

Great Master 861

Chapter 861 Academy V

Cassandra Cremos!

Jimte and Kalal squinted their eyes immediately.

They had never met this lady, but her name was etched in their memories.

Because—

The surname Cremos!

The lord they served came from this family!

Therefore, the bearers of this surname were not only imprinted on their souls, but there was also quite detailed information on each of them.

Just like this lady, Cassandra Cremos.

Black eyes, black hair, dimples when she smiles, not only was she extremely beautiful, but her disposition was fiercely independent, far from the gentle nature of typical ladies.

In fact, she possessed qualities akin to a knight.

Of course, making suitors cry was seen by some as a rather rare quality.

In short, she was a lady who exhibited excellence from a young age, much like the 'children of other families' often praised by adults.

Unless their lord stepped 'forward' on his own, everyone would think this way.

But with their lord's voluntary move, certain clues emerged—

Firstly, this lady did not, as rumored, come to the Inner Bay to enroll in the 'Saint Joan of Arc Girls' College.'

Secondly, several adventurers had seen a 'Lone Traveller' resembling this lady in the wilderness and ruins, who was ruthless and unmerciful, exterminating at least six expedition teams with incredible prowess.

Those six expedition teams were not the unknown.

On the contrary, each was quite renowned, neither inferior to the 'Storm Sword.'

Finally, and very importantly, this elusive lady seemed to always foresee certain things, not only rendering traps set by the family and friends of the six expedition teams ineffective but also tracing connections to eradicate related individuals completely.

Initially, Jimte and Kalal paid slight attention to this 'Lone Traveller.'

After all, female Lone Travellers were quite rare.

As for the displayed strength and ruthlessness?

Every year some geniuses and strong ones emerge.

Being ruthless was a necessary trait in the wild.

Although those six expedition teams always positioned themselves as victims, the reality?

Most likely not entirely.

Imagine, in a barren wilderness or ruins, what happens when a group encounters a lone woman?

Perhaps some women in the group might prevent the worst from happening, but if she had some gains?

The worst scenario could be inevitable.

Jimte and Kalal even bet on how long this female Lone Traveller could be active.

But after pledging loyalty to Arthur, as they collected intelligence, once this female Lone Traveller gradually overlapped with Cassandra Credos, their attitude changed.

From spectating, to alert watching.

As for contacting Cassandra?

Without Arthur's approval, they absolutely wouldn't do so.

After all, they weren't sure of their lord's true relationship with that aunt.

Born nobles, both had witnessed and experienced too many intrigues and massacres among bloodkin.

So, upon hearing Amy's words, they halted, and Jimte paused his attack, but his vigilance intensified.

Why did this lady suddenly appear in the Inner Bay now?

Was it benevolent, or malevolent?

Jimte speculated, his mind racing.

He needed to ascertain these.

To discern the other's intentions.

If benevolent, everyone would be pleased.

If malevolent...

He would have to act and eradicate these folks.

Clearly, their intelligence was outdated.

This lady was no 'Lone Traveller,' but had formed her own force, with an impressively large number of subordinates.

Would a normal person accept a Killing Demon as a subordinate?

If Killing Demons were controllable, nobles would have long begun to artificially create them.

Killing Demons are uncontrollable.

A slight mistake would be disastrous.

It was precisely this understanding that halted the nobles' terrifying plans.

Jimte thought to himself, his smile growing gentle, as he stepped forward to shield Kalal, hiding Kalal and his sword in his shadow, then asked chucklingly—

"Proof!

Bring forth your proof!

Otherwise, I simply can't believe you!"

Hearing this, Amy was taken aback.

After all, her boss had only sent them here to greet the two of them.

As for more matters and alleged proof?

None was provided to them.

Instinctively, Amy turned to look at Shara.

Shara blinked with bewilderment.

Their appearance caused Jimte's smile to fade.

"Do you two have no proof of representing Cassandra Credos, making me feel fooled?"

As he spoke, Jimte's face noticeably darkened.

Of course, Jimte did not doubt Amy and Shara.

In fact, Jimte was 80% sure Amy and Shara were indeed here for that lady.

His words were deliberate, naturally.

He wished to test the extent of that lady's force.

Sending two Killing Demons for an invitation?

Is absurd.

What if the two Killing Demons go berserk?

There must be a backup plan.

And the person implementing this backup plan is truly worth noting—, not only representing the lady's current high-end combat capability but also her style of conduct.

And her attitude towards their lord.

The latter is particularly crucial.

Jimte's machinations were instantly understood by Kalal.

The young noble pursed his lips, positioning his body entirely within the shadows Jimte provided, both hands tightly gripping the sword handle.

Though his relationship with the Marquess of Ainhars was typical, he had learned some sword skills from the Ainhars Family.

Especially the 'Sword Draw Slash'!

He was confident that if he drew his sword, he could instantly eliminate either Amy or Shara across from him.

Which one should he choose?

Kalal's eyes began to gleam coldly.

While across from them, Amy and Shara felt their hair stand on end.

That cold malice pricked the nerves of the two ladies.

Amy seemed to see the sickening gaze of her stepfather and those bastards again, her muscles instinctively knotted and swelled in a moment, filling her loose robe.

Meanwhile, Shara laughed quietly—

"Chop off your hand, chop off your leg, chop off your head, rearrange them into a bonsai, a lovely bonsai, hee hee hoo hoo haha."

In the mad laughter, an invisible wind began to gather.

From nothing to something, then growing sharp.

Both were poised to strike, a battle seemed unavoidable.

But just at this moment—

"Wait!"

Chapter 862 Academy VI

Anna was very conflicted.

As Marinda's lapdog, she extremely disliked Arthur.

Consequently, she also hated the people of the Kledos Family.

So, when she found out that the boss of the 'Shapeless' was Cassandra Cremos, Anna's first thought was to quit, but immediately, that idea was dismissed by her.

She didn't dare.

Faced with the mysterious Cassandra Cremos, who never truly showed herself, Anna didn't dare to propose quitting.

She feared that as soon as she suggested leaving.

The next moment, those four guys would receive Cassandra's first task: eliminate the traitor.

According to her guess, this was extremely likely.

She couldn't quit.

Yet she hated the Kledos Family.

So what should she do?

Naturally, just muddle through.

Anna had recently been coasting through.

After all, in the security room, she was alone; if she wasn't afraid of being fired, she would've started smoking pipes and drinking wine, whistling at the girls in the academy.

Being young is really great!

They are so unafraid of the cold!

Even though it's just spring, at a glance, there are legs everywhere!

Such days made her forget her worries.

And then!

However, trouble came!

The woman from the Kledos Family gave her a private order, and clearly stated that if she messed it up, she should be prepared to be eliminated — this was unprecedented, although she was coasting through, she had also carefully investigated, whether it was the dumb Jennifer, or the easily bullied crybaby Jian, or the two perverted maniacs Amy and Shara, they just issued tasks, but there were no punishments.

Why was there a punishment for her?

Was it because she seemed easy to bully?

Let me tell you, I...

Just love this kind of thing!

Unconsciously, Anna began to imagine herself being hung high after failing the mission, being viciously whipped.

'If it were like that, how great it would be!

Unfortunately, it's death.

Pleasure and death, can't they coexist?'

A slight dissatisfaction rose in her heart, and Anna began patrolling the entire academy as a firefighter — Jennifer and Jian's work was done well.

After all, facing those five rookies, it was impossible to fail.

