

Great Master 871

Chapter 871 Pseudo Impostor VIII

Swoosh!

Pfft!

A crossbow arrow hit the laughing pursuer squarely, piercing through the throat and emerging from the back of the neck, accompanied by a spray of blood mist.

"Urgh, urgh!"

Though the pursuer's smile remained, the light in his eyes dimmed entirely, his throat unable to form coherent words.

Soon after, he fell to the ground, lifeless.

And there wasn't just one crossbow arrow.

Swoosh, swoosh swoosh!

Four or five more arrows were shot.

Two or three pursuers fell to the ground.

As for the arrows that missed, they embedded themselves in the wooden stakes next to Pistri Hamlet—

Chop!

Buzz!

The arrows trembled with a buzzing sound, and Pistri froze briefly before continuing to crawl.

The arrows continued.

Pistri had no idea where the arrows were coming from.

He only knew that if he wanted to live, he needed to leave quickly.

Soon, the scent of the sea intensified.

At the end of the passage, the 'door' was opened.

A woman stood there, holding a crossbow.

This woman was thin, with rough and dark skin, looking like a farm woman tired out by hard labor, yet the crossbow in her hand made her appearance appear bizarre.

"Come here!"

She commanded.

Looking at the crossbow in her hand, Pistri obediently walked over.

She scrutinized Pistri, her eyes full of assessment.

Then came thick confusion.

"I am Del's Boss."

Del, Pistri's first civilian friend, had just died at the wedding.

Thinking of this friend, Pistri's eyes and face showed complexity.

"Tut, isn't it strange why he betrayed you, and yet, stopped those pursuers—didn't Tita just tell you, Kaka was caught.

No!

To be precise, Kaka was captured by me and given to that Mr. Baluo."

The woman sneered.

Anger flashed in Pistri's pale golden eyes, his fists clenched tightly.

"What?

Want to hit me?

Or kill me?"

The woman sneered even more intensely, with a smile like a wolf on a winter night, staring at him, opening its mouth, exhaling.

"Why?"

Pistri asked.

His voice trembled slightly.

The young lion was bewildered, wondering why someone as Del's Boss would do such a thing.

But just as these words were spoken, the woman raised the crossbow, pointing the arrow straight at Pistri, and then pressed it against his throat.

The cold touch made the young lion's brain go blank instantly, his whole body's muscles tense, his hands trembling involuntarily.

This appearance made the woman burst into laughter.

"Hahaha!

This?

This?"

Her murmuring continued, like questions yet also like self-talk, her following words landed rapidly like cannonballs, leaving Pistri stunned—

"I am Del's Boss, and Del is my most outstanding subordinate, Tita and the monkey who just died are the same.

They were all picked up by me, surviving pathetically in the Docklands, doing shady things, until one day Del suddenly told me he found a fat sheep.

One that just by looking at, you'd know is oozing oil.

He decided to test the other party well, and if there was no danger, he'd tie up this fat sheep.

The plan was smooth.

The fat sheep had no defenses.

Or rather didn't know what defense meant.

Del didn't even need to use his real skills, and within a week, he got the fat sheep.

However, it was at this moment that Del hesitated.

Do you know what Del said to me when he came back?"

The woman glared at Pistri, aggressively questioning.

And as Pistri came to his senses, the golden hue in his eyes bore a gaze more terrifying than that of the woman opposite, as fierce as a beast, ready to devour people.

"What did he say?"

Pistri grit his teeth and asked.

"He said he was quitting!"

He said he couldn't harm his friends!"

The woman's voice gradually rose, finally sounding like a howl.

She questioned the young lion.

"I raised him for ten years!

You only interacted with him for a week!

He betrayed me for you!

And not just him, Tita too, that bastard took you as a friend—what friend's friend is also a friend.

What do they know?

They are like me, just street-born scum!

Scum don't deserve friends!"

In her howl, the woman pulled the trigger.

Swoosh!

Pfft!

The arrow from the crossbow whizzed past Pistri's neck, directly hitting a pursuer emerging from the passage.

The woman lowered the crossbow, crushed it with her foot as she began reloading the arrows, muttering.

"Scum will always be scum!"

Pistri stood there, eyes on the woman, with the ferocity gone from his gaze, replaced by confusion.

"Hah!

Scum may be scum!

But even scum have rules— that bastard Baro promised me he wouldn't harm Del, he broke his word, so I'll make him pay.

Get lost!

I don't know who you are, nor what you have done, but if your escape troubles Baro, that's enough."

The woman finished loading the arrow, took out a gunpowder barrel from one side.

Under the moonlight, only determination remained in her eyes.

Fierce wolves of winter nights, do not retreat.

She did not understand the friendship of wolf cubs.

She only knew the wolf cub was dead.

Therefore, she had to avenge the wolf cub.

Originally, she thought she could bring the wolf cub to fight for territory in the Docklands, allowing them to avoid hunger and bullying, but the sudden fat sheep shattered her plan and taught her wolf cub to bare its teeth at her.

She naturally had to teach the wolf cub a lesson.

But it was merely a lesson.

She didn't want the wolf cub dead.

She tore off the sleeve, wrapped it around the arrow, then set it ablaze.

She took a deep breath, kicked over the gunpowder barrel.

Roll, roll!

The gunpowder barrel rolled in.

She pulled the trigger—

Boom!

Their shared secret passage was blasted sky-high, along with a dozen pursuers inside, fragmented.

As for her?

She was beheaded by a longsword.

Unlike the soldiers earlier, the one making the move was a Mystic Side Person.

Their wide robes covered their form, their hooded cap concealed their face, without glancing at the woman, merely focusing on Pistri, gently speaking.

"Master, how long are you planning to mess around?"

Do you think these people can stop me?

Or do you think your guise can fool my eyes?"

Looking at Pistri's clumsy disguise, the Mystic Side Person almost laughed.

Next, the Mystic Side Person reached out unceremoniously to grab Pistri.

No defense whatsoever.

It's well-known, the young lion's 'Talent isn't outstanding', while not purely a 'Dud', it's close enough.

So, what is there to worry about?

Chapter 872 Impostor IX

Under the moonlight, the cheap potion had already turned the golden hair into a half-gray, half-yellow flaxen color. Though the lenses might be considered high-end items, they weren't uncommon.

Only those items with secret technique functionality would catch one's attention.

Looking at the man across from him, the Mystic Side Person couldn't help but feel a deep contempt from the bottom of his heart, accompanied by an inexplicable sense of pleasure.

The Old Lion, he was someone even daring to look up to was impossible.

Yet his son was a fool.

To blend in with those worthless commoners, he actually didn't wear bodyguards and used some "civilian items" to disguise himself.

Such childish behavior almost made the Mystic Side Person burst into laughter.

Of course, what truly delighted this Mystic Side Person was that he could actually pursue the Young Lion, and even reasonably beat him up a few times.

Thinking about this, the Mystic Side Person shivered with excitement.

The feeling far surpassed the thrill of an adrenaline rush.

How could physical pleasure compare to psychological fulfillment?

Just like the previous time when he saw a pathetic little cat, he picked it up directly, slammed it on the ground, and then stomped on it heavily a few times.

That sensation, he'd never forget it in his lifetime.

That stirring from the heart made him savor it endlessly.

And the man in front of him?

Even better than that little cat.

A young lion without teeth.

Absolutely perfect!

Panting, panting!

