

## **Martial Unity 1691**

### Chapter 1691: Constraints

Four members of the Royal Family sat around a large round table covered with all manners of documents.

This time, they were not as alone as they were last time.

In the room, in addition to sixteen Martial Masters, were another sixteen people: analysts, executives, and personal advisors. Each was vetted by a high-grade Martial Master who was also vetted to have no allegiance to the Martial Union.

This was the limited task force that the four princes and princesses decided to put into place for the minutiae of the alliance between them.

Due to the furtive nature of the tentative alliance that they had formed to curb Prince Raijun's growth and, specifically, to assassinate Rui Quarrier, this was the limit of the personnel they could allocate to the alliance.

Any more people than this, and the risks of an information leak increased exponentially. The Martial Union, the Beggar's Sect, the Shadow Guild, and any other number of local, national, and international intelligence organizations.

Thankfully, the task at hand was not managerially burdening.

"In the past two weeks, we have identified one hundred and eighty-six Senior assassins whose track record indicates the qualities that we seek," One woman, appointed as head of the anti-Rui task force, remarked. "I have provided Your Highnesses with the relevant documents."

She provided each of the four members of the Royal Family with a document reporting the findings of the task force.

This work could not be done by their regular staff because it was simply far too sensitive. They needed to be absolutely clean when the assassination occurred. Otherwise, they would lose a lot of support.

"Hm, I recognize some of these names," Prince Randal nodded as he skimmed through the document that listed the profiles of the various prominent Senior-level assassins of the Underworld across Panama.

"Have you made sure to avoid any Martial Artist with affiliations to the other three powerhouses of East Panama?" Princess Ranea inquired as she went through them.

"Of course, Your Highness," The head executive of the task force bowed her head.

"It would not do if it came out that we were collaborating with our chief enemies, after all," Princess Raemina lightly remarked as she went through the listed assassins.

"These assassins are quite impressive. Their success rates per unit difficulty are statistically much higher than the average of their verified Realm," Princess Rafia monotonically highlighted as she didn't so much as twitch or blink while she skimmed through the reports and profiles.

"There are a ton of powerful Martial assassins on here," Princess Ranea remarked as she went through them. "It's a shame we can't just hire all of them for a guaranteed done deal."

"That's not how it works," Prince Randal snorted, glaring at her. "If you didn't fill your head with ocean brain rot and actually studied Martial Art as a field, then you would not know how stupid your statement is."

She snorted, glowering at him. "That's why I brought over Martial Art scholars in my part. I trust the experts."

"And they have given their word," He narrowed his eyes. "While the wealth needed to commission all of them is trivial to us, it is doomed for failure. For one, neither the Martial Union nor the Kandrian Border Patrol Force will fail to notice the entry of a hundred and eighty-six Martial Seniors. That's an absolute pipedream. In the first place, the port of transit is monitored by one Martial Master at all times, so stealth is not enough. They need to rely on disguise to sneak into the Kandrian Empire."

While infiltrating the average and assassinating a target was bread and butter for these Senior assassins, the Kandrian Empire was a whole other ballgame. The same could be said for any of the other three powerhouses of East Panama.

Each of these nations was powerful enough to deploy powerful Martial and technological forces to secure their borders.

Of course, nothing was impenetrable, and the Kandrian Empire had an absolutely gigantic territory to protect. Thus, while infiltrating was not easy, it was possible.

As long as the number was not a hundred and eighty-six, that was absolutely impossible, one hundred out of one hundred times.

"It's a shame we can't deploy Masters either," Princess Ranea heaved a tired sigh.

Martial Master assassins were extraordinarily rare given that the number of Martial Masters across the world was already extremely scarce; of them, those who were assassins were even fewer, and of them, those who were freelancers and not associated with any nation were even fewer.

Kandrian Martial Masters had no chance of even getting away with assassinating Rui and not being caught since the Martial Union knew every single one of them inside out and backward front. They would be exposed, as would their allegiance and affiliations, and the Martial Union would not spare the culprit unless it was the Royal Emperor himself.

Not only were Martial Masters out, but large numbers of high-grade Martial Seniors were also out.

"In fact, we probably can't do more than a few at the most, according to my personal Martial Art advisor. Too many Martial Seniors fighting will release too much energy that the Martial Union will immediately detect." Prince Randal remarked. "Thus, whosoever we choose, we must choose wisely. But none of the four of us are experts in the nuances of Martial assassins."

He turned to a handful of members of the staff, nodding.

They immediately pulled over a board with some figures and other data on it.

"There are several constraints to the assassination of Rui Quarrier," The head of the task force began. "First, if we want to ensure that the assassins are not compromised before or after the assassination attempt, then that automatically constraints the numbers even further than what His Highness pointed out."

Prince Randal raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean, precisely?"

"We have been studying location behavioral patterns of Rui Quarrier, and unfortunately, it does not bode well," The head of the task force remarked, pointing at a particular pie chart. "He spends a large majority of his time in Great Jrava Mountain Range with a Martial Master, thus that automatically rules it out as a potential venue to conduct the assassination."

#### Chapter 1692: Sexist Targeting

"In addition to the Great Jrava Mountain Range, he cannot be assassinated at his residence, for it is protected by a team of Martial Seniors and even Master Krakule," The executive analyst informed everybody.

Prince Randal immediately earned a fixed stare from the three of his sisters, heaving a resigned sigh, massaging his forehead.

"Your Martial Master impedes our operations," Princess Raemina pointed out the obvious.

"You know just as well as I do that we do not control the actions of the Martial Masters of our faction," Prince Randal growled.

"You need only ask him to stay away on the day of the assassination, or you can even instruct him not to intervene," Princess Rafia remarked.

"No, that's a bad idea," Princess Ranea narrowed her eyes. "Randal cannot make him go away from the orphanage without giving the entire gameplan away."

"She's right," Prince Randal nodded with a grave expression. "If he finds out, then it is most likely that the entire Martial Union will find out. Although he definitely isn't loyal to the Martial Union, for some reason, he has come to be appreciative of Rui Quarrier ever since he was bested by him in their fight."

He wasn't even surprised, for this was typical Martial Artist behavioral patterns.

"Speaking of the orphanage," Princess Raemina's wide eyes shifted to the rest of them. "Can't we just...massacre them all?"

The other three stared at her.

