

Great Master 931

Chapter 931: 3 Punches Shatter the Grand Duke's Dream!

The mind dialogue brought by the contract quickly ended.

William was filled with reluctance.

He wished to hear his lord's voice more.

As for the orders his lord gave him to quickly expand in North County, which contradicted the previous orders to establish 1-2 strongholds and the distant fleet?

The lord is never wrong.

So, he just hadn't grasped the deeper meaning of his lord's previous orders.

Now?

The lord was merely correcting him with good intentions.

What he needed was gratitude.

What he needed was to strive to accomplish the task.

"I have been negligent.

Thinking I have achieved something.

But what's the result?

I needed the lord to remind me."

Speaking these words, the Corpse Witch Wraith stood up from the ground and looked at the subordinates in front—thirty-two mountain bandits, none of the robber leaders dared to meet the Corpse Witch Wraith's gaze.

Therefore, none of the mountain bandits or robber leaders noticed the blue-green flames rising in the eyes of the Corpse Witch Wraith.

The flames rose from the eyeballs.

Then...

Shot out.

The target was precisely these thirty-two mountain bandits and robber leaders.

Without exception, the thirty-two mountain bandits and robber leaders were engulfed by the blue-green flames.

"Ahhhhh!"

Loud and miserable cries burst out from the mouths of these mountain bandits and robber leaders. Visit [My Virtual Library Empire \(MV-LEMP-YR\)](#) for more.

After a full ten minutes, the wailing gradually subsided.

What followed were thirty-two undead mountain bandits and robber leaders.

Unlike their previous devious minds.

After becoming undead, the mountain bandits and robber leaders possessed immense loyalty.

And this was exactly what William needed.

The original plan was to gradually 'inspire' these mountain bandits and robber leaders over time, striving to sort out the internal forces completely, but now time waits for no one.

He changed his original plan.

He chose to use the most brutal method to achieve the goal.

As for sorting things out completely?

That would be a matter for later.

"Now, bring the Grace I bestowed upon you, and grant this Grace to your loyal subordinates—when the sun falls again, I need to see the undead army belonging to the lord.

Under the watchful eyes of the lord, we will charge forward.

Then, we will...

Achieve supreme glory!"

William proclaimed loudly.

"Supreme glory!"

The thirty-two mountain bandits and robber leaders roared.

After becoming undead, they had long turned into creatures of their own kind, their strength greatly amplified and possessing some unique secret techniques, at the cost of their wisdom plummeting sharply.

Especially in the presence of the creator, William, whatever William said they became that.

This was also William's initial approach of 'sorting'.

William wanted to carve out a prosperous territory for his lord.

Now?

William glanced at the Little Gardener beside him.

He was the only person in the hall who hadn't been turned into undead.

And also the person William valued the most.

The other party's Talent was worth William's investment.

Of course, necessary means must be taken.

"I need your loyalty."

William said this.

A trace of Special power began to emerge from Little Gardener's heart—a seed of power was taking root and sprouting.

The Imprint embossed on it [Glyphic Language] was not just a simple contract.

Apart from the inherent contract, it was also bound to Little Gardener's wife's soul.

Together with his own soul, they were bound.

With just a thought from William, Little Gardener and his wife would be obliterated.

However, Little Gardener agreed to William doing this.

Because he wanted to see his wife.

Faced with William's inquiry at this moment, Little Gardener unhesitatingly responded—

"Loyalty!"

Resolute and forceful, hitting the ground with a clang.

Not a façade.

Not a lie.

Immediately, the sprouting seed began to feedback power.

While making Little Gardener stronger, it also allowed him to understand the Undead language.

At the first instance, he heard his wife's words.

"Mo Lei, I am in pain."

In an instant, Little Gardener was struck as if by thunder, his voice stuck in his throat, unable to come out.

After a full four or five seconds—

"Eva! Eva!"

Little Gardener murmured softly.

Unexpectedly, Little Gardener's eyes reddened.

At this moment, William's hand was placed upon Little Gardener's shoulder.

"Hatred will make you lose your sanity.

But, if your enemy's fresh blood could ease your pain a bit, then after sunset, this team will be led by you on the charge.

The damn nobles of the North County are not all dead."

William comforted Little Gardener in his unique way.

"Leave it to me."

Little Gardener said solemnly, his eyes' coldness causing the hall's temperature to drop.

Feeling this Talent beginning to manifest, William laughed.

Little Gardener would attract all attention on the surface.

While he?

Would naturally infiltrate from within.

No fortress, however Solid, cannot be broken from inside.

"Loyalty!"

William shouted once more.

"Loyalty!"

Little Gardener responded.

But unlike before, the thirty-two mountain bandits and robbers also shouted simultaneously.

Then, the preparations began in full swing.

While Arthur withdrew his gaze.

William was doing even better than he imagined.

He wouldn't dictate or meddle.

After all, he wasn't omniscient.

'Duke of Northern County?

Welcome to South Los.'

Arthur thought silently.

A sense of killing intent began to permeate.

Arthur and Duke of Northern County had never met, even before, there had been no interaction, but that did not prevent Arthur from harboring killing intent towards the other at this moment.

Why was the other coming?

For the Old Lion?

Yes, and no.

More precisely, the other came for the South County.

After finishing off the Old Lion, the other would inevitably wage war on the entire South County, and by then, South Los would be the first to bear the brunt.

Chapter 931: 3 Punches Shatter the Grand Duke's Dream! _2

Arthur didn't want No. 2 Cork Street to fall into the flames of war.

That was the place he planned to retire and spend his days in peace.

He intended to farm, drink tea, and rest there with Marinda to spend the rest of his life—the original plan was nearly fulfilled.

However, the Duke of Northern County suddenly interrupted, causing an unexpected change to the established facts.

So...

Sorry.

Since the other party chose to do so, they must bear the consequences of this choice.

Arthur planned to plant them into the ground.

"What are you thinking about?"

Marinda, who was conversing with Arthur, immediately noticed something was off with him.

"Nothing, just thought of something unpleasant suddenly."

Arthur didn't speak openly, just communicated everything to Marinda through gestures.

Marinda was startled internally.

She also didn't expect the Duke of Northern County to come to South Los.

Immediately, this lady's mind began to race.

Of course, there was no pause in her words.

"What do you want for breakfast?"

Sandwiches?

Or soup?"

Meanwhile, the gestures were discreet and quick—

Marinda: How about temporarily allying with this Duke of Northern County to take down the Old Lion?

Seeing such gestures, Arthur chuckled internally.

Enemies are not fixed, but can change at any time.

Especially an enemy like the Duke of Northern County, if he could contribute before dying, it would be even better.

As a 'Spirit Medium', Arthur was flexible and adaptable.

Regarding Marinda's suggestion, Arthur did not oppose but had his own opinion.

Arthur: Too easy an alliance might not be cherished by the other party, so why not let our cousin place bets on both sides.

Marinda's eyes lit up.

She immediately guessed Arthur's intention.

And at this moment, Arthur's words were a response.

"Soup it is.

Can you make fried dough?

It's pulling dough into long strips or thin pancakes, the former twisted, the latter spread with brown sugar."

Arthur inquired.

Naturally, the gestures didn't stop.

Arthur: Be careful, these guys aren't completely clueless.

Marinda: Understood, the unrest in Inner Bay, most likely, is stirred up by the Old Lion.

On this point, which Marinda guessed, Arthur agreed.

He also believed that Baro dared to do this because of the Old Lion's indulgence.

No!

To be precise, it was the Old Lion secretly 'orchestrating'.

So, the matter of Baro contacting the Duke of Northern County, the Old Lion definitely knew about it.

The Duke of Northern County's plan to attack was also known to the Old Lion.

But, what does that matter?

To some extent, Arthur wished the Old Lion or the Duke of Northern County would think he was the true strategist.

Only then...

Could he achieve ultimate victory.

"I'll try!"

Marinda said this and waved goodbye to Arthur.

And after the conversation ended, Arthur sped up his supper.

Some fellows couldn't wait any longer.

He, of course, couldn't let them down.

The time ticked by second by second.

When the east lit up and the sun rose above the horizon, Kilg Harbor remained silent—yesterday's unrest at 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College' frightened everyone.

Perhaps people were in different social strata.

But they all had some understanding of danger.

Even if someone was insensitive to it, they would become aware when they noticed changes around them.

Therefore, they all locked their doors and windows last night.

The women at home took the children into the cellar.

The men stayed behind the door with weapons.

Those with firearms held them tightly.

Those without firearms used daggers, short swords.

If even those were unavailable, a kitchen knife would be a decent choice.

However, last night was silent.

No battles as imagined, nor were there those taking advantage of the chaos.

Especially the latter, which had kept everyone on edge all night.

But when the sun rose, nothing had happened, yet everyone still didn't dare to be careless—many had heard noises from near the Lion Palace, and at such times, some 'well-informed' people were spreading rumor after rumor.

Difficult to discern truth from falsehood.

But enough to make everyone increasingly cautious.

After all, at times like these, being careful is never wrong.

Therefore, as the sun rises, the entire Kilg Harbor does not awaken.

However, this slumber is quickly broken —

A hundred-strong cavalry appears on the street.

As this cavalry advances, everyone who sees them feels their heart leap to their throat.

But soon, many notice something amiss.

Dada dada!

The sound of hooves is somewhat chaotic, lacking uniformity.

Some bold souls crack open their windows slightly to peek at the street, and upon seeing this cavalry clearly, their confusion deepens.

The cavalry is not as imposing as imagined.

On the contrary, fear is etched on the face of each cavalryman.

Some sit atop their horses, trembling uncontrollably.

They do not resemble a troop ready for battle.

Instead, they seem like defeated remnants.

Yet these defeated soldiers possess fine horses and gleaming armor.

Incredible eyes drift instinctively toward the front of the group.

Upon seeing the leading figure, their puzzlement grows.

Baro Hamlet, they recognize.

That sharp, monkey-like face and bald pate left a lasting impression on all who have encountered him.

If they haven't met him?

It doesn't matter.

Bards constantly recount this noble's appearance in restaurants and taverns, spicing things up with tales.

Naturally, in these stories, the noble is always a foolish villain.

But people love to hear such tales.

To make their dinners more sumptuous, many bards even prepare portraits of this noble.

As a result, Lord Baro Hamlet is quite famous in the Inner Bay.

Just...

The portrait of Lord Baro is not as wretched? Angry?

People are at a loss to describe Lord Baro at this moment.

Truly, his current appearance is too bizarre.

His bald scalp is covered with lumps, some as large as pigeon eggs, stacked atop one another.

This is the reason why he cannot wear a helmet.

Yet, even with a helmet, he would still draw attention.

Bruised eye sockets, swollen mouth corners.

Nosebleed seems to have flowed.

At this moment, it is not yet wiped clean.

Isn't this a beating?!

Quickly, the people arrive at this conclusion.

Suddenly, their expressions become vivid.

In Kilg Harbor, who dares strike this noble?

Only their lord, the Duke.

But yesterday's riot didn't occur, so many speculate the Old Lion faced unforeseen trouble, while even more dare not speak lightly.

Besides that noble, who else?

People wonder.

Baro feels those hidden gazes.

The anger he just suppressed immediately threatens to rise again.

Yet, Lord Baro holds back.

'Those two bastards, no matter who you serve or under whose command, just wait!

When I become the Master of Inner Bay, I will settle the score with you properly!

Even if because of you, I wake up.

I will tear you limb from limb.'

Recalling the experience of the previous night, Lord Baro clenches his fists.

He doesn't even know how many times he was pelted with stones by those two bastards' mockery.

Especially the last encounter with another person, directly landing three punches, leaving his eyes bruised, mouth swollen, and nose bleeding.

However, he is extremely grateful.

Thanks to those three punches, his inflated ego was thoroughly sobered.

In an instant, his anger recedes.

Now, he can calmly face the situation before him.

He knows his priority is to capture Pistri.

As long as Pistri is in his grasp, he still has a chance.

Whether confronting his brother or that Duke of Northern County scoundrel.

Thus, he sets out immediately.

With his trusted aides, he arrives here.

Looking at the distant 'St. Joan of Arc Girls' College,' Baro Hamlet shouts aloud from horseback.

"Pistri, come out.