At the academy entrance, when she saw Jimte and Kalal, Anna knew trouble was coming.

Jimte and Kalal's portraits, she had seen them.

Jimte and Kalal's experiences, she had heard about them.

As Marinda's capable helper, Anna had studied the 'obstacles' in Marinda's business empire thoroughly.

Among them, Jimte and Kalal were the biggest obstacles on the road to Seberlin and the Ainhars Territory, compared to the two Lords, these seemingly harmless guys were the most important to watch out for.

All those small details told Anna that these two guys were deeply hidden conspirators.

But unfortunately, before she could even confront these two plotters, that bastard exposed her relationship with Marinda, forcing her to leave South Los.

But that didn't mean she would forget these two guys.

On the contrary, it was similar to when you suddenly crave a meat pie, even though it's not something good to eat, but suddenly you want it, and because it's late at night, you can't have it.

That kind of tossing and turning at midnight makes your craving for the meat pie reach some kind of extreme.

As a result, the next day, you eat it twice.

To the extent you won't think of it for a long time.

But if you didn't get to eat it the next day.

Then, these two foods would root themselves in your heart.

In the end, growing like a meat pie in your mind.

Anna was in a similar situation.

The opponent she yearned for and couldn't have reappeared.

But she couldn't be happy about it.

Because—

It wasn't in the way she hoped.

She wanted an open and secret struggle, a cunning commercial war, a shadowy battle.

But in reality?

She served as a mascot.

No!

To be precise, a 'proof'.

Her relationship with Marinda indirectly proving Cassandra Credos's identity — this kind of validation backed by Marinda made Anna uncomfortable.

But, she couldn't refuse.

Thinking of this, Anna's look towards Jimte and Kalal became more complicated.

After all, she regarded them as opponents.

Then, naturally, they would too.

Surely like her, they would have studied early on and started planning, only to be left with nothing.

More importantly—

'Are you also being coerced now?

Otherwise, with your composure, how could you create such a commotion during the day?

You too are not acting on your own will!

Just like me, not acting on my own will.

Truly a destiny-like arrangement!'

Thinking of this, Anna began to speak—

"Wait!"

Anna said, stepping out.

Unlike Amy and Shara, Anna wasn't wearing a hood.

Jimte and Lacar immediately saw what Anna looked like.

In an instant, the two of them recognized who she was.

Seeing their expressions, Anna sighed internally.

'As expected!'

Immediately, Anna felt she should show gentlemanly behavior.

No, gentlemanly behavior wasn't enough.

There needed to be mutual admiration between opposing knights.

"Gentlemen, we finally meet."

Anna said that.

And Jimte and Kalal nodded simultaneously.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Anna."

Jimte's face showed a smile again.

Internally, his thoughts were turning rapidly.

'Anna appeared in Cassandra Credos's camp.

This lady is not only proving her identity with Anna but also wants to show us that she is paying attention not only to Lord Arthur but also to Lady Marinda?

Indeed, this lady is still very dangerous.'

Kalal was much more straightforward.

'Even though the lady is already pregnant, shouldn't this 'love rival' disappear?

'Especially thinking about how his lady had publicly praised this lord's 'love rival' multiple times, even praising the other party.

The look in Kalal's eyes became dangerous.

As for why the two recognized Anna?

Of course, because of Arthur.

Their lord's 'love rival', how could they not thoroughly investigate?

However, their gaze was misunderstood by Anna.

Seeing those complex and dangerous glances, Anna exclaimed—

"I never thought we would meet here, in this way.

Destiny, oh destiny!

Truly a lament."

'Is this woman insane?'

Both Jimte and Kalal thought simultaneously.

Amy and Shara subconsciously distanced themselves from Anna.

They just inexplicably felt a bit awkward and embarrassed.

However, Anna, lost in her own world, paid no attention to these.

She couldn't see any of this.

She just continued speaking softly—

"Follow me.

You will see the answers you want!"

Chapter 863 Academy VII

Quickly, Jimte and Kalal saw the answer—

In the lobby of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, Jennifer and Jian had been waiting.

Behind them were Ariel, Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith.

Quite naturally, Shara and Amy walked over to Jennifer and Jian, nodding and greeting each other.

And all four of them deliberately ignored Anna, who considered herself the leader of the five.

Anna was not surprised by this.

She had gotten used to it.

Besides, now Anna, upon entering the lobby, was immediately drawn to Ariel, Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith.

As a security guard of the college, Anna was well aware of the influence those five wielded within the college, as well as their identity.

No!

It was the identity of the students of the college.

Her gaze flickered involuntarily.

The next moment, she sighed deeply.

"So, that's how it is!"

Upon hearing these words, Shara, Amy, Jennifer, and Jian rolled their eyes directly.

Why did they ignore Anna?

Apart from Anna being arrogant, narcissistic, and having special orientations, it was due to this pretentious mystery-making.

Acting as if she knew everything but never saying anything—such a character was simply inhuman.

According to Shara and Jennifer, such a person should be sent to the burning stake.

Amy, on the other hand, thought it was okay, considering they could sit down and have a long chat, and if that didn't work, cut off her limbs and throw her onto a firewood pile.

As for Jian?

The gentle and frail Jian didn't care about these.

She just felt such a person shouldn't disrupt her life.

If she was disturbed?

Then let her bleed, smear some salt, and let her dry in the wind.

However, Anna's pretentiousness inspired awe among Ariel, Reine, Donna, Joli Li, and Judith.

Because—

They sensed mystery.

The mystery they understood shouldn't it be of this vibe?

Unconsciously, the five young girls became excited.

Their gazes towards Anna changed.

Sensing the looks from the five young girls, Anna was about to raise her chin and place her hands on her hips.

See!

There are still people who appreciate her wit!

Isn't it just that the Old Lion left the Inner Bay, and those always hiding folks surfaced?

And then, planning to use some pretext to reshuffle the Inner Bay.

And conveniently harvest a wave of wealth from the middle class and rich merchants?

What's so difficult about that!

With her intelligence, it only takes a glance to...

Wait a minute!

Anna, who was feeling smug internally, suddenly thought of something.

She was doing all this following Cassandra's orders.

So, what role does Cassandra play in this?

Or, having anticipated everything, would Cassandra really do nothing?

She considered herself smart, but she was just a pawn in the other party's calculations.

'Damn Kledos Family!

Why is it always some annoying people!'

Anna hated people smarter than her.

She hated even more those bastards who snatched her lover away.

Coincidentally, the Kledos Family has both.

Immediately, the lady began cursing vulgarly in her heart, without any elegance, tracing back eight generations centered on the maternal relatives.

And after entering the lobby, Jimte and Kalal, who had been quietly observing everything, quickly confirmed two things—

First, Lady Cassandra's organization was far less tight-knit than imagined.

Though talented individuals were plenty, they were loosely structured.

For them and their master, this was a good thing.

If things came to a head, facing a loose organization, their casualties would be significantly fewer.

Dier, Lady Cassandra had her hand on the changing situation of the Inner Bay.

The commotion Baro caused didn't escape this lady's notice.

Moreover, this lady had already made corresponding moves.

A step ahead of them!

Why did they come to the St. Joan of Arc Girls' College?

Apart from safety, it was also because most students at St. Joan of Arc Girls' College came from good families, home to the rich of the Inner Bay.

Their families were the target of Baro's harvest this time and also the key point to balancing all parties.

As for St. Joan of Arc Girls' College?

Perhaps, initially, this college was respected because of 'Saint'.

