

The Mafia 391

Chapter 391 Helping the Girlfriend's Family?

Myra and Max listened seriously to Vicente's words because they made sense. As much as the Colored Tuna Brain could be consumed, making it difficult to trace, its value was high, and many people would prefer coins.

The Viscount had spent 900 gold coins on it just because he wanted to use the tuna brain at Marcus' wedding ceremony. Other people would like to try a meal based on that ingredient, but few would use the brain in that way.

For most people, using their coins to buy pills, potions, and magical equipment was much better than eating a tasty meal.

Surely, others like the Viscount would pay dearly for that brain, so it would most likely be resold.

"We'll see about that. I'll tell my father to keep an eye on the black market in the province for the next few weeks." Myra said before she thanked Vicente. "Thanks for the advice. If we get it, I'll let Nova and you know."

"Hmm, I hope you have luck with that." Vicente smiled, having already ordered one of his men to use the brain on the black market and negotiate with the Bain family of Dryhaven.

Vicente couldn't give that brain to those siblings. It would be too suspicious of him. But he didn't have much use for this delicacy either, and part of him wanted to help Nova's family.

So why wouldn't he sell the brain to the Bain family for a few gold coins? It would be a win-win situation.

Vicente smiled as he watched them leave while Nava stood next to him, visibly tired from the night before.

The position of Commander was very stressful. Moreover, she was weak compared to the level required for the job, and as such, she had to deal with the frustration of not being able to do everything she should.

"Sigh... Did you hear what happened the night before? Unfortunately, I couldn't do anything for Millfall, even though I'm the temporary Commander of the local post." She commented to him.

"Yes, I heard some rumors..." Vicente answered her. "But it's not your fault, Nova. The night before was atypical. Even Mid-level Mages died! If Commander Hogan had been in town, he couldn't have done anything to stop the movements of the night before."

She knew that and said nothing more, taking advantage of the fact that she was finally alone with Vice to hug him and relax a little in his arms.

"What are your plans for the next few days?" She asked as she smelled his masculine scent. "I know I don't have much to do. I have a feeling that the damned Cesar Mazzanti is involved in the Viscount's death, but I can't do anything to charge him. I'll have to wait for reinforcements from the capital. So I don't have much to do for the next few days."

Vicente laughed when he heard this and answered her. "I might have an appointment in the next few days. My master wants to make a bet with another 3rd-stage blacksmith. Then I might have a small competition at the association. If I lose, I'll have to join the group from the club that's leaving town for a provincial forging competition."

Nova opened her eyes in surprise and looked at Vicente with interest. "Can I watch you compete?" She asked, curious to see her friend in action.

Even though they were a couple, she had never seen Vicente's skills. They usually didn't have much time to spend together, and when they did, they preferred to do other things...

But she wanted to do everything couples did, including meditating and training together. They hadn't had a chance to do that yet, so when she heard that he was going to show off some of his skills, she wanted to watch.

"Sure, I'll see when and where it happens and let you know." He smiled at her, not bothering to show her his forging skills since he didn't intend to use his special ability in the confrontation against Henry's best student in town.

"I hope you win." She said, smiling and showing her teeth. "It would be awful if you had to take part in this competition outside the city."

"True. I'd rather stay here and take care of you." He squeezed her waist before taking her in his arms and leading her to her house.

Nova let out a small cry at being caught like that. But she didn't complain; instead, she enjoyed it very much because she longed for her man's 'affection.'

...

While Vicente tended to Nova's needs, Benson arrived at the Millfall Blacksmiths' Association building and went straight to the Council of Elders.

Arriving there, he was greeted with loud voices and smiles here and there, with several of the most important local blacksmiths congratulating Henry on his purchase of Ekacrinite the night before.

Among the people were Henry's disciples, and even his disciples' disciples, celebrating with this great local blacksmith.

"Henry, you really are rich. I'll give you that," Benson loudly said as he joined the people in the Council of Elders' meeting room. "You beat me again, but would you be willing to test your luck with me?"

Henry heard Benson and looked at the man, seeing that his local rival was there to challenge him.

"Benson, don't be a sore loser. Henry got the article fair and square. Are you here to cause trouble over it?" Another elder asked in a harsh tone.

Benson stopped in front of Henry while the weaker ones around him stopped talking to each other, silencing the stronger ones.

"I'll be honest with you, Henry, I need part of the Ekacrinite. I know you won't part with it for nothing, so I'm here to propose a bet. How about we have a little contest between our most talented students in

town?