The Mystic Side Person looked at the youthful face of the man opposite him, breath began to quicken, and his tongue involuntarily licked his lips.

After some moisture was added to his dry lips, the night wind blew, fueling his inner desires.

The orders from above were to capture the man alive.

But during the pursuit, accidents were inevitable.

If...

The tremors continued; the heartbeat was unending, as the Mystic Side Person seemed to see the desires washing over him like sea waves.

However, the next moment, the Mystic Side Person finally shook his head, sobering up completely as desires almost drowned him.

Not rationality.

But fear.

The Old Lion was still alive.

He was afraid of the opponent.

Hence, the Mystic Side Person restrained himself, but the outstretched hand didn't stop—perhaps unable to destroy, but grasping that face tightly then shaking fiercely would also be a fine experience.

'What would that sensation be like?

Too anticipatory!'

The Mystic Side Person thought in his heart, and the extended palm started to tremble.

Then, just as the hand was about to touch the man.

A dagger was thrust into the back of the Mystic Side Person.

A hand grasped this black dagger, seemingly blunt yet extraordinarily Sharp.

That hand belonged to the man.

And the man stood before the Mystic Side Person.

"You?

Gresah Ham... uh!"

Before the words were finished, the Mystic Side Person lost his breath.

The black dagger was not only Sharp but also carried deadly poison.

Whew! Whew!

Gazing at the death of the Mystic Side Person, the man gasped heavily—just as the outside world rumored, his Talent was indeed not outstanding.

Such matters that Gresah accomplished effortlessly required him to focus completely, using it once would exhaust all his physical strength.

But now was not the time for rest.

The man gripped the dagger tightly and staggered towards the dock.

He needed a boat.

Then, leave Kilg Harbor, Inner Bay.

Though he didn't know what had happened, Inner Bay was no longer a place to stay.

As for where to go?

South Los!

The relationship with Inner Bay there wasn't great!

But precisely because the relationship wasn't favorable, he needed to go there!

Only there could withstand the pressure from Inner Bay!

Of course, that's the worst step.

Initially, he would hide his identity, needing to find out what exactly happened in Inner Bay.

Then?

Naturally watch and wait for changes.

If things truly happened that couldn't be Reverse, he would set out from South Los, be it to a near sea island or to North County, both were great choices.

After determining this inside, the man's speed increased.

Only this Young Lion started to hate himself immensely.

If!

If he had a few subordinates now, wouldn't it be less embarrassing?

Currently, he wasn't just a blind man but also a deaf one.

If Gresah was here instead, surely everything would have been under control?

Thinking about it, the man's breathing became heavier.

Clearly, the recent consumption was much greater than expected.

What's worse, pursuers arrived again.

'Damn it!

What's with these pursuers?

Why are they endless?

What level has my Uncle Baro reached?

Did he control the entire Inner Bay?'

Upon thinking about his Uncle Baro, the man found it unbelievable; in his impression, his Uncle was like a court jester.

If it weren't for his father, the opponent would have long been expelled, how could it...

While thinking, the man suddenly thought of himself.

Instantly, those thoughts halted.

If Baro was a jester?

What was he, being chased by Baro?

Less than a jester?

A self-deprecating smile appeared, confusion, anger yet again surged, transformed into a slight stir—at that moment, the man didn't realize.

He kept mocking his ignorance.

However, the Young Lion's speed accelerated.

Physical strength?

It quickened unconsciously.

This surprised the pursuer hidden in darkness—

"Hmm?"

[Spirituality] Leap?

A truly unexpected Talent."

When such words appeared in the ears, the man was knocked to the ground with a punch.

The dagger in his hand fell into the pursuer's hand.

The pain in his abdomen bent the man into resembling a shrimp.

But more importantly, next moment, the man was confined by an invisible Force Field.

Another person came out.

No!

Precisely speaking, it was a person along with three Skeletons emerging.

Upon seeing the Skeletons, the man started struggling fiercely.

Pale Hand!

Only this sinister organization carried Skeletons!

However, such struggles were futile.

But as those struggles continued, the man's [Spirituality] came alive again.

One of the skeletons, shimmering with a vibrant Soul Fire, knelt down presenting the man's dagger to the person like a treasure.

"A clone 'Poison Dragon's Tooth', huh?"

Truly the offspring of the Old Beard.

Even any random item makes people drool with desire.

Yet compared to those things, I'm more interested in you—rumored to have average Talent yet capable of triggering the [Spirituality] Leap twice.

Really piques my curiosity.

I want to see your heart."

The 'Pale Hand' member raised a hand to tear open the man's clothes.

And just then—

"Wait!"

Chapter 873: Sudden Appearance I

That shout to wait was not uttered by one person.

But by four people!

Four people emerged from the shadows in the directions of east, south, west, and north.

In the east, a person wielding a giant sickle, wearing a bird mask, and dressed like a plague doctor from the Silver Age, walked out slowly.

The steps were exceedingly heavy, and with each step, the end of the long-handled sickle struck the cobblestone path, letting out a distinctive clinking sound.

Most notably, a crow stood on the person's shoulder.

The crow's feathers were sleek and shiny, glowing with a unique brilliance even at the last moment before dawn.

From the south, an elderly hunchbacked man appeared, dressed in clothes woven from leaves, branches, and vines, barefoot. Though seeming slow, he was incredibly fast, making not a single sound, as if merging wholly with his surroundings.

It wasn't stealth.

It was more natural, harmonious.

To the west was the only woman among the four, whose figure was evident even under a hooded cloak. To the north was the last person, and also the strangest one.

Pistri could clearly see the person but somehow felt their non-existence.

This weird sensation—seeing with the eyes while the brain insists it's not there—made the Young Lion feel nauseated.

Yet, Pistri held back.

His gaze continuously swept over the four people.

He heard that voice to wait.

He knew.

He still had a chance.

At least, the actions of the 'Pale Hand' members in front of him halted.

And the three skeletons that appeared alongside them seemed as if facing a formidable enemy.

The soul fire in the eyes of the three skeletons burned fiercely, rusty bone swords appeared in their hands, forming a triangular formation to block the east, south, and west—

"'Raven Feather', 'Green Rock Forest', 'Serpent Sect'."

Every word spoken by the 'Pale Hand' member was deliberate.

Then he turned to look behind him.

Unlike the earlier seriousness.

When turning to the last unexpected guest, the 'Pale Hand' member's eyes revealed apprehension.

Intense apprehension.

"'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association'!"

The words squeezed out from between clenched teeth.

And upon hearing such words, the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' member politely bowed slightly.

In fact, every member from the named organizations responded quite amicably.

The 'Raven Feather' member let the crow replace words with its cawing.

The 'Green Rock Forest' member showed a warm smile.

The 'Serpent Sect' member gestured with a hand motion—raising the right hand slightly above the eyebrows, extending only the index finger to draw a circle in the air, then gradually lowered the hand, much like a Noble's salute, but as it reached the neck, all fingers extended suddenly like a snake striking.

Hiss!

A snake's hiss.

The air grew a bit more slippery.

And somewhat colder.

Yet it was something the 'Death Poetry Society' member cared the least about.

Compared to the malice in the crow's gaze from 'Raven Feather' and the silent seeds scattered by the old 'Green Rock Forest' member, the 'Serpent Sect' member seemed friendly.

Of course, to speak seriously, these three were all amicable.

The truly frightening one was the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' bastard.

'Damn it!'

The 'Pale Hand' member cursed inwardly as his vision began to blur.