"...That would make things worse," Prince Randal shook his head. "If Rui Quarrier was not hostile to us before, he definitely will be if we do that. In the worst-case scenario, he may dedicate himself to training Prince Raijun just to get revenge on us. That must never happen."

"Then can't we just take them hostage and threaten him with them?" Princess Raemina asked, tilting her head.

"Forget about the orphanage," Princess Ranea shook her head. "Remember, one major constraint we have is to ensure that the Martial Union doesn't intervene. If his entire family disappears, then the Martial Union will be instantly alerted and will definitely come running to his aid. With the Martial Union's intervention, killing him will become absolutely impossible, and his family will become a time bomb for us rather than a useful hostage."

"...Not just that," Prince Randal narrowed his eyes. "I do not wish to follow in the footsteps of the former chairman of Deacon Industries. For years, he hunted his family to get to him, but eventually, he and his security got absolutely disemboweled by Rui Quarrier, and there wasn't even the tiniest shred of evidence left behind that could tie it down to Rui Quarrier. I do not want to spend the next fifteen years living in fear for when Rui Quarrier returns for my head. Forget about the orphanage; it actually makes it harder to kill him if we focus on the orphanage."

Princess Raemina shrugged nonchalantly.

"So the orphanage and the Great Jrava Mountain Range are both out of the question," Princess Rafia remarked. "In that case, there are much smaller windows of time within which he can be assassinated."

"Indeed," The executive analyst nodded. "Another constraint we have is, as Prince Randal pointed out, number. If the energy signatures of the encounter exceed a certain level, the Martial Union will detect it and deploy an appropriate Martial Artist to deal with the issue in order to ensure that the brawling Martial Artists don't hurt anybody."

"In that case, we should hope for swift, smooth, and clean assassination with minimal duration to reduce the probability of intervention from the Martial Union," Princess Rafia monochromatically analyzed.

"Just so, Your Highness," The executive analyst nodded. "With that in mind, there are several Martial Senior assassins in the provided list that we can attempt deploying to take him down if you are so inclined."

The four of them nodded.

The executive analyst changed the slide on the board, turning back to the four of them.

"This is the Thunder Viper," She pointed to the profile of the assassin on the slide. "He is a notorious Senior assassin known for the shocking speed at which his assassinations occur. The timeframe from the actual start of the assassination to the end is extremely short. He completes assassinations in less than a blink of an eye. That shocking speed allows him to take out Martial Seniors by the time they have even become cognizant of him. I decided to choose him as a serious candidate because he cleanly adheres to the aforementioned constraint of timeframe. I believe that he will be able to adhere to this requirement better than almost anybody else on this list."

The four Royals had already skimmed his profile among the hundred and eighty-six potential assassin candidates.

"What a wonderful assassin," Princess Raemina remarked as her hand swept across his profile.

"Interesting," Prince Randal nodded. "He seems like a highly accomplished assassin."

"His success rate and assassination are highly optimal," Princess Rafia remarked. "In addition, his stealth and capacity for disguise are also several dozens of points higher than the industry median."

"He does seem elite." Princess Ranea pointed out, bored.

"I'm more concerned about whether he's qualified to take a grade-thirteen Martial Senior like Rui Quarrier," Prince Randal narrowed his eyes.

"His record indicates a high statistical probability against Martial Seniors of that grade," Princess Rafia noted. "He is qualified."

"Good, we'll keep him in consideration," Prince Randal nodded solemnly. "Who else?"

The next slide contained a sight that widened Prince Randal's eyes, earning him a dubious glance from Princess Ranea.

To say she was underdressed was an understatement. The picture of the next assassin featured a woman who, for all practical purposes, was naked. A shockingly small and translucent garb covered her upper body, and even smaller covered her waist. Her luscious dark skin and her voluptuous body were hardly left to the imagination.

"This is the assassin known as the Maneater," The executive analyst explained. "She has successfully assassinated every single Martial Senior she has ever attempted to with a perfect record and not even the slightest failure."

"Her targets are all...male," Princess Rafia remarked.

"Indeed, Your Highness," The executive analyst nodded. "Her targets are all exclusively male as her Martial Art fundamentally targets males."

"Her Martial Art...fundamentally targets men?" Princess Ranea grinned, amused. "I should hire her to take out Randal."

Prince Randal glared at her before turning back. "Explain, Sierra."

She nodded. "Her Martial Art targets men. It is said that her Martial Body produces esoteric pheromones and other chemical signals, in addition to some targeted sexual hypnosis, that immediately and forcibly trigger extreme sexual arousal in male targets, often causing them to lose control and indulge in sexual intercourse where she delivers death to them, either by draining of their 'vigor' or exploiting a blindspot to deal a death blow."

"Men..." Princess Ranea snorted contemptuously. "I'm not surprised she has a perfect record."

"How amusing," Princess Raemina giggled softly. "We should commission her."

"Is this serious?" Prince Randal incredulously asked. "There is no way that this is accurate."

"The data has been verified, Your Highness," Sierra reassured the prince. "Every single male, Martial Artist or otherwise, she targeted has fallen prey to her assassinations. It is said that not a single one of her targets was able to maintain resistance. The redirection of blood caused by penile turgidity reduces the power of the Martial Heart while their senses and mind are completely overridden by strong sexual arousal and lust for her body."

"..." Prince Randal simply read through her profile with a hint of skepticism while Princess Ranea grinned.

"I should hire her to take you out," She smirked as she glanced at Prince Randal.

"...My Martial Masters would kill her while I kill you."



She smiled as he fell into her trap. "Oh? You don't think you can handle her yourself? I thought army men were all about discipline and control. I wonder how you would fair against her."

"..."

A difficult expression appeared on his face as he didn't even bother trying to push back against her implicit allegations.

"This conversation does not add anything to the agenda of finding an assassin fit to take down Rui Quarrier," Princess Rafia remarked. "Her record shows that she has taken out grade-fifteen Martial Seniors despite not being a high-grade Martial Senior as far as pure combat goes. Thus, it can be inferred that her Martial Art is extremely power and bypasses significant disparities."

Prince Randal nodded. "I don't really care about the manner or the methodology. If she can kill him without getting us into trouble, then she's fine. Are these two the only candidates?"

"No, there are several more," Sierra replied calmly as she went on to display several more candidates.

Each of them was a veteran Martial Senior assassin with an abysmal track record. Each of them was among the cream of the crop. The four Royals went through several more interesting and varied Marital Artists, considering the merit of such Martial Artists.