You wouldn't want innocent people to lose their lives because of you, would you?"

The voice echoes into St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

In the next moment, footsteps resound.

Tread, tread, tread.

Crisp steps immediately draw Baro's eyes; he looks toward the entrance of the college, and upon seeing the person emerging from within, the noble gasps directly —

"It's you?!"

Chapter 932: Bloodline Level 4!

The person in front of him, Baro Hamlet, was too familiar.

Although still hiding his face with a cloak, Baro would never forget that cloak and the way the other person walked – it was them who suddenly appeared and struck him three times when those two people had just left.

Those three punches hurt a lot.

It was a pain from the heart.

A deep sense of humiliation.

It was the reason Baro remembered the person in front of him so vividly.

And now?

Great!

Truly great!

He could finally redeem himself!

Lord Baro, who had been punched three times, didn't consider himself inferior; it was just that he wasn't in the right state of mind at the time, blinded by anger and deceived by those two bastards.

Otherwise, how could the person in front succeed?

Thinking this, Lord Baro was preparing to make a move.

However, just as he was about to act, Pistri Hamlet walked out of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College.

This young man was still wearing yesterday's clothes.

Stained with blood and dirtied with grime.

But his expression was firmer than ever.

He looked at Baro, his eyes full of pleading.

"Uncle Baro, please don't make another mistake.

If you're willing, I'll plead with Father for you.

You can live."

Pistri's voice trembled slightly.

Anyone could hear the pleading in it.

This was a young man who valued family.

Many thought instinctively.

But many others noticed something was off, but before they could figure it out, they were drawn by Baro's laughter.

"Bastard!

You want to forgive me?

Based on what?

Who do you think you are?"

Baro's face was gloomy, his voice like a low growl.

"I'm your nephew.

And it's not me forgiving you.

It's my father..."

"Enough!

No one can forgive me, and I did nothing wrong!

It was your father who was wrong!

My brother!"

Baro's voice rose, but he didn't attack Pistri—he knew well the importance of his nephew and wanted a living Pistri, not a dead young lion.

Thus, naturally, Baro's gaze shifted to the person beside Pistri.

"So you're relying on him to make your wild claims here?

Maybe he told you something that made you think you had the upper hand.

Now, I'll show you the gap in real strength!"

Baro couldn't bring himself to harm Pistri, but regarding the person next to Pistri, he had not the slightest hesitation.

In fact, in some sense, Lord Baro wanted to use this person's death to deter Pistri to achieve his goals.

So, with a flash, Lord Baro disappeared from the horseback.

Reappearing above his target's head.

Woosh! Swoosh!

He delivered a punch.

From top to bottom.

The air-cutting sound was sharp amidst the dullness, like a fighter jet falling from the sky, the peeping bystanders covering their ears in terror, retreating continuously.

Even Pistri, deliberately avoided by Baro, staggered as if struck by thunder, nearly collapsing.

The 'Ascend Step' deterrence, the distinction of the extraordinary.

"Dodge quickly!"

Falling to the ground, Pistri shouted loudly.

He knew the lord should be fine, but facing such a strike, he instinctively called out.

But in the next moment, the young lion's eyes widened.

Not only the young lion but also the surrounding people.

And...

Baro himself.

This punch wasn't dodged.

This punch hit the target squarely.

But it was blocked by a thin defensive field.

A punch capable of shattering a gate fell on that thin defensive field, but not a ripple was stirred, even the air-breaking sound stopped abruptly.

Leaving only the faint voice under the hood—

"Try harder."

The voice wasn't loud, but carried an indescribable sarcasm.

"Ah!"

Baro roared again and delivered another punch.

This punch didn't leverage the downward momentum.

But when the dull sound mixed with the sharp sound, a faint golden hue appeared on the punch's edge.

Then, a fierce thrust!

Like a spear thrusting out!

"Defense field?"

Heh."

A contemptuous cold laugh carried Baro's peerless confidence.

He naturally had good reason for such confidence.

Because—

This was the Golden Lion Family's secret technique: Lion's Spear.

A secret technique that existed specifically to penetrate armor.

Initially, it was aimed at leather armor.

Advanced, it could pierce iron armor.

Mastered, it could easily penetrate invisible force fields.

And among the many secret techniques of the Golden Lion Family, Baro only skimmed through them or only trained to an entry level, but the unique secret tradition of 'Lion's Spear', Baro had trained to a master level.

Because Baro clearly understood the importance of armor-piercing.

No matter how many secret techniques, if they can't break through defenses, they're useless.

Only armor-piercing techniques were what he truly needed.

This spear thrust!

Unstoppable!

This spear thrust!

Destined to be earth-shattering!

Baro had secretly tested many times, his one thrust could easily pierce an entry-level defense field.

Even against an 'Ascend Step', he was confident of causing damage.

So, he was brimming with confidence.

So, he awaited the cheers of victory.

He could hardly wait.

"Die!"

Chapter 932: Bloodline Stage IV! _2

Amidst the low growl, the pale golden Radiant Spear collided with the invisible Defense Field.

Then——

Crack!

The pale golden radiance shattered.

The secret technique 'Lion's Spear' of the Golden Lion Family also shattered.

Lord Baro's face froze, his fierce confidence turning into a daze.

"Impossible!

This is impossible!

Who are you?"

In questioning, the person across slowly removed the hood.

A young face entered everyone's view, with black hair and eye color, making it especially captivating and allowing many informed individuals to instantly guess the young person's identity.

'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos.

Baro certainly recognized Arthur.

Although he hadn't seen him before, he had seen Arthur's portrait more than once.

Instantly, that disbelief vanished.

What followed was surprise.

'Lion's Spear' had no effect on Arthur, considering Arthur's displayed strength in the past, Baro thought it was reasonable, perhaps some secret technique negated 'Lion's Spear'.

But all this was not important now.

The important thing is, Arthur has appeared in Inner Bay.

He appeared right in front of him.

As long as he captured Arthur...

He would stand invincible.

As long as he obtained the wealth and secret techniques of the Millennial Family legacy, even if he abandoned everything in Inner Bay, he could find a place to start anew.

Thinking of this, Baro directly took out a scroll.

The scroll was already yellowed.

Everyone could see the ancientness of this scroll.

"Be careful, it's a dueling scroll!"

With broad knowledge due to his family background, the young lion Pistri warned Arthur.

Facing Baro nodded.

"That's right.

It's a dueling scroll.

But, it's not entirely correct.

It—

Is only half a dueling scroll."

Saying this, Lord Baro opened the scroll.

It was then that Pistri discovered this dueling scroll was pieced together, about two-thirds of it was a dueling scroll, making the rolled-up scroll look like a dueling scroll, but once spread out, the remaining part inside revealed something different—half written on parchment, half written on a human skin book.

The former, most people are familiar with.

The latter, most people cannot discern.

But Arthur recognizes it.

Among the various Mystic Side books he collected, quite a few were human skin books—in the early and late empire, many believed human skin was the best writing material for effectively preserving [Spirituality], which is not entirely erroneous, so much so that this crafting method still exists today.

Of course, what truly caught Arthur's attention was the content on the human skin.

Similar to a curse.

Yet incredibly sacred.

Instantly, a thought stirred in Arthur's heart.

"That's right! That's right!

It's the 'God's Word' of the 'The Holy Court'.

The 'Golden Lion Cat' back then was cursed by 'God's Word', Kredos wouldn't want to face the same fate, would you?

I can offer you a dignified surrender.

Come, kneel to me.

Come, pledge allegiance to me."

Baro opened his arms, waiting for Arthur's submissive plea.

Then, he saw Arthur, with a smile, raised his middle finger at him.

'God's Word' is certainly frightening.

Even with the power of 'Golden Lion Cat', it was made to be in a pathetic state.

Arthur would not be so arrogant as to ignore such a curse.

However, the 'God's Word' before him was incomplete.

Moreover, Arthur had reason to doubt the ability of this 'God's Word'.

If it truly possessed the rumored power of 'God's Word', no, even if it had half the power of the rumored 'God's Word', Baro would not have waited this long.

With his ambition, he would have already made a move against the Old Lion.

The fact that he hasn't taken action means this scroll is ineffective and cannot achieve a true kill.

Arthur's gaze swept over the scroll's junction, upon seeing the words related to 'Distortion' written on the parchment, the young Spirit Medium smiled.

"Borrowing the residual power of 'God's Word' to trigger deprivation within the 'dueling scroll', then use 'Distortion' to transform it into power fully targeting the opponent, yet pardon oneself?

Not bad.

Just wondering how long the duration could last?"

Arthur gave a very honest evaluation.

However, such an evaluation made Baro's face look unpleasant.

The taste of having one's assumed trump card technique seen through at a glance by the opponent was not pleasant.

"Time enough for you to realize just how big a mistake you've made!"

Baro snorted coldly.

The scroll began to glow.

A deliberate power swept across the scene, enveloping both him and Arthur.

In the next moment, Baro discovered the secret of Arthur's defense field.

"You're actually using [physique] and [force field] for a mixed defense?

What kind of power drives this?

This power that makes people hungry?

Heh, hunger!

I will take it away!"

Confident once more, believing he had found Arthur's secret, Baro was full of confidence.

Arthur did not refute.

The principle behind his [Seventeenth Order. Meaty. Armor] was just that.

There was nothing worth refuting.

As for deprivation?

Arthur's [spirituality] was very stable, showing no unusual signs.

[Death intuition] didn't flicker at all.

And some subtle expressions of Baro further informed Arthur that the other party was bluffing, it was a form of intimidation, a means to coerce him into submission.

At this, the young spirit medium sighed and said slowly.

"You will never know my talent and bloodline, let alone talk about deprivation.

Don't even mention that you're merely holding a broken 'God's Word', even if the gods worshipped by The Holy Court came, they could not take away everything belonging to me.

Because—

They are not qualified."

Arthur didn't continue his words, but everyone present understood.

The gods themselves are not qualified.

So could Baro, holding 'God's Word', be qualified?

Certainly not.

Feeling the gazes around him, Baro was overwhelmed by a deep sense of humiliation, followed by anger, which resurfaced once again.

Immediately, Baro shouted heedlessly—

"Strip his power from him for me!"

Buzz!

A blinding white light flashed from the scroll's power.

The power of [Seventeenth Order. Meaty. Armor] was not stripped away, nor even bound, but simply suppressed to a certain extent.

The part belonging to 'force field' disappeared.

Only the [physique] part remained.

'Weaker than imagined!

No wonder he doesn't dare attack the Old Lion!'

Arthur, feeling his actual situation, thought silently to himself.

Yet Baro was unaware of these thoughts.

This Lord Baro, looking at the silent Arthur, suddenly burst into loud laughter.

"Did you feel its might?

It is my trump card!

Now go die for me!"

Once again, anger led Baro to lose his rationality.

He recklessly threw a punch towards Arthur's chest.

He intended to pull out Arthur's heart.

He wanted Arthur to endure the most painful death.

Only Arthur's wailing could satisfy him.

The withered palm touched Arthur's chest in an instant.

And then—

Crack! Crack!

A series of crisp, shattering bone sounds were heard.

It wasn't Arthur's bones.

It was Baro's hand.

Under everyone's gaze, Baro's hand began to twist from the fingers, followed by the palm, wrist, and forearm, almost like a twisted doughnut.

"Impossible! This is impossible!

Your force field defense power was supposed to be suppressed!"

Baro clutched his right hand with his left, retreating repeatedly, uttering cries of disbelief.

Arthur simply nodded.

"Indeed, my force field defense power has been suppressed.

But even when suppressed, it's not something you could break through."

Arthur's words were gentle, yet extremely venomous.

Like a snake constantly spitting venom, it provoked the already unstable Baro.

Arthur's words, of course, were not lies.

He simply didn't tell the whole truth.

The part belonging to force field defense in [Seventeenth Order. Meaty. Armor] was weakened, indeed.

But the [physique] in [Seventeenth Order. Meaty. Armor] was still there.

Of course, this wasn't the main point.

The key was Arthur's bloodline.

After last night's 'Golden Midnight Snack'.

Arthur's bloodline [Serpent of Death] was no longer at level I !

Instead, it was—

Level IV.

Chapter 933: Rightfully Justified!