But the ones who respected it were always ordinary people.

The stewards of the Inner Bay were wary of this place.

Therefore, the noble offspring receiving family education would not come here to study but appear during the Study Tour Festival while promoting the college and encouraging daughters of merchants to enroll here.

And during the Study Tour Festival, they would showcase the 'traditions' of the nobles at the college.

Doing so was all to weaken St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

Especially, what the Old Lion did was even more outstanding.

He had two minor nobles fall in love at first sight with two female students during the Study Tour Festival.

Then, wrapped that encounter in the name of love.

And let people propagate widely, so that encounter left the college's female students mesmerized, unable to see the essence, becoming more of love-obsessed, love-focused minds.

After all, love is above life.

They would all become the brave ones.

This has nothing to do with money, power.

Even if what they want all requires money to support, needing power's escort, it was the same.

For these, Jimte and Kalal always considered them as jokes during tea breaks.

However, during Baro Hamlet's activities, past jokes became key points—they planned to connect with students here, leveraging the power of their families to completely disrupt Baro.

Merchants pursue profit.

And with their lives threatened.

They believed these merchants would explode with unimaginable power.

But now, someone has beat them to it.

Unconsciously, Jimte and Kalal exchanged a glance.

The two pondered how to face this situation.

Or rather, they weren't certain if their allegiance to Arthur had already been discovered.

And at this moment—

"You want to fish in troubled waters amid the Inner Bay's chaos this time, right?"

Unable to achieve in your original territory, you value this opportunity highly.

Thus, you've come here.

Shall we talk?"

Anna spoke up.

This lady had already caught on.

She no longer cared about whether she had become a part of Cassandra's plan.

She only cared about how much she could gain from the other party's layout.

Only enough profit could move her.

It wasn't that Anna was greedy.

It was because Anna believed that accumulating enough wealth was the only way to get Marinda back.

That was her thought and her course of action.

Jimte and Kalal immediately smiled.

The not-too-clever woman before them seemed to have revealed something remarkable.

The other party seemed unaware of their sworn allegiance to the master.

So then—

"Talk?"

No problem!

Let's talk!"

The two replied in unison.

Chapter 864 Pseudo Impostor I

A small and somewhat sharp-faced Baro Hamlet was sitting upright in the study, with a faint smile at the corner of his mouth, indicating that he was in a good mood.

In fact, Baro's current mood was beyond imagination.

Twenty years!

Do you know how he lived through these ten years?

Every day he had to be with a dozen maids, continuously doing push-ups, and had to change a batch of maids from time to time, occasionally doing things only fools would do outside.

For what?

To paralyze his brother.

He did quite well.

His brother regarded him as a foolish younger brother.

Although he had been ridiculed, at least he was still alive, wasn't he?

He would not die as inexplicably as Dorn did.

Furthermore, he had waited for a chance to turn the tables!

Twenty years, he finally got the opportunity for his brother to truly leave Inner Bay—he knew what his brother was going to do.

So, he began to act without hesitation.

Because—

"Haha, die!

You really deserve to die!

The rest?

I'll take care of it for you!"

Baro Hamlet murmured softly.

Apart from the Golden Lion Family, there were seven other noble families attached to the Golden Lion Family in Inner Bay. These guys did not refuse his 'extra income' proposal.

Who would refuse windfall money?

Even if outwardly they were for 'honor and justice', deep down they were also eager.

Besides, 'honor and justice' in noble traditions also require money to support.

As for the persistent knights?

Knights might still have honor and justice.

But knights are loyal.

And the loyalty of the knights made the nobles even more 'honor and justice'.

Just thinking about the entanglement of certain knights made Baro almost laugh out loud.

But quickly, Baro's eyes turned fierce.

It's easy to deal with forces outside the Golden Lion Family.

Instead, it was the internal affairs of the Golden Lion Family that made him feel awkward.

It wasn't rejection.

Instead, it was...

A lion's open mouth for extortion!

These parasites not only wanted the largest share of this 'extra harvest' but also wanted more.

For example: the position of Grand Duke.

'Damn it!

How dare they covet my position!

Then, I'll let you understand what death means!'

Baro had already sentenced these parasites to death in his heart.

Once he finished dealing with the current matters, he would kill all these bastards.

Of course, also his brother's offspring.

Gleisa Hamlet didn't need to be considered.

With Alvis Hamlet in Bert Territory, that disrespectful brat was dead for sure.

He cared about Dieudonne Hamlet and Pistri Hamlet.

His brother's second and youngest sons.

These two kids must be in his hands.

Although they must die, currently, they are important pawns.

Thinking of this, Baro spoke directly—

"Where are Dieudonne Hamlet and Pistri Hamlet?"

"Sir, Dieudonne Hamlet disappeared before our people arrived, and Pistri Hamlet escaped into the Docklands. Our people are searching for him."

A voice full of trepidation sounded from the shadows.

Anger surged from within, and Baro was about to curse them as useless waste.

However, Baro held back immediately.

He was about to become the Grand Duke.

He needed to have some dignity.

Immediately, Lord Baro chuckled softly.

"No wonder they are my brother's sons; their reactions are really quick.

Hasten the search; I hope to hear good news before dawn."

"Yes, sir.

Also..."

The reporter in the shadows was full of anxiety.

"Speak."

Baro raised an eyebrow, his bald scalp wrinkling with the action.

"Lord Joel Colman is dead."

Baro frowned.

Not because he mourned Joel Colman's death, but because he thought of his son Alvis—for the swordsman his brother raised, Baro was well aware of his purpose.

A stepping stone!

Most likely not for Gleisa, but for Dieudonne or Pistri.

Because of this, although Gleisa is claimed to be the first heir, he still acted tense, and the other forces in Inner Bay are also very ambiguous.

The Old Lion did not truly recognize Gleisa as his successor.

As for the first heir?

Since the Empire Era, the number of first heirs abolished isn't a hundred, then it's at least ninety, so having one more Gleisa is not uncommon.

What the Old Lion did, naturally Baro would do as well.

The stepping stone the Old Lion prepared for his son, Baro wanted to give to his own son.

But now, Joel Colman was dead.

"What a waste!"

Unable to hold back, Baro, who should have mourned, directly exclaimed in frustration.

These words were what Baro truly felt.

A Talent that was decent but lost himself due to flattery, and the continuous failures had led him to completely abandon the proper path, which, in Baro's view, was a waste.

After all, the resources put on anyone with decent Talent would be enough for them to Ascend Step.

But for this person?

He was still far from it.

However, after speaking, Baro thought about maintaining his prestige.

At this moment, it would have been appropriate to express mourning.

But since he already spoke, it was too late to make up for it.

Therefore, immediately, Baro shifted the topic by saying—

"Who killed him?"

Don't tell me it was Jimte.

That kid was being chased like a chicken before."

To ease the atmosphere, Baro deliberately tried to joke.

However, the person in the shadows couldn't laugh.

He had even more important news.

A piece of news that could shake the heavens.

But for now, he simply reported the current situation.

"It was Kalal."

"Kalal?"

In Baro's mind, a young man who was arrogant and disdainful appeared. Instinctively, Baro touched his head, smiling as he spoke.

"It seems I'm not the only Impostor here!"

Full of sighing words, the thought arose in Baro's mind whether to win over Kalal.

After all, Joel Colman was a waste, but he was genuinely an 'Entrant', capable of easily defeating an ordinary 'Entrant'.