He was well aware of the 'distortion' from 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association'.

He was also cautiously wary.

Yet he had not expected to fall for it still.

Immediately, the 'Pale Hand' member was about to close his eyes, preparing to 'see' the uninvited guest before him in a different way—his hearing was remarkably good, far surpassing the average person naturally and further honed by special training, completely able to replace sight.

But as he intended to close his eyes internally.

His eyes remained wide open no matter what.

'Close your eyes!'

The 'Pale Hand' member commanded.

But his eyes stayed open.

He was momentarily dumbfounded.

Then, immediately relied on 'ears' to listen.

Finally, his eyes closed.

This unique feeling of distortion caused the 'Pale Hand' member to shiver inwardly.

And right at that moment, an unusual movement underfoot—

Crunch, crunch!

A section of vine broke through the solid cobblestone ground straight away.

The 'Pale Hand' member instinctively wanted to jump to dodge.

Then...

The 'Pale Hand' member squatted down.

The vine wrapped around him tightly, its thorns piercing fiercely into his body, injecting venom aggressively.

Instantly, the 'Pale Hand' member loosened his grip.

At once, Pistri briefly regained his freedom—as the Young Lion's feet were about to touch the ground, his collar was grabbed.

By that crow.

Meanwhile, the 'Raven Feather' member swung the sickle towards the 'Green Rock Forest' elder.

And the 'Serpent Sect' woman moved across the ground, rushing towards the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' member.

This 'Serpent Sect' woman moved like a real snake, swift and bizarre.

Even capable of raising her hand mid-way to launch a dart.

Whoosh!

The dart aimed at the crow.

The dart's speed was extremely fast.

Normally, it would be nothing to the crow.

But with the crow gripping a person, speed and agility greatly diminished, the dart became deadly.

Almost on instinct, the crow released its claws, lightening its load, soaring higher.

Thud!

Pistri fell right there.

The Young Lion flipped and got up, running away.

He didn't know why the people from 'Raven Feather', 'Green Rock Forest', 'Serpent Sect', and 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' were here.

According to what he knew, these organizations, with the end of the 'Seven Years' War' and the start of the 'Pioneer Era', should have been eliminated by his father.

But he was quite aware the opportunity was rare.

If he didn't run now, he'd never be able to escape.

Just taking a step, a vine wound around his ankle.

Thud!

The sudden tug made the Young Lion fall to the ground.

But more despairing for the Young Lion, those three skeletons appeared at his side, surrounding him tightly without him noticing.

The three bone swords were held right against his neck.

Through the gaps of the skeletons, the 'Pale Hand' member, who should have been dead from being wrapped by vines and injected with poison, was looking at him.

The man took off his hood, revealing a pale face.

That face resembled a corpse's visage.

He mouthed to Pistri—

You can't escape!

Chapter 874 Sudden Appearance II

Huff! Huff!

Pistri, who had fallen to the ground, was gasping for breath.

He watched the member of the 'Pale Hand' move their mouth, and his heart surged with anger.

He was angry at the other's mockery.

More so, he was angry at his own incompetence.

Around him, the 'Raven Feather' and 'Green Rock Forest' were battling, each swing of the giant scythe brought a strong whooshing sound.

While the elder of the 'Green Rock Forest' avoided leisurely, occasionally throwing out a seed.

The 'Serpent Sect' lady's battle had encountered trouble.

The [Distortion] from the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' member nearly caused the lady to stab a dagger into her own neck, and from there the battle became one-sided.

In such a situation, the members of the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' naturally overlooked the entire scene.

They also noticed Pistri's plight.

And then—

Laughed.

It was a kind of undisguised mockery.

Pistri lowered his head.

He couldn't face such ridicule.

Or rather, his dignity was gone before this ridicule even appeared.

When the poison on the vine thorns invaded his body, this Young Lion felt paralysis and began to regret.

He didn't know why he wasted his time like that.

Even if he had low talent, wouldn't it be good to learn something?

Or perhaps, follow his father's arrangements step by step, wouldn't that be fine?

Facing death, the Young Lion began to waver.

This is normal.

No one can ignore death.

Heroes are afraid when facing death too.

Let alone a Young Lion grown in a greenhouse?

Regret, helplessness, and anger intertwined.

The Young Lion's [Spirituality] once more became active.

And began in a unique distorted gesture, trying to drag the Young Lion into the Abyss—all present sensed it.

They smirked.

It was a laugh of indifferent observation and watching the spectacle.

To the five present.

They only cared if the Young Lion was dead.

As for the fool or madman after [Spirituality] distortion?

It's not important.

In fact, they were quite happy to see this scene.

A foolish, mad Young Lion would be a shame for the Old Lion, and an even greater disgrace to the entire Golden Lion Family.

They just wanted to humiliate the Old Lion.

They wanted to make the entire Golden Lion Family hold their heads down.

After all, they had a truly irreconcilable hatred with the Old Lion and the Golden Lion Family.

They were the remnants after the 'Seven Years' War'.

They were the victims of the 'Pioneer Era'.

And now?

They finally had their chance.

They naturally wanted to seize this opportunity for revenge!

The mocking gaze appeared in the eyes of each of them.

They were anticipating.

And then—

Swish!

A crossbow bolt suddenly shot over.

Snap!

The vine was cut with one shot.

Pistri, who was on the brink of madness, raised his head blankly, and he saw the woman from before, the scarred woman who shot the arrow.

She lowered her head, arduously reloading the second bolt.

The faces of the five present turned cold.

The member of the 'Raven Feather' whistled.

Swish!

The crow in the sky swooped down.

The woman dodged awkwardly.

Her already scarred body gained two more terrifying deep wounds.

Yet, the bolt was shot out.

Swish!

The crow easily dodged.

In the next moment, it was engulfed by a plume of grey powder.

Lime!

The crow's eyes were burned.

Caw! Caw!

In the pitiful cries, the member of the 'Raven Feather' was enraged.

He was about to abandon the elder of the 'Green Rock Forest' to tear this ant-like woman apart, but was tightly entangled by the elder instead.

The crow of 'Raven Feather' was an invaluable force to him.

If the crow of this guy before him were to die, it would be a great thing for him.

At least, the opposing crow would be dead.

His crow would be able to be useful.

With this thought, the elder of the 'Green Rock Forest' was filled with envy.

He spent a lifetime raising animals, but none reached the Arcane Level, yet the guy before him nearly trained a crow to that level.

This was something he couldn't tolerate.

Of course, this wasn't his problem.

It was the secret technique of 'Raven Feather'.

He was just lacking some secret techniques.

If he had them, he could do the same.

Therefore—

You must die!

Murderous intent flashed in the eyes of the elder of the 'Green Rock Forest', and a segment of vine shot out from his sleeve, stabbing towards the member of 'Raven Feather' like a longsword.

Feeling the opponent's murderous intent, this member of 'Raven Feather' had no further thoughts for his crow and horizontally blocked the incoming attack with his giant scythe.

Clang!

Whoosh, whoosh!

Amidst the crisp sound of metal, there was a strange noise.

When the vine longsword touched the handle of the giant scythe, seeds shot out fiercely, embedding into the body of the member of 'Raven Feather'.

"Ah!"

The member of 'Raven Feather' screamed, and the member of 'Green Rock Forest' smirked.

But soon, the elder couldn't smile anymore.

"Cough, cough, cough."

The violent coughing bent the elder's back further.

