marquis Ainhars laughed out loud, and the pride on his face was evident.

For this marquis, offspring were not important; his life had long been destined to be accompanied by his Twin Swords.

Especially the further progress of the 'Sword Body', which made the marquis incredibly happy.

Offspring?

Not as important as a sword.

"That's good."

Arthur sighed in relief and accepted the notebook.

Then, he looked at the old earl.

"Lynn will deliver the collection to your 'Oriental' later."

This old earl said without hesitation.

Arthur nodded slightly.

Then, he dipped his finger in clear water again and wrote—

Elta Square.

After writing, confirming that the two saw it, Arthur raised his hand and wiped it away again.

"This is the extent of what I can tell the two of you.

The rest will require your own investigation."

Arthur said.

Marquis Ainhars and the old earl both nodded in agreement.

They certainly knew Elta Square; it was the largest square in South Los, where most celebrations were held.

Though it's also large with lots of people, compared to the entire South Los, it's not an issue.

Moreover, as the largest square in South Los, anything happening there would easily catch attention.

If they really wanted to investigate, the difficulty would dramatically decrease.

Immediately, the two exchanged glances.

If not for Arthur still being there, they would certainly have acted right away.

For this, Arthur chuckled heartily inside.

'The youngest member of the 'Bloodline Clan', 'Bern'?

I hope you can sense my goodwill.

You surely will, right?'

Arthur's inner laughter was even more pronounced.

But it was filled with coldness.

That coldness stemmed from the repeated warnings of Death Intuition.

From the fragmented memories of the Blood Drinker, Haibo.

From the erased memories of the Blood Ancestor Worm, Abel.

The repeated reminders were enough.

If these couldn't alert Arthur to the hidden schemes regarding the so-called 'Bloodline Clan' extermination, then it wouldn't be Arthur.

Arthur was fairly certain that the so-called youngest member of the 'Bloodline Clan', 'Bern', was actually the private hand left by the Blood Marquis.

Or even part of the setup.

But he wouldn't probe.

The fragmented memories of the Blood Drinker, Haibo, were enough to make Arthur realize how terrifying this Blood Marquis was, far beyond his imagination.

Hence, he needed allies.

Marquis Ainhars and the old earl were good choices.

As for 'Blood Marquis' having no connection with 'that event'?

Impossible!

How could someone like the Blood Marquis ignore 'that event'?

The other party must have noticed it, and maybe they even wanted to take advantage.

So, there must be a connection.

Therefore, Arthur did not deceive others.

As a young, straightforward, sincere, and kind spirit medium, how could Arthur lie?

"Can I have another piece of roast meat?"

Talking about such serious matters always makes me stress out.

Only food can relax me."

Arthur glanced at the extinguished Barrier Oil and asked in a relaxed tone.

"Of course."

Marquis Ainhars responded with a smile.

The subsequent lunch naturally continued in a pleasant atmosphere.

And the happy time flew by swiftly.

Soon, night fell.

At the outskirts of Inner Bay, at the gates of a manor, the elegantly dressed Alvis Hamlet stepped down from a carriage.

Smiling, Hayes, who had long been waiting at the gate, warmly welcomed him—

"Welcome, my friend!"

Chapter 817: Victory of Malice I

Hayes and Alvis Hamlet exchanged smiles and embraced with noble etiquette—an act with near-demanding precision, meticulous and flawless.

However, it was highly esteemed by the nobles.

Apart from its genuinely graceful appearance, it was difficult to practice, not easy to imitate, which made them stand out.

As for the effort required?

Is friendship without effort worth cherishing?

The commoners highly agree with this.

Nobles?

Some also agree, especially those emerging nobles who take pride in it.

But more of them scoff at it.

Just like Hayes.

Hayes internally despises such etiquette.

Yet because he despises it, Hayes is all the more determined to practice it well.

He knows it will be greatly useful to him.

In fact, it is—

"Hayes, your etiquette is truly outstanding."

Alvis Hamlet complimented.

"I had no choice; if I didn't learn well, I'd really get beaten.

The first time I learned, I was distracted and got my butt whipped.