Anyone who could take down Joel Colman must be quite skilled in their own right.

Plus, with Kalal's age, the potential to 'Ascend Step' was quite near.

A person like that is naturally worth recruiting.

However, very quickly, Baro dismissed the idea.

A single 'Impostor' was enough for him.

Any more?

It wasn't necessary.

It was too dangerous.

Unconsciously, Baro developed a murderous intent towards Kalal.

However, he did not give an order, considering Jimte had already been assigned his fate, having Kalal involved would only make that fate look better, wouldn't it?

Letting two people take the blame looked better anyway.

With that in mind, Baro chuckled again.

The person in the shadows, seeing Baro laugh, immediately stammered.

"Also..."

"Also?"

Baro was a bit impatient.

At this moment, the person in the shadows gnashed his teeth and spoke—

"Master Alvis is dead."

Suddenly, Baro was stunned.

Chapter 865 Pseudo Impostor II

Baro Hamlet had a poor reputation in Inner Bay.

Not only was he unattractive, but he also did many foolish things to assert his presence, which was well-known.

Similarly, what was also well-known was that Baro Hamlet was a doting father to his child.

To what extent did he dote on Alvis?

When young Alvis pointed to the night sky wanting a star, Lord Baro immediately rushed into the Lion Palace, imploring his elder brother to help his son pluck down the stars.

And then?

Naturally, he was cursed vigorously, becoming once again a subject of conversation over Inner Bay's dinner tables.

But Lord Baro remained carefree.

Regarding his son, he continued to grant him every wish.

More importantly, despite growing up with such doting care, Alvis did not turn out poorly; although exhibiting some noble airs, he could still be considered a decent young man.

Many even referred to Alvis as Baro's 'luck'.

Baro could indeed be considered 'lucky'.

After all, having such a son to inherit everything is something everyone envied Baro for.

At least, there would be no prodigal child to completely ruin the family's business.

But now, Alvis was dead.

Together with the hidden team, all dead.

The scout in the shadows simply couldn't imagine the level of wrath Baro might exhibit.

Thus, upon delivering this news, the scout clenched his jaws, bracing himself for the impending fury from Baro.

It could possibly be blows.

More likely, it would be the items on the desk.

Therefore, the scout prayed that it wouldn't be that large, heavy, jagged ashtray; being struck by it would result in lasting injuries, and if hit on the head, he might die on the spot.

As for dodging?

He dared not.

His family was at an absolutely safe location.

If he dodged, his family wouldn't be safe.

Thinking of this, the scout resigned himself to his fate.

However, contrary to his expectations—

"Haha!"

Baro Hamlet burst into laughter.

Laughing so hard he rocked back and forth, vigorously patting the chair's armrest.

Seeing this scene, the scout's heart sank.

It's over!

The shock was too great; he's gone mad!

As this thought rose from the depths of his heart, the scout began to think about how to ensure his family could safely weather the upcoming days.

Baro Hamlet's intentions were clear to the scout.

The chaos this would bring to Inner Bay was also clear to him.

If successful, they could celebrate; he and his family might enjoy better days.

If failed, with Baro Hamlet up front, he would likely die, but his family could survive.

That was enough.

But a mad Baro Hamlet simply could not be relied upon.

As accomplices, they would be thoroughly accounted for.

If he died, it didn't matter.

But his parents, wife, and children could not.

'Damn it! Damn it!

Does this bastard still remember where he hid my family?

Should I tentatively ask him?'

This thought twisted in the scout's mind.

But just as he was about to take action, before he even moved, Baro Hamlet's laughter stopped, and his self-talk began.

"Sure enough, someone would target Alvis."

With words full of sighs, Baro's small eyes gleamed with clarity, no trace of madness on his face.

The scout froze.

'Could the dead Alvis be fake?

Just a substitute?'

Baro seemed to sense his scout's confusion, his face growing even more smug—

The dead Alvis was indeed real, but also truly a substitute.

This child, raised beside him, bearing Alvis' name, was always known as Alvis, appearing as a substitute for his truly bloodline' Alvis.

As for the real Alvis?

In an absolutely safe place.

There, Alvis doesn't know his identity.

Nor does he know his name.

So much so that for confidentiality, he hadn't seen his child for ten years.

But he believed his child would understand him.

After all, he had already crafted the excuse that 'years ago, he definitely didn't voluntarily give up his child; it was due to threats from the Old Lion that he was forced to have his trusted aides take his child away, change their name, and live in Inner Bay—and now, with the dismissal of the Old Lion, everything could return to normal.'

All sorts of evidence could be checked.

Absolutely flawless.

This was one of Baro's most proud achievements.

However, he wouldn't inform those around him.

Only when everything settled would be the time to reveal the truth.

At that time, presumably everyone would be utterly flabbergasted.

The thought of that scene made Baro's lips curl in anticipation.

Still, amid such anticipation, Baro felt a bit of regret.

The substitute Alvis hadn't fulfilled his maximum role.

He hadn't been killed by that bastard Gleisa in front of the crowd.

This made his 'revenge' reason insufficient.

You must know, under his intentional nurturing, the substitute was absolutely orderly; when faced with sudden mishaps, his reaction would be untimely, only instinctively fleeing toward crowds.

And Gleisa?

He knew too well this egotistical bastard.

Upon realizing himself being strategized by Alvis, he would surely seek revenge.

Furthermore, he would absolutely use this to kill Alvis.

And that was what he wanted.

It was also one of the reasons for nurturing the substitute.

As for Gleisa not discovering it?

Impossible!

Though that bastard was arrogant, he had capabilities.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have become Inner Bay's first heir.

Nor would his elder brother entrust crucial intelligence to him.

'A pity, just a little lacking!'

Baro lamented this regret.

But the next moment, the communication crystal in his arms glimmered and vibrated—

"Sir, Gleisa is dead!

Count Bert personally killed him under the pretext that Gleisa incited his three sons against him!

And he declared war on Inner Bay!"

Upon connecting the communication crystal, the news inside excited Baro.

"Gleisa is dead?

Great!

Quick, immediately spread the news that 'Gleisa, for selfish gain, not only sparked war between Inner Bay and Bert Territory but also killed Alvis who discovered the plot.'"

Baro instructed his scout.

The hurried pace naturally showed his impatience.

The scout in the shadows immediately saluted and departed.

Following the scout's departure, the study left Baro alone.

This 'Impostor' excitedly paced the room.

But soon, the three communication crystals in his arms vibrated simultaneously.

Chapter 866 Pseudo Impostor III

On the desk, three communication crystals were lined up—

"Sir, Ainhars Territory has declared war on Inner Bay!"

"Sir, West Berlin Territory has declared war on Inner Bay!"

"Sir, South Los Territory has declared war on Inner Bay!"

The voices from the three communication crystals sounded in unison, and the scout holding the three crystals was only slightly surprised before reporting to Baro Hamlet according to their respective ranks.

The highest rank, naturally, was South Los.

Located at the southernmost part of South County, South Los had always been the major threat to Inner Bay.

It was like this with the Old Lion.

And it was the same with Baro.

"Gleisa once attempted to assassinate Arthur Kredos, which greatly enraged that Countess, vowing to seek justice."

Listening to the words of the scout from the communication crystal, Baro almost burst into laughter.

Baro was well aware of what that Countess of South Los wanted to do.

Simply to lessen the pressure on South Los.

After all, his brother had already reached there.

While Baro couldn't track the whereabouts of the Old Lion, he knew what the Old Lion wanted to do.