If my disciple beats your disciple, you'll only give me 10% of the rock you got the night before. But if your student beats mine, Vicente Fuller will agree to represent our post at the annual Forge Tournament. Benson said, quickly naming what Henry could win in this bet.

"Vicente Fuller? The young man who made an item with 100% efficiency in his test to become a 1st-stage blacksmith?" One of the local 3rd-stage blacksmiths asked with interest, remembering the young man he had seen take the test months ago.

Henry had heard of such a talent several times and didn't immediately turn down Benson's offer. "That is interesting. But what is this young man like now? If he's still just an Apprentice, it'll be a while before he fights for us. Would he be willing to represent us in competitions for the next five years?"

Benson smiled when he heard this. "Vicente is better than you think. But yes, if he loses, he's willing to represent our post in competitions within the province for the next few years."

Chapter 392 The Malicious Shelby

Later that day, after the fall of the Symons family, Vicente would go to the local blacksmith association to practice his skills. There, he would receive word from Benson that Henry had agreed to their plan.

In two days, he would compete against Henry's most famous student in Millfall, Landon Fraser, a level 5 Acolyte who was about to advance to the 3rd stage.

Their match would occur in the early evening, two days from now, in the association.

According to Benson, they would compete in the production of three artifacts, and whoever won at least two contests judged by a jury of blacksmiths would be crowned the winner.

Vicente also discovered that if he lost, he would have to represent the chapter in more than one contest since it was only after Benson's promise that Henry had accepted such a bet.

But he didn't see a problem with that. It made sense that they could lose something as valuable as what was at stake for Henry. Besides, Vicente was confident he could improve his skills a little more in these two days, something he knew was possible for him, while his opponent would most likely not improve from today to the day after tomorrow.

So, on the afternoon of that day, he locked himself in a training room at the association, leaving the affairs of the Mazzanti family to Rory and the rest of his staff.

...

While Vicente was training for the wager in two days, Shelby was at a local restaurant with Molly, Livia, and Nicolas.

After the auction the day before, the group of these two young people from Dryhaven had fought to keep their belongings after the auction. But since most of those interested in the post-auction action yesterday had been after the Viscount and other individuals, they hadn't had to contend with a large number of opponents.

Since they also had no interest in third-party items, they had managed to get through the previous night relatively smoothly, being the only group from outside Millfall to do so.

After spending the night in this town, they discovered that the night's events and the family Shelby was about to marry had been completely wiped out.

In the face of such shocking events, Livia wanted to stay in this place for a few more days.

"Shelby, you must be in a terrible place to lose your fiancé on the eve of your wedding," Livia said to the woman across the table, trying to hold back a smile. "I'm sorry for you. You would have made a great couple."

Shelby looked into Livia's green eyes and said. "You don't have to tell me that, Livia. Marcus and I weren't like you and Nicolas. For me, the Symons family's fall is really strange and shocking, but I had no feelings for him despite our engagement."

"You are so cold. No wonder you're so unlucky." Livia said quietly, not caring about the recent losses of the woman in front of her. "Anyway, when is her funeral? I guess you're organizing it, right?"

"In two days, we'll say goodbye in the Field of Souls. If you're interested, we'll welcome relatives, friends, and allies to say goodbye to the members of the Symons family."

One might ask, the Symons family has been wiped out, so what relatives could be left for this house? Well, families on this continent weren't that simple.

Every family had a main line and a secondary line, which was easy to understand when you considered the heir and his brothers and sisters. However, the members of that line had paternal and maternal relatives who were not part of the line of succession.

In other words, the Symons family had been wiped out because the main and secondary lineages had been wiped out the night before. There was no one left to inherit the family's lands and titles.

But there was the family of origin of the Viscount's wives, the maternal family of the family's heirs, and the maternal side of Viscount Symons himself.

These people on the maternal side of the Viscount's family couldn't inherit anything. Still, they were relatives who existed and might be interested in saying goodbye to the dead.

As for the Viscount's paternal family, who might have had some claim to the now-dead man's possessions, they no longer existed. Viscount Symons had had only one sister, who had no right of inheritance. As for his father and his father's relatives, they were all dead, as far as the official powers of the kingdom knew.

Could there be a Viscount's bastard out there? Or even an unofficial son of the Viscount's father? Of course, but only those recognized by royalty could claim property from dead nobles.

Until the day before his death, a nobleman could nominate people for his line of succession from among his descendants and paternal relatives from the main line. Bastard or not, as long as one was nominated in this way, he would become part of that family's line of succession.

On the other hand, if such a person was not nominated, he would have no rights, even if he could prove that he was related to the fallen noble.

Therefore, it was fair to say that the Symons family had been completely wiped out, and their title would have to be passed on to another family.