Couldn't get out of bed for three days."

Hayes joked about himself.

Alvis immediately laughed.

"Believe me, you're not the only one.

So was I—and the one who beat me was my father.

The cane broke."

The member of the Golden Lion Family shrugged.

Then, the two exchanged smiles and walked side by side towards the estate—there were no further arrangements for today's holiday estate.

Just a simple dinner party.

The food was quite lavish, but there was no band to perform, nor were there enticing dances by the ladies.

It had a feeling similar to a family gathering.

This made Alvis feel satisfied.

He saw it as a symbol of his friendship with Hayes.

The relationship between them had progressed further.

Alvis was not surprised by this.

After all, ever since he was saved by the latter, their relationship became exceptional.

Alvis was wholeheartedly grateful for saving his life.

Especially when he learned the identities of Hayes and the other two, this gratitude grew with a hint of passion.

"Try today's chef's special recommendation: venison and fish."

Hayes introduced the main course.

A dish of venison cooked in fish broth.

A large number of seasonings hid the fishy smell, making the main course delicious and the meat extraordinarily tender.

It was evident that the venison had been specially processed.

"I'd love to know this chef's special recipe."

This venison is absolutely delicious."

Alvis exclaimed.

Hayes nodded in agreement.

Though he had already acquired the secret recipe, which was a ratio of salt and water, Hayes wouldn't say more at this time.

Moreover, the next moment, this nephew of Count Bert restrained his smile.

"What's wrong, Hayes?"

Alvis keenly noticed something was amiss with Hayes.

"I need to return to Bert Territory."

Hayes spoke up.

"Why?"

The South County Swordsmanship Competition is about to start.

"Are you going to give up now?"

Alvis was puzzled.

"Some issues have arisen, and I must return to Bert Territory—Alvis, I hope we'll have the chance to meet again.

These days in Inner Bay have been the most unforgettable in my life.

"Thank you for your company, my friend."

Hayes said with heartfelt sincerity.

But Alvis could clearly see the pain and struggle in Hayes's expression.

'What's happened?'

The young member of the Golden Lion Family felt puzzled.

Just as he was about to inquire, Manta quickly walked in.

This lady, usually composed and elegant, now displayed urgency on her face.

Under Alvis's gaze, she approached Hayes and whispered in his ear.

Alvis could clearly see a change in Hayes's expression.

Soon, Hayes stood up and walked briskly towards him—

"Sorry, Alvis.

Some unexpected events have occurred.

You'll need to hide for a while.

Rest assured, it's quite safe inside."

Saying these words, Hayes directly opened a hidden room behind the tapestry and pushed him inside.

Alvis was left bewildered.

'What happened?'

Once again, he questioned in his heart.

Fortunately, the hidden room was enveloped by a barrier of secret technique, making it safe, breathable, and providing peepholes to observe outside.

Instinctively, the young man leaned forward—

Lady Manta took his seat.

Hayes returned to his original position.

The two smiled and whispered softly.

As if they were a sweet couple.

But soon, this sweetness was shattered.

An uninvited guest barged in.

Gleisa Hamlet!

Upon seeing the Little Lion, Alvis clenched his fists.

Alvis was quite aware of previous events.

With the Little Lion being his enemy, anger and hatred surged.

However, Alvis didn't rush out.

He remained rational.

He began to hold his breath and focus; he watched closely outside—

"Good evening, Hayes, and Lady Manta."

Gleisa strode in as if he were the owner here, directly pulling open a chair and sitting down.

After glancing at Manta, he fixed his gaze on Hayes.

And spoke.

"Lady Manta, may I have a private space to converse with Hayes?"

It seemed like a request, but was actually an order.

The Little Lion, here, displayed his arrogance without restraint.

Manta looked at Hayes.

Hayes nodded.

Manta got up, bowed, and left the small dining room, closing the door behind her.

"A fine woman.

Hayes, you wouldn't want Lady Manta to be implicated because of your affairs, would you?

By the way, there's her sister too."

The Little Lion praised.

Then, the tone shifted, containing danger.

Hayes's gaze changed.