To crush Countess of South Los head-on, making the entire South Los Family submit.

That's what the Old Lion wanted to do.

Then there were West Berlin, Ainhars, and Bert, these "River Territories."

The Old Lion wanted to unify South County.

Everyone knew that.

However, Baro did not agree.

He believed he was the one to unify South County.

As for the Old Lion?

A reckless man with courage but no strategy.

Why else would he give up the golden opportunity when the previous Earl of South Los was in power?

Whenever Baro thought of that Old Earl of South Los, he sighed at the unfairness of fate.

Such a dullard could become a lord of a territory.

And him?

Had to remain subordinate.

It was truly unfair!

Fortunately, he seized the opportunity!

Grateful, Baro continued listening—

"Marquess of West Berlin declares war on Inner Bay, citing Gleisa's instigation of unrest within the Inner River Sect and the assassination of ally Arthur Kredos."

'Hmm? This Arthur again?'

Baro frowned.

Regarding the matter of the Inland River Cult?

He knew something.

He didn't deny Gleisa's abilities.

A major reason was his experience in cultivating hidden guards, secret police, and groups like the cult.

Especially the latter, where traces of Gleisa appeared in various territories' cults.

This was something Baro admired.

As a "Impostor" who always hid behind the scenes, he was fully aware of how difficult it was to achieve this.

At least, it was challenging for him.

Of course, it wasn't that he wasn't as good as Gleisa, but rather his lack of resources.

If he had Gleisa's resources, he was confident he could do better.

He understood all of this, and Baro didn't care.

What truly surprised Lord Baro was the name Arthur Kredos.

This wasn't the first time Baro heard this name.

But it was the first time he took it seriously.

'Arthur Kredos shouldn't be a character like Joel Colman?

The Old Lion fosters Joel Colman.

The Mother Tigress fosters Arthur Kredos.

Both are used at crucial moments...

Wait!

Isn't this the crucial moment now?

A stepping stone could be used as such, but there are more than one way to use a stepping stone!

Baro suddenly realized something.

And then, the words from the third communication crystal further confirmed his speculation—

"Ainhars declares war on Inner Bay, citing Gleisa's instigation that led to river pirates killing his two sons and the assassination attempt on his close friend Arthur Kredos."

Upon hearing this, Baro was certain of his guess.

"Hahaha, my brother, you want to unify South County, and that Mother Tigress shares the same thought!

You set off for South Los.

As for her?

She has sent her pawn.

However, whether it's you or her, both are losers in this game.

The winner can only be me!

Because, I..."

Saying this, Baro's voice suddenly stopped, but his triumphant expression seemed to overflow.

This setup was Baro's proudest arrangement.

Even more than the Real and Pseudo Alvis.

Because, this setup was meant to send his brother down the road.

As for the Countess of South Los?

She was part of it too!

However, the "pawn" Arthur Kredos sent by the Countess of South Los was somewhat unexpected for him.

'Since that's the case, I can slightly adjust.

Those greedy Lion Family bastards shouldn't think about taking so much from me for nothing.'

Thinking of other members of the Golden Lion Family, Baro immediately felt a surge of resentment.

After ending the call with the three communication crystals, Lord Baro retrieved a new communication crystal from his pocket—

"Where is the 'Oriental' now?"

"It's on its way to Inner Bay, and if all goes smoothly, it should arrive at Kilg Harbor in Inner Bay by tomorrow morning."

"Good, keep an eye on this ship, I need to know its every movement at all times."

Saying that, Baro ended the communication again.

Then, the lord opened the secret room in the study.

He had to prepare some things.

Prepared just in case.

...

There were more scouts watching the "Oriental."

The closer it got to Inner Bay, the more scouts appeared, it was widely accepted.

However, the identity of these scouts worried Dilbark.

They weren't the Old Lion's.

But from another, unknown group.

Yet with a very familiar feel.

As one of the "Seven Golden Mane Advisors" of the Old Lion, having lurked in South Los for years with his identity as a "Moon Newspaper" journalist and editor, Dilbark dared to swear these unknown scouts should be identical to the prince's scouts, maybe even trained by the same instructor.

And this filled Dilbark with unease.

This hidden guard keenly sensed the oddness in Inner Bay.

Without hesitation, recalling the prince's instructions to "protect Arthur at all costs," the hidden guard discreetly approached the "Oriental."

Dilbark was well-versed in such maneuvers.

He was confident he could evade those stalkers.

As for the people on the "Oriental?"

He was ninety percent sure.

However, just as the hidden guard flipped onto the ship, the hair on his back stood up, followed by a cold sensation making his body stiffen.

Without hesitation, the hidden guard raised both hands.

He indicated that he meant no harm.

In fact, he truly meant no harm.

He came for the safety of Arthur.

Furthermore, for the future of the Golden Lion Family.

Seemingly sensing his lack of malice,

A voice echoed from the shadows on the deck—

Meow.

In the clear sound of a cat's meow, Pendragon stepped out with what appeared to be an elegant gait.

Why did it seem elegant?

Because with each step, Pendragon jiggled the fat on its belly.

Indeed, Pendragon!

Dilbark breathed a slight sigh of relief, naturally familiar with the cat raised by Arthur.

But the sigh wasn't fully exhaled before a slender cleaver was placed against his neck, and a sinister voice whispered in his ear—

"Are you here for the birthday gift?"

Chapter 867 Pseudo Impostor IV

Faced with the kitchen knife against his throat and the sinister voice behind him, Dilbark's muscles instantly tensed.

However, this former Old Lion's spy did not resist.

Instead, he spoke in a very sincere tone—

"Is it Ms. Anna?"

I mean no harm.

I am Dilbark, once a reporter and editor at South Los's 'Moon Newspaper', and of course, I have another identity.

No matter what it may be, I harbor no intention to harm Lord Arthur."

Regarding where the kitchen knife came from, as one of the 'Seven Golden Beards', Dilbark naturally had a judgment.

In fact, ever since receiving orders from the Old Lion, Dilbark had conducted a thorough investigation on Arthur.

And the more he investigated Arthur, the more Dilbark admired Arthur's talent and capabilities.

To become an 'Entrant' at such an age is not to say unprecedented but certainly one in ten thousand.

As for his abilities?

Each meticulously planned step is incredibly seasoned, seemingly useless strokes gather together at the last moment as his ultimate leverage.

Even he couldn't achieve this.

He truly is the one from the prophecy!

Truly the heir chosen by His Highness!

More than once, Dilbark thought this.

Dilbark firmly believed in the prophecy, just as he firmly believed in the Old Lion—he was confident the Old Lion was wholeheartedly dedicated to the honor and legacy of the Golden Lion Family.

Thus, he was made apparently 'incapable' but tasked as one of the 'Seven Golden Beards'.

This selflessness deeply moved him.

Especially when he was candid about his true 'talent', his Highness did not make further arrangements for him but let him maintain his current state.

It was at that moment that he swore true loyalty to His Highness.

In South Los, he diligently worked for many years, this was how it was.

Now, closely following Arthur, it is the same.

Even when his Highness instructed him to do his utmost to protect Arthur, he had long seen this command as the continuation of his loyalty, more so regarded the prophecy as destiny's arrangement for him.

Therefore, he must not let Arthur go to the Inner Bay.

He must faithfully fulfill His Highness's command.

"Lord Arthur?"

Ms. Anna was somewhat puzzled.