His heart, liver, spleen, stomach, and kidneys began to shake with the coughing.

Fresh blood was coughed up.

"You?!"

The elder glared at his opponent.

The member of 'Raven Feather' laughed.

"Just a little trick."

Saying this, the member of 'Raven Feather' withdrew.

This time, the elder didn't intercept.

The two fell into a bizarre balance.

And Pistri was loudly questioning the woman.

"Why?"

Why save me?"

"Because you're Del's friend."

The woman replied.

This answer left Pistri silent.

The Young Lion, barely back from the edge of madness, almost fell into madness again.

He did not understand the woman's thoughts in front of him.

It was she who forced Del to betray him.

And it was also she who saved him after Del died.

Furthermore, she saved him more than once.

"Why?"

Pistri asked again.

And this time, after a silence, the woman coldly laughed and said—

"Because, I am unwilling!"

Saying these words, the woman opened her arms.

Puff!

The enraged crow, its eyes burned, flew down directly, clawing viciously at the woman's face, blinding her in an instant.

But the woman did not scream.

Instead, she grabbed the crow firmly.

Then, she opened her mouth and bit.

She devoured the crow as if she were ripping apart Pistri.

"You ruined everything!

Del and Tita are dead!

My sons are dead!

I have nothing left!"

Tears streamed down as she bit, her voice becoming increasingly indistinct and ethereal.

"But they want you to be saved.

I feel I should help them fulfill their last wishes.

But I hate you!

Why should I help you?"

She lamented and howled in rage as she continued to devour.

Pistri was silent.

Once again, [Spirituality] grew active within.

And inside Pistri's body—

Crack!

A crisp sound, like something breaking.

Chapter 875 Sudden Appearance III

A crisp sound like shattered porcelain.

But in Pistri's eyes, what he saw was the breaking of a seal—built on the basis of the Glyphic Language, constructed with the skeleton of a giant dragon and the Fairy Eye.

The cracking sound came from the purple Fairy Eye.

In the next moment, the Fairy Eye was covered with cracks.

Then—

Bam!

Another crisp sound.

The entire Fairy Eye, along with the giant dragon skeleton, turned into powder.

However, this powder did not scatter with the wind.

Instead, it settled on Pistri's heart, then pumped throughout his body with his heartbeat, merging with his organs, bones, and muscles.

Almost instantly, Pistri's Physique and Spirituality began to surge madly.

Arcana Level.

Great Arcana Level.

Entry.

Above the Entry.

Like a triple jump, Pistri achieved accomplishments that others could never complete in their lifetime.

More importantly, the knowledge hidden within the Fairy Eyes was absorbed by Pistri at this moment.

Buzz!

Under the unusual pressure, the members of Raven Feather, Green Rock Forest, Serpent Sect, and Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association were all stunned.

The next moment, disbelief appeared in the eyes of the four.

And as for Pale Hand?

They had already turned and ran when Pistri broke through the Entry.

But running happily led to dying happily.

Pistri's silhouette vanished from the spot.

When it reappeared, he was already standing in front of the Pale Hand member.

The Pale Hand member's steps did not stop.

As he brushed past Pistri.

It's not that he didn't want to stop.

Nor did Pistri let him go.

It's because he was already dead.

That counterfeit Poison Dragon's Tooth had already sliced through the neck of the Pale Hand member, just as the Poison Dragon's Tooth somehow returned to Pistri's hand.

The extreme poison of supernatural power is not something a Pale Hand member can withstand.

Even the elite among the Pale Hand members are the same.

Thus, this Pale Hand member died.

Thud!

Behind Pistri, the Pale Hand member staggered and fell to the ground, while three skeletons shattered in the distance.

Crunch! Kaka!

The series of sounds resembled a signal gun.

Pistri's silhouette began to flicker continuously.

Each flicker marked a person's death.

First to die was a member of Raven Feather.

Trapped by seeds from the Green Rock Forest member, the opponent didn't even struggle, and their neck was sliced by the counterfeit Poison Dragon's Tooth.

Fresh blood sprayed, and the seeds sucking on the opponent's flesh and blood immediately began to grow wildly.

In a breath, emerald green vines devoured the opponent's flesh entirely.

The remaining bones became the final nutrients.

The Green Rock Forest member raised his hand to control these vines, intending to use them to form a defensive circle.

But as his hand was raised, a violent cough appeared once again.

"Cough... Uh!"

As soon as the cough appeared, his neck was already in pain.

Instinctively, he wanted to cover his neck.

But the fresh blood was already spraying.

Puff!

A blood mist, accompanied by a cut-off scream.

Not from the Green Rock Forest member.

It was from the lady of Serpent Sect.

Her neck was also sliced by Pistri.

Immediately followed by the member from Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

This member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association scanned, trying to lock onto Pistri, but Pistri's speed at this moment was too fast.

No!

Not too fast!

But...

Shuttle!

Shuttle through space!

Unable to lock onto Pistri, the Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association member quickly changed methods, and a layer of Twisted Force Field appeared around him with himself as the center.

Compared to the lower consumption of optical targeting, this wide-range Twisted Force Field not only consumed more but also had a slight backlash for him, who was not powerful enough.

Thus, under normal circumstances, this member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association was unwilling to use it.

But now things were different.

Now it's about survival.

No matter how big the backlash, losing one's life is worse.

Attempting to preserve life with a slight backlash is extremely worthwhile.

Soon enough, this member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association captured Pistri's silhouette.

This Young Lion appeared behind him—

"Ho!

Unexpected change.

Is this the foundation of the Golden Lion Family?"

This member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association said with a smirk.

His words were filled with sarcasm and mockery.

Regarding the changes in Pistri, this member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association didn't know the specifics, but he had heard the sound of the seal breaking clearly.

Therefore, speculating naturally became easy.

Or rather...

Fabricating!

He didn't know where this seal came from, but he knew the effects of the sealing clearly.

Making Pistri ordinary, dull.

Why do this?

Naturally, it's the conflict over inheritance.

Clearly, the rumor about Gleisa and the Duke's younger son not wanting another competitor to arise was true.

So, they did this.

As for why the Duke didn't stop it?

Look at the current Pistri.

Just breaking through the seal brought such immense benefits.

Therefore, why stop it?

The Duke would be eager for this.

Having gone through the days after the Seven Years' War, the member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association understood the Duke of Inner Bay too well.

Powerful was just one side of him.

His ruthlessness and mercilessness were the other.

If selecting an heir could be done in such a simple manner, surely the Duke would be eager.

In fact, the Duke may have even helped push this scheme along.

But this has nothing to do with him.

He just wants to eliminate the opponent.

The death of a Young Lion means little to the Duke.

But the death of a Young Lion who broke through a seal would surely make the Duke feel a pain, wouldn't it?

With this thought, the member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association wholeheartedly committed.

Instantly, the Twisted Force Field not only distorted the five senses.

At this moment, it also aimed to distort the Spirituality itself.

"Die!"

Feeling Pistri halting his steps, the member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association immediately compressed the Twisted Force Field.

This overstepping action caused blood to start flowing from the eyes, ears, mouth, and nose of the member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

What was originally a slight backlash became much more intense.

But he couldn't be bothered with that now.

He just wanted Pistri to be shattered.

Then—

The oppressive power appeared on this member of Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association.

This?!

Chapter 876 Fishing I

Although using the secret technique beyond his level, this member of the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' was exceedingly familiar with the 'Twisted Force Field'.