A domain assassin who has successfully assassinated many Martial Senior by depriving them of oxygen through extremely refined heaven bending where they separated the components of the air needed for life, suffocating them mid-

combat.

A poison Martial Artist with an array of lethal poisons, as well as a variety of lethal offensive Martial Artists with powerful Martial Art and great track records.

"These are definitely highly qualified Martial Artist assassins," Prince Randal nodded. "We will have to choose among them."

"The list isn't complete, Your Highness," Sierra remarked. "I saved this one for the last. And I did that for a reason?"

"Hm?"

She changed the slide to feature a profile with a figure with a question mark on it.

[Voidreaper]

"Voidreaper...?" Prince Randal narrowed his eyes. "Ah..."

"The Voidreaper is one of the most feared and notorious assassins in the Senior Realm," Sierra remarked. "He doesn't have many years and decades of a track record like the others on the shortlist. However, despite that, we have seen fit to not only add him to the shortlist, but also as a special interest."

She turned to the four Royals. "He singlehandedly annihilated the assassination sector of the Shadow Isles all by himself. The assassination industry of the Derschek Region was capped at the Senior Realm but possessed the highest concentration of Senior Assassins across the entire world. And while none of the assassins there were of the pinnacle quality that our shortlist contains, they were completely decimated without even the tiniest bit of resistance. It was overwhelming. shortlist contains, they were completely decimated without even the tiniest bit of resistance. It was overwhelming. Absolute. A shocking performance that sent ripples across the continental Underworld and assassination industry."

The four Royals looked mighty impressed.

"Resistance is futile," She remarked. "Escape is futile. Defense is futile. Each and every single Martial Senior simply dropped dead on the spot. Many have gone through the bodies of the victims, and the cause of death is still not ascertained. It is almost as if..."

Her eyes narrowed. "Almost as if he doesn't exist. Almost as if it was the reaper himself claiming the lives of the hapless victims. That is why he is called the Voidreaper. Within his Realm, it can be said that he has accomplished the most shocking feat in all of assassination history."

The four Royals looked overwhelmed as they went through all the details of the various matters she spoke of.

"They simply...die?" Princess Ranea looked disturbed.

"No injuries. No resistance. No witnesses. No footprints. No blood. No testimonies. No autopsy results. No weapons. No forewarning. No presence...There would also be no proof he even existed if not for the fact that he voluntarily revealed himself just one time, causing mass despair and destruction." Princess Rafia murmured, almost as if she was paralyzed by the lack of empirical evidence and data to analyze.

"It is said that, as far as Senior-level assassins go, he is among the very best of the best, said to be a fleeting pinnacle of assassins that only targets other assassins," Sierra remarked. "It is said that many Senior assassins around the world retired during that period, some of whom were even of the caliber to be on this shortlist."

Prince Randal didn't need to hear anymore. "Contact him. Indirectly. With absolute caution and care. Ensure that there is absolutely no way that the contact can be traced back to us. The Voidreaper will kill Rui Quarrier."

#### Chapter 1694: Antisynergetic

"What if he fails?" Princess Rafia asked prudently. "We only have one opportunity to assassinate Rui Quarrier, there is a high probability that the Martial Union will take some measure to ensure that it won't happen again if we fail."

"Hm, in that case, it would be prudent to hire all of the Martial Seniors of the shortlist and have them gang up on him," Princess Ranea remarked.

"That violates a constraint we are subject to, I believe," Princess Raemina remarked.

"Indeed," Prince Randal nodded. "The intensity of the conflict cannot reach above a certain level, and if it does, the Martial Union will be alerted. Deploying all of them at once will increase the intensity of the conflict above safe limits, and the Martial Union will be on our asses immediately. It is frustrating, but

we will have to limit the number of assassins acting on Rui Quarrier to only one at a time to avoid drawing attention."

"That isn't the only reason, Your Highnesses," Sierra remarked. "You have neglected the assassin side of that conversation. The assassins on the shortlist possess zero synergy or compatibility with each other. In fact, it can be said they possess negative synergy with each other. For example..."

She gestured to the slide featuring data on the Maneater. "The Maneater is unable to control the range or scope of the target of her seductive Martial Art in any way. Thus, deploying her alongside the male assassins will mean that her Martial Art will affect them as well, seducing them in the process and causing them to lose control as well."

She turned back towards them. "That's not all; not only will she impede them, but they will impede her in turn. She will be unable to focus on Rui Quarrier while she is being assaulted by the seduced male assassins. It is her policy to assassinate with no other men around or after they are all dead."

"What a mess..." Prince Randal grumbled. "In that case, we can avoid commissioning her. If we remove her, all the conflicting elements between them should be gone, correct?"

"I would not recommend removing her from the assassination group, Your Highness. As a man in the prime of his life, Rui Quarrier will be extremely vulnerable to her. However, to answer your question, no. She isn't the only conflicting element. For example."

She shifted to the slide of yet another assassin.

"The Suffocator drains all life-sustaining components of air within a large radius. However, it is a passive effect of the domain. Thus, any other assassin within range will also be suffocated. Those aren't the only conflicting elements. There are many more between each assassin and every other. For exa-"

"Ok, Ok, stop," Princess Ranea heaved a tired sigh. "We get the point. It is simply impossible to have them gang up on Rui Quarrier together, is that correct?"

Sierra nodded. "Assassins are usually highly solitary Martial Artists. Ironically, the probability of success decreases the more of them you throw at Rui Quarrier simultaneously."

"Then what do you propose, Sierra?" Princess Rafia asked. "We cannot stake this matter on one assassin, as I mentioned earlier. At the same time, we cannot throw multiple assassins at Rui Quarrier for reasons you have thoroughly explained. As the expert, you must have a solution in mind."

"I do," Sierra calmly replied. "I propose setting up a series of failsafe backup rounds of assassins to take him on one after another rapidly. Thus, if the first assassination fails and the assassin is compromised, the second assassin will immediately leap in and take over. Should that fail, the third assassin will immediately leap in and take over. This way, they won't get in each other's way, and we'll still have backup in case the first assassin fails. The probability of Rui Quarrier surviving this particular arrangement is much lower than if we commission only one assassin or if we have all of them attack all at once."

She gestured to a large map of the Kandrian Empire, underneath which was a map of the Mantian Region.

Across them were lines of various different colors, besides which were notes specifying duration.

It was essentially a map of where and for how long Rui spent his daily life.