"I can explain to you in detail later. May I ask if Lord Arthur is here?"

I have an urgent matter to report to Lord Arthur!"

Dilbark expressed this.

Ms. Anna's mind was filled with suspicion.

Being a special entity, Ms. Anna would not be biased by a stranger's words.

However, Pendragon was different.

Connected in spirit with Arthur, Pendragon started contacting Arthur the moment Dilbark appeared—Pendragon's 'cat intuition' suggested that this seemingly unimpressive fellow was really troublesome, hence, it hoped its master would stand behind it.

Of course, if those two birds and two dogs could come back, it would be even better.

Unfortunately, its master did not have its companions come back, merely gave it a response to contact.

This made Pendragon very dissatisfied.

Still, it opened its mouth—

Pop!

The communication crystal, wrapped in tanned leather and covered with slime, appeared on the deck.

The little kitty adeptly opened the tanned leather and carried the communication crystal to Ms. Anna's side.

Ms. Anna petted the little kitty's head.

"Good Mimi.

Did Arthur agree?"

Saying this, she beckoned with one finger, causing the communication crystal to float mid-air.

However, Ms. Anna did not choose to connect the communication crystal here.

"Please follow me."

Having received Arthur's approval, Ms. Anna treated Dilbark much more politely.

"Alright."

Dilbark nodded immediately.

On the top deck, the communication crystal connected—

"Dilbark?"

Arthur's voice came from within the communication crystal.

"It's me, my Lord.

Your faithful servant, reporting to you for the first time.

I apologize for using such a disrespectful manner.

Additionally, please do not doubt.

All of this is arranged by His Highness."

Dilbark knelt on one knee before the communication crystal, speaking with extreme reverence.

This spy no longer hid the Old Lion but referred to him as His Highness.

He believed Arthur knew whom His Highness referred to.

After all, in South County, there was only one person who could be addressed as His Highness.

The Old Lion!

"His Highness?"

Severus Hamlet?"

Arthur's voice was full of surprise, even using the full name to confirm.

"Yes, my Lord.

His Highness tasked me to protect you at all costs."

Dilbark's tone turned anxious.

The spy's skills made Dilbark certain, Arthur was not on the 'Oriental', possibly somewhere else or en route to Inner Bay.

If the former, that's fine.

But if it's the latter, then it would be troublesome.

Thinking of this, the spy immediately said—

"Please do not go to Inner Bay, the situation there is very odd!"

Odd?

The oddest thing is you!

Sitting aboard the 'Spirit Medium', Arthur began rubbing his temples.

When Dilbark appeared, he guessed many things, but he certainly hadn't guessed this.

The Old Lion sending someone to protect him?

What a joke!

If the Old Lion sent someone to assassinate him, he would believe that!

Arthur's contemplation was immediately noticed by Dilbark.

The spy promptly said—

"When Lions grow wings, that's when the New King ascends!

This is a prophecy circulating within the Golden Lion Family!

And you...

are the Child of Prophecy!"

Meow meow meow?!

Upon hearing these words, Arthur hadn't yet reacted when Pendragon couldn't resist crying out.

The little kitty's face was full of disbelief, almost covering its mouth.

Ms. Anna also looked shocked.

Clearly, the fact that Arthur was the Golden Lion Family's Child of Prophecy far exceeded their expectations.

The related trivial matters about this, Arthur hadn't intentionally concealed, thus Pendragon and Ms. Anna knew.

However, compared to the so-called Child of Prophecy, those matters really became trivial!

Pendragon grumbled inwardly.

It knew its master could hear it.

Ms. Anna was also thinking deeper.

If Arthur truly was the Golden Lion Family's Child of Prophecy, going to the Inner Bay was not a wise move.

"Child of Prophecy?"

Arthur murmured softly.

The sound transmitted through the communication crystal, clear to all present.

"You don't believe?"

I can prove it to you!

Moreover, I can swear!

Signing a contract is also fine, I can prove that everything I say is without deception!"

Dilbark apparently misunderstood something and immediately added repeatedly.

Such additions caused Arthur to rub his temples even harder.

He spoke in a voice close to a sigh—

"But, I am already at Inner Bay."

Chapter 868 Impostor V

"What?!"

Dilbark exclaimed.

The loyal spy even jumped up from the ground.

Almost immediately, Dilbark shouted—

"Please, my lord, stay where you are, I will come to fetch you immediately!

No!

No way!

You can't stay where you are!

My lord, please find a safe place to hide—I will reach Inner Bay as soon as possible!"

With that, Dilbark turned to leave.

However, just as his palm touched the door handle, the spy suddenly recalled the exceptional order given to him by the Old Lion—

'Dilbark, remember, you and your men must protect Arthur Kredos at all costs, except for me... No, from this moment forward, even my orders must be based on the premise of not harming Arthur Kredos. If it will harm Arthur Kredos, everything should prioritize Arthur Kredos.

You must remember!'

This extraordinary command, combined with the bizarre situation in Inner Bay, led the spy to have a profoundly bad suspicion.

But, full of loyalty, the spy stopped in his tracks.

He spoke into the communication crystal—

"My lord!

Please trust me!

However, aside from me, even His Highness, please be wary, because I'm not sure if His Highness is still the one I used to know."

After Dilbark finished speaking, he did not linger.

In the shadows, the spy's figure disappeared.

The sound of entering the water was faintly audible.

Being "One of the Seven Golden Beards," he naturally has his own methods.

Indeed, there might be hidden aides in Inner Bay.

However, none of these has anything to do with Arthur.

He was comforting his little kitty—

"Meow meow meow!!!"

Pendragon strongly expressed its unease.

"Alright, alright, even I don't know this identity."

Arthur explained.

He really didn't know.

If he knew, he would surely use it to his advantage.

However, now that he knows, it's not too late.

Arthur was pondering.

The communication crystal echoed Ms. Anna's concerned words.

"Arthur, are you safe?"

"Of course.

I've prepared thoroughly!"

Arthur replied with full confidence.

Then, he spoke to Pendragon, who was still humming at the communication crystal.

"Behave, wait for my return!"

Then, the communication crystal went dark.

After it went dark, Ms. Anna immediately returned the communication crystal to Pendragon, and the kitty blinked its emerald eyes, gently nuzzling the crystal, quietly meowing as if feeling Arthur's caress.

It had never been apart from Arthur for this long.

"Pan, don't worry.

Arthur will be safe.

We must trust Arthur."

Ms. Anna comforted Pendragon.

However, her heart was full of concern.

How could her words possibly be effective?

Mingling quietly in the corner, Miha and Yiluo exchanged a glance. Compared to Ms. Anna and Pendragon, they had absolute confidence in Arthur.

After all, Arthur is a 'God Slayer.'"

"A 'God Slayer' won't fall in mere mortal conflicts."

However, the twins did not speak much.

Firstly, their words carry little weight.

Secondly, they were still learning to be maids.

Thirdly, they were helping Arthur search for those 'Demigods.'

Wait, Demigods?

No, that orange cat taken by the little girl must be more than just a Demigod!

However, perhaps discussing this with Pendragon might lead to finding the path ahead!

Thinking of this, Miha and Yiluo exchanged another glance.

They planned to speak with Pendragon when Ms. Anna was absent.

Otherwise, Ms. Anna might scold them for being too talkative.

They're not talkative at all.

...

"Spirit Medium," having finished the conversation with "Oriental," Arthur turned his gaze to another Messenger Stone—

"Facing the child of destiny, do you have any thoughts?"

