

## 263 Mastermind

"You are really different when you are drunk." 1

"Who cares? By the way, speaking about being drunk, do you think the person you mentioned to me who was trying to peek into my cultivation was from White Lead?" Endu asked, immediately changing the atmosphere around the two of them.

Kronus then tilted his head and gave it a thought. He recalled everything he saw that day as if creating an image of it in his head. But, as he reached the dead end, he stopped and shook his head.

"I can't say that man was from White Lead. He didn't give me the vibe of it. Or maybe he just acted as if he is not from White Lead." Kronus suggested.

"It could be the reason... But, what if he was one? Do you think he was following us?"

"I don't think so. At least that man looked less suspicious at that time, and he did not put any effort into watching us the next day after you got drunk."

"Hmm... That's relieving. I am just afraid that our identities will be discovered. I promised myself that I will put White Lead's tyrannical



governance down so we can have a good life, not worrying much about money. If not because of the White Lead, my wife would not leave our house to look for a job."

Kronus's eyes could only have sympathy towards Endu. He didn't have a family, but, he knew that family was important to Kronus. He also felt the love of family before, which made him understand Kronus.

"Don't worry... We will do our best to put Banglang Wubao down. He is the root of everything."

"Yeah."

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In a dark room, designed with traditional interior design and also painted for a person with an extravagant life, a person sneaked in, being silent with each step he took. This person had dark clothes around him and seemed to be a master in stealth movements, as his steps were just perfectly silent that no one could judge.

And as he took every step into consideration, he sneaked into the room with intent on his eyes. By the time he reached a door that led to a bedroom, lights suddenly appeared that lit up the room, making the sneaking person stop his movements.



Cold breath filled his mouth and it sounded audible to a person to consider. He was good with movements, but his breathing was still loud enough that anyone in a one-meter radius could hear it.

A person in white appeared behind him. This person was at least 50 years old, with gray hair and a beard. He wore white uniform robes. He slowly walked towards the person who had sneaked into the room.

"Second Young Master, you sneaked out again for another time."

The man paused his breathing and moved his gaze slowly toward the elderly man, who stood with his hands behind his back and a concise aura around him of a somewhat scholar past his prime.

"Forgive me, Commissioner Dai. I cannot really promise that I won't sneak out again. My friends were just too important to me. Please don't report me to father."

Commissioner Del Dai sighed and lowered his head then shook it later on.

"I don't know what to say to you, but it is your choice. It is your happiness," he said. "By the way, the Third Young Master has returned."

As the Second Young Master heard it, his pupils

dilated as if he had got to hear some surprising news. It was indeed surprising, but it was an understatement as his blood jumped with excitement. He then rushed to Commissioner Del Dai. With a smile on his face, he verified if the news was real.

"Really? Brian returned? When? How? I thought he didn't like it here or was he dragged back here?"

"I don't know the exact details, but I heard he returned by himself. It is better for you to check the Third Young Master by yourself, Second Young Master."

The Second Young Master's face was painted with a wide smile as he made haste to change his clothes.

"I will check on him! What a prick that kid could be?! How dare he leave the manor without leaving any words, but only because he was tired? How dare he?!"

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[The mysterious organization against the White Lead's governance base]

"Hmm... I think there were just six of us here. Others are busy, no?"

"I guess they are...? So, what is the purpose of



our meeting? I am busy as well. The people under me are not just equivalent to a city."

"What? That is amazing! I commend you. That is something not easy to achieve in the times of now with White Lead being stricter on putting their strength in every city in the Wu Region."

"Even so, Banglang Wubao is not someone who focuses himself on the cities. He was more focused on the affairs that involved the whole continent, in which case, he was more focused on the products the Wu Region produce."

"Hmm... In that case, the first son is doing more than what his father to the Wu region."

"Well, he is assigned to do that job. But what can we do about it? Convincing a huge number of people is not that easy. I can still remember how they were afraid of rebelling against White Lead."

"Such a pussy."

"Not as pussy as the mysterious person emerging in the Wu region. He had just convinced people to come to his side, and he was careful about it. I didn't notice some cities were already rebelling if I didn't watch them day and night."

"W-Wait, what? Some people were rebelling without our knowledge. What should we do?"



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"It is either we approach them and ask them to join us or we hunt them and kill them. However, it will not be easy since they are already under one person, which no one mentioned here. So, it is easy to assume that someone is against the White Lead without our knowledge and assistance."

"Should we ask that person to join us? Since you discovered him, won't it be easy to find him?"

"It is not easy. He is a meticulous person that knows how to hide well because of the details he can see... In my case, it was merely luck that led me to discover him."

"Since it is 'he', then, he is a male, right?"

"Yes, I already assumed that and overheard some citizen beneath him calling out 'Brother Lucas,' but that name is insufficient to identify who the person behind them is."

"This is quite thrilling, I am afraid. But then, we should wait for other members as well. We need to decide on what action we should take to approach that man and ask him to join our cause."

"Yes... Gathering us together was already hard if not for the 'Mastermind.' But, we can do it. He is a rare brain that could help us defeat Banglang Wubao and take over White Lead."

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"That is another problem. Who will act as our representative? The Mastermind?"

"That is what I am thinking. But no one knows who the "mastermind" is."

"That matters is another topic to have a meeting again. Let us wait for others and don't act hastily. We are an organization, not just a small group against the White Lead."

"Alright, I agree with that."

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After a few problems on their journey, finally, Beatrix and Glassera arrived at the gates of the capital. They didn't face any problems in entering the gates as the guards were very accommodating, but they were instantly made silent as they saw what was waiting in the city.

Their eyes paused in one direction. They were unable to make any sounds or utter the words that were being blocked in their mouths. Their expectations were shattered because what they were seeing was completely different from their thoughts and dreams, which they had brought from Quanzhi Province.

They thought that going to a province and eventually a region where their abilities were most praised and needed would bring them a slightly easier life. The thought that a place



where mercenaries were needed would bring them joy would be wrong in the end.

"Just what is this?" Glassera mumbled as she looked at the whole city from the gates.

Meanwhile, Beatrix's face turned different. The previous tired expression, yet fulfilled, became just tired and irritated. Her expectation was broken into pieces as she watched the 'slaves' or laborers being pushed by what she thought to be members of White Lead, mercenaries.

Her head felt pain just looking at them.

"This isn't what we were expecting." Glassera continued.

Beatrix rolled her eyes as she held onto her temple. "Yeah, what we expected was a thriving city with a good economy and mercenaries everywhere only thinking about how to get stronger. Buildings where mercenaries will be accommodated and every bulletin board will have the jobs and missions... But, just what is this?"

Glassera continued. "Dirty city... Dark soil is strewn with laborers' sweat and footprints. Mercenaries, who should be warriors, are acting as guards at a labor site. Buildings... fuck the buildings... the other cities that we passed were way better than these. These are not even



buildings under any condition. They were just used as factories or storage."

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