"The best location for an assassination would be here," Sierra tapped at the edge of the Great Jrava Mountain Range. "He crosses this point when leaving the Great Jrava Mountain Range; here, he is a thousand kilometers away from Master Gurren and also a thousand kilometers away from the town of Hajin. It is a deserted region with no settlements or civilization nearby. The closest Martial Union branch office is eight hundred and ninety-three kilometers away. At this distance, not even the resident Martial Masters will be able to detect them."

The four Royals couldn't help but note the several lines emerging from that spot to various places.

"What are those?"

"Those are the most likely escape routes he will take if he survives an assassination plot," Sierra calmly informed them. "We can have multiple backup Senior assassins at a short distance away, along those paths, from the initial assassination point on standby for immediate intervention if the initial

assassination is a failure. Thus as soon as the first assassination fails, we can have the next assassin leap in less than a second later in a decided order without giving him a single moment of respite."

She turned back to the Royals. "We will have to instate some basic protocols while they're working. For example, the male assassins should be at least kilometers away if it happens to the Maneater's turn. And everybody in general should be a great distance away when it is the Suffocator's turn, and so on and so forth."

The Royals nodded unanimously in agreement.

"This is a sensible and rational strategy and plan of action when considering the complicated variables and constraints at play," Princess Rafia nodded.

"This is so exciting," Princess Raemina giggled softly.

"Sounds good to me. I don't really care as long as he dies and we don't get in trouble," Princess Ranea shrugged.

"Indeed," Prince Randal nodded, narrowing his eyes.

## Chapter 1695: Resolution

"There are several issues that we are facing, however," Sierra pointed out. "For one, the wealth needed to commission all these Martial Senior assassins will not go unnoticed. While we have extremely secure official channels, we cannot use official channels, considering the nature of the commission we are making. The Royal Family collaborating with foreign assassins to take out a domestic asset is a scandal that is bordering on treason. It will shatter your campaign."

The four Royals considered her words.

She had a point; while the Royals had access to a small share of the titanic Royal treasury as well as the wealth from their patrons, allies, benefactors, and partners, all of it was legal and official revenue that was above board and transparent.

They would face great suspicions from the Martial Union in their faction if that wealth, within their factions, was known to be going to a dubious source. They could not use their faction's official financial staff for something this sensitive and delicate. The patrons of their faction had access to the financial statements of the Randal, Rafia, Ranea, and Raemina Foundations so that they could have a good understanding of how their money was being used.

If they found that shady foreign assassination guilds and freelancer assassins were recipients of their money for confidential reasons, there would be more than just a few questions.

"We will have to use other channels," Prince Randal narrowed his eyes.

"I have a proposal," Princess Rafia remarked. "We should rely on the Underworld. Specifically, the Schambiei Mafia."

The three Royals narrowed their eyes in response.

"As we discussed, we cannot allow anyone to gain wind of these transactions and commissions," Princess Rafia told them. "What we need is a third-party organization with high credibility and reliability when it comes to illegally laundering and transacting money illegally."

An electric silence took over the task force meeting.

The Schambiei Mafia was one of the six pillars of the Kandrian Underworld, just like the Carnil Mafia, which specialized in the supply of illegal substances and other resources. The Schambiei Mafia specialized in any and all illegal financial services, including unreported transactions, illegal under Kandrian law, and involving recipients or donors who supplied criminal activities.

Kandrian law required all international transactions to be reported and recorded. The purchase of illegal services from abroad could thus never occur legally. In fact, the fact that the donor foundations of the four royals had transacted with criminal organizations like assassin guilds was enough to trigger an investigation case from the Kandrian Bureau of Investigation.

Naturally, the Kandrian Empire had more than its fair share of anywhere between veteran and career criminals and shady businesses that weren't entirely clean. The demand for illegal financial services like money laundering was high.

That was where the Schambiei Mafia came in, swooping in to save the day.

They had a rather ingenious way of transferring funds and transactions in and out of the Kandrian Empire without it being reported and recorded under Kandrian protocol. They did not actually furtively smuggle physical gold coins through the borders of the Kandrian Empire.

What they did was accept the amount that their clients and customers wanted to be laundered and deposit it in their reserve inside the Kandrian Empire. A branch of the mafia outside of the Kandrian Empire would then take the same exact amount out of their reserve and supply it to the desired recipient.

Thus, no actual gold traveled inside or outside the Kandrian Empire.

No gold traveled at all. The amount of gold in the Kandrian Empire stayed the same before and after.

Yet, effectively, the money had been transferred. All the Schambiei Mafia had to do was accept the gold and inform their foreign branch of the amount that they had to separately withdraw from their foreign reserves to deliver to the specified recipient.

They balanced their reserved by also transferring money from abroad into the Kandrian Empire, to ensure that their two branches possessed balancing amounts of wealth.

No clues. No footprint. No physical transfer. Nothing.

In turn, they charged a much higher tax and fee for each transaction than the equivalent legal services would, earning enormous lump sums of wealth.

This service that the Schambiei Mafia offered became so incredibly popular that it became the richest syndicate in the entire Underworld, earning it a place among the six pillars of the Underworld.



The Kandrian Bureau of Investigation had tried and failed to curb this practice over many decades and even centuries. It had become firmly entrenched in the Underworld and was unshakable.

If the Royals wanted to transfer large sums to various assassination guilds around the continent, then there was a significant chance of it being leaked to the Beggar's Sect or any other information broker. It was possible that the Kandrian Empire and the Martial Union would come to discover it, in which case, they were screwed.

They didn't have exceedingly high skill sets or experience in such matters. Too much was at stake in order to risk messing it up by doing it themselves.

That was why it was best to turn to veteran experts and masters of financial laundering. Although it sickened the four Royals, who held great pride in their blood, authority, and nation, to work with the filthy Underworld, they had no choice.

Rui Quarrier needed to go. They could not rely on domestic assassins or Martial Artists whatsoever; thus, foreign Martial Artists were required. Thus, the Schambiei Mafia's services were required.

Yet the elephant in the room had not gone unnoticed.

"If we want the help of the Schambiei Mafia, then we need the help of Rajak," Prince Randal's mouth curled with disgust. "It is a bitter pill to swallow. But this time, he should not be prone to disagreeing. He hates Raijun and does not want to see him become Emperor either; thus, he should have no problem helping us assassinate the source of his growth."

A resolution had been reached. To procure the services of the full cooperation of the Schambiei Mafia, they needed the full cooperation of the Carnil Mafia.