Feasting on gold as a midnight snack, indulgence.

But, great nourishment.

Arthur, grinning, watched Baro clutch his right hand and wail continuously, a sense of satisfaction brewing in his heart spread swiftly, refreshing his spirits.

He ate so much.

What for if not for this very moment?

The young Spirit Medium glanced at the words with the corner of his eye—

[Serpent of Death IV: Death intertwined with serpents proceeds simultaneously, death pursues the serpent's tail, serpent's kiss chases the awakening of death, within the repetition of cycles, the most unique promotion method appears, this unique thread in your bloodline suffices to make most God-born and Demon Offspring turn heads, to make those 'Ascend Steper' envious, moreover making darkness, shadow, and entities of death fear, because they, them, He knows that yours is not earthly Talent fused now with the dreadful bloodline, even a demigod is unwilling to confront your sharpness.

Because...

It will be devoured by you!

The enormous amount of gold consumed by you, completely absorbed, initiates the promotion of your bloodline.

At this moment, you have gradually grasped that unique 'Divine'.]

[Effect: 1, Awakening; 2, Shadow Concealment; 3, Body; 4, Serpent's Gaze; 5, Serpent Speak; 6, Devour; 7, Serpent's Breath; 8, Serpent Shadow; 9, Authority, Cripple]

[Awakening: You have awoken a unique bloodline, now you become extraordinary, and subsequent promotions render you beyond earthly imagination; Physique +50 (3+2+5+10+30), Spirituality +50 (3+2+5+10+30)]

[Shadow Concealment: When you are in the shadows, in darkness, you will gain a Stealth Correction Level of +12, and can easily control shadows and darkness within a 1000-meter radius to form entry-level power for attack, defense, and support.]

[Serpentine Body: Your body's joints and muscles can be as flexible as a serpent's, and can allow the entire body to writhe and coil like a serpent, while facing swords, firearm, explosion, blaze, Defense Level +10, against acid liquid, toxin, Defense Level +12, facing thunder, Defense Level +49; and when food is sufficient, your body will grow rapidly beyond limits in a manner that matches physique, defense, lifespan, simultaneously you can freely control your body size, even in winter you can easily control the instinctual slumber, of course, if you choose to hibernate, your body will grow faster; and if you refuse to hibernate, growth speed remains unchanged, while your appetite becomes better, 'food' becomes a crucial resource for your essential bloodline promotion; 0/10000]

[Serpent's Gaze: Meeting eyes with others through Serpent's Gaze, creatures below fourth order will be instantaneously deterred, and if panic ensues during deterrence, they will also fall into illusion, creatures caught in illusion will be pulled into the Realm of Death, directly pronounced dead; creatures of fourth order or above will require a will judgement, but if the will judgement fails, they will also be deterred, panic, illusion, likewise pulled into the Realm of Death, pronounced dead!]

[Serpent Speak: Able to communicate with serpents using serpent's hiss, command ordinary, secret technique, entry-level serpents, even mythical serpents will be deterred by you, even without serpent's hiss communication, serpent creatures will still revere you, intensely longing to follow you]

[Devour: Now you can consume objects within a 1000-meter radius by mere touch without opening your mouth, and you can ignore toxins, acid corrosion, dark energy contained within consumed food at entry-level and below, even stones, metals can be digested and absorbed by your stomach, transformed into the purest nutrients to nourish your body, and the acid liquid in your stomach can quickly dissolve even demigods]

[Serpent's Breath: The gas you exhale can transform into a fourth level rank toxic miasma at any time, your saliva will rapidly corrode the earth, during hibernation you can turn the entire South County into a miasma swamp kingdom, but if you are unwilling, you remain an ordinary person, you can kiss your beloved lady anytime]

[Serpent Shadow: Breath of Death and Bloodline resonance, Ascend change, fourth level improvement, make your already changed shadow fully promoted, it can transform into 666 serpent shadows, silently attack those you wish to within your sight, and upon the death of the attacked, they transform into the purest 'Aura of Death' and bring it back]

[Authority: Bloodline promotion allows you to completely grasp the authority of 'God of the Inner Sea' possessed by Xitidar, fourth level rank you have already made the authority truly complete, you can easily manipulate water on a large scale, and when you stand over the inner sea, you can make the inner sea churn ceaselessly, also borrow life within the inland river to heal wounds, and command the creatures within to serve you, now you, are 'God of the Inland River']

(Note 1: Physique and Spirituality brought by Awakening are absolutely safe, with consumption of more food, hibernation, will grow slowly)

(Note 2: During Shadow Concealment, rapid running does not affect stealth level, and under illumination, total exposure, there is still +6 Stealth Correction Level)

(Note 3: Current Serpentine Body can reach 36 meters, current normal lifespan 2048 years, maintain human condition state, natural extra Defense Level +6, when you unleash limitation, reaching 36 meters, natural extra Defense Level +18, targeting Thunder Defense Level extra +81, simultaneously, for next phase bloodline promotion, you need more gold, mystic side items, misfortune items as 'food'.)

Chapter 933 Right and Proper!_2

(Note 4: Each level of defense is approximately equivalent to the explosion level 'above Great Arcana')

(Note 5: When you complete a deep sleep, you will be full of energy and recover faster)

(Note 6: The initial attack level of each serpent shadow is equivalent to the bullet power of the 'Arcana Level'. The serpent shadow can turn and track targets. For every attack completed, if it absorbs enough 'Aura of Death', it can continue to attack and increase its own attack level, up to 'Entry', but will continuously consume 'Aura of Death'. When 'Aura of Death' is insufficient, it needs to return to your

shadow to replenish 'Aura of Death', but the next attack will still strike with the power of the 'Arcana Level' bullet. Meanwhile, after completing an effective attack, it can also choose not to attack again and bring back the 'Aura of Death' for you. When all serpent shadows are deployed, your shadow will fade but will not disappear)

(Note 7: The ritual 'Orange Cat' 'Great Orange' 'Seventeen Order', under the reconciliation of your talent, does not conflict at all with your bloodline, instead it complements it)

(Note 8: The power to control water on land can reach Ascend Step. When standing 'above the Inner Sea', you are the God of the Inner Sea. Your physique and spirituality will receive a 10% increase, and the secret techniques you have mastered will be enhanced to varying degrees)

...

IV Order Bloodline!

Ascended three levels in a row!

The enhancement for Arthur is immense!

The most direct benefits are [Physique] and [Spirituality].

30 points!

Increased by 30 points each!

This nearly surpasses the sum of the past!

Doubling Arthur's attributes directly!

Not to mention the defense level brought by [Serpentine Body]!

Simply put, with Arthur's exaggeratedly high [Physique] values and [Serpentine Body] defense, standing here and letting Baro hit him, it will only be Baro who gets hurt.

And this is merely the norm.

When Arthur releases the restrictions, just at a glance, Baro would die.

Arthur couldn't believe that a 36-meter him wouldn't scare Baro.

As long as he's scared, a single [Serpent's Gaze] could kill him.

And if they were 'above the Inland River'?

Arthur could make the opponent understand what holy invulnerability means!

The surging power made Arthur want to shout that he doesn't eat beef.

However, it was too embarrassing, and Arthur couldn't say it out loud.

So, he chose a very gentle manner to demonstrate himself—

"Come again, use some strength."

Arthur smiled at Baro.

Baro kept retreating continuously.

The pain in his right hand made Lord Baro sober up once more. He stared at Arthur, his expression changing unpredictably. Even though the glory of the duel contract still shone, the lord did not dare to step forward again.

As the brother of the Old Lion, Baro may appear to be useless to outsiders.

Indeed, in some sense, he is.

But Baro, relying on his family's heritage, knows quite a lot.

At the very least, the [Physique] displayed by the Southern Lost Spirit Medium in front of him made him despair.

'Perhaps only the 'Golden Lion Cat' back then could compare?'

At the moment this thought crossed his mind, Baro's courage drained away.

Our Lord Baro did not wish to have a bullet-like fist slam into his face at the speed of light.

Of course, our Lord Baro also did not want to give up the 'advantage' in front of him.

After all...

He is not alone.

"You dare to harm me, my brother won't let you off!"

Baro shouted.

The moment these words were spoken, even with Arthur's mindset, he was taken aback.

You've betrayed the Old Lion, stirred a coup in the entire Inner Bay, and yet, you expect the Old Lion to stand up for you, to shelter you?

People can be shameless, but not this shameless, right?

Arthur had met many thick-skinned people, but never as thick as Baro's, this was a first for him.

Pistri on the side was dumbfounded.

It was evident that Baro's level of shamelessness had refreshed the young lion's worldview.

Not only the young lion, but also those inside St. Joan of Arc Girls' College, and people on the nearby streets, all had their worldviews simultaneously refreshed.

People looked at Baro incredulously.

It seemed at that moment, people were truly getting to know this lord.

But soon, many people had a sudden realization.

The Baro before them was still the Baro who couldn't hold up despite looking strong, like a paper tiger.

No, to be more precise, a paper lion...

Hmm, not quite right either.

Yesterday, he looked just like a rat.

Paper rat?

Thinking of this term, the people around had strange expressions.

Rats don't really need to be described as paper, do they?

While people around were filled with odd feelings, Arthur made his move.

A humble young man like Arthur couldn't tolerate Baro's shameless thick skin. He took a step, raised his hand, and gave a slap—

Pah!

The slap resounded loudly, the entire street heard it.

Baro was slapped off his feet, spinning in the air like a spinning top.

After spinning three and a half times in mid-air, Baro crashed heavily on the ground.

Wow!

A mouthful of teeth, mixed with fresh blood, was spat on the ground.

Clutching his swollen cheek, Baro's voice leaked like a deflating balloon as he shouted.

"You dare hit me?!"

You actually dare hit me?!

Do you even know who my brother is?!"

Baro's voice was filled with such disbelief.

So much so that when Arthur made the second strike with slightly more force—Arthur initially barely exerted any strength with the first slap, afraid of accidentally killing the opponent.

Chapter 933 Right and Proper!_3

It's not about sparing the other's life.

Rather, it's about needing the other's cooperation a bit more.

But the second slap was slightly intolerable.

Without affecting his plan, Arthur increased his strength and directly sent Baro flying.

Bam!

Baro flew up, crashing into a building on the side of the street.

Crash!

The two-story building collapsed upon Baro's impact, and the dust rising among the falling bricks grew ever noisier, yet it couldn't drown out Baro's roar—

"I won't let you get away with this!

How dare you hit me!"

With a roar, Baro crawled out of the dust.

It wasn't that he didn't want to stand.

He simply couldn't stand up.

After several attempts, Baro, who felt dizzy and stumbled, began to crawl.

This scene made many people laugh out loud.

Lord Baro's embarrassment was truly ridiculous.

But even more ridiculous, someone like him had instigated a coup in Inner Bay.

A few people laughed until their expressions turned odd.

They were contemplating.

However, more people laughed heartlessly.

Pistri was among those contemplating.

The Young Lion of the Old Lion Family looked at the crawling Baro and couldn't bring himself to laugh anymore; at this moment, he even fell into self-doubt.

He doubted if the world before him was real.

If it was real, then what was Baro at this moment?

But if it was fake, what about all his previous assumptions, plans, and arrangements against Baro?

A solo play?

The Baro in his imagination should have been patient, sinister, with multiple layers of arrangements.

But the real Baro was just a clown.

However, this wasn't important.

What mattered was that he nearly got killed by this clown.

Was he even inferior to a clown?

The Young Lion of the Old Lion Family stood there in a daze, and it was only when Arthur placed a hand on his shoulder that the young man came back to his senses—

"Sorry, Lord Kledos, I..."

The Young Lion wanted to say something but didn't know how.

Arthur just smiled.

"Feels absurd?"

"Yes."

The Young Lion nodded.

"No need to find it absurd, this is the world you've seen."

It is inherently absurd and unrealistic.

Because—

It is just a makeshift stage, a patchwork troupe where anyone can step up and perform.

But whether it's met with applause or rotten eggs depends on the performer's capability."

Arthur shrugged as he spoke.

"So Baro got the rotten eggs?"

The Young Lion asked instinctively.

Arthur immediately became serious.

He said—

"No!

He is a rotten egg himself."