But the next moment, there was only a bitter smile.

"You know everything?"

Hayes asked back.

"Of course!

After all, you snatched seventeen maids from under my care but treated one named Lemo differently, it was hard not to notice.

Lemo made many friends at St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

She was quite happy."

The Little Lion stated plainly.

The words clearly indicating a thorough understanding of Hayes's movements.

Making Hayes's smile even more bitter.

"I will leave Inner Bay immediately.

Moreover, I am willing to compensate you for your losses."

Hayes stood up, slightly bowed, speaking with great sincerity.

Watching this, the Little Lion laughed heartily.

"Hayes, you're still being cunning till now.

Don't you know why I'm here?

Don't tell me the previous two times when I met privately with Depro, Diliven, and Peigi, the Observers' Guild weren't your people."

"They were my people, but I meant no harm.

I just did it for self-protection.

And..."

Hayes did not deny, but before he could finish, the Little Lion interrupted him—

"I don't want to hear those; nor do I want to pursue your actions, I just hope you can sign a contract transferring Rondohart Port in Bert Territory to me.

As for the rest?

Consider it your reward!"

Chapter 818: Victory of Malice II

Hiss!

Upon hearing Gresah Hamlet's words, Alvis took a sharp breath.

At this moment, the young man from the Golden Lion Family finally understood why Hayes was in such a hurry to leave the Inner Bay, even at the cost of giving up the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition'.

It was Gleisa!

That bastard was eyeing Bert Territory!

No!

To be precise, that bastard had long been eyeing Bert Territory, waiting for an opportunity!

And now, the opportunity had arrived!

Alvis was certain that Depro, Diliven, and Peigi wouldn't survive.

Only with their deaths could Hayes smoothly inherit Bert Territory and cede Rondohart Port.

'Isn't this bastard afraid of Count Bert's revenge?

Wait a minute!

Arthur Kredos!

This Southern Lost Spirit Medium was about to arrive at Bert Territory — this bastard wants to instigate a battle between the Southern Lost Spirit Medium and Count Bert.

And then reap the rewards!

In an instant, Alvis understood everything.

Alvis wasn't sure who would be the victor in the battle between the Southern Lost Spirit Medium and Count Bert.

However, if this plan was carried out, the biggest winner would undoubtedly be that bastard Gleisa.

This was something Alvis absolutely couldn't accept!

'What to do? What to do?

I absolutely don't want Gleisa to win!'

Faced with his enemy, Alvis began to rack his brains.

Meanwhile, in the small restaurant, Hayes wore an expression of pain.

"Can you allow me to think about it overnight and give you an answer in the morning?"

Hayes pleaded.

The Little Lion straightforwardly refused.

"No!

Just as I have a way to block the Messenger Stone, you surely have a way to contact Count Bert.

I hold respect for His Excellency the Count.

I absolutely do not wish to face His Excellency the Count directly.

Therefore, you not only need to sign a contract with me now but must also add a clause to the contract — from this moment on, you cannot inform His Excellency the Count in any way."

The Little Lion said, then smiled.

It was a joyful smile.

The situation grasped was Gleisa's favorite kind.

Gleisa relished this almost tyrannical grip.

The feeling of being unrestrained was truly wonderful.

At this moment, the depression Gleisa encountered from Arthur was almost completely swept away.

And anticipate.

Gleisa looked forward to the battle between Count Bert and Arthur.

Gleisa had seen Arthur's strength, but as he said, he held respect for Count Bert — and for someone like Gleisa to hold respect, there was only one reason.

That is strength.

Count Bert was very strong.

His ability was extremely bizarre.

A rival Gleisa least wanted to face.

And precisely because of this, Gleisa was cautious with Bert Territory, not only retracting spies but also giving up on 'diversified development.'

However, those are no longer important.

This time, it could be once and for all.

'Thinking about it this way, I should thank you, Arthur.

So, make sure to have a good fight with Count Bert.

Ideally, both perish.

Of course, one's death and one's injury is acceptable.

I will clean up the aftermath well.'