Chapter 1696: Pact

"...So let me get this straight," Prince Rajak stared at Princess Ranea with eyes widened with hostility.

His voice was reduced to a whisper.

"The four of you manifestations of human filth have cooked together a plan to hamper that bastard Raijun by killing Rui Quarrier, who you claim is responsible for his accelerating momentum in his campaign?"

"Pretty much," Princess Ranea replied with sharp eyes.

They were in a dimly lit room deep underground.

Behind each of them were four Martial Master bodyguards on absolute alert if their peers on the other side tried pulling something off.

"...And you dare to come to me for help?"

His eyes were bloodshot with rage.

"...Pretty much," Princess Ranea echoed.

"It was clever of them to elect you as a representative of your little alliance," Prince Rajak's mouth curled with hatred. "Since you are among the only two of us seven who had nothing to do with the death of my family."

"..." She simply stared at him wordlessly.

It was true.

Rajak would not only never speak friendly with the other three but would actively order his bodyguards to hamper their bodyguards while he killed them with his own two hands as a Martial Apprentice.

"What makes you think that Rui Quarrier is responsible for Prince Raijun's growth?"

She tossed a document containing all the information that they pooled together that had allowed them to conclude that it was, in fact, Rui Quarrier who was responsible for his incredible progress with campaigning in the Martial Union.

The Underworld Prince's eyes narrowed as he read through all the information that they had while Princess Ranea patiently waited.

They had no choice but to go through him if they wanted sincere cooperation with the Schambiei Mafia.

"Hm," Prince Rajak closed the document, passing it to a butler.

He steepled his fingers.

His eyes bored into hers.

"What's in it for me?"

"Don't give me that bullshit," She snorted. "You gain just as much as we do. You may hate Randal, Raemina, and Rafia, but the fact of the matter is that you hate the idea of Raijun becoming Emperor more than you hate the idea of cooperating with us for a common agenda."

She narrowed her eyes. "He was there. Albeit young, the other three have confirmed that Prince Raijun aided in the massacre of your family."

Rajak's eyes burned with unadulterated fury. "You filthy..."

"The man who murdered your family is reaching the throne," Princess Ranea told him with a cold voice. "What are you going to do about it?"

"THEY MURDERED MY FAMILY TOO!" He bellowed at her.

"Yes, but they're not reaching the throne. Who do you think you should be paying attention to?" Princess Ranea's icy voice washed over the smoldering rage within Rajak.

"You of the Royal Family..." Prince Rajak's expression curled with disgust and hatred. "Every last one of you."

"Not all of us are bad, you know?" Princess Ranea had the audacity to smirk. "I suppose I should thank Raul for being enough of a saint to compensate for the rest of us."

"Don't you dare," His quivering tone warned her. "Don't you dare invoke him."

"Whatever," She snorted. "I don't really care about your vendetta. You in or out?"

She stared at him with a calm and composed expression.

"Rui Quarrier..." Prince Rajak's voice seemed to return to normalcy. "...is a good man. He doesn't deserve to die."

She didn't utter a word in response.

His words may have sounded troubling to her agenda.

But her eyes told her something else entirely.

"But I know better than anyone..." He continued. "How easily good men who don't deserve to die...die every day."

He stared at Rui's profile picture in the documents before him. "If his death is the price to be paid for keeping that disgusting Martial Supremacist off the throne, then so be it."

"Good," She waved her hand as her personal assistant placed a thick document before her. "This contains all the information you'll need, including recipients, amount, drop-off of the principal amount, and interest, as well as a secure means of communication for coordination."

He simply stared at her wordlessly as his assistant accepted the document.

"Pleasure doing business with you," She got up, eying him to the very end. "Pay my regards to Don Schambiei."

"Wait."

Prince Rajak's voice echoed across the underground chamber.

Princess Ranea paused, turning back to him as she met his gaze silently.

"I may agree to help kill him, but that's it," His golden eyes simmered with rage.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"The Orphanage," His eyes intensified.

He radiated a deathly Apprentice-level aura. "You better not inflict so much as a scratch on anybody in that orphanage."

"We have every intention of staying away," She calmly remarked. "The circumstances are such that it is detrimental to our agendas to do anything to them."

His gaze intensified.

A sharp silence echoed through the room for several seconds.

"Hmph, get out," He growled.

She didn't even bother gracing him with a retort. She left the underground complex, protectively surrounded by her Master-level security detail.

Prince Rajak, on the other hand, was unmoved.

Physically, at least.

His expression was curled with disgust, hatred, and frustration.

He didn't want to have to collude with those who had slaughtered his family. The very thought of it brought deep disgust to him.

Yet, seeing his hated half-brother, who slaughtered his orphanage, ascend the throne was even more blood-curdling to him.

In the past many years, he had come to gain immense power as the Prince of the Underworld. He had the single largest and most powerful faction among the seven before Raijun's recent bursts in campaigning successes.

Yet despite all that power under his command, he still was not strong enough to kill those who had earned his eternal hatred. Not only that, he was so weak that he was forced to cooperate with them to stop another one who had killed his family.

BANG!

He shattered the table before him to smithereens, gritting his teeth.

"Only when I ascend the throne will I possess the power I need," his eyes glowed with determination.

## Chapter 1697: Shocking Appearance

More than eighteen months had passed ever since Rui embarked on the field of domains.

He had finally completed all four of the projects that he had conceived.

When creating new techniques, it wasn't just a matter of completing those techniques, it was also a matter of mastering them, and then also learning how to apply them in combat.

Altogether, it had been closer to two years after he was finally satisfied.

The three adaptive evolution domains and the Angel of Laplace that was an upgrade to the pattern recognition system.

While he could go to work harder for years more to gain passive mastery, he had decided against that.

'I'm already experiencing diminishing returns on my training,' Rui heaved a sigh, shaking his head.

The longer one trained in a field, the more effort one needed to put into making the same progress further down the path. The path grew steeper and steeper the higher one went. If Rui were a domain specialist, he would continue pushing through.

He most certainly wasn't a domain specialist. He was an all-rounder.

He was satisfied with what he had gotten from domains, for now.

He did hope to gain passive mastery over heaven and earth bending, but that was for the future.

He also hoped to gain absolute mastery of the Angel of Laplace, but that, too was a feat he was not achieving any time soon.