Almost at the instant the 'Twisted Force Field' appeared above his body.

This member of the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' recognized it.

At the same time, a realization emerged in his heart—

'Not only can one shuttle through space, but also use space transfer secret technique to attack?!

Merely by unlocking the sealing can one master such a level of skill...

What a terrifying talent!

The heart of this member of the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' was filled with horror.

He had never seen such a terrifying talent.

And as this thought arose, the member was simultaneously about to stop the 'Twisted Force Field'.

But it was too late.

Bang!

The member of the 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association' was directly shattered.

Under his own 'Twisted Force Field', the opponent's bones were obliterated.

Flesh scattered in all directions.

The space rippled.

Pistri reappeared.

The Young Lion completely ignored all of this and directly rushed towards the distant woman—the woman's state was not good, with several deep wounds visible to the bone on her body, not to mention the face, where two claw marks extended from the forehead down to the chin, with the flesh on the cheeks and chin rolled to the sides.

Especially her eyes, the two eyeballs were completely gouged out.

All other injuries could be dealt with; Pistri was confident in finding someone to help heal the woman before him, but her eyes were blind, the eyeballs ruined, and even a lot missing, which left Pistri with no confidence.

The Young Lion lifted a hand, attempting to support the staggering woman.

Slap!

The woman slapped away the Young Lion's hand.

The woman used all her strength, causing her staggering body to completely lose balance, falling to the ground directly, with wounds gushing fresh blood due to the shock.

Pistri hurriedly went to support her again.

The woman lifted a hand to push away the hand reaching towards her.

"I don't need your pity.

Nor do I need your gratitude.

You owe me nothing.

I have nothing to do with you."

The woman's words still harbored hatred.

But more of it was unwillingness.

This unwillingness was like a rotting mandarin orange, the sweetness mixed with bitterness and astringency.

She couldn't take revenge.

Nor was she able to take revenge.

Because her 'two sons' didn't want her to do so.

This pain filled her heart with resentment.

She no longer wanted to see Pistri.

At this moment, the woman was incredibly thankful for her blindness.

"Ha, blind is better."

The woman let out a dry laugh.

She thought it was the comfort given to her by her 'two sons'.

She groped to stand up, turned, and walked towards the Docklands.

The deep night covered the blood and wounds on the woman's body.

Soon enough, the night swallowed up even the woman's figure.

Only a few black crow feathers rose with the night wind from the ground.

After a while.

When the crow feathers also merged into the night, there was nothing left.

Only the dumbstruck Pistri remained in place.

He thought he could help her.

He thought he and she could put past grievances aside.

But that was just what he thought.

The night wind gently blew.

The Young Lion's gaze swept around.

Fresh blood, corpses, and ruins.

Scarlet and decay.

The scene formed by these two deeply stimulated his [Spirituality].

Huff! Huff!

The leap of [Spirituality] was about to begin again.

But Pistri desperately stopped it.

As [Spirituality] became more active, he increasingly understood that if this continued, he would certainly be dragged into the abyss of 'spiritual distortion'.

He would become a madman.

Or turn into an idiot.

The most likely would be, first mad then idiotic.

And whether madman or idiot, neither was what Pistri wanted.

So, he stopped it all.

Inhale, exhale.

Inhale, exhale.

The Young Lion adjusted his state with the secret technique of the Golden Lion Family—in fact, there was more than one way of meditation within the Golden Lion Family that could quickly adjust his current state, but all of them required preparation of incense, candles, and remaining still.

This was something the current Pistri could not do at all.

The Young Lion adjusted his breathing while quickly running towards outside Kilg Harbor.

To him now, Kilg Harbor was extremely dangerous.

That danger came from—

Dieudonne Hamlet!

His elder brother.

Far more intimate than his eldest brother Gleisa, Dieudonne.

At the moment the sealing shattered, he confirmed that the person who performed this sealing was Dieudonne; that kind of guidance between [Spirituality] could not be wrong.

'Was this scene in front of me orchestrated by him?

Does he want to kill his brother and father?'

Pistri couldn't help but think to himself.

Even though he didn't believe Dieudonne could accomplish this at heart.

After all, Dieudonne would have to face their terrifying eldest brother and even more terrifying father.

The former made Pistri fearful.

The latter?

Was despair itself.

No one understood the Old Lion's strength better than Pistri.

Mere emotional excitement could instantly result in hundreds of elite soldiers losing their lives—the guards of the Lion Palace were all skilled hands from the barracks.

But what did it matter?

If their father was in a good mood, a group died.

If their father wasn't in a good mood, another group died.

That invisible blade, no guard could avoid it.

Except for Dilbark!

He was the only guard who completed his three-year term and also the only one who rose smoothly through the ranks.

Pistri knew very well that this was a role his father intentionally let out.

The purpose was to have more people follow in his footsteps.

'Our strength is not just individual strength, but also...

Power play!'

Pistri vividly remembered his father's words.

In fact, he might never forget them for a lifetime.

Because when the Old Lion said these words, he had just twisted off the head of the maid beside him—although she was someone else's spy, she was also a maid who had accompanied him for ten years.

He couldn't bear to do it.

His father did it himself.

He didn't want to look at that corpse.

So his father tied him to that corpse.

The body pressed tightly against him, fresh blood flowing all over him, the head hanging on his chest.

Three days.

Three nightmare-like days.

So, he began to evade it.

It was at that moment that he began to loath, fear his family intensely, hoping to find some warmer places.

It's just...

He failed.

The outside world was also terrifying.

There was light.

But much more darkness.

Complex emotions caused Pistri's breathing to become disrupted.

He had to stop and readjust.

At that moment, he noticed something different—

He saw a person.

A person fishing.

Near the Inland River, even leaving the Kilg Harbor city area, such fishermen were not uncommon.

There might even be more.

Because fishing here didn't require taxes.

But what truly attracted Pistri was the fishing tool this fisherman used.

The fishing rod was very ordinary.

The fishing line was also very ordinary.

But the hook was straight.

Moreover, the straight hook hung a foot above the river surface.

'How does one fish like this?'

The Young Lion was taken aback.

And the fisherman chuckled softly—

"The fish has taken the bait."

Chapter 877 Fishing II

The fisherman's chuckle startled the Young Lion.

Pistri Hamlet stopped in his tracks, eyeing the fisherman with caution—draped in a black robe, his attire obscured, yet the pale hands, clean face, and those seemingly hand-stitched shoes bespoke a notable origin.

Speculating inwardly, Pistri's gaze returned to the fisherman's face.

Long eyebrows, a pronounced nose, coupled with bright black pupils, which appeared both infinitely affectionate and as clear and innocent as a child's eyes, especially with the slight curve at the corners of his mouth, intensifying this impression. That faint smile naturally drew others' eyes.

Very charming.

Especially that smile, reminding Pistri of his own father.

Composed, and completely in control.

Also, beyond doubt!

Hiss!

Wait!

Father?!

As these thoughts raced through his mind, the Young Lion gasped.

Never had he seen anyone else with a demeanor resembling his father's—a visage can be imitated, but not the aura. His father, the Grand Duke of Inner Bay, King of the Pioneer Era, was acknowledged as the mightiest of South County. Just by standing silently, he commanded others' respect.

No matter how similar in appearance, without that aura, standing beside his father would make one nothing but a clown.

But this young man before him...

"Who are you?"

The Young Lion asked softly.