The Little Lion thought to himself, his eyes once again glancing at Hayes, his demeanor filled with disdain

"Hayes, your relationship with Depro, Diliven, and Peigi isn't good.

In fact, your relationship with Count Bert has long been distant.

Your hesitation now isn't because you can't ignore the deaths of those three fools, Depro, Diliven, and Peigi, nor is it because you can't sit back and watch Count Bert step into a trap.

You're just unable to accept that Rondohart Port, which you considered to be in your grasp, is being taken by me."

The Little Lion said, his eyes were full of provocation and mockery.

"I can take away Rondohart Port; why can't you take it back?

Oh, you lack the confidence to take it back from me?

Even if I give you other lands of Bert Territory, you have no confidence?

Hayes, you're truly a hypocritical and cowardly guy!"

"Shut up!

Stop talking!"

Hayes stood up from his chair, slammed the table heavily, and growled.

"Did I hit a nerve?

Feeling anxious?

Then sign the contract with me.

You're a smart guy, you know, you can't escape — unless you choose to die now!

Only if you die can you break the situation.

It's just...

Are you willing?"

The Little Lion's tone was heavily accented.

The provocation in his tone was even stronger.

He didn't ask if he dared but if he was willing.

Gleisa could be sure that someone like Hayes, who had secretly developed for so many years, would definitely not be willing to die just like that.

Especially for a potential competitor.

Such people do exist.

But it certainly wouldn't be Hayes.

As expected.

Hayes stood there, stunned.

Then he sat down in his chair, seemingly devoid of energy, with eyes showing a sense of daze.

The Little Lion stood up, walked past the dining table, and came to Hayes's side.

"Don't be so despairing.

The person you lost to is me, Gresah Hamlet, the sole heir of the Inner Bay.

What's so despairing about that?

You should feel honored instead.

Because—

I acknowledge you."

Saying this, the Little Lion raised a hand, and a contract appeared before Hayes.

This time, Hayes didn't say anything more.

Hayes signed his name.

Looking at the signature, the Little Lion laughed again.

"Cheer up, Hayes.

Trust me, in the decades to come, you will surely be glad of tonight's decision.

Wait for the good news I bring you later, the new owner of Bert Territory."

With these words, the Little Lion left, just as suddenly as he came.

But what remained unchanged was that undeniable dominance.

Truly like a lion.

Hayes sat there, dazed.

He didn't even notice Alvis step out of the secret chamber.

It wasn't until Alvis coughed softly that this nephew of Count Bert came back to his senses.

And as soon as Hayes came back to his senses and saw Alvis, his eyes suddenly lit up, like a drowning man spotting a lifeline.

Begging!

Hayes looked at Alvis beseechingly.

"Don't worry.

I won't let Gleisa succeed!

I will inform Count Bert of the truth!

For the sake of our friendship, please leave everything to me!"

Alvis said solemnly.

Hayes nodded gratefully.

"Alvis, you will be my lifelong best friend!"

Alvis immediately smiled, this young member of the Golden Lion Family patted Hayes's shoulder and walked straight out.

His carriage had left after dropping him off.

He had originally intended to stay there for the night.

His carriage was supposed to pick him up the following noon.

At this moment, the young member of the Golden Lion Family was grateful for this.

If his carriage had still been there, how could he have seized the opportunity before him?

Alvis glanced back at the vacation manor, hints of apology in his eyes.

But in the next moment, it was replaced by a burning intensity.

That was—

Ambition!

Chapter 819: Victory of Malice III

How large is a person's ambition?

Infinite.

Therefore, from the moment ambition arose in Alvis's heart, everything was destined—this young member of the Golden Lion Family neither sent anyone to Bert Territory, nor did he try to contact Count Bert, nor did he personally visit.

Alvis returned home to Inner Bay and directly met with his father.

The young member of the Golden Lion Family knew clearly that the upcoming matters were absolutely not something he could handle alone.

He had to gain the support of his father.

Anyone who knew Lord Baro Hamlet would doubt whether this lord was a member of the Golden Lion Family, after all, compared with the other members of the Golden Lion Family who were tall and burly, with thick eyebrows and big eyes, looking dignified, this lord was extremely small.