Regardless, he had successfully added a new dimension to his Martial Art. The VOID algorithm, the Metabody System, the Hypnomatrix, and now domains.

"I should come up with a name for the group of domain techniques as well," Rui murmured as his eyes swam around in thought.

"Domain System...? Domain Matrix?" His mouth curled with dissatisfaction. "No."

His eyes lit up a second later. "How about the Yggdrasil System?"

The logic for the name was a tad contrived, but domains could be likened to mini-worlds with their special properties and purposes. A cool name for a group of them could be Yggdrasil, the tree of life in Norse mythology that encompassed the nine realms.

"Ok, done," Rui nodded, adding the Yggdrasil System to the visual representation of his Martial Art in his head.

At the center of all the water was a void, representing the VOID algorithm, surrounded by the Metabody System and the Hypnomatrix. A Yggdrasil tree was added to the mix.

"I DID IT!"

A sudden yell drew his attention.

The night sky was magnified within a domain that Rui had been sitting in, guiding the Martial Master in his mastery of the technique.



It had taken him many months to master the mathematical foundation needed to even understand basic physics and then several more months to understand high school optics. It still took him several more months to master applying magnification through his domain.

Right now, he was executing a perfect telescopic domain, just as Rui had promised to teach him.

"Congratulations," Rui smiled.

He was actually surprised that the Master took this long to master it. Especially given that he was an expert specialist in the mastery domain.

It appeared that he still learned things slower than Rui did.

It reminded him of what Kane had told him about his conversation with his father.

Rui was still very much in his prime. He was thirty, yet he still retained the youth of a young man in his early twenties.

He would retain this prime for decades to come because his life had been prolonged by the Senior Realm at the age of twenty-three, ensuring that each biological year after lasted many more years.

That was why he could do things like rapidly master the foundations of heaven and earth in three months and then complete four domain projects over the next eighteen months.

A centuries-old Master, on the other hand, needed to spend the same time mastering a single telescopic domain technique despite his affinity for it.

It taught Rui the value of his youth and how much he ought to treasure and grind while he still had it.

"Hahaha!" He guffawed. "I can now peer into the depths of the heavens!"

"Perhaps you could start an astronomy group," Rui remarked, chuckling. "Who knows, you might be the next Galileo Galilei!"

He abruptly paused as a figure appeared out of thin air before him.

She looked to be in her sixties, wearing baggy shadowy Martial Art attire. She had an amused smile on her face as she stared at Rui.

"Master Reina..." Rui murmured, stunned.

She had truly appeared out of nowhere.

Even at that very moment, he was only able to see her, not sense her. Not even Riemannian Echo could detect her existence.

As always, her prowess as an assassin came out of nowhere.

Master Gurren's eyes widened with shock as he broke into a cold sweat. "Get away from her, arrogant brat! She's no ordinary assassin!"

His Martial Heart and Martial Mind blazed into power. The domain-like Martial Embodiment bloomed into full power as he confronted the Silent Shadow. It was an impressive sight.

Yet his face was filled with wary apprehension.

Fear, even.

He hadn't sensed her either.

In fact, even at this very moment, he was unable to sense her.

She was inside his domain, standing very much within its scope and range. Yet he was unable to detect even the faintest whiff of her existence.

Master Reina, on the other hand, did not deign to acknowledge him.

She didn't feel the need to.

He was unworthy of it.

She had neither used her Martial Heart nor her Martial Mind, yet he felt deep peril from her. There were very few Martial Masters who made him feel this way even in the Kandrian Empire and the Martial Union.

An electric silence occupied the atmosphere.

She squatted, staring at Rui with narrowed eyes. "Training under another Master, hm? Have you been cheating on me?"

Rui palmed his face, heaving a resigned sigh. "Your sense of humor is as strange as ever, Master Reina."

Chapter 1698: Deduced Suspects

"My sense of humor is as sophisticated as ever," Master Reina corrected him.

"...Sure thing," skepticism was palpably dripping off his voice.

"You don't seem very convinced."

"Your humor has the sophistication of that of a teenager who just learned about the bees and birds," Rui scoffed.

"Is that how you speak to a teacher you haven't seen in five years? I haven't forgotten that you didn't invite me to your assassination!"

"What assassination?" Rui innocently replied. "I haven't assassinated anybody in my life. No ma'am. Not one soul. This pupil of yours is a law-abiding citizen."

"Huhu...That was the right response," She nodded approvingly.

"This no assassination, is it?" Master Gurren asked, having returned to normal.

"Who knows?" She stared at Rui with an interested expression. "I haven't decided yet. Perhaps if this silly pupil of mine made up for not having visited his poor, lonely teacher for so many years and cheating on her with another teacher, I might consider letting him live."

An amused smile flashed on Rui's face. "So you came all the way from the Sirana Gulf to the Kandrian Empire for a comedy skit? And you call your humor sophisticated."

"I came for a comedy skit and..." Her expression grew a little serious. "...to inform you that someone contacted Area Crina with the intention of commissioning the Voidreaper to assassinate one Rui Quarrier. They correctly deduced that there is some correlation between the two. I was unable to track the origin of the message."

Rui's smile vanished as his eyes narrowed, growing immersed in thought. "Interesting."

"You seem to be taking it in stride," Master Reina smirked with a hint of excitement.

"The probability of some action being taken against me within two years of my return to the Kandrian Empire was at about sixty-eight percent," Rui remarked calmly. "Yet there is too much deterrence to attacking me. Thus, anybody who does endeavor to do so is either very stupid or very powerful. The

stupid are not a threat, but the powerful know that they cannot blatantly attack me with Kandrian Martial Artists, lest they face the wrath of the Kandrian Martial Union."

He turned to meet Master Reina's gaze. "Thus, it can be inferred that they will employ the power of international and foreign forces to take me out."

Her eyes widened as she stared at Rui in disbelief. "Did you predict that someone would commission the Voidreaper to take you out?"

"Well, not the Voidreaper specifically," Rui smirked, amused. "But yes, I did anticipate something like this eventually happening."

"Did you make preparations to counter it?"

"Well, I grew stronger," Rui shrugged. "Much stronger. Also..."

Faint bloodlust radiated from him as a sharp smile appeared on his face. "I just learned a bunch of techniques. I was hoping that someone would fight to kill me so that I could test them out and refine them."

"Hah..." She palmed her face. "That sounds like you. What happened to them hiring the Voidreaper to kill you, anyway? Why not hire a Master like me?"