The Young Lion blinked and once again looked at the crawling Baro, immediately feeling that Arthur was right.

At the same time, Baro also looked at the Young Lion.

At the moment their eyes met, Lord Baro shouted immediately—

"Pistri, have you forgotten the honor of the Golden Lion Family?

Even if I am a traitor, even if I made mistakes, I am a member of the Golden Lion Family, and should be punished by the Golden Lion Family members.

Not insulted by an outsider!"

The shout was loud.

The people around frowned.

They felt Baro was right.

Long-standing mental shackles not only limited their wisdom but also confused their vision.

This wasn't their fault.

Because they are in this era.

Even the Young Lion couldn't escape.

Of course, the Young Lion wouldn't make a move, but the struggle in his eyes was evident.

Seeing this scene, Baro almost laughed out loud.

Fools!

A bunch of fools!

Lord Baro became proud again.

He seemed to have found a chance to survive.

Instinctively, Baro looked at Arthur.

Seeing Arthur's calm expression, even a slight smile at the corner of his mouth, he immediately said viciously.

"You have no right to judge me!"

The smile at the corner of Arthur's mouth became more wanton.

The young Spirit Medium said softly—

"Really?"

In the soft words, golden light began to flicker.

Chapter 934: The Heart of the King!

Under the morning sun, the golden color was dazzling.

Everyone was dumbstruck, incredulously staring at Arthur—his black hair had turned golden, and his black eyes had also turned golden.

And it was well-known what gold represented in the Inner Bay.

The Golden Lion Family!

Moreover...

Why did looking at Arthur make one involuntarily tear up, feel surging emotions, and want to kneel on the ground?

Everyone was shocked to the core.

Even more shocked were Baro Hamlet and Pistri Hamlet.

Because they were far too familiar with this compelling power.

'Lion Group'!

A power rumored to be exclusive to the Golden Lion Family, but very few people had awakened, only the Old Lion had awakened the talent.

"Impossible! Impossible! How can this be?"

Baro looked at Arthur, his face twisted as he shouted loudly.

"Is this, is this your aim?"

The Young Lion looked at Arthur, his gaze extremely complex.

In fact, not only the Young Lion, but also Jimte, Kalal, and Anna, and everyone in the academy, as well as the hidden peepers, had complex expressions at this moment.

In that instant, they all guessed what Arthur had come for.

And Arthur, who was paying attention to these people, naturally wouldn't let everyone down.

He took a step forward—

Thud, thud, thud!

Buzz!

Amidst the intense and strong heartbeats, the air began to oscillate, and the golden short hair started to rise with the airflow.

The power of [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King] reached its extreme at this moment.

And those heartbeats were like a horn.

Or like a war drum being struck.

In this moment, it attracted everyone.

"I came to the Inner Bay to take back what belongs to me."

The voice was neither arrogant nor humble, clearly audible.

Jimte and Kalal, upon hearing these words, did not hesitate at all, immediately kneeling on one knee—

"Welcome, Your Highness, to your loyal Inner Bay."

Jimte and Kalal knelt.

They knelt without hesitation.

Because, they had long pledged loyalty to Arthur.

They shared glory and loss.

Therefore, they did not hesitate at this moment.

However, nobody knew their relationship with Arthur, and when everyone was awed by the power of [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King], suddenly two people knelt, truly causing the remaining people present to experience a wave-like real shock, and the last straw that broke the camel's back came from Hayes in the shadows.

As the last member of the trio, Hayes unwillingly walked out of the shadows and knelt on one knee.

"Welcome, Your Highness, to your loyal Inner Bay."

People recognized Jimte, they recognized Kalal, and they also recognized Hayes.

Among the nobles, the trio was not obscure.

On the contrary, they were quite famous.

Plus, the various banquets and salons they attended after arriving at Inner Bay had turned into real performance at this moment—

"Welcome, Your Highness, to your loyal Inner Bay."

The noble guards behind Baro dismounted, kneeling on one knee in salute.

"Welcome, Your Highness, to your loyal Inner Bay."

Anna knelt on one knee, followed by Jian, Jennifer, Amy, and Shala.

Among the five 'Shapeless', apart from Anna, who had complex feelings,

the remaining four, Jian, Jennifer, Amy, and Shala, had all had substantial encounters with Arthur, having been awed or frightened by him.

Simply put, the four had long harbored a deep-seated fear of Arthur.

Under the unique heartbeats of [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King], after just a brief daze, they kneeled immediately.

As for Anna?

Simpler still.

Everyone around her knelt, if she didn't kneel, wouldn't it be too conspicuous?

As for her rift with Arthur?

Marinda had already sent her a message.

They would resolve it privately.

Now?

What harm was there in kneeling?

Anna persuaded herself.

The students, parents, and teachers of St. Joan of Arc Girls' College saw the leading five kneeling, and their already surging emotions caused them all to kneel to the ground.

In an instant, only one person was left.

Baro!

He stood there dumbfounded, his mouth still crying out impossibilities!

After a good four or five seconds, this Lord Baro finally came to his senses.

"Do you think your 'Lion Group's influence over these people is enough?

In the Inner Bay, there are still many people you can never win over!

They are the true nobles!"

Just as Baro finished speaking, members of the Inner Bay's Seven Major Families, except the Golden Lion Family, appeared on one side of the street, dressed in grand attire, their expressions solemn.

Baro was about to laugh heartily.

"Look, the true nobles will, at the right moment..."

Baro's words were interrupted by a loud call—

"Welcome, Your Highness, to your loyal Inner Bay."

The Seven Major Families knelt on one knee.

In the shadows, Acker and Eivor exchanged a smile.

The two Kings of Assassins were the busiest last night, even Arthur couldn't compare.

And Baro, who knew nothing of this, turned pale. This lord raised his hand pointing at the members of the Seven Major Families, his voice involuntarily trembling.

"You, you!

Traitors!

You are all traitors!"

The leader of the Seven Major Families first saluted Arthur, then looked at Baro.

"If we are traitors?

What about you?

You, who first initiated the coup, what are you?

And His Highness Arthur has come merely to quell the rebellion."

Chapter 934 The Heart of the King!_2

The leading Noble finished speaking without looking at Baro, focusing his fervent gaze on Arthur—

He's back! All have returned!

The familiar heartbeat!

The heartbeat worth charging for!

Has it been ten years?

Or twenty without hearing it?

As a 'Pioneer Noble,' he had always charged under the 'Old Lion.'

But he didn't know when the 'Old Lion' began to disdain them.

Was it because they had aged?

Was it because they couldn't wield a Longsword anymore?

He didn't know.

Only when he awoke from his dreams, he always reminisced about the days charging under the Old Lion.

Now it seems he might fulfill his wish.

Thump, thump, thump!

One heartbeat after another.

These were like the war drums.

Under these war drums, he was willing to charge even to death.

Behind him, the remaining six elderly Nobles were equally excited.

Yesterday, when they were forced to sign the contract, their counterpart claimed to show them the true 'Lion King,' to which they paid no mind.

But now, it seems they really see it.

The young Lion King has returned to his domain, awaiting to greet his ministers.

It is indeed them.

They have been waiting all along!

The power of [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King] erupted vividly in people's memory and emotions with unimaginable strength, only Baro, who had reached 'Ascend Step,' could withstand.

Lord Baro looked at the kneeling crowd.

Then he glanced at Arthur, who stood there without sparing him another look.

"Do you think you've won?"

You only conquered these spineless ones!

What about those lurking in the shadows?

They thrive on blood, living off others' lives; they are the true power you face!"

Baro continued to shout.

Then—

From shadows on all sides of the street, one by one, people emerged under the command of fifty Death Warriors... no, Fighters loyal to Arthur.

With no hesitation.

These gang members, Bounty Hunters, killers, and others knelt on one knee behind the fifty Fighters.

"Welcome Your Highness to your loyal Inner Bay."

Their voice was uniformly loud and clear.

Under the impact of these voices, Baro staggered back two steps.

His face, already pale, now completely bloodless, as white as paper.

His body was trembling uncontrollably.

Both out of fear, and not only.

However, Lord Baro would not yield so easily—

"So what if you bring the entire Inner Bay to kneel at your feet?"

It's still just the Inner Bay!

What about the enemies outside the Inner Bay?"

His words drew attention from others.

The Knight of the Seven Major Families immediately spoke.

"Your Highness, the families Bert, Ainhars, and Seberlin have declared war against us, coming down the 'Inland River,' they should be arriving."

"Ha, is it just them?"

Do you think it's just them?

How could it be just them!

It's my trump card!"

Baro sneered.

In this moment, the panic in Lord Baro's eyes subsided substantially.

Not lost!

I haven't lost!

How could I lose!

Although things have exceeded expectations!

But,

The final victor will definitely be me!

Baro confidently thought.

After all, this was his contingency.

He hadn't realized that the contingency he set up inadvertently could have such a huge impact.

"You short-sighted lot will never know how big the world outside is!"

Lord Baro started boasting arrogantly.

Arthur, however, silently headed towards the dock.

No one could discern the surprise that flashed briefly in Arthur's eyes beneath the golden glow—

It's here!

...

Kilg Harbor, Docklands.

Yesterday's riots naturally influenced this place.

Thus, the usual bustling scene has completely disappeared here.

What's left is only silence.

Even if one or two people pass by, they rush like mice, stealthily.

However, one ship is different.

From the outside, it looks like an ordinary merchant ship, and it unloads goods upon docking at Kilg Harbor, but the sailors aboard are overly strong.

Especially those sailors who appeared later, they chilled people to the bone.

If at the beginning, this merchant ship gave off a cautious vibe, as those chilling sailors appeared later, it became open and aboveboard.

Some with broken legs, using a wooden stick to replace a leg.

Some with broken hands, replacing them with iron hooks.

There were also a few sailors wearing eye patches, appearing openly and unashamedly.

Clearly not good people, these fellows appeared in large numbers, prompting many to report to the Docklands' Police Chief and Tax Officials, but as soon as these arrogant individuals approached the ship, they were chased away by the ship's Chief Sailor.

Moreover, the Police Chiefs and Tax Officials accompanied them with smiles.

Because—

The Chief Sailor held an invitation from Baro Hamlet.

These people were honored guests of Lord Baro.

As for what they were doing?

The Police Chiefs and Tax Officials dared not inquire, much less speak carelessly.

In their current positions, they long understood the principle that knowing more leads to dying faster—after all, the intrigues between nobles are far too many.

Thus, after arresting and whipping a few nosy informers, throwing them into prison, these Police Chiefs and Tax Officials remained silent.

Especially after the exceptional turmoil erupted in the Inner Bay, they felt even more grateful.

And at this moment, the Chief Sailor on the deck, a burly man, couldn't resist approaching his boss—

"Captain, those fellows indeed turned out as you said, not daring to bother us even after such a massive riot broke out."

"Hmph, do they even look at who the captain is?"

"Do you think everyone is as brainless as you?"

With a cold snort, a tall, dark-skinned yet attractive woman walked over.

This was the ship's female first officer.

First glaring at the heedless Chief Sailor interrupting their captain's rest, she gently placed her hand on the captain's shoulder, whispering: "It's time to act."

This scene left the burly Chief Sailor speechless.

He knew well his captain's habits.

Not to mention putting a hand on the shoulder, the last person who dared casually touch their captain's arm was used as shark bait—personally executed by him.

Could it be?

Uncontrollably, the Chief Sailor's thoughts began to wander.

After all, their first officer was recruited by the captain only recently.

Perhaps?

Thinking this, the Chief Sailor dared not linger.

First, he kicked the sailor beside him who was also staring blankly.

"What are you looking at?

Get to work! Everyone below deck, get to work!"

Mumbling, the Chief Sailor turned around with a teasing and closing the cabin door, as if saying, 'You all stay here, I'll take care of those bastards.'

This scene made the female first officer smile with satisfaction.

But for the captain lying in the deck chair, it was rather awkward.

"Cassandra, you make me feel very embarrassed."

The captain... no, accurately speaking, the Western Sea Pirate General Drake Kledos said this.

"Oh?

Is your skin that thin?

Then why do you still call yourself the Western Sea Pirate General?"

Cassandra, the youngest daughter of the Kledos Family, hugged her chest with a mischievous smile—she only showed this expression in front of family.