The young spirit medium teased Marinda with jesting tones.

Before connecting with Pendragon's communication crystal, Arthur was in a conversation with Marinda.

It wasn't initiated by Arthur.

But by Marinda.

Because—

After the West Berlin Territory, Ainhars Territory, and Bert Territory declared war on Inner Bay, the South Los Territory also declared war.

Faced with the news, Arthur was somewhat bewildered.

The West Berlin Territory, Ainhars Territory, and Bert Territory's declaration of war was no surprise to Arthur.

Indeed, it was the result of Arthur's scheming.

But, the South Los's declaration of war was beyond Arthur's expectations.

It's crucial to understand that the South Los Territory is fundamentally different from the West Berlin Territory, Ainhars Territory, and Bert Territory.

The Bert Territory was threatened by him; it's a mere bluff.

Ainhars Territory was repaying a debt.

West Berlin Territory probably wanted to muddy the waters.

In any case, these three posed much less danger than envisioned.

But South Los is different.

Consider that the Old Lion is currently in South Los.

Aren't they afraid of him starting something big in South Los in anger?

However, with Dilbark's recent parting 'words of advice,' Arthur picked up on some implications.

Arthur wasn't the only one who noticed; Marinda sensed it too.

It seems, could the Old Lion be sick?

Split personality?!

Marinda wasn't very sure.

As for Arthur getting people to act for her?

Marinda believed Arthur wouldn't do it.

Because it's unnecessary.

Their relationship doesn't require such actions.

This kind of deceit brings no benefit, only estranges both parties.

Therefore, she wanted to discuss the 'possibilities of the Old Lion' with Arthur; however, facing Arthur's inquiry, Marinda immediately retorted—

"Child of destiny?"

How impressive!

But, don't forget, those who die the most are children of destiny, and they often die the most tragically."

Marinda replied.

Even without seeing Marinda's current demeanor, Arthur could imagine her raising an eyebrow.

"Death?"

I often embrace death.

Even, I have a strange illusion..."

Arthur lengthened his tone.

"What illusion?"

Marinda inquired.

"Death is my relative.

Very close, very close kind."

Arthur replied earnestly.

However, this earnest answer was met with Marinda's scoff.

"Why don't you say you're the son of death then?"

Marinda remarked irritably.

"How is that possible?"

Compared to my ordinary father, I believe more in my grandfather, so—

If you call me 'Grandson of Death,' it might be more likely."

Arthur spread his hands.

Then, Arthur suddenly lowered his voice and said.

"I've sneaked into Inner Bay, do you have any discreet subordinates or places to stay in Kilg Harbor?"

I think I need one."

Without any hesitation, Marinda said.

"Appok, he's the leader of a small gang in the Docklands.

You can trust him."

"Oh?"

Did you sign a contract with him?"

Arthur asked with interest.

Marinda then snorted coldly—

"Contract?"

That's something that can be circumvented!

It must be paired with slow poisons, and his family's lives must be in hand!"

Chapter 869 Impostor VI

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Arthur applauded Marinda.

He always felt his methods were sometimes too ruthless, but compared to Marinda, he felt like a truly kind person.

He just had people sign more contracts.

He didn't make anyone take slow-acting poisons, did he?

He didn't hold other people's families hostage, did he?

'I am truly kind!'

Arthur praised himself in his heart.

Then, he directly said—

"Remember to feed some poison to Appok's family too.

Don't use the same slow-acting poison.

It's best if it could be a mix of poisons."

Abel: ...

Just a moment ago, while feeling fortunate that his master merely had a habit of using contracts and wasn't as cruel as a Blood Ancestor Worm, he was practically about to cry.

However, before the tears could fall, he reacted.

He was all alone!

He had no family!

Instantly, a smile appeared on the face of this Blood Ancestor Worm.

But the smile soon stiffened.

He didn't even have a family.

Suddenly, the tears could no longer be held back.

Abel dug his head into the ground and cried sorrowfully.

Arthur sensed it.

But he didn't comfort him; instead, he was only delighted.

Arthur wasn't fully aware of the family values of the Blood Ancestor Worm.

At least, he didn't know before.

Now?

Seeing Abel's appearance, he vowed to find him a female worm and they had to produce a bunch of little worms, then?

Of course, to repay him for bringing them into being.

He, Arthur, wasn't a Devil.

He would never use poison to control Abel's family, but each member had to sign twenty-seven contracts.

While Abel was crying, he suddenly shivered all over.

Strangely, the Blood Ancestor Worm felt a chill all over.

Meanwhile, hearing Arthur's words, Marinda snorted disdainfully.

"Ha."

No words were needed, nor was any description necessary; Arthur understood the answer.

Marinda had clearly already done so.

He didn't need to remind her at all.

"Having you as my collaborator is truly wonderful!"

Saying this, Arthur quickly shifted the topic.

"Any more?"

The danger level of the Inner Bay far exceeds my expectations.

I think I need some extra help."

Arthur asked with a smile.

"No more!

You think the Secret Police in the Inner Bay are useless?

Appok is my biggest trump card hidden in Kilg Harbor's Docklands!

If it weren't for the complex situation in the Docklands, even Appok couldn't stay hidden!"

Marinda said angrily.

Arthur, still smiling, continued to ask.

"Then you..."

"No!"

Marinda directly interrupted Arthur's obvious shameless idea and then simply ended the communication.

However, right as the communication ended, Marinda instantly realized.

She was tricked!

Arthur did it on purpose!

Arthur couldn't possibly be unaware of the situation at Kilg Harbor in the Inner Bay!

Arthur was clearly asking obvious questions to provoke her, making her end the communication herself!

Arthur didn't want to discuss the Old Lion's anomaly.

Nor did he want to discuss the anomaly in the Inner Bay.

Upon realizing this, Marinda squinted her eyes.

'Is it that he doesn't want to?

Or can't he?'

After thinking deeply for a moment, the lady chose not to contact Arthur again; she knew Arthur's character well, since he didn't want to, he surely wouldn't inform her.

Instead of making things difficult for Arthur, she'd rather see what this bastard was planning.

Of course, she had to curse him as well.

"You damned bastard!

Just wait and see!"

Cursing as she swung her fists in the air, it was as if Arthur was licking his face standing right in front of her.

After at least a dozen punches, the lady finally calmed down completely.

She thought about the current situation.

Soon, the lady found a breakthrough point.

The Old Lion and Inner Bay were not things she could get involved in.

But South Los was a different story.

Or more accurately—

Her cousin.

Countess of South Los.

"Edwin, prepare the car."

The lady commanded.

"Alright, madam."

The strong coachman quickly got ready.

When the carriage disappeared into the night, the 'Spirit Medium' approached Kilg Harbor from the bottom of the river.

At this moment, Arthur truly entered the Inner Bay area.

Although the 'Spirit Medium' infiltrated from the riverbed, and Kilg Harbor is an excellent deep-water harbor, Arthur didn't approach the Docklands.

He believed the Little Lion would never set up his 'dock' in the eye-catching Docklands.

It must be in a less noticeable place.

That's where the Little Lion's secret base is.

However, it's not safe there.

With the news of the Little Lion's death spreading, that place would surely be targeted by many scheming people.

It might even become a 'fish pond'.

Arthur liked fishing but didn't like being fished.

So, Arthur stopped a considerable distance from Kilg Harbor, surfacing at an opportune spot on the river, where Fujin and Wuni, symbolizing Arthur's eyes, flew into the night sky.