But there were relatives of the dead from the night before, and at least some of them were expected at the local cemetery to say goodbye to the dead.

Livia then said. "Then I'll stay in town for two more days. I want to pay my respects to the family you almost joined."

"That is your decision. Do what you want." Shelby told the green-haired woman.

Then Nicolas asked something he had wanted to ask for a long time. "Miss Staples, what happened last night? I have to say I'm surprised you're still alive after buying a 3rd-grade item."

Shelby smiled as she had heard the same question from her father earlier.

The man had asked her everything about the previous night, from how she had managed to survive to where the Seal of Spirits was and where her coins had come from.

After calming down and agreeing to use the local power vacuum to improve the Staples family's position, Baron Staples remembered that he wanted to ask his daughter all those questions.

Shelby then told Livia the same thing she had told her father: "I was forced to give such an article to the strongest person I could find. The night before, I had planned to go to the Symons estate to hide under the Viscount's protection. But before I got there, I lost the Seal of Spirits.

Sigh... I had a big loss the night before."

After talking about a few other things, Livia invited Shelby to her wedding to Nicolas, which would take place in Dryhaven in a few months.

Afterward, Shelby watched them leave, smiling to herself. 'Going to your wedding? Is there going to be a wedding, Livia? When Vicente frees Snow Claw, we'll see if you have time for a wedding.'

Chapter 393 Dinner with Nina ?

Later that day, evening came to Millfall, and Vicente was at his house with Nina and Eve.

After returning home early, he'd taken advantage of the fact that Nova wouldn't be coming to the estate until late tonight since she was busy. He gave the second stage plant he'd bought at the auction the day before to Eve.

Filipendula Jaburan had an orange pentagram, so he had given it to Eve to absorb that essence about three hours ago.

Now, he was looking after his little sister while Eve finished her absorption when he felt a change in the mana around his residence.

'It looks like Eve will succeed now.' He smiled as he looked over to see Nina reading a book on her bed.

Seeing her brother looking away and smiling, Nina asked. "Big brother, did aunt Eve finish? Was she successful?"

"It seems so. Finish your reading so we can go see her." Vicente looked at Nina with a smile on his face as he saw this girl getting excited.

Nina was really excited that Eve was getting stronger. The blonde woman was currently at level 2 of the 2nd state, which meant that she desperately needed a second pentagram.

After tonight, Eve would be able to start looking for level-ups again and would probably become a level 3 Acolyte in no time!

How did Eve advance so quickly with so little talent? Nina had no idea until that night.

But after discovering that her brother had managed to 'buy' Eve a pentagram, Nina realized that her older brother wasn't as simple as she had thought.

She knew that her old father, even in his prime, couldn't do the same. But how had Vicente, who had only inherited the Fuller family, grown so much that he could do this in such a short time?

Nina was full of doubts in her heart, but she didn't want to tell her brother about it because she already knew he wouldn't tell her the truth, at least not yet.

Not only that, but he was rather careless in front of her. Maybe because he thought she was too naive or didn't understand things, not only Vicente but especially the men in the Fuller family often let their guard down when they were with Nina.

Because of this, she was learning more and more about her brother, and she didn't want to spoil everything by trying to talk to him and force him to be more careful around her.

"I'm done, brother!" She said as she put down her book and jumped out of bed, taking the lead in going to see Eve.

By the time they reached the lower level of the Fuller mansion, Eve had come out of her meditative state and had a big smile on her face as she closed her eyes and felt her new power.

"This is a really good power. I'll be able to help heal family members with it." She murmured as she felt Nina and Vicente looking at her.

Vicente said to her. "I will try to help you absorb pentagrams of a similar nature in the future."

"Thank you, Vice. But don't worry about me. Everything you've already given me is more than I ever dreamed of."

As she said this, she picked up the body of the medicinal plant and said. "Now I'm going to make the Filipendula Jaburan soup. Wait about 15 minutes, and I'll serve it."

Cooking a magical resource was like cooking any ordinary food.

However, there was a difference between an ordinary person who used magic items to cook and a chef who did the same.

The cook would preserve as much of the mana and elements in their ingredients as possible. Through their special skills, they would greatly increase the power of that dish.

In other words, imagine that a certain dish requires 3 ingredients to prepare, and each ingredient has 10 units of mana and pure elements. Looking at their total units, you might think that the final dish would have 30 units, but in practice, that wasn't the case.

If an ordinary person cooked those ingredients, the final dish would have less than 30 units. But if a professional cook did the same thing, the dish would have more than 30 units, sometimes more than double the units of energy and elements in the ingredients.