The young fisherman frowned, looking at Pistri with displeasure, seemingly accusing Pistri of interrupting his fishing.

The Young Lion was unimpressed.

A straight hook!

A foot from the water's surface!

If someone could catch a fish like this, he'd eat that fish right then and there.

Thinking this, the Young Lion's fingers touched the 'Poison Dragon's Tooth.'

He wasn't intending to attack.

He just wanted to be on the defensive.

He wanted to know more.

'Sorry!'

He said inwardly, just about to make his move.

But just then—

Splash!

With a splash, a fish, weighing over ten pounds, leapt out of the water, heading straight for the straight hook.

The hook went through the fish's mouth, out through its gill, and with its writhing, the whole fish was securely tied by the fishing line.

The young fisherman smiled and lifted the rod to reel in the catch.

And then, right before the Young Lion's eyes, began to handle his catch.

'This, this also works?'

The Young Lion looked at the river surface, then at the young fisherman, astonished.

He then became more convinced that the young man before him was not a true fisherman.

What kind of proper fisherman would cook a big fish right away?

Shouldn't they trek repeatedly to the market, telling everyone 'How did you know I caught a fish'?

And why the market?

Upon catching a big fish, a fisherman gets lost.

Immediately, they head where the crowd is.

'Definitely here for me!'

The Young Lion thought, his vigilance reaching unprecedented heights, muscles tense, then...

He swallowed.

On the campfire, a prepared fish was roasting.

As seasoning was sprinkled on, a tempting aroma began to spread.

The Young Lion's stomach started growling in sync with that aroma.

Hungry!

So hungry!

Since the evening, Pistri hadn't eaten a thing, followed by a series of heart-stopping chases and battles.

Although, with Spirituality's leap and sealing lifted, his power began its triple advancement.

But no matter how powerful, even a demigod would feel hunger.

More so for a young man barely able to touch the 'step.'

The Young Lion swallowed again.

Then moved his feet.

He wanted to distance himself from the roasted fish.

But the young fisherman, from somewhere, got a fan and began fanning vigorously.

Whoosh!

The aroma overwhelmed him, and the Young Lion couldn't resist anymore.

He felt his pockets.

His wallet, long lost in the pursuit and battle, was nowhere to be found.

Then, he looked at the ring on his left hand.

It was not some Secret Technique item.

Just a decorative gold ring.

Without hesitation, the Young Lion took off the gold ring and handed it to the young fisherman—

"Excuse me, could I trade for a piece of fish?"

Not the whole thing.

Just a part would suffice."

The Young Lion asked courteously, gesturing to avoid misunderstanding, indicating about two fistfuls.

Compared to the gold ring, a bit of fish flesh was nothing.

In fact, this gold ring could trade for dozens, if not a hundred such fish.

But right now, the ravenous Young Lion couldn't care less.

He waited eagerly, nervously for a response.

While the young fisherman chuckled—

"I thought you'd draw the dagger hidden in your sleeve and rob my fish."

The young fisherman's words stunned the Young Lion.

He thought he had concealed it well enough.

Yet, the other had seen through him.

Instantly, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"No, please don't misunderstand, I mean no harm, I just encountered some incidents, leaving me on edge, which led to some extreme reactions.

Please believe me, I truly mean no harm."

Watching the Young Lion awkwardly explain, Arthur almost burst into laughter.

It was his first time seeing such a 'principled' Noble.

In danger, showing courage.

Facing strangers, not abusing power.

Even if the stranger appeared abruptly, he still chose a purchase when wanting some grilled fish.

What to say?

Clear!

Arthur's heart praised.

The smile on his lips grew brighter.

Arthur certainly didn't dislike 'clarity'; the clearer, the more he liked it.

After all, contaminated as he was, more clear water only made him seem clearer.

Naturally!

Before the sediment settled, he would appear even murkier.

But that was temporary.

Arthur firmly believed.

Therefore—

"No need, my treat."

Arthur said, while putting away the Lannister Family's Seasoning Jar—such rich and alluring aroma was beyond Arthur's culinary skills.

"Ah?"

Thank you."

The Young Lion expressed gratitude repeatedly.

But when Arthur tore off a piece of fish, he accepted it with both hands.

However, just as he was about to take a bite, Arthur suddenly lowered his voice—

"Aren't you afraid I've poisoned it?"

Immediately, the Young Lion froze, mouth agape.

Chapter 878 Fishing III

Words are always sharp.

Especially the words of a spirit medium, which are even more unsettling and embarrassing—

Much like the Old Lion's Young Son at this moment.

Holding the fish meat, neither putting it down nor swallowing it.

'Is the fish meat poisoned?

Is it poisoned?

No, right?

I watched him grill it; I didn't see him poison it?'

The Young Lion kept questioning himself in his heart, then naturally fell into an unprecedented dilemma, staring blankly at Arthur.

Arthur smiled.

Then he tore a piece of fish meat off and directly put it into his mouth.

"Don't worry, it's not poisoned.

Eat!

Hmm, it tastes good."

Arthur commented on his own cooking skill.

If one doesn't want to be a good spirit medium, one cannot become an excellent chef.

Relying on the [Lannister Family's Seasoning Jar], Arthur could be called an excellent chef.

At least, the Young Lion was devouring the food ravenously.

Once the Young Lion had almost finished eating, Arthur faintly added another sentence.

"Aren't you afraid I took the antidote beforehand?"

The Young Lion, licking his fingers, froze.

The young man stared at Arthur in a daze, sweat starting to bead on his forehead.

Then, Arthur laughed again.

"Just teasing you."

He said, handing another big piece of fish meat to the Young Lion.

The young man dumbly took it, watched Arthur continue eating, and looked down at the fish meat, the aroma directly invading his nostrils.

Involuntarily, the Young Lion's nose twitched.

'So aromatic!

I've never had grilled fish this fragrant!

Is it a secret recipe?'

The Young Lion looked at Arthur with a smile that was not really a smile, and then at the fish meat in his hand, once again becoming tangled.

Meanwhile, his stomach growled.

The single piece of fish meat just now was nowhere near satisfying the Young Lion's stomach.

On the contrary, that piece of fish meat thoroughly ignited the Young Lion's hunger.

If there was no hope, there wouldn't be disappointment.

If there was hope and then disappointment again, that would lead to despair.

At this moment, the Young Lion's stomach was in this state.

The Young Lion's mind was also working quickly—

'He ate so much, even if he took the antidote beforehand, would it still work?

Besides, my body feels normal!'

It seemed like deep thought.

But his brain was being ruled by his stomach.

However, the last bit of rationality let the Young Lion check his body using the family secret art once more, confirming there was no problem before taking a bite.

This scene made Arthur laugh.

"Haha!

The first piece of fish wasn't poisoned!

The second piece is the poisoned one!"

Instantly, the fish meat at his mouth stopped.

The Young Lion looked at Arthur with a forlorn look.

"Eat, eat.

Just kidding.

If I really put poison in the second piece of fish, I wouldn't tell you just as you open your mouth, I'd wait until you've swallowed it."

Arthur explained.

"I know."

The Young Lion mumbled.

Then, the Young Lion resumed devouring the food.

And decided not to listen to anything Arthur said.

By this time, the Young Lion had realized that the person in front of him was definitely the sort who likes to tease people—not a bad guy, but sometimes makes one feel helpless.

Unconsciously, the Young Lion thought of the master from the biography.

Court Wizard 'Xarlico'!