Not only was he slender, but his face was also sharp-nosed and sunken, and his hair fell out early; the whole person, not to mention dignity, would belong to people who cannot make a presence even among ordinary people.

Therefore, this lord was extremely sensitive about others mentioning his appearance and did a lot of foolish things to assert his presence.

For example: to show off his martial prowess, he charged at a mill on horseback.

Or for instance: jumping into the rushing Inland River during a downpour when the water level rose sharply.

In short, everyone considered Baro Hamlet a disgrace to the Golden Lion Family as a member, and even more so, a disgrace to the Old Lion.

Seemingly influenced by these opinions, the Old Lion, although still caring for his brother, had not seen him for a long time.

And as for Lord Baro?

He enjoyed himself freely.

Not only did he not restrain himself, but he even became more unbridled.

Because someone cleaned up after him.

No!

To others, it was indulgence.

Such indulgence made the Old Lion criticized for being unfair, yet more nobles thought it was normal, even merciful.

With the Old Lion's indulgence, Baro Hamlet lived a rather comfortable life.

At this moment, he was playing a game of 'You chase me, if I catch you, hehe' with six blond maids dressed in gauze, blindfolded.

"Come on, my lord!"

"I'm here!"

"Come and catch me!"

The six maids scattered around, their voices constant.

Baro Hamlet followed the sounds but was always attracted by other maids' voices, missing a step, diving right into empty space.

But this lord did not give up.

Even if he fell to the ground, he would gleefully bounce up and grab the nearest maid with open arms.

"Hmm, this size.

It's Yeda!

Isn't it?"

The lord did not remove the blindfold and loudly asked.

"It's me, my lord."

The captured maid responded coyly.

At the same time, she lifted Baro's blindfold.

Upon seeing he guessed correctly, Baro immediately burst into laughter.

It was extremely loud, and carried an indescribable sense of satisfaction.

However, the happy times did not continue.

With the appearance of Alvis.

Lord Baro's game was interrupted.

"Ahem, is there something?

Didn't you see I'm working?

Remember to wait for a notification in the future!

Otherwise, you'll disturb my thoughts!"

Facing his son who barged in without notification, the lord felt a bit awkward, but his face was thick-skinned enough. He cleared his throat twice, signaled the surrounding maids to retreat for now, and then sternly scolded his son.

Looking at his father, who was being serious.

If it weren't for seeing his father now only wearing big shorts and having witnessed the previous scene, Alvis might have believed it.

'Why is my father like this?'

Alvis felt a bit sad inside.

This young member of the Golden Lion Family had daydreamed more than once about how great it would be if his father were that Old Lion.

At least, if it were the Old Lion...

He wouldn't have to work so hard.

No!

Not that he'd work so hard.

But he'd soar to the skies.

Look at that bastard Gleisa!

Doesn't he just have a good father?

At this moment, Alvis's jealousy towards the Little Lion reached an extreme.

However, after taking two deep breaths, this young man calmed down.

He had more important things to do.

Alvis respectfully said—

"Father, something has happened."

This young member of the Golden Lion Family recounted everything that had just happened, causing Baro, in the midst of putting on his pajamas, to pause, and then the lord laughed out loud.

"Opportunity!

An enormous opportunity!

As long as we let Old Bert know that his three sons were deceived to death by Gleisa...no, were personally killed by Gleisa, then with Old Bert's character, he will definitely take revenge!

Gleisa will be doomed!

And my brother would definitely not stand idly by!

Once my brother makes a move...

Then our opportunity will come!"

Baro was so excited that his face turned red, pacing back and forth in the room, muttering like a madman.

Without waiting for Alvis to speak, this lord took out a ring he carried with him—

"Alvis, you take my Hidden Guard to Bert Territory now.

Be sure to let Old Bert know that Depro, Diliven, Peigi were 'personally killed by Gleisa'!

Remember, personally killed!"

This lord repeatedly urged.

"Yes, father."

Alvis took the ring with both hands.