Certainly, in front of Arthur, she maintained the demeanor of an aunt.

But in front of her elder brother, she showed her willfulness.

Being mentioned 'Western Sea Pirate General' by his sister, Drake's cheeks flushed red.

Truth is, he went to sea for treasure.

Deciding to become an adventurer.

However, who knew how it came to be that he became a Pirate General instead.

"And you?"

'Shapeless' leader?"

Drake retorted to his sister.

But unfortunately, Lady Cassandra was already prepared.

"I'm doing this to help Arthur.

As I appear voluntarily on your ship, it's also to help Arthur."

Listening to his sister's words, Drake almost rolled his eyes.

Clearly, his sister was avoiding trouble.

But as an elder brother, Drake wouldn't expose his sister.

He took a deep breath.

"What do you think?"

"Standing by your side, helping Arthur together with you is my thought—Arthur is, after all, our family."

Cassandra said resolutely.

Following this, Lady Cassandra squinted and her mouth lifted into a smile—

"Come on, hoist your pirate flag!

Our nephew needs our real help now!"

Chapter 935 The Curtain Falls on the Best Supporting Role!

Yang Fan, fire!

As the black pirate flag rose, the pirate ship disguised as a merchant vessel bombarded the tax officer's office at the Kilg Harbor docklands under the command of its chief sailor.

This two-story building was directly engulfed in blaze amidst the explosion.

The flying rooftop disintegrated mid-air, announcing the arrival of the Western Sea Pirate General in a fragmented manner.

Next was the police station in the docklands—located by the tax officer's office, separated only by a wall, and it received special attention from the pirates.

Six-pound cannonballs fell in droves.

Boom boom boom!

After a series of successive explosions, the police station was leveled to the ground.

Then, it was time to charge.

All the pirates looked to their captain.

The great Western Sea Pirate General.

In their eyes was a burning admiration for their own General.

Drake felt that scorching heat.

He sighed softly in his heart.

Why did he only bring this ship here in the Inner Bay instead of his whole fleet? Aside from the fact that too many people would attract attention, it was because this group on the ship were his confidants—the ones who boarded the pirate ship with various regrets.

As for the hopeless ones?

As Pirate General, he would not refuse such people.

But they would never be on his ship.

"Gentlemen—"

Dum, dum, dum!

Drake intentionally controlled the timing. As soon as he spoke, the intense heartbeat sounding like war drums emerged, resonating one after another in the docklands.

All pirates hearing this heartbeat were briefly stunned.

The [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King] began working its influence on them.

However, in the next moment, all pirates frowned.

Because amidst it were piercing words—

"Hahaha, see?

This is my trump card—

The Pirate General of the Western Sea!

You country bumpkin, do you really think you can control the whole situation?"

Baro Hamlet shouted aloud.

Lord Baro looked proudly at the black flag.

No!

It was almost as if he was breathing freely again.

He seemed to see his victory.

This sight made Arthur even more certain that Lord Baro's brain had been ruined by that so-called [Secondary Helk Gold Potion].

"Not only more irritable.

But even basic sanity is diminishing over time.

For...

More irritability?"

Arthur speculated.

He knew very well what the Duke of Northern County wanted to do.

The other party not only wanted to eliminate the Old Lion but also intended to stir chaos throughout the Inner Bay and even South County—which was inevitable.

Understand that, under the current circumstances, a battle between Mother Tigress and the Old Lion in South Los couldn't be avoided.

So as long as the Duke of Northern County's brain wasn't broken, he would ensure the tri-battle would destroy South Los.

South Los destroyed.

Inner Bay riots.

Plus, if the Old Lion died, it meant there was no support left for Northern County's invasion.

All of this, Arthur could predict.

In response, Arthur expressed his gratitude.

Not for the potential results the other might cause but for the 'window' the opponent opened.

This allowed him to achieve his goals more easily.

Of course, Arthur had never considered that the famed Western Sea Pirate General was his uncle.

Plus, the head of 'Shapeless' who was his aunt.

Also, the grandfather who went to 'The Eternal Resting Land' to resurrect his lover.

"Does the Kledos Family not keep idlers?"

Poor me, the young one who had been keeping myself out of trouble, now forced to get involved.

Alas!"

Arthur sighed, heading toward the dock.

There, the Western Sea Pirate General on the pirate ship overlooked the approaching young man.

"Is this my nephew?"

Mm, it sure is.

Old Man wouldn't be mistaken."

With his brother's disappearance, Drake understood some of his Old Man's plans—transforming from conservative to aggressive.

"Looks like the plan succeeded."

Drake looked at his nephew with a smile in his eyes.

Then, hopped down—

"Lord, beware!"

Jimte, Kalal, Hayes swiftly positioned themselves in front of Arthur, assuming protective postures.

The Pirate General of the Western Sea, they were aware of.

The name was known to everyone in the Western Sea, even the 'Glowgold Family' acknowledged such a title.

Nobody cares.

But Jimte, Kalal, Hayes knew well about the trickiness of the 'Glowgold Family,' and recognizing it must be due to tremendous strength and influence.

Seeing this, Baro laughed even louder.

"Hahaha, it can't be stopped!

None of you can stop it!

The Western Sea Pirate General is a true 'Ascend Steper,' he has gotten hold of the sea treasure that the 'Pirate King' Edward always wanted but couldn't find.

Near water sources, he's invincible."

Baro shouted loudly.

Jimte, Kalal, Hayes did not back down.

The most battle-thirsty Kalal even began itching for a fight.

Others were puzzled and uncertain.

However, beneath [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King]'s heartbeat, nobody defected, nor did anyone flee at this moment.

They merely hesitated.

Then continued standing behind Arthur.

Seeing this, Baro's jealousy utterly consumed him.

"Why?

Why does he get to, but I cannot?

Why wasn't it me who awakened the 'Lion Group'!

If it were me, I too could..."

"You cannot!"

Arthur interrupted Baro's words.

The young king stood there looking at the distorted face of the traitor, speaking word by word—

Chapter 935: The Curtain Falls for the Best Supporting Actor!_2

"A king never retreats."

With that, Arthur raised his hand and patted the shoulders of his three confidants. After nodding with a smile, he walked straight past them, his cloak whipping through the air like a billowing cape with his strides.

Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes watched Arthur pass by without anyone trying to stop him.

They would not defy Arthur's command.

All they had in their eyes was anticipation.

Anticipating Arthur's next move.

The remaining people were the same.

They looked toward that figure filled with expectation.

Only Baro was different.

He still ranted.

He was still unconvinced.

"What king?

It's just your good luck!"

At this moment, Baro had lost all his composure.

He had long forgotten the famous saying his tutor once taught him: 'Destiny is the modesty of the strong, comfort to the weak, but most importantly, do not use fate as an excuse at inappropriate times.'

He had forgotten.

So, he encountered the most unbelievable scene of his life—

"Welcome, Your Highness, to the Inner Bay that is loyal to you."

The famously ruthless and arrogant Western Sea Pirate General, at this moment, bowed in greeting to the young Spirit Medium.

Everyone froze.

Especially the subordinates behind Drake.

They never thought Drake would do this, although...

They thought there wasn't anything bad about it.

Originally, under the influence of [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King], these diehard followers of Drake still looked at Arthur with a touch of curiosity, but when their boss saluted, that curiosity instantly turned into admiration, and when admiration appeared, the 'drumbeat of war' that echoed in their ears began to completely change their mindset.

No!

It wasn't a change!

But subtle influence!

An influence completed in an instant!

The look in their eyes towards Arthur became feverish!

Baro saw these eyes.

Immediately, this Lord Baro shouted—

"Wake up!

All of you, wake up!

Don't be fooled by him!

These are all secret techniques!"

"Shut up!

You traitor!"

Among the pirates, Drake's staunchest supporter, the Chief Sailor, raised his hand and tossed a salted fish—accurately hitting Baro's face.

Baro did not want to dodge.

But, at the moment he tried to, a thought drilled into his mind.

Don't dodge.

If he dodges, he will die.

He could clearly feel this killing intent coming from Arthur.

Arthur was threatening him.

He...

Accepted the threat.

He had not lost yet!

He still had a chance to turn the tables!

So—

Smack!

The salted fish slapped on the face of this 'Ascend Steper.'

The foul stench was filled with a bizarre taste that further pierced his lips.

Unhindered.

Ugh!

This Lord Baro began to retch violently.

He swore he had never smelled or tasted anything like this before.

Lord Baro, vomiting so much that bile came out, lay there, subjected to everyone's contempt—whether from the earlier crowd or the newly joined pirates, all scorned this once second-in-command eminence.

And this was exactly what Arthur needed.

He needed such a supporting role.

Moreover, unexpectedly, this supporting role offered him cooperation beyond imagination.

Like at this moment—

"You have bigger crises unresolved!

Do you know?

The nobles from those territories absolutely won't miss such an opportunity!

They aren't spineless cowards like pirates!

Facing territories, they are the fiercest of wolves!

And when the Inner Bay is placed before them, they will turn into a pack of wolves; they will work together, biting off the best from you and savor it!"

Baro lay there in his vomit, his gaze vicious, words venomous.

But no one refuted.

Everyone knew Baro spoke the truth.

Moreover—

The fleets of the Bert, Ainhars, and West Berlin families truly appeared in sight.

The Bert Family was led by Count Bert.

The West Berlin Family was led by the Marquis's daughter.

The Ainhars Family was temporarily handled by Viscount Windsor's only daughter, Lady Windsor.

Under the secret technique blessing of the West Berlin Family, 'going with the flow,' they quickly, in a short time, appeared within the Inner Bay.

"Look!

They are coming!"

Baro sneered.

"My lord, I'll go and hold them off for a bit."

Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes bowed and requested permission.

In such an advantageous situation in the Inner Bay, they wouldn't let 'outsiders' ruin it, even if these 'outsiders' were related to them.

"Load the explosives.

Give them a little pirate's greeting."

Drake also wouldn't want outsiders to disrupt his nephew's situation.

The Kledos Family always stands by their own.

"Yes, Captain!"

The pirates responded loudly.

War, to them, is just everyday life.

Especially sea battles, they have never lost.

They are the most elite under the Western Sea Pirate General's command.

The pirates shouted and hoisted sails, turning the cannons.

Barrels of explosives were being opened.

They have used ships to blow up other ships before.

And not just once.

"Get two more ships!"

If we block the channel before the port, they can't get in, and then they'll be sitting ducks under the port's turrets!"

The burly Chief Sailor issued orders loudly.

"Yes, Chief Sailor!"

The pirates moved swiftly.

The people of the Seven Major Families were not to be outdone.

"My lord, please leave it to us.

We prepared as soon as we received their declaration of war."

The knight at the head of the Seven Major Families signaled as he spoke.

Immediately, one after another, turrets appeared in Kilg Harbor out of thin air.

No!

To be precise, it was the previously camouflaged turrets that removed their force fields.

The dark cannon muzzles aimed at the advancing ships.

A great battle was imminent.

Arthur strode forward, just as he had done earlier.

Seeing this scene, the busy people around were stunned.

Baro had a highly incredulous thought rise from the bottom of his heart.

'Impossible!

This is impossible!

Even that guy couldn't do it!

Baro roared in his heart.

The others were somewhat incredulous too, but there was a trace of unexplained anticipation.

Amidst the crowd, Drake and Cassandra were somewhat different.

The two looked at their formerly young nephew, the family's only non-magic user.

Their expressions became complicated at that moment.

They originally didn't want their nephew to bear more.

But soon, they began to hope.

Amidst the near-universal anticipation, Arthur looked at the flagship of the three-family alliance, at Count Bert, Lady Windsor, and the eldest daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin—

"Why are you here?"

Before the other two could react, Count Bert didn't hesitate. He bowed directly.

"To help Your Highness Arthur successfully settle in the Inner Bay."

Saying this, Count Bert also lowered his head.

Then, Lady Windsor was even more straightforward.

"I am here to help my friend, Lord Arthur."

Saying this, Lady Windsor bowed in respect.

"And you?"

Arthur looked at the last person.

The eldest daughter of the Marquess of West Berlin.

Yekaterina Otto von West Berlin smiled radiantly—

"I am here to celebrate my friend's return to his rightful territory."