That was possible because of the cooks' magical abilities!

But even an ordinary person could prepare a special meal.

Since there weren't many professional cooks in Millfall who could handle Filipendula Jaburan, Vicente hadn't gone looking for one. So Eve was the one who would cook Nina's soup.

Vicente and Nina sat around the kitchen island of that house, watching Eve prepare the soup, the young black-haired girl looking intently at the special plant that the blonde woman was cutting.

Isn't that the Filipendula Jaburan?' Nina wondered, recognizing the item that had been auctioned the night before.

The auction the night before had been the talk of the students at the academy Nina attended. She had talked about the event with practically all of her friends today.

That's why she knew all the items from the previous day's auction and their appearance and properties.

'How did big brother get that plant? I stayed at the auction entrance until the last person entered the local theater, and I didn't see him pass by. What's more, my colleagues said that Cesar Mazzanti was the one who took this plant. Why is it here?' She wondered as she watched as Eve cooked.

Over the next few minutes, Nina considered many possibilities, remembering that her family had previously rented House Mazzanti and the possibility that Vicente still had dealings with Cesar.

'He must have gone to the auction with Cesar's group...' She thought, imagining that this was the most likely scenario. 'That makes sense! The older brother must have paid a fortune to get that man to buy it for him. And it was probably all because of me...'

She looked at Vicente and clenched her little fists, feeling even more grateful for her big brother, who always took care of her, even when he couldn't be there for her.

'One day, I'll be strong enough to help you, big brother!'

After making this vow, Nina saw Eve serving Filipendula Jaburan's soup.

It didn't take long for her to devour the soup, while Eve and Vicente tried only a few spoonfuls, leaving it to this child to take as much soup as she could.

The medicinal effects of Filipendula Jaburan were not immediate, especially considering how fragile Nina's body was. It would take months or even two years for her tiny body to absorb this plant's medicinal power. So Vicente and Eve didn't expect her condition to improve immediately.

They just looked at Nina with hope, expecting that this soup could somehow help this little girl.

Chapter 394 Miss Death

The next day, Vicente continued with his true identity, having spent the previous night between his forge studies and quality time with Nova.

In the morning, he had a rich and happy breakfast with Eve, Nina, and Nova before the three women in his life left, two of them for the academy and the other for the local army headquarters.

He stayed at home for a while before heading to the association building, where he would spend much of the day studying and training his skills at the forge.

Amid this training, he would reach the peak of the 2nd stage, an important moment for him. However, he couldn't advance at the moment because stage advancement wasn't like level advancement.

The difference in the amount of mana between the highest level of one stage and the lowest level of the next was much greater than the difference between levels of the same stage. As a result, advancing to the magical realm required more time and preparation than ordinary advancement, which Vicente would only have time to properly prepare for after the competition for the 3rd-grade rock.

Being at the top was very good for him, and he already had his next pentagram in mind!

Meanwhile, things were relatively quiet in Millfall. The royal army was holding its ground without making much progress in the investigation of the post-auction incidents, while the nobles were busy preparing for the local changes.

There were so many suspects who could benefit from the Symons family's downfall that the Martial Court became much stricter with the army in order to expose some of the more daring activities of that force.

While the most important people in the city were busy investigating or preparing for a new local Viscount, the Scarlet Syndicate and the Mazzanti family were on the move.

Vicente's family continued to absorb the business left behind by the Defiant Tyranny, continuing their efforts to strengthen and improve their operations. As for the Scarlet Syndicate, this group focused on improving their relationships with the local nobility and simply maintaining what they already had.

In the midst of all of this, a bit of peace settled over the recently troubled city.

...

Meanwhile, hundreds of kilometers away from Millfall, to the west of this area...

There was a mountain range that separated the territory of Scott Province from that of Lake Province, a sort of natural demarcation that the powers of the Palaris Empire used to define borders.

When traveling across this continent, one would know exactly where the territory began because of rivers, mountain ranges, lakes, canyons, and so on.

Thirty-Three was riding her horse at high speed toward a small group camping there at the farthest point from the province where Vicente lived.

Her horse was swift and never tired. A journey that would have taken eight days for people using ordinary carriages took her just over 40 hours.

And so she arrived at the place where her party was waiting for her to continue their journey out of this province.

"Miss Death, I'm back." Thirty-Three said as she dismounted and knelt in front of a woman about five feet tall, dressed all in black with a veil covering her face.

Around the wooded area where the group had a fire, there were four other people, all Mages.

The only Low-level Mage there was Miss Death herself, while the others were Mid-level and High-level Mages.