"That's a good question," Rui remarked as his analytical mind burst into action. "There are two possibilities. They are unable to commission a Master assassin. Or it is inconvenient to commission a Master."

Rui narrowed his eyes. "Thing is, no one who can't commission Masters should have the balls to antagonize me. Unless they're extremely irrational or extraordinarily stupid."

"Why not?" Master Reina tilted her head, curious.

"Because if they lack the capital to commission a Master, then they have no business trying to kill me," Rui replied calmly. "They're underqualified. Both to kill me and to deal with the consequences. The Martial Union adores me for the contributions I made to Martial Art, and their Martial Art as well as the promise for more contributions and the prestige of having the most prodigious Senior in history. A Senior-level force that is too financially weak to commission Masters should be too terrified to try and kill me."

"The only reason they would if, as I mentioned, they are too stupid to realize that they are too weak to kill me with the political protection I have or hate me with such intensity that they are willing to suffer the consequences of killing me; irrational," Rui made deduction after deduction.

If Chairman Deacon was alive, then Rui might suspect him as the prime candidate. This was a man who hated Rui enough and was determined and perseverant enough to kill Rui even if it brought him ruin.

But he was dead.

Also, he was extremely wealthy and powerful, he could definitely commission many Martial Masters if he wanted to.

All in all, the probability that they commissioned the Voidreaper because they were unable to commission a Master seemed extremely low. People with such limited resources would be exposed to the powerful investigations of the Martial Union and the Kandrian Empire, and they would immediately be exposed.

That is why people tussled with others of the same weight class. Earning the Martial Union's ire was no different from a death warrant.

"That is why I conclude that it is someone with the means and power with a somewhat plausible chance of killing me and getting away with it and avoiding or bearing the consequences. There's also the fact that you were unable to track the origin of the message. That suggests a high-level of competence." Rui replied. "This inference alone allows me to deduce much about it."

His eyes swam around as he immersed himself in thought, calculating the probabilities of the various possibilities.

"First," He began. "It's definitely not any of the other three powerhouses of East Panama. If they wanted me dead, they would never try and commission a Senior-level assassin from South Panama. Most likely, it's not any international force based on that and the prior deductions. In which case..."

His eyes narrowed. "Someone inside the Kandrian Empire wants me dead. That significantly narrows it down. My prestige with the Martial Union is so high that there are only a handful of possibilities."

He raised one finger. "The Kandrian government."

He raised another finger. "The Kandrian Underworld."

He raised another finger. "One of the princes. Definitely not Prince Raul or Raijun. Possibly all of them. I'll just put them in one category."

He raised a fourth finger. "A corporation entity amongst the top five in the Kandrian Empire."

#### Chapter 1699: Response

From just a single piece of information and nothing else, Rui had stacked deduction upon deduction, inference upon inference, and probability upon probability, narrowing his suspect list to four broad culprits.

"I would include the Royal Emperor as well, but..." Rui shook his head. "He could just employ the Royal Corps. He is the only one who possesses the power to face the Martial Union head-on without any reason to fear. Also, he has no reason or motive. Not to mention, he's in no state and has infinitely more things to worry about."

That was why Rui deemed the probability of the Emperor being the culprit.

"Not to mention, if he wanted me dead...I'd be dead," Rui chuckled.

Not even the Martial Union could stop or deter him—not unless they assigned him a Martial Sage as a bodyguard around the clock.

"Those are the extent of simple initial thoughts," Rui summed up his extensive and elaborate chain of logical deduction, inference, and induction. "I'll form more detailed correlative models on my death-wishers as time passes and form more rigorous evaluations of probability by correlating them with the modus operandi of the three prime suspects.

Master Reina and Gurren stared at him, dumbfounded and amazed.

"That's...incredible," Master Gurren admitted.

"So, what now?" Master Reina asked, curious about where this was going to go.

"Well, I'll have to wait and see," Rui smirked. "Inform them that the Voidreaper has accepted their commission."

Master Reina smirked, amused. "I knew it was the right choice to come to the Kandrian Empire. I've been so goddamn bored in the Shadow Isles ever since you exterminated the assassination industry."

"You didn't consider visiting Master Zeamer?" Rui smirked.

"Hah," She snorted contemptuously. "The only reason I would go visit him is if I decided I wanted to assassinate him. This time, I would succeed."

"I dunno about that, Master Reina," Rui chuckled. "I had the privilege of seeing him in action. He is absurdly powerful."

"Hmph," She snorted. "Did he tell you about how he almost died at my hands last time?"

"He did," Rui admitted, chuckling. "Still, I appreciate you taking the effort to come to Kandria and warning me about this. I'm surprised they let you in, honestly."



"Who do you think I am? I infiltrated it covertly. However, the Kandrian Border Patrol Force is definitely better than I remembered. I almost got caught by Her Excellency Sage Farana when infiltrating the nation," She remarked.

"I'm surprised you managed to get away with that," Rui threw a troubled look at her.

"This is a good lesson for a youngling like you. As long as you stay far enough away from the monsters, you'll be fine," She smirked. "Many a year has passed since this old poor teacher of yours has gotten excited with something as exciting as the Kandrian Throne War. Perhaps I should come out of retirement."

"Nonono," Rui quickly gestured. "Stay retired. For the sake of the world."

"Boo."

Rui heaved a sigh at the strange antics of his eccentric assassin Master. He had gotten used to them in the more than two years that he had spent training under her. He was lying if he said he didn't enjoy reuniting with her after all this time.

Her lessons had aided with the assassination of Chairman Deacon.

"Thank you for everything, Master Reina," Rui smiled warmly.

She put aside her jestful nature for a moment, pulling him in for a wordless soft hug before turning to the awkwardly silent Master Gurren. "Whatcha lookin' at? Do you want a hug, too? You're not my type. Sorry."

"Hmph, how arrogant," Master Gurren snorted. "So you are the reason my pupil is an arrogant brat."

Rui heaved a sigh as the two of them started bickering with each other like children.

He considered what to do. He had already inferred as much as he could from the information that Master Reina supplied him. The question was, what was the best course of action to take?

'I don't want to die, that's for sure,' he snorted, glancing at the two Martial Masters bickering. "If I were attacked by Martial Masters, would you protect me?"

"Of course," Master Gurren snorted. "Who do you think I am?"

"It would be fun to kill a Martial Master after so long," Master Reina remarked.

"Ok, if I was ambushed by a Martial Senior, then what?" Rui raised an eyebrow.