Three people, three different answers.

But all expressed friendliness.

Especially when the sails were lowered and the cannons pointed upwards, all unease was completely eliminated.

When the three boarded the dock in a small boat, a friendly atmosphere began to spread.

Arthur smiled at the three.

He wouldn't speak of his relationship with the three.

He simply glanced around and then focused on the stunned Baro—

"Baro, do you understand what a dead man is?"

As he spoke, [Serpent's Gaze] flickered in golden light.

No one noticed this.

Everyone was drawn to Baro.

They were all waiting for this jester's response.

But for a long time, his lordship did not answer.

Four or five seconds later, Jimte, first noticing something was wrong, stepped forward to check.

The next moment, only to hear the young noble shout—

"Your Highness, Baro was scared to death!"

Chapter 936: Family Gathering

Baro is dead.

The news that the young king returning to the Inner Bay scared him to death spread across the entire South County like it had wings — communication crystals flashed.

Messages were passed one after another.

Then, the whole South County was in an uproar.

Arthur Kredos possesses the pure Golden Lion bloodline.

Everyone was stunned by this news.

Especially after confirming that this young man with the Golden Lion bloodline had long since 'Ascended Step', they fell silent for a long time.

Everyone was speculating.

Everyone was connecting the dots.

'So that's how it is!'

Yekaterina Otto von Seberlin let out a long sigh of relief in her heart.

The words her father had told her back then echoed in her mind —

'The Old Earl of South Los is not that simple.'

Clearly, this involved a much older scheme.

However, no matter what, Arthur Kredos achieved an immediate victory.

And her?

As half an ally, she would certainly obtain more benefits.

But...

The source of this bloodline?

Thinking inwardly, the lady began quietly instructing her subordinates to investigate.

In fact, it wasn't just this lady.

Everyone present was doing the same.

Soon, a name emerged.

Knight Gillgeek.

When this name appeared, it was as if the end of a tangled thread was grasped.

Soon, one name after another came up.

Certain truths from the past began to surface.

Ultimately, it led to —

A lady.

Arthur Kredos's mother.

This true member of the Golden Lion Family, bearer of the bloodline.

Instinctively, everyone's gaze turned to the young king standing at the dock, slightly lost in thought gazing at the Inland River.

'Ah, a prince's revenge story indeed!'

'Turns out he seeks justice for his mother!'

'Truly, only the power of hatred is the most terrifying!'

Various thoughts surged in the hearts of these people, and along with previous information, were once again transmitted to all parts, not only South County but also the intelligence network of North County began to move.

Arthur, who remained still after Baro's death, now had a flash of joy in his eyes —

[You are the youngest Spirit Medium of South Los, you are also hailed as the calamity in physical form, and your surroundings are destined to be illuminated by legends. From this moment, you will attract attention like a beacon.

Because of your status as a member of the Golden Lion Family.

Some are curious, some unbelieving, some fan the flames, and some follow.

This made your name known throughout the South County, North County, and coastal areas.

You are Arthur Kredos.

You are the avenging prince.

You are also the young king.

XP+100000]

[Killed Baro Hamlet (Ascend Step. Pseudo), XP+10000]

...

The unprecedented XP gain did not surprise Arthur.

After all, according to Arthur's plan, the scene before him was prepared for his Ascend Step.

However, Arthur was also just a mortal.

He could not be all-knowing.

He did not anticipate that so much would happen during just a short voyage, unexpectedly allowing him to accumulate enough XP for Ascend Step upon entering the Inner Bay.

Afterwards, like a snowball, he gained even greater benefits.

'120,000 XP... enough!'

Arthur thought about the possible scenarios that might unfold later, and his heart was devoid of panic, filled only with appropriate plans. He turned around, looked at the crowd behind him, and finally, his gaze fell upon Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes —

"Jimte, prepare a celebration, everyone needs wine and food to dispel the misfortune."

"Kalal, gather some reliable individuals from various places to form temporary patrol teams to ensure the safety of the entire Inner Bay."

"Hayes, you're responsible for investigating Baro Hamlet's crimes and making them public to everyone."

"Yes!"

Faced with Arthur's orders, Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes responded in unison.

Those around them watched the young trio, eyes filled with envy.

They knew these three would rise to prominence.

Far beyond anyone's imagination in speed.

Perhaps even quickly forming three families.

People were speculating, then suddenly, the aura of Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes spiked dramatically, the sudden increase in strength startled everyone present.

Anyone knowledgeable couldn't help but exclaim.

"'Lionheart Ceremony'!"

When this term appeared, the docks fell silent.

Those present were not ignorant, on the contrary, each could be described as learned and knowledgeable to ordinary people.

Therefore, those present knew what 'Lionheart Ceremony' represented.

It is a complementary contract.

It is a contract to acknowledge meritorious service.

It is a contract where followers become stronger along with the loyalist.

However, at this moment, none of these mattered.

People truly cared about when Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes pledged allegiance to Arthur.

Was it at the 'Yumir Manor' on the South Los border rumored?

That was the rumored first meeting between the young king and two of the three.

No!

No, that's not right!

It couldn't have been so rash!

It must have been earlier!

As for the encounter at 'Yumir Manor'?

Naturally, it was performed for them to see.

Thinking of this, those affected by the lingering power of [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King] looked at Arthur with three times more reverence in their gaze.

Chapter 936 Family Gathering_2

The reverence for the long-absent Old Lion plummeted again.

Most notably, the Seven Major Families began actively cooperating with Jimte, Kalal, and Hayes.

Everyone had clear roles, and everyone started moving.

Quickly, the framework for the Inner Bay's 'welcoming celebration' was set up.

This speed exceeded the expectations of the Inner Bay people.

"That guy! That guy is 'Blood Hand' Johnny!

How is he maintaining order?!"

A street-savvy civilian looked at the legendary figure in shock, managing public security like a rookie patrolman, and began to wonder if he was dreaming.

"'Blood Hand' Johnny is nothing.

'Old Man' Attmont has already started clearing the roads with people.

His Highness Arthur is truly an awe-inspiring presence!"

Commented a civilian who appeared on the streets earlier and knew more.

"Hiss!"

The street-savvy civilian gasped sharply at the statement from the other civilian.

From this person's perspective, 'Blood Hand' Johnny was already a legendary figure, and 'Old Man' Attmont was even more of a legend among legends.

Could even be called legendary.

But now they're actually sweeping the streets?

This, this...

What has happened to this world?

Is His Highness Arthur really that terrifying?

Immediately, deep reverence filled the street-savvy civilian's heart.

And when other ordinary civilians saw those feared gang members joining the public security and street cleaning teams, they felt an unusual yet comforting sense of safety amidst the oddity.

The hearts that had been tense since yesterday due to the 'riot' finally settled down.

"Thank you, His Highness Arthur!"

Many people shouted.

"Thank you, His Highness Arthur!"

Immediately, someone echoed.

Fear dissipated.

Smiles blossomed.

And when drinks and food were brought up, it was met with cheers.

At this moment, the previously silent and lifeless Inner Bay came to life fully, exceeding everyone's expectations.

"No wonder he's able to see through my presence."

Commented Yekaterina Otto von West Berlin, who had only met Arthur once.

Just moments ago, she was estimating that even with Arthur's capabilities, it would take a week or even two to revive the entire Inner Bay.

After all, she had just seen that the fear rooted in the hearts of the civilians had long taken hold.

It had even affected the overall operations of the Inner Bay.

Without the erosion of time to remove such fear, the Inner Bay would come to a halt.

Facing such a situation, the lady instinctively thought about what she would do if it were her.

Almost immediately, the lady also considered a celebration.

Using the joy of a celebration to dispel fear and hide reality seemed the perfect strategy.

However, the lady did not expect it to be so effective at once.

This method of using gang figures to calm people's hearts opened the lady's eyes.

Suddenly, a thought appeared in the lady's mind —

The correct use of gang figures!

Next to her, Lady Windsor glanced at the suddenly excited eldest daughter of West Berlin, then turned her gaze toward the Pirate Ship at the dock.

Just now, her Highness accepted the Pirate General's invitation.

Though she knew with her Highness's strength, he was sure to be safe, yet still, there was a tinge of worry.

And what the lady didn't know was that Arthur, who boarded the ship, needed no one's concern.

Or rather...

At this moment, there was no safer place than on this ship.

Because—

Two of Arthur's long-unseen family members were right beside him.

The hatch had just closed.

As the anti-peeping force field activated, Drake immediately placed his hand on Arthur's shoulder, loudly calling out teasingly.

"Look who it is?

Who's back!

It's my nephew, Arthur Kredos!"

Unmasked, Cassandra stood to the side, watching her brother ruffle Arthur's hair, seeing Arthur's helpless expression, and when she noticed Arthur's helplessness, her brother ruffled even more vigorously, unconsciously, a smile appeared on her lips.

Soon after, her eyes reddened.

She thought she'd never witness this scene in her lifetime.

Now she sees it?

Cassandra cherished it all the more.

She touched the scepter unique to her.

Feeling the imposing and unique power within, the smile in her eyes grew—this scepter was what she specially sought to bring Arthur back.

Now that Arthur was back, this scepter's purpose remained significant.

After all, their family still had enemies.

Thinking of this, a chill flashed in Lady Cassandra's eyes.

And at this moment—

"Aunt, don't you welcome me back?"

Cassandra looked up, Arthur showed the youthful and innocent smile unique to young people.

Without hesitation, the words slipped out.

"Welcome home."

This scene made Drake laugh even louder.

Why was he so determined to find that treasure?

Wasn't it for this moment?

Now, he felt it.

Felt it once again.

Drake tilted his head up, steadying his warm eyes, not letting any tears spill out.

"Yes, yes, thank you both for everything you've done.

However, now that I'm back, naturally, it is up to me to end everything—I talked to Grandpa before, and he agreed.

So, my uncle and aunt, you may rest for a while now."

Arthur finished speaking, giving the two no chance to oppose, as he pulled out the communication crystal.

"Let me introduce you to a lady.

She is the love of my life."

Arthur's words silenced what Drake and Cassandra were about to say.

Of course, they knew who Arthur was talking about.

Marinda.

They knew very well about this lady.

Even, during certain 'processes', they quarreled with each other.

Both Drake and Cassandra had similar experiences.

Therefore, when they saw Marinda appear through the smoke ring, these two members of the Kledos Family felt a tinge of complexity in their hearts.

However, they both concealed it very well.

Arthur saw through their concealment but didn't say much.

With Old Charlie's explanation, Arthur could guess what these two family members had gone through.

Most likely something similar to 'reincarnation'.

Much like Old Charlie.

Trying to correct it time and again, trying to bring him back each time.

But probably failing time and again.

He had never experienced that kind of despair.

But he knew he should be grateful.

Because, other than family, who else would do that?

However...

After drinking three bowls of soup, Arthur's 'emotions' were difficult to handle.

He only felt that Drake and Cassandra were good people, but lacked that familial closeness.

'As I thought, I'm just a callous person.'

Arthur mocked himself.

He could be honest with Old Charlie.

Because Old Charlie knew more.

But when facing Drake and Cassandra, he needed to be more skillful.

So, Marinda appeared.

Arthur raised his hand and held Marinda's hand, feeling a bit cold, with a slight sweat in the palm.

Obviously, this unique lady was a bit nervous at this moment too.

Immediately, Arthur smiled, introducing the parties —

"Marinda, this is my aunt, uncle."

"Aunt, uncle, this is Marinda."

After mutual greetings, Drake immediately looked at Arthur indignantly.

"Why am I listed after Cassandra?"

Clearly, I'm her elder brother!

I should be first!"

"Well, but I always felt closer to Aunt."

"What?!"

How could it be!

Arthur, didn't you forget I took you to the club six times?

Those three blonde beauties asked me about you many times... um!"

As Drake spoke, his voice grew softer, and finally, it stopped abruptly.

Cassandra eyed her brother and nephew disapprovingly.

Marinda's eyes showed curiosity.

She didn't know Arthur had such a past.

"I need to attend the celebration!"

Arthur said, turning to leave.

"I need to too..."

"You come back here!"

Drake wanted to follow but was directly pulled back by Lady Cassandra, and also, received a hard kick to his shin from his sister.

"Didn't you swear you only took Arthur once?"