"You took a little longer than we expected, Thirty-Three. Did you have any problems on your way to Millfall?" A man, the second High-level Mage in the group, asked her.

Everyone there was dressed in black, some with darkness surrounding their bodies, others without using their powers to hide their appearance.

But upon closer inspection, except for Miss Death, they all had pale skin, dry lips, and deep circles around their eyes.

They were all Dark Path magicians. Even those on the path who didn't go mad or become stereotypes of their kind lived exhausting lives. Because they were so powerful and often killed more people than ordinary magicians, these people lived on the run and in hiding.

The more they killed, the more vengeful people there were looking for their heads. Many of them could be ignored, but one or two would happen from time to time.

Because of these rare successes, people on this path had to be vigilant, avoid cities, avoid unnecessary rest, and often train, meditate, and fight to the extreme.

Given this reality, it wasn't unusual for Dark Path magicians to have low vitality for people of their level and to age faster than Light Path practitioners.

But Miss Death was different from the rest of her group, being much younger than everyone else and possessing a special power that was simply terrifying.

While Thirty-Three explained what had happened to the group, Miss Death had her three pentagrams around her while her magical form condensed in front of her.

A large book with a black cover and yellowed pages lay open in front of her at the height of her navel, and she used what looked like a black quill to write something down.

'Paul Stewart...' She wrote the name of a man whose portrait was on a wanted poster held by one of her companions.

Meanwhile, several such posters lay on the floor, and the names of the wanted men depicted on them were written on the sheet of paper Miss Death was writing on.

When she was done, she closed her book and made it disappear. "I have finished. We'll be able to collect the rewards from these 10 wanted men in the next few days. I've left my mark on their bodies."

"Hahaha, Miss Death's power is truly fantastic. We don't even need to face those damned opponents. As long as we're near them, they'll naturally die before Miss Death!" One of those people shouted when he saw that their lady's plan was really very good.

Months ago, their superior had sent them on a mission to train Miss Death. Their goal was to help her kill 5,000 people so that she could refine her killing intent and improve her understanding of their sect's special spells.

At the very beginning of the mission, Miss Death suggests that they hunt down criminal bounties and that she use her special power to complete the mission quickly.

And it had worked very well. In the past year, she had killed more than 2,000 people this way without scaring the cities or attracting negative attention.

No one cared about the convicts she killed with her Book of Death!

Miss Death ignored her companions' comments and said to Thirty-Three as she removed the veil covering her face. "It's good that you got some resources in Millfall. For now, give me the Fear Anise. I'll assimilate its medicinal power before we leave this province."

Thirty-Three looked at Miss Death's beautiful face and saw the symbol of a scythe on the black-haired beauty's forehead.

Chapter 395 Noble Funeral

Another day has passed...

Today was finally the day set for Vicente and Landon's match at the association building.

As soon as the day began, Nova assured Vicente that she would watch his match at the Blacksmith's Association, not only because she wanted to see him in action but also because of her progress.

Nova had been on the cusp of 2nd-stage for several days. With the situation in Millfall calming down and the emissaries from the capital about to arrive in the city, she wanted to use the next few days to enter seclusion and advance to 3rd-stage.

If she wanted to continue to grow in the army, this would be an important step for her. So today would be the last day she would be at Vicente's side before she went into seclusion until she made her breakthrough.

Vicente took the opportunity to tell her that even if he won the challenge Benson proposed, he would be leaving town soon on business and wouldn't see her for days or weeks. Depending on when she was released to hunt her next pentagram, he wouldn't see her again until she returned.

So they had agreed that after the fight at the association, they would have dinner and then go to her house for an evening alone.

These were their plans for later. But by nightfall, each of them had a business to attend to, and they parted as soon as the sun rose.

Vicente stayed at home and practiced his skills, which he had already refined to the point where he could produce items with between 80% and 90% efficiency using his "normal" skills.

When he used his magnetic ability, he could go over 90%!

But even with his ability from his first magical form, Vicente still couldn't produce 2nd-grade items with 100% efficiency. It was too difficult, and he would still need some time to develop his understanding of forging to achieve such a feat.

But he hoped to accomplish this before the soldiers from the capital arrived to investigate him.

In any case, he planned to continue with his identity as Vicente until he reached the 3rd-stage. After that, he intended to return as Cesar and try to develop his weapons further before setting out to rescue Jasmine and hunt down a green pentagram!

That was his plan for the next few days and weeks. After finishing his morning training at the forge, Vicente left his house and went to the local cemetery to relax a bit.

Viscount Symons' funeral was taking place, and Shelby would surely be there