"You're on your own," Master Gurren said, shaking his head. "Martial Artists are not supposed to coddle those of lower Realms."

"I will wish you the best and hope for an entertaining show," Master Reina flicked him a thumbs up.

"Hah," Rui snorted, amused. "Appreciate the warm support."

He shook his head with resignation. Master Zeamer had said something similar to the two of them back soon after his fight with Senior Zenshin. It appeared that this wasn't just their personal opinions but also a norm or trend among those of the Master Realm.

Yet he wasn't disappointed.

In actuality, he had hoped for this.

He had been looking for serious and lethal combat opportunities.

What better way to be thrust into serious and lethal combat circumstances than to be targeted by powerful assassins?

"Surely you don't intend to accept the commission?" Master Reina gazed at him with interest.

"I'm not going to assassinate myself, no," Rui replied. "But...I do want to speak to the people commissioning me to kill me. It will be a good opportunity to gain the identity of the culprit. Still..."

His eyes narrowed. "I have some interesting ideas to learn the identity of those who commissioned assassins to kill me; it all depends on how everything turns out and what their intentions are when it comes to going about my assassination."

"Prudent approach," Master Reina nodded. "I'll convey your acceptance of the commission."

"Tell them that I need to know the identity of the commissioner before I accept the assassination," Rui smiled, interested. "I'm curious to see how they go about this."

#### Chapter 1700: Duplicitous Intentions

The communications between the Voidreaper and the allied royals happened rather quickly as Master Reina securely relayed Rui's messages to Area Crina, where it was then relayed to the royals through an untraceable means as a result of the sheer resources and care that the royals had put into not being traced.

"The Voidreaper has a policy of knowing the identity of the commissioner?" Prince Randal narrowed his eyes.

"That was the response that Area Crina supplied us with, Your Highness," Sierra calmly informed him. "It's not unheard of, even if unusual."

"We cannot possibly divulge our identities," Princess Ranea's tone was firm.

"We should cancel our plans to commission him if he is not amenable to not knowing our identity," Princess Rafia remarked.

"However, he is the most desirable candidate out of all the assassins," Princess Raemina remarked as she studied his profile with interest.

"Our identities as the ones who seek to assassinate Rui Quarrier must never come out at all costs," Prince Randal was clear. "At the same time, securing his commission is desirable."

Princess Ranea turned to Sierra. "Are there any circumstances under which both of these can be achieved?"

"In our talks with the Voidreaper, he had revealed that he is willing to learn of the identities of the commissioners after the assassination is complete when he delivers the body," Sierra remarked.

"Do we really require the body?" Princess Raemina frowned.

"The best way to minimize the probability of Your Highness' identities being revealed is to ensure that the body is not discovered. Once the body is discovered, the probability that of Your Highnesses being exposed increases significantly, statistically," Sierra remarked.

"So ensuring that the body is never found is our best course of action?" Prince Randal narrowed his eyes.

"Correct, Your Highness; for that reason, ensuring that we procure the body and then completely and systematically erase it from this world such that no esoteric technology or Martial Artist will ever be able to learn anything from it is an important agenda. About ninety-eight percent of murder investigations successfully solved are those where the scene of the crime and the body are readily available for investigation. In comparison, in those where it isn't, the success rate of solving such cases is only two percent," Sierra explained calmly. "Thus, we need to procure the body after the successful assassination."

"However, there is no guarantee that the Voidreaper will be the one to kill Rui Quarrier," Princess Rafia remarked. "Considering the number of Martial Seniors that we are hiring, the probability that it will be the Voidreaper who will kill him is minimal. In that circumstance, why should we even bother to promise something as risky and dangerous as revealing our identity?"

"The Voidreaper has acquiesced and proposed a compromise," Sierra informed them. "He proposes that as long as he is the one to kill Rui Quarrier, he learns the identities of those who commission him."

"He seems oddly fixated on learning our identities," Princess Ranea narrowed her eyes.

"It doesn't matter," Prince Randal snorted. "We can put him at the last in the line of assassins that will attack Rui. That way, there's almost no way he'll be the one to take on Rui Quarrier."

"...You cannot rule out the possibility that he will be the one to kill Rui Quarrier after the latter somehow survives every other assassin," Princess Rafia remarked. "In such a case, we will have shot ourselves in the foot with the need to show him our identity in order to retain the body of Rui Quarrier to erase it."

The four royals were in a bit of a dilemma.

Revealing their identity was an unacceptable request. If the Voidreaper just so happened to reveal this information, they would suffer tremendously!

It could get so bad that he could singlehandedly cripple their entire political campaign if he had even a shred of proof.

None of them wanted that to happen.

"If I may, Your Highnesses, I have a proposal," Sierra calmly offered, earning a nod of approval from the four royals. "I believe the solution is simple. Once the Voidreaper has been satisfied with learning your identities and offers up Rui Quarrier's cadaver, then we need only kill him afterward."

The suggestion intrigued the four royals.

"...I suppose that's a simple way to fix the problem," Prince Randal mused. "Actually, that is indeed a rather simple and straightforward solution. Once he has delivered the body, the agreement will be completed, and the contract will be voided, including the non-compete clause. Then we can kill the

Voider then and there on the spot with our Martial Masters and dispose of the body without anybody coming out the wiser."

"As long as nobody walks away learning our identities, I'm fine," Princess Ranea shrugged. "Even if that means killing the people who do walk away."

"That is an agreeable proposition," Princess Rafia nodded. "The probability that he can survive such a situation is precisely zero. In that case, it would be better to procure the body after fulfilling his request and then kill him then and there."

"Sounds like it will be an exciting spectacle," Princess Raemina giggled. "I look forward to seeing the great Voidreaper struggling against our Masters."

"There won't be any struggle," Prince Randal snorted. "He will die instantly. Not even the might of the Voider will be enough to last a second against a powerful Martial Master. Objectively, there is zero risk."

He turned to Sierra. "Good suggestion."

"Thank you, Your Highness," She bowed.

"Since our agreement is unanimous, let us go with this plan," Princess Ranea nodded, narrowing her eyes. "We will commission the best of the assassins we can within short notice, all of whom will be Seniors because Masters will take years naturally and have them take Rui on in a manner that ensures that they won't impede each other. The Voidreaper will be put last in line, and if he does somehow successfully kill Rui, then he dies after learning our identities."

The four royals nodded with affirmation.