Then Kuliqi and Kiri joined.

Crows patrolled the surroundings.

Hounds searched for the target.

The target, naturally, was Appok.

Even besides the assistance 'Appok' given by Marinda, he had two additional helpers.

Bell Tower Street No. 107, Van Helsing.

Crimson Lane No. 13, Lady Selene.

The former was recommended by Ms. Camille.

The latter was suggested by Grandma Susan.

But besides the help from Marinda's Appok, these two helpers seemed too conspicuous; Arthur didn't want to draw attention for seeking assistance, especially with Grandma Susan's emphasis on Lady Selene, the 'help once, then stay away' kind of reminder, he felt it would be trouble.

So, it was better with ordinary Appok.

At least it wouldn't cause any trouble.

After Kuliqi and Kiri dogpaddled ashore, they hid in the shadows, heading toward Appok's area.

Meanwhile, as Fujin and Wuni reached the skies over the Docklands, they noticed something amiss—

A group of people divided into more than a dozen squads, holding torches and rampaging through the Docklands.

The usually domineering docklands gangs turned into quails at this moment, not daring to show themselves.

In the shadows, there were several Secret Police agents.

However, these Secret Police were actually coordinating with this group.

Instantly, Arthur became interested.

It wasn't that Arthur loved meddling.

But because Arthur discovered the person they were trying to find.

Especially that person, with blonde hair and golden eyes.

The golden hair was clearly disguised with potion.

But concealing the pale gold eyes wasn't so easy.

Even highly-valued lenses would reveal clues.

At least, from Fujin and Wuni's perspective, it was as if they were not wearing any.

Using the eyes of the Crow, seeing those pale golden eyes hidden beneath the lenses, Arthur couldn't help but smirk—

"This is getting interesting!"

Chapter 870 Pseudo Impostor VII

"This place is safe!"

A commoner led Pistri Hamlet into a shed in the Docklands—only with a roof and walls connecting to the roof, the remaining sides were filled with straw except for the pillars.

This straw was a treasure for the commoner in front.

Even the bed was layered with blankets.

Of course, there were fleas inside.

Pistri stumbled as he was pulled in, still in a state of bewilderment.

Until now, this Young Lion dared not believe his Uncle had actually launched a rebellion.

And certainly, he couldn't believe his best friend had betrayed him.

Why?

Pistri really wanted to shout out loud.

As the Young Lion, Pistri Hamlet, who had mingled with commoners for years, had a bad reputation among the Nobles of the Inner Bay.

Nobles considered this Young Lion as fallen, as one who had forgotten Noble Honor.

In fact, for a long time, he was absent from the Noble salons in the Inner Bay.

This did not bother the Young Lion.

He hated endless banquets and salons.

He hated the extreme hypocrisy where people wanted to kill one another yet remained cordial.

He preferred sincerity and frankness.

He liked the idea of returning home after a busy day, where his wife and children patiently awaited the husband, and the family ate roasted potatoes and bran black bread.

No soup, nor any seasoning.

But there was warmth.

Just like the warmth of a home.

He liked it that way.

Thus he was willing to befriend commoners.

Of course, he also concealed his identity.

Not that he didn't want to be open, but because once he had confided boldly, his once talkative friend became reserved upon seeing him again.

Such restraint shouldn't exist between friends.

Thus, he distanced himself from that friend and started making new friends.

However, today was an exception—

Today was his first friend's wedding day.

He felt it was a must to attend the wedding.

But when he arrived at the wedding venue, his friend's expression was quite odd.

A kind of astonishment.

Also unexpected.

Mixed with an unspeakable discomfort.

Such expressions shouldn't appear at weddings.

But soon he learned why.

Soldiers!

A group of soldiers surrounded them.

Handing a bag of money to his friend.

"Thank you for your cooperation."

The leader said.

Then the soldiers rushed towards him.

This scene plunged Pistri Hamlet into inexplicable anger—at the time, he didn't know exactly what happened, but he had undeniably been betrayed by his friend.

This made him very angry.

For the first time, he experienced the taste of betrayal.

But he was more confused.

Because—

"Run!"

His friend dashed out, standing in front of the soldiers.

Then—

Got slashed.

The head nearly dropped.

The face twisted in pain at the brink of death.

Seeing the distortion, Pistri felt confused.

He had been betrayed by his first friend.

But the one who obstructed his Uncle was also this friend.

"Why?"

Pistri wondered.

"They've taken Kaka."

The nearby commoner said.

Kaka, the deceased friend's fiancée, or accurately, his wife.

The two were supposed to get married today.

For this, he had prepared a sufficiently heavy gift.

His purpose of attending the wedding today was due to this gift.

He hoped his first friend could live a better life.

But...

The bewildered Pistri raised his head to look at the commoner beside him—the man was his friend's friend, whom he had seen a few times before.

It was this person who pulled him out amidst the chaos.

If not for him, he'd have been caught by those soldiers belonging to his Uncle long ago.

Even later, successfully fleeing into the Docklands was due to him.

"Don't look at me.

I was asked by that fellow..."

Thud!

Before finishing, an arrow shot over, piercing through the commoner's neck.

A distance away, the pursuers were holding crossbows, grinning gruesomely.

The commoner clutched his neck, trying to say something, but couldn't utter a word, could only keep signaling to Pistri with his eyes.

Run!

Pistri hesitated for a moment, then turned and ran as the man gestured forcefully.

And behind him, the shed erupted in flames.

Before falling, the commoner yanked down the kerosene lamp.

The lamp oil and flames instantly ignited the straw-filled shed, blocking the advancing soldiers, while Pistri was grabbed by a skinny commoner and pulled into an alley—

"Follow me!"

This commoner wasn't just skinny, he wore no boots.

Not even a decent piece of garment, almost shirtless.

Pistri swore he didn't know this person.

This was his first meeting with him.

But just this first meeting, the stranger helped him.

"Hey, being chased by those bastards means you aren't a bad guy, and just now Tita helped you until his death, I feel I should help you.

After all, I owe Tita a cornbread."

The skinny commoner chuckled.

Then, pulling Pistri, he zigzagged and charged out of the pursuers' encirclement.

In a small alley by a warehouse, the skinny commoner pulled open a 'door' from a pile of junk—a door entirely woven from various garbage and concealed among the trash.

In fact, calling it a door wasn't accurate.

It should be called...

A lid!

"Get inside, walk from here!

This path leads directly to the docks, where there are many boats.

You must find a way to board a boat.

Or you can swim out!"

The skinny commoner said while pushing Pistri in.

Obviously, this commoner had humor.

But in the next moment, the smile turned stiff.

A longsword pierced through the chest of the commoner.

The commoner lowered his head, looking at the longsword through his chest, twitching his mouth, wanting to laugh again, but couldn't.

All he could do was growl—

"Run!"

After saying it, he forcefully covered the lid.

Even lying flat on the lid.

"Release him!"

"Pull him off!"

In the pursuers' roars, the sound of blades repeatedly hacking resounded.

The skinny commoner was minced into pulp.

Pursuers continued the chase—

"My lord, why do you run?"

The pursuers laughed crazily.

Pistri was running instinctively, submerged in a bizarre state.

Anger, confusion, and helplessness.

Seeing Pistri crawl out, the pursuers laughed even harder—

"My lord, can you escape?

Why not kneel and pray to the Divine Spirits?

Maybe the Divine Spirits will come to save you, and even resurrect your good friends?"