Why was it six times?

And what's with those three blonde beauties?"

Before the cabin closed, Arthur clearly heard these.

He swore he had no memory of that.

However, these were just trivial matters.

After all, he wasn't the one getting in trouble.

Just as Arthur was feeling lucky, Marinda stepped forward with a smile, smoothing her short golden hair, and softly asked—

"Blonde?"

Three?"

Chapter 937: Appears!

Seeing Marinda's smile, Arthur smiled as well.

He raised his right hand, holding up three fingers—

"I swear, Drake is slandering me.

I was taken to the club by him without my knowledge.

And as for you..."

Arthur took a deep breath and stepped forward.

His deep eyes were full of sincerity.

He spoke each word clearly.

"I love you."

The sound was clear.

Marinda was stunned at once.

At this moment, the Lady of the Long Night felt as if she was only doing a normal attack, but Arthur directly unleashed his ultimate move.

Arthur, however, became more sincere.

He softly said,

"Marinda, you know, from the first moment I saw you, I was completely enchanted by you. Your uniqueness is so captivating, the pride and sharpness in your eyes made my heart skip a beat, and your openness later on amazed me even more.

From that moment, I knew I was done for.

I fell into the grave of love.

Wise men avoid falling in love.

But at the sight of you, my reason fled from me."

Arthur's favorite tactic was crushing his opponents mercilessly when they played a three of hearts.

Of course, Marinda was definitely not an opponent.

Marinda was a partner in his life.

But one thing remained the same.

And that was—

Never admit to a mistake.

Back in his hometown, Arthur knew this very well.

Or rather, the reason he managed to escape that wretched place called the "club" was purely due to his way of thinking: "Never admit anything, deny all responsibilities, and stop at nothing to achieve the desired outcome."

A bit complicated?

Simply put, don't look at the rules; look at the ones who set them.

Still complicated?

Even simpler—

Rules are dead, but people are alive.

As long as you eliminate the person, the rule becomes alive.

In short, back then, Arthur disregarded right and wrong, denied the truth, and had no morals, becoming a pure and cruel beast.

At that time...

'What kind of life was that!

No 24-hour hot water, the food was bland nutrient solutions, and he constantly had to watch out for backstabbing daggers.

It's nothing like now!'

Thinking of these things, the sincerity in Arthur's eyes didn't fade in the slightest.

Meanwhile, the Lady of the Long Night blushed slightly.

Marinda certainly didn't run off shyly like a little girl.

But Arthur's words made her happy.

"I'm going to meet Anna later, shall we go together?"

This had been mentioned before.

However, at this moment, Marinda proactively brought it up again.

Marinda was offering Arthur a reassurance in her own way.

"Of course.

But wait a moment."

Arthur said as he took Marinda's hand.

The two jumped down from the bow of the ship and went directly towards the alley nearby.

There, a figure stood upright.

Just now, the other party had proactively "greeted" Arthur—a slightly released aura allowed Arthur to immediately notice them.

Of course, even if the person hadn't done so, their presence was still in Arthur's line of sight.

Nothing close to Arthur could escape the eyes in the sky and the shadows.

"Nice to meet you, Arthur Kredos.

If possible, I would hope to add Hamlet to your surname."

At this point, the person paused and issued a self-deprecating laugh.

Then, continued—

"Fate is so fickle.

I didn't expect that our first meeting would be under such circumstances."

As they spoke, the person removed their hood.

"Old Lion?!"

Marinda blurted out the moment she saw the old man opposite.

Her entire being shifted to a state of full alertness.

Old Lion, Severus Hamlet.

The strongest acknowledged in South County.

Even aging.

Even old.

No one could calmly face this Old Lion.

If Arthur weren't still at her side, Marinda would have run the moment she saw him.

However, Arthur's expression was a bit peculiar.

The Old Lion's presence at the Inner Bay wasn't strange.

But the Old Lion appearing at the Inner Bay at this moment was strange.

Moreover, the Old Lion should be in South Los right now; with so many eyes watching, it would've been impossible for him to leave without a trace.

After all, the Mother Tigress doesn't eat greens.

If they managed to silently let the Old Lion leave under full alert, then tomorrow's battle needn't be fought; they might as well surrender directly.

The distance was too great.

But, if the distance really was too great, the Old Lion wouldn't be so refined.

He would certainly push straight through.

So—

The Old Lion in front of them was a fake.

But the appearance, demeanor was so lifelike.

Human Puppet!

In an instant, Arthur had a guess.

However, this guess did not alleviate the peculiarity on Arthur's face.

On the contrary, Arthur's expression grew increasingly bizarre.

As a faithful user of the "Human Puppet," Arthur knew too well how convenient the existence of the "Human Puppet" was if utilized a bit, they could work wonders.

And the Human Puppet in the likeness of the Old Lion was surely meant to play a role similar to a "shadow" at some crucial moment.

Simply put, under no excuse, should they have appeared before him.

At this moment, he had already gained absolute control of the Inner Bay with the power of the [Bloodline Seal. Lionheart King], unless the Old Lion himself came back.

Chapter 937 Appears! _2

Otherwise, a counterfeit is utterly useless.

Thinking this, Arthur pulled Marinda slightly back a step.

Though it was just a simple action, Marinda opened her mouth and blew out a smoke ring.

"Cautious Arthur.

Impressive secret technique... Hmm, is it a secret technique combined with your talent?

Very powerful.

Marinda, you're outstanding too."

The 'Old Lion' across from them spoke.

That tone was entirely like that of a senior.

This made both Arthur and Marinda frown.

Their relationship with the other party clearly hadn't reached this level.

Almost instinctively, Marinda began checking her surroundings again.

She believed there might be traps she had overlooked around them, otherwise, the other party wouldn't need to stall for time.

Arthur, on the other hand, spoke with a look of helplessness—

"Sir, could you please explain your purpose?"

His words were polite, yet shadows were secretly twisting and spreading.

Even though Arthur had mellowed out quite a bit, it didn't mean he wouldn't take action.

"Frightening fellow."

As he said this, the 'Old Lion' waved his hand.

Immediately, a unique force field isolated the surroundings.

Including Marinda.

Sound and sight were completely cut off from this place.

Arthur looked at the sheepskin scroll in the 'Old Lion's' hand, noting the slightly yellowed color from the passage of time, and straightforwardly asked, "An imperial product?"

"Yes, an imperial product.

When our mother created us, she sought a lot of Mystic Side knowledge, among which 'the empire's legacy' was most important, so we are quite familiar with these.

Of course, using it also requires some accumulation for us.

No!

To be precise, it's difficult for me.

For him?

Quite easy."

The 'Old Lion' spoke, wearing a helpless expression.

"Mother? You?"

Arthur questioned.

"Our mother is Robin, the rebel.

We are myself and the Old Lion—above the eight General Puppets, we are Marshal Puppets.

However, I am the Vice Marshal.

And the Old Lion is the Grand Marshal."

The 'Old Lion' explained.

This was very vague, to the point of being bewildering.

However, Arthur was not confused.

The young spirit medium's face showed a look of disbelief.

Robin, that name was not unfamiliar to him.

The rebel of the Holy Era, who had once escaped from the Holy Empire's encirclement in 'Imur Town', then faced with the powerful Holy Empire, countless informants, and countless traitors, Robin trusted no one. She began to learn more knowledge from the remnants of her deceased companions, eventually finding a new path in Alchemy, known as 'the Human Puppet'.

General Puppets were already at the entry-level.

Marshal Puppets were naturally of the Ascending Level.

Of course, none of this was important.

The important part was the words just spoken by the other party: 'myself and the Old Lion'!

In an instant, many speculations appeared in Arthur's mind.

"Severus Hamlet has long been dead! Always read from the source: M|V|LE4MPYR.

All who appeared afterward are—

You, right?"

Arthur asked in as calm a tone as possible.

He also deliberately pronounced the name of the Old Lion completely.

Because if his guess was correct, then it was truly astonishing.

No one could have imagined that the 'Old Lion' had actually long been dead.

Thus, the previous occasional killings of guards in the 'Lion Palace', aside from the gold mines, were also for this reason — no, perhaps the truth was that the counterfeit Old Lion, to cover everything up, deliberately claimed to have discovered a gold mine, not forgetting the pure gold brought in by 'the Pirate King' Edward.

Back then, there must have been collaboration between the parties.

It was just unexpected that there really was a gold mine beneath the Lion Palace.

'Destiny's favor'!

This thought unconsciously popped into Arthur's mind.

But soon, the young spirit medium changed 'favor' to 'toy'.

"Yes."

The 'Old Lion' nodded as he looked at Arthur's expression.

He continued—

"The general situation is pretty much as you guessed, Arthur.

But remember some details.

Initially, the one who actively awakened us was Severus Hamlet.

It was also Severus Hamlet who signed the contract with us.

We didn't deceive him."

As Arthur listened to the other's supplementary and corrective words, confusion flickered in his eyes.

In his eyes, the opponent didn't need to explain so much.

As if the opponent shouldn't appear here.

Unless...

Contract binding?!

Arthur's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Arthur, your wisdom is like Severus's. When he awakened us, he probably anticipated the current situation, thus a series of contracts bind us.

He became our master.

He promised that when he became the South County's master, he would release us from our bindings.

However, he faced the layout of that person and directly met a tragic end.

We had no choice. To avoid being eradicated by the contract, we could only live on under the 'name' of the opponent—this was the only condition we managed to secure that made us feel fortunate.

It's also the only condition that left me with regret."

The 'Old Lion' spoke with a bitter smile.

"Thirty years, I'm still me.

Thirty years, it is no longer itself.

Now it only wants to become...

God!"

"Yes, a very good dream, most people would think like this."

Arthur nodded, without sarcasm.

"If it had heard your praise of it looking like a human thirty years ago, it would have happily invited you, but now it would kill you.

Thinking that you're desecrating it.

It acquired the power left by that person.

No!

To be more precise, it's part of the ritual's power."

The 'Old Lion' said, his light golden eyes looked at Arthur.

The opponent was obviously testing how much Arthur knew.

And the opponent's presence here was not entirely benevolent, definitely not out of concern for Severus Hamlet's ties or such.

The opponent came with a purpose.

The opponent came to remove the bindings.

In Severus Hamlet's various contracts, there might be something like as soon as he dies, if his direct descendants recognize the opponent, they could release the contract bindings.

Of course, it's more likely—

The opponent, out of jealousy, started to stir the pot.

Trying to provoke a life-and-death struggle between him and that Marshal Puppet.

For such a Marshal Puppet that has developed self-will and is completely human-like, Arthur would not be careless.

Because the opponent might also be that Old Lion's trump card left here.

Upon hearing his identity as a member of the Golden Lion Family, compelled to jump out and eliminate them utterly.

Every possibility exists.

Arthur's mouth curled up.

No matter which one, he accepted all.

Moreover, he knew he might have unexpected gains.

So, the young Spirit Medium directly said—

"It borrowed part of that ritual's power to 'marry and have children', yes?"

Gleisa, Hamlet, Dieudonne Hamlet, Pistri Hamlet are the children it bore after it became him.

Also borrowing part of this power, it became perfect.

Became like the Old Lion.

Additionally, leaving you to serve as a shadow, making people subconsciously ignore the blind spot that he may be a Human Puppet."

"Yes, that's probably it."

The 'Old Lion' nodded.

"Borrowed part of that ritual, it must fulfill the ritual—it transformed into him, became the Old Lion, and had to fulfill the Old Lion's wish.

Unify South County.

Only then, does it truly complete the ritual, allowing it to proceed to the next step of the plan."

Arthur continued speaking.

Words appeared as questions, but were actually confirmations.

The face of the 'Old Lion' across him flashed with surprise but immediately nodded.

"Yes, like this.

And that is also why I appear here.

I don't believe we can seize Severus Hamlet's property, I want to return this ritual to you.

Although it has become incomplete, its power has not diminished.

On the contrary, because of our performance, it is constantly recharging."

The 'Old Lion' spoke with a trace of guilt appearing on his face.

Especially when his hand reached out from the sleeve, and a light ball the size of a ping pong ball appeared, the 'Old Lion' lowered his head even more.

Power!

Pure power!