That master really loved to mess with people.

In contrast, his friend, the Imperial Court Jester 'Harrington', was an extremely serious person.

In fact, later scholars believed that why Xarlico could be Harrington's friend was because Harrington could take the blame for him.

Of course, more people believed that Harrington was called a court jester because he made too many fun but flashy props for Xarlico.

Thus he earned the title of court jester.

But their friendship was real, and worthy of praise.

After all, not everyone can live and die together.

Thinking of this, the Young Lion ate even faster.

At the same time, cautiously watching Arthur.

He was really afraid of what Arthur might say next.

And what you fear happens.

Noticing the look in the Young Lion's eyes, Arthur lightly said—

"Thank you for letting me watch a good show."

"Hmm?"

The Young Lion froze again.

'A good show?

He saw everything just now?

So which side is he representing?

My uncle's? Or those secret factions?

'Raven Feather'? 'Green Rock Forest'? 'Serpent Sect'? 'Theofact Psychic Cultivation Association'?

Or 'Pale Hand'?'

The young mind's many thoughts flashed one after another, and the fish by his mouth involuntarily stopped again.

Arthur didn't care about these.

He had spoken.

How the other person thought, he roughly knew.

So what was left was...

Eating fish!

This was the fish he had managed to catch with great effort—caught with six [Hand of Void] working together, so it surely counted as his catch.

Arthur happily feasted.

The Young Lion seemed a bit absent-minded, even when taking large bites, the inability to fully enjoy the taste made the young man feel extremely uncomfortable.

Moreover, the Young Lion always felt that the person in front of him would definitely not let him finish eating peacefully.

So, for the next ten minutes, the Young Lion was in a state of anxiety between internal waiting and the deliciousness bursting on his taste buds.

Like a compressed spring.

Compressed to the extreme, the spring would either break or bounce back.

The Young Lion was the latter.

He took out a handkerchief from his breast pocket to wipe the greasy hands—one side of this handkerchief was stained with blood.

Only half of it was clean.

The Young Lion used the clean side to wipe his hands.

His movements were standard, and elegant.

Even in the wilderness, even though the handkerchief was not clean, the Young Lion's actions exuded the unique aura of a noble.

The Young Lion spoke in a noble's distinctive tone.

"Thank you for your hospitality.

Though I do not know where you are from, I will always remember this meal's kindness.

Also, please accept this.

It will be our token."

The Young Lion once again extended the golden ring.

And gave the ring a unique meaning.

A token of trust!

A decision for the future.

As one of the heirs of the Duke of the Inner Bay, the Young Lion believed he could help the man before him in the future.

It was this confidence that calmed the Young Lion.

And Arthur looked at the Young Lion in good spirits, smiling gently—

"Your pants have a tear."

Chapter 879 Fishing IV

One moment, the young Pistri Hamlet was brimming with confidence, full of youthful vigor, with a commanding presence.

The next moment, this Young Lion's face turned completely red, his body awkward, displaying a look of wanting to glance at his crotch but not daring to.

And this was all because of a single sentence from Arthur.

Of course, the habitually deceitful Arthur wasn't lying this time.

The Young Lion's crotch was indeed torn.

The torn spot wasn't large.

Only a finger's width.

Moreover, Arthur knew exactly when it got torn.

When he crawled into the 'secret passage'.

As for why he didn't warn the other in advance?

If he had warned him in advance, how could Arthur have witnessed the current scene, or maintained control?

"I, I did this by accident.

I, I won't take it to heart.

I, I, I..."

The Young Lion stammered.

Clearly, the young man hoped to use words to relieve his embarrassment, but once the words were out, he realized the more he spoke, the more embarrassed he felt.

At first, he could still form complete sentences.

But later, he couldn't even manage complete sentences.

Especially seeing Arthur smiling happily, the Young Lion instinctively grabbed his trousers, as if they might fly off at any moment.

Then, his legs crossed unconsciously.

As if Arthur's eyes could see through anything.

"Tsk, I'm not interested in men."

Seeing the Young Lion like this, Arthur rolled his eyes.

Then, he picked up some firewood next to him and added it to the fire. As the sparks crackled, Arthur's face displayed a smile, and he said softly—

"It's about to dawn."

"Hmm?"

The Young Lion was confused and followed Arthur's gaze to look at the east.

There, it became increasingly deep and dark.

Clearly, dawn was approaching.

But...

What does this have to do with the current situation?

What exactly does this person want to say?

Why say this with such a smile?

Moreover, that smile is even more joyous than seeing my trousers torn?

'Bah!

It's not that my crotch is torn!

I just accidentally ripped it while dodging!

I won't let it bother me!

The Young Lion shouted in his mind, as the golden ring he held couldn't be given away anyway—he wasn't truly stupid, he could see the other was intentional.

When he thought he could control the future and offered the other a promise of the future, the other intentionally did this.

Clearly, the other didn't believe in his future.

The Young Lion, even though he believed in his future himself, couldn't explain it.

Furthermore, in his view, explaining would mean completely disregarding decorum.

His face wasn't that thick yet.

Simply put, the Young Lion cared about his dignity.

If it were someone else, for instance, Wiggins who was a street regular, he'd probably just strip off his trousers audaciously.

If it were Arthur?

Arthur wouldn't take off his own trousers.

But Arthur would take off the other's trousers.

Then, naturally, he'd wear the other's trousers and burn his own.

After all, there's only one pair of trousers between the two, whoever doesn't wear trousers is embarrassed.

He, Arthur, would never be embarrassed.

Certainly, Arthur wouldn't really bully honest people.

He liked the nature of honest people.

He appreciated honest people's gratitude.

So—

Arthur handed a women's dress to the Young Lion.

It was a pink, lace-trimmed dress.

This year's popular style.

Arthur prepared it in advance to cheer Marinda up.

Bringing it out now?

It was quite fitting.

After all, Arthur remembered, just moments ago when the Young Lion offered him a 'token', he revealed an unintentional loftiness.

Arthur of course bore no grudge.

Why begrudge that?

If he has a vendetta, he usually retaliates immediately.

Watching the Young Lion, who received the dress with a complex expression, Arthur felt delight deep within.

This delight was just a tiny bit less than the anticipation of the 'XP value' after daybreak—the recent heartfelt smile was from this anticipation.

Arthur was clear, he was on the verge of unprecedented gains.

South Los, Seberlin, Ainhars, Bert Territory, Inner Bay, totally stirring up the entire South County.

'How much XP value will there be?'

Arthur speculated.

His eyes naturally fixed on the conflicted Young Lion.

At this moment, the Young Lion faced a life decision.

To continue wearing trousers with a torn crotch.

Or to wear a women's dress.

If he could, he'd choose neither, but if forced to choose, he'd pick...

Tie the women's dress around his waist!

'Really think I'd wear women's clothes?

Hmph!

I'm not that foolish!

The Young Lion thought to himself, casting a look of smugness toward Arthur.

Arthur was waiting for this smugness.

When the Young Lion tied that pink lace-trimmed dress around his waist, and the look of smugness peaked, Arthur spoke—

"What I meant was, you could just tear off a piece of fabric for cover, no need to tie the entire dress around your waist, which would make you look like a...

Pervert!"

Arthur slightly elongated the tone before finally uttering those two words.

The Young Lion stood there struck by thunder.

The smugness in his eyes had already vanished without a trace.

The emotion brewing in his eyes quite clearly was about to spill out in tears.