The young member of the Golden Lion Family knew very well what this ring represented—it meant his father had secretly been nurturing Death Warriors and recruiting talents.

This ring was the token of contract.

With this ring, he could mobilize these Death Warriors and people.

Similarly, it was also the strongest power in his father's hands.

'Should I leak my whereabouts a bit?'

Unconsciously, such a thought popped up in Alvis's mind.

Gleisa is doomed this time.

Besides Gleisa, there are second and third succession heirs in the Golden Lion Family.

Gleisa's two brothers:

Dieudonne Hamlet.

Pistri Hamlet.

These two were also his real stumbling blocks to gaining control of the Golden Lion Family!

However, in the next moment, this young man dismissed this thought.

Gleisa is not an idiot.

If he leaked his whereabouts, he might attract the opponent's attention.

Once the other party discovered the clue, it would all be for naught, and not worth the risk.

Negating this idea, Alvis quickly left.

But this young man failed to notice the fleeting amusement in his father's eyes behind him.

Or rather...

No one saw it.

Including the observers.

All they saw was this lord summoning the maids again, to play that shameful game.

The observers quietly left.

Then, this message was delivered to—

Gleisa Hamlet.

Chapter 820: Triumph of Malice IV

Looking at the message in his hand, Gleisa Hamlet let out a contemptuous smile.

"Hayes, is this your backup plan?

This is what you rely on?

Relying on two useless people?

You really are too naive!"

Muttering to himself, the Little Lion casually tossed the message aside.

For the Little Lion, since he intended to force Hayes into submission, it was natural to have everything under his control. Otherwise, if he failed to coerce, he would make an enemy.

Therefore, the Little Lion knew Hayes had invited Alvis.

Moreover, the Little Lion's people had followed Alvis the moment he stepped out.

The carriage had undergone some disguise.

But the dressed-up Alvis was simply like a deer painted with multicolored paint, not only big but also conspicuous.

The Little Lion even knew how to access the secret room of that vacation manor.

Only when everything is under control can one be superior.

The Little Lion's confidence stemmed from this.

'My useless uncle is so eager to play all his cards, it really makes me want to get rid of you.'

Without that Hidden Guard, it would be too easy for the Little Lion to get rid of Baro.

In fact, the Little Lion didn't need to use the Spy hidden beside Baro; he could simply dispatch someone from outside to kill Baro outright.

However, the Little Lion only thought about it and did not act.

Because—

His father.

His father had expressly forbidden it, not allowing him to do so.

"A merciful father."

Gleisa whispered to himself.

Then, he directly said—

"Increase surveillance on Dieudonne and Pistri."

No one responded.

But the Little Lion knew his people had already taken action.

Compared to the useless Baro father and son, Gleisa paid more attention to his two brothers, especially as he would be fully focused on the Bert Territory in the coming days. This focus was even more imperative.

If something unexpected happened to surprise him...

He wouldn't mind employing some excessive means.

Even if his father disallowed it.

'Oh, my dear brothers, please don't make it difficult for me!'

With this lamentation in his heart, the Little Lion promptly issued a new order—

"Keep an eye on 'the East' for me!

I want to know the Spirit Medium's every move!"

After speaking, the Little Lion narrowed his eyes slightly.

A cold and menacing look appeared in his gaze.

"I don't care whether you are a member of the Golden Lion Family, nor do I want to know if you are, nor will I inquire who is backing you.

You are doomed!"

As the words fell, the Little Lion clenched his fist.

At the same time—

Inside the holiday manor, Hayes picked up a potent spirit mixed with orange juice, pomegranate juice, and pineapple juice, skillfully shaking it.

"Sour, sweet, and spicy, that's enough."

This nephew of Count Bert muttered quietly.

Lady Manta, standing beside him, rolled her eyes.

The lady could tell that Hayes was confident of winning.

Otherwise, at this moment, Hayes would have already gone to rest instead of mixing himself a 'Victory Wine' here.

"Why are you always so confident?"

Manta thought of the bet she made with this scoundrel before.

Although she had long conceded, women, even if they concede, will find a way to give you trouble; if you don't deal with it, small troubles can become big problems.