Just standing beside that small light ball and breathing, Arthur felt his flesh and blood gain unprecedented vitality, but what truly concerned Arthur was—

[Bluff]!

The [Bluff] which had long reached Lv99 now started flashing rapidly!

The frequency, far surpassing horse racing.

The brightness, like a searchlight!

At the same time, an unprecedented hunger appeared in Arthur's heart.

He, was hungry.

He, wanted to eat this light ball.

...

Chapter 938: Transport Captain!

What is the most difficult thing to endure in the world?

Is it missing a five-million prize by just one number?

Or is it the indifference of a loved one?

Or perhaps the betrayal of someone you trust?

Arthur thinks all of these are unbearable and make life worse than death, but the most unbearable is...

Starvation!

Once a person is hungry, that's when reason starts to fade.

When hunger reaches a certain level, the person becomes a beast.

To get a bite to eat, the person will do anything.

Give up wealth, sure.

Give up a loved one, sure.

Give up friends, sure.

As long as the stomach is filled at that moment, it's all worth it.

As for regret afterwards?

That's something to consider after you're full.

If you're not full, there's truly no future.

So, Arthur very much cherishes food, not just because of its deliciousness, although the taste is extremely important, more so the fulfillment from a full belly.

Imagine, late-night cola with fried chicken, beer with barbecue skewers, hot pot with tripe.

If shared with one or two like-minded people, such days are like days of the gods.

Truly, when snow blankets the earth outside, my house feels like spring, with three to five close friends enjoying a meal of mutton, even gods wouldn't trade it.

Arthur doesn't have that many friends.

Nor does he have close confidants.

But, when he saw that little light orb, such a picture involuntarily appeared in his mind—a picture he longed for but dared not touch.

At that moment, [Death Intuition] began to flicker.

Very slowly.

Flicker once, then silence.

Just when Arthur thought it was an illusion, it flickered again.

However, Arthur did not wait for the next flicker—

Huff, huff.

The young spirit medium began to breathe quickly.

He stared at the light orb.

"Actually, actually..."

Such words began to emerge, but without completion.

After repeating several times, the young spirit medium seemed to suddenly realize, taking a step back and looking at 'Old Lion' with a wary gaze.

Yet, the next moment, that gaze turned greedy.

"What do you want?"

The young spirit medium asked.

Hearing these words, 'Old Lion' who had bowed its head had a smile in its eyes.

It knew that no one could refuse this object.

Severus Hamlet couldn't.

Arthur Kredos now couldn't either.

However, unlike before, it wouldn't lose to that replica again; this time, it must regain everything.

And it's its only chance.

After all, Severus Hamlet's bloodline should only have the present Arthur Kredos.

So, 'Old Lion' the human puppet adjusted its emotions.

"Freedom!

I want freedom!

I need your fresh blood and oath to set me free—and it is the bargaining chip I offer!"

'Old Lion' the human puppet's voice involuntarily raised, then with a hint of trembling, the sense of nervous anticipation was obvious.

"Blood and oath?"

Arthur pursued.

"Just some fresh blood and a liberating oath.

Rest assured, neither the blood nor the liberating oath will harm you, Arthur."

'Old Lion' the human puppet assured.

"How did it come about?"

Arthur dug deeper.

"It?

Its appearance was truly an accident—Arthur, you should know the story of 'death' and 'fresh blood', right?"

'Old Lion' the human puppet looked at Arthur.

Upon seeing Arthur nod, the human puppet continued.

"During the war, no one could stay out of it.

Severus was no exception.

However, Severus was lucky.

Caught between the battle of 'death' and 'fresh blood', he received this gift.

Of course, neither 'death' nor 'fresh blood' knows the whereabouts of 'it'; they are all searching desperately.

Yet Severus was also unfortunate.

He was enticed by this power, he gave up everything.

And the result?

It fell onto our hands."

'Old Lion' the human puppet shrugged, looking quite candid.

"So that's how it is."

Arthur realized.

Then, the young spirit medium spoke—

"Let's sign the contract.

Let us complete this fair trade."

"Of course!"

'Old Lion' the human puppet said, taking out a stack of parchment, as Arthur fetched ink and pen.

Contracts represent fairness.

Each person prepares one thing, it's what the nobles believe in.

The human puppet, bearing the title 'Old Lion', was long used to this.

Then, each said a line.

When the contract satisfied both parties, they began signing their names.

Arthur signed Arthur Kredos.

'Old Lion' the human puppet signed Severus Hamlet.

Seeing Arthur's slightly surprised expression, 'Old Lion' the human puppet explained.

"I don't have a name, but within the contract with Severus Hamlet, I can use his name, which holds the same effect for me who voluntarily signed it."

"And what about him?"

Arthur hadn't forgotten about another human puppet.

"He?"

He is different.

Ever since he became it, he gained his own name, Severus Hamlet is no longer the name he desires."

'Old Lion' the human puppet made a bitter smile.

Especially when the contract's glow arose, the bitter smile grew more poignant.

So much so that 'Old Lion' the human puppet involuntarily sighed.

"You've never seen anyone as arrogant as he is."

Saying these words, 'Old Lion' the human puppet handed the light orb to Arthur.

Chapter 938: Transport Captain!_2

When the ping-pong ball-sized light ball fell into his hand, it was as light as a feather.

The words that appeared before him captivated Arthur's attention.

A slight smile appeared at the corner of the young spirit medium's mouth.

It was a smile one couldn't help but show when faced with the allure of power, something the Human Puppet 'Old Lion' had seen countless times. Wasn't the original Severus Hamlet the same?

This time?

No different!

Without hesitation, the Human Puppet 'Old Lion' immediately spoke.

"Now, you need to drop a drop of blood on it.

Then, in [Glyphic Language], say...

Liberation!

After that, leave it to me!"

"Alright."

Arthur nodded and did exactly as told.

He opened his mouth and bit down, a drop of fresh blood appeared at his fingertip.

It then dropped onto the light ball.

The young spirit medium whispered in [Glyphic Language].

"Liberation!"

"Hahaha!"

As soon as the sound echoed, the laughter of the Human Puppet 'Old Lion' could no longer be contained. It had endured for so long and finally achieved its goal.

Excitement, joy.

In this moment, it reached an extreme.

It experienced more emotions.

But, that was not important.

What was important was, it could soon become him instead of it.

"Why are you laughing?"

Seeing the startled young spirit medium, compassion appeared on the face of the Human Puppet 'Old Lion'—

"Long premeditated, revealing identity, crushing Baro, earning the title of New King...

Arthur, Arthur, you did well enough.

You definitely could be proud.

But, you became arrogant.

And that, is exactly what I need."

The Human Puppet 'Old Lion' took a deep breath, the laughter had already ceased, and all that was left was mockery on its face.

It continued speaking word by word.

"I needed your arrogance.

Therefore, I appeared here.

Because, only at this moment, would you become careless, more concerned about your unique Severus Hamlet bloodline.

Especially when I'm willing to return Severus Hamlet's property, you are bound to feel as if Destiny itself favors you.

How does it feel?

Isn't it great?"

Saying this, a ferocious look appeared in the eyes of the Human Puppet 'Old Lion'.

"Contract!

The contract just now is effective!"

The young spirit medium was utterly perplexed.

"Contract?

Contracts are fair, but contracts can also be circumvented—what of the effective contract?

I just pay the price, isn't that all?

I am a Human Puppet!

I am not truly human!

For real humans, death is irreversible, but for a Human Puppet like me, it can be reversed—and I had already arranged everything."

Speaking these words, the Human Puppet 'Old Lion' opened its arms, its voice growing louder.

"Do you know?

I waited for this opportunity for so long!

Finally, I waited it out!

Now, I am finally freed from Severus's restraint—he never would have thought, his offspring would really use all their fresh blood to unlock my bonds.

He didn't foresee that I would also become human.

What that replica achieved, there's no reason I can't achieve!"

The voice of the Human Puppet 'Old Lion' turned into a low growl.

At this moment, it was purely venting.

"Replica?"

Arthur looked bewildered, as if overwhelmed with information, unable to comprehend.

"I am the true Marshal Puppet.

I am mother's most perfect creation.

And it?

It's just an inferior imitation, it was merely lucky to be seen by Severus first!

Why was it allowed to become the real Severus? Simply because it was unearthed first.

And why should I become Severus's substitute?

Just because I was unearthed later.

But clearly, I am the Marshal Puppet!"

The Human Puppet 'Old Lion' roared.

But immediately, it restrained this agitation, speaking softly.

"Not important! None of it matters anymore!

The me now, is about to become him...

No!

It!

The limits of a Human Puppet, to me, will no longer exist!"

Having said this, the Human Puppet 'Old Lion' closed its eyes, waiting quietly.

Then...

Nothing happened.

The backlash from the contract did not arrive.

The restraint of the Human Puppet was not lifted.

Subconsciously, the Human Puppet 'Old Lion' opened its eyes.

It saw the young spirit medium playfully toying with the light ball, or more accurately: shards of the 'Deception Ritual'.

The 'Old Lion' Human Puppet was taken aback.

Arthur sighed—

"Some pretend to be just, some pretend to be kind, some pretend to be evil.

But it's the first time I've seen something pretending to be human.

Was it necessary? Was it worth it?"

Arthur seemed full of emotions as he looked at the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet.

"Moreover, since you want to pretend.

Why not pretend a little more convincingly?

At the very least, you should have a bit of human consciousness, right?

Actually using real stuff for the transaction.

Tsk."

Arthur let out a 'tsk', which at this moment, was more powerful than a thousand words.

The 'Old Lion' Human Puppet stumbled back as if struck by thunder.

"Were you just playing along with me?"

"Hmm.

Consider it my compensation.

Oh, by the way—

Thank you!"

Arthur picked up the Light Ball, and the drawn-out tone made the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet so upset that it nearly coughed up blood.

The 'Old Lion' Human Puppet roared repeatedly.

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible!

I saw you bite your finger and let fresh blood drip on it!

The 'Distortion' Imprint on it should be enough to drain your fresh blood, granting me freedom, and at the same time, allowing me to lift the Human Puppet restrictions and become a real human.

No!

To become a god!

A true demigod!"

"Oh?

Is that the path of a Human Puppet?

To become human is to become a demigod?

And after that?"

Arthur showed a look of keen interest.

Unfortunately, the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet didn't speak anymore, its red eyes glaring at Arthur while its face contorted with emotion.

Up to now, it didn't understand why it had lost.

It had calculated everything.

Why did it lose?

It was the same last time.

Does destiny not favor it?

"Don't look at me like that.

I'm a bit scared."

Arthur mumbled softly, but even such whispering was heard clearly by the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet opposite him.

"Go to hell!"

Unable to endure any longer, the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet was about to attack.

Right now, it hadn't failed.

It still had a trump card.

But before it could take action, Arthur suddenly chuckled.

"Have you ever considered one thing.

Your appearance was also part of my plan?"

Arthur's question stunned the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet.

"You have too many flaws.

From the moment you had Dierbark, the editor of the Moon Newspaper, helping me so tirelessly, I started paying attention."

Arthur said.

"But that was kindness."

The 'Old Lion' Human Puppet was puzzled.

"Sorry, I'm a bit suspicious by nature.

Whether it's kindness or malice, it's the same with me.

So, I had people secretly investigate everything about you and the Old Lion. Though the traces were ancient, clues still remained.

That's how I learned some truth.

Of course, it was an exception."

Arthur said as he looked at the Light Ball in his hand.

"So..."

"Yes, I know your trump card too.

And, believe it or not, with just one snap of my fingers, you will turn into nothing."

Arthur abruptly interrupted the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet's words.

"I don't believe your nonsense!"

The 'Old Lion' Human Puppet said these words firmly, but its eyes were evasive.

Clearly, the 'Old Lion' Human Puppet was beginning to believe a bit.

And Arthur?

He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

Snap!

A crisp sound.

The 'Old Lion' Human Puppet stood frozen on the spot.

The next moment—

It turned into dust.

The sealed space shattered along with it.

Without panic, Marinda waiting in place saw Arthur reappear, and immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

"What happened?"

She inquired.

"Nothing much, just met a good person..."

No, no.

It was the Transport Captain."

Arthur replied, glancing once again at the words that had just appeared, unable to suppress a smile.