Silence.

A full ten seconds of silence later, the Young Lion quietly untied the dress, not bothering to cover himself anymore, simply placing the dress aside.

Imitating Arthur, he sat cross-legged by the campfire.

"What do you want?"

The Young Lion asked dully, almost robotically.

Clearly, at this moment, the Young Lion had completely given up.

He no longer tried to guess Arthur's intentions.

Nor would he attempt to probe Arthur using his understanding.

He opted for honesty.

Because he realized, if he continued to guess, or used his methods to test the young man before him, he'd certainly end up hurt.

He couldn't bear it anymore.

He didn't understand why what he learned from his father and brother was utterly useless.

But he understood the young man before him, though not malicious, was far more troublesome than he imagined.

Arthur glanced at the Young Lion, feeling somewhat unfulfilled.

He originally thought the other could hold out for several more rounds.

From his appearance, the other had been half-heartedly acting—such clumsy performance, if not for his cheerful mood, Arthur might have pelted him with rotten eggs.

Clearly, the Young Lion, once betrayed, had learned to protect himself.

But to Arthur, it wasn't impressive enough.

Thus Arthur countered—

"No, no, no!

It's not about what I want!

It's about what you, Pistri Hamlet, want to do!"

Chapter 880: Fishing V

It was no surprise to the Young Lion that the young man before him knew his identity.

The other had appeared here, clearly aware of his identity, which was why he was here.

In fact, all of this was targeted at him.

As for his pants being torn?

That was just an accident.

At this moment, upon hearing Arthur's words, the Young Lion maintained his previous seated posture, his expression as wooden as before.

He spoke like this—

"There is no longer a place for me in Kilg Harbor.

In fact, nowhere in the Inner Bay.

I need to leave here.

I think I'll go to South Los."

As he spoke, the Young Lion tried not to show any emotion on his face.

He realized the young man's insight was truly beyond imagination.

It would be very difficult to deceive him.

Therefore, he did not plan to deceive him.

He truly intended to go to South Los.

In his understanding, it was the safest place outside the Inner Bay, and more importantly, it provided access to the sea.

Going to sea was his true objective.

The sudden internal chaos in the Inner Bay had made this Young Lion decide to distance himself first.

"Hmm.

A good choice.

South Los is quite a suitable place for your grave."

Arthur nodded repeatedly as he listened.

A look of agreement on his face.

If it weren't for the words that followed

"What?"

The Young Lion started in surprise.

"The moment your sealing was broken, you should have sensed who sealed your Talent, and likewise, they sensed it too.

Of course, more importantly...

They had already prepared beforehand."

Arthur spoke with a smile.

Relying on Fujin's eyes, everything that happened on the pier earlier could not be hidden from Arthur.

He not only saw the breaking of the Young Lion's seal.

He also saw, as the Young Lion's seal broke, a faint Death Qi rise in a place known as the 'Lion Palace' deep within Kilg Harbor.

If not for Arthur's Talent [Breath of Death], he wouldn't have discovered this faint Death Qi, nor would he have discerned the barely concealed murderous intent within it.

The answer was clear.

The one who sealed the Young Lion was in the Lion Palace.

Of course, Arthur also knew who it was.

However, he still needed confirmation.

And it wasn't difficult.

In fact, the next moment, the Young Lion began to mumble to himself—

"Dieudonne! Dieudonne!"

As he spoke this name, the Young Lion gritted his teeth.

Never had the Young Lion felt such hatred for someone as he did now.

His brother, Dieudonne Hamlet, was the first.

He could comprehend why Dieudonne did this.

He just couldn't forgive Dieudonne for involving innocent people.

The hidden knowledge and information within that 'Fairy Eye' were immense, and among this vast information, matters concerning his 'Sealing' took up half of it. This included the preparation of the Ritual, sacrifices, and more, as well as the need for fresh blood of over a hundred people when depicting the Ritual formation, of which at least three had to be of Bloodline relation.

Naturally, the Young Lion thought of the family members who had disappeared.

These were people without Talent.

They lived cautiously under the family's protection.

His smile would even fill them with joy.

He thought he could protect them.

Until one day they were all gone.

Unconsciously, the Young Lion clenched his fists.

With the name confirmed, Arthur's eyes filled with more amusement.

"Want revenge?"

He asked directly.

The Young Lion nodded.

"Yes."

How could he not want revenge?

If he didn't want revenge, he wouldn't harbor so much hatred.

"Then I'll help you."

Arthur said.

"Hmm?!"

The Young Lion was taken aback.

This time it was a genuine surprise, not feigned.

However, quickly, the Young Lion responded.

"What do I need to give in return?"

There's no such thing as a free lunch.

Previously the Young Lion was vague about this, but the incident with 'Del' made him alert, and made him understand.

People learn when taught by events in life.

Because getting hurt makes you remember through pain.

"A lot.

Including but not limited to Inner Bay's tax exemption for me and my fleet, as well as ample rewards, among which a prosperous territory is a must.

Of course, also the gold mining rights.

And, you must sign an amnesty for any future mistakes I make."

Arthur listed item after item.

The Young Lion was stunned just listening.

Were these decisions even his to make?

His brother Gleisa couldn't even decide on this!

In the entire Inner Bay, only his father could decide!

Instinctively, the Young Lion wanted to retort.

But the words stopped on his lips.

The Young Lion suddenly furrowed his brow.

He thought of the Inner Bay's tumult.

Those abnormal phenomena, he categorized as clues, starting to organize them in his mind.

Finally, he reached a conclusion—

"Is my father not in the Inner Bay?"

"Uh-huh, clearly."

Arthur nodded.

The Young Lion's brow furrowed tightly.

How long had it been since his father left the Inner Bay?

Ten years?

Twenty years?

It had been so, so long, he couldn't remember.

Right now, his father had left the Inner Bay, definitely for something very important, and the whole matter was extremely dangerous.

Dangerous to the point where even his father might die.

Otherwise, this person before him couldn't speak in such terms with the Master of Inner Bay.

The other person believed he could become the Master of Inner Bay.

This kind of recognition was unfamiliar to the Young Lion, a bit exciting, and a bit bewildering.

In the past, such recognition was something only Gleisa enjoyed.

Thinking of his older brother, the Young Lion narrowed his eyes.

Truth be told, he feared his older brother.

Each meeting, he dared not even breathe loudly.

He even tried to avoid meeting him as much as possible.

And now, suddenly standing on the opposing side, the Young Lion found himself anxious.

However, in the next moment, the Young Lion saw Arthur's faintly smiling face.

A booming noise sounded in his mind.

"Gleisa, no way?!"

The Young Lion asked incredulously.

"Dead."

Arthur answered truthfully.

This news would soon spread, no need to conceal it.

As for the Young Lion, he got up and began pacing around the campfire.

At this moment, the Young Lion's mind was racing.

Gradually, an ember burned in his heart.

That was ambition.

It was a great longing, hoping for a world where people like 'Del' no longer roamed the streets, no longer relied on trickery for survival, but could be well-fed and well-clothed, educated, and have a happy family.

If he became the Master of Inner Bay...

It could be realized!

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The Young Lion's heart pounded intensely.

Each beat echoing in his ears.

Each beat firming his resolve a bit more.

The Young Lion took a deep breath.

"Why should I trust you?"

After saying that, he stared intently at Arthur.

Arthur, meanwhile, just smiled.

He said—

"Because I am Arthur Kredos."