Hayes, being someone who disliked trouble, naturally knew how to deal with it.

Hayes set down his 'Victory Wine' and walked to Manta, pulling her up from the couch with a court dance pose.

Then, he began to gracefully dance with Manta in the small hall.

"Manta, it's not that I am always confident.

But I know that the people around me will give me absolute support.

Like...

You!"

Saying this, Hayes extended his arm straight, pulling back directly.

The nephew of Count Bert looked at the lady in his arms, his voice becoming increasingly gentle—

"The support you give me, and the skills I've learned from you, are the source of my confidence. Without the extensive behavior records of Gleisa and Alvis that you provided, how could I have set up this layout?

Thank you, Manta."

Tenderness and sincerity welled up in Hayes's eyes.

At this moment, the nephew of Count Bert had his eyes only on Manta.

And Lady Manta?

She had already raised her hand to encircle Hayes's neck, then lifted her head, standing on her tiptoes.

After a kiss deep enough to leave anyone breathless, the lady, cheeks flushed, released Hayes, but she couldn't help worrying about Hayes's plan.

What if Hayes's plan fails?

She didn't want Hayes to fail.

So unnecessary factors must be eliminated.

Hayes saw the look on Manta's face.

Immediately, the nephew of Count Bert knew he had not only overcome another difficulty but had also given Manta something to occupy her time recently. At least for the next few days, she wouldn't trouble him again.

'I just want some peace by my ear.

And I won't be lazy.'

Hayes petitioned for himself in his heart.

Then, the nephew of the Earl pulled Manta's hand once more, leading her towards the bedroom; with the other hand, he conveniently grabbed the 'Victory Wine'—

"Manta, you have done enough.

Please leave the rest to me.

Besides, we are not fighting alone now."

The blushing Lady Manta was stunned for two seconds before realizing Hayes was referring to Jimte and Kalal.

Regarding these two, Lady Manta held them in quite high esteem.

Therefore, the lady nodded slightly.

Subsequently, the bedroom door closed.

The Night Patrol passing through the manor dimmed their oil lamps unconsciously.

Isn't that what midnight should be like?

"That bastard Hayes!"

Kalal, upon returning to his own room, directly cursed, causing Jimte, who had just returned to his room, to pop his head out again—the suite at Storm Inn came with two bedrooms, one on the east side and the other on the west, with a living room and hallway in between.

"What's wrong?"

Jimte inquired.

Without speaking, Kalal handed the note that Hayes personally wrote over to Jimte—it wasn't in the common language, nor the Glyphic Language, but in encrypted script.

A kind usually used during their exchanges.

On it, Hayes fully explained his plan, as well as the actions Gleisa and Alvis would take in the coming days.

This note had naturally been left long ago.

It was before the contract.

The contract is indeed fearsome.

But one can always find workarounds.

Everyone knows this.

Yet many cannot accomplish it.

However, this does not include Hayes.

Having anticipated all of this, Hayes had naturally prepared in advance.

The purpose of Hayes leaving this note?

Besides reminding the two, and hoping they would inform Arthur,

it was also...

to remind the two not to disrupt his plan with their actions.

The former was naturally not an issue for Kalal, as it fell within his responsibilities.

But the latter was somewhat unbearable for Kalal.

Because Kalal was sure that Hayes's real intent was not to remind but to show off!

To show off that he was one step ahead!

And why leave the note for him?

And not for Jimte?

That bastard!

Instantly, the young man felt he must tell Lady Manta about Hayes's flirtation with the daughter of the Storm Inn's owner.

But that would be for later.

Now?

The notification must be sent to the lord.

The two did not immediately use the communication crystal to contact Arthur.

Although the communication crystal cannot be listened to, the traces of its use can be detected by those with acute Spirituality, and the two knew that among the stalkers around the Storm Inn, such people were definitely not few.

So—

The two needed these stalkers to lend them a hand.

After all, these stalkers themselves were part of their plan.

As Hayes's plan commenced, they too needed to expedite their pace.

Kalal and Jimte exchanged a glance.

Following that, the two smiled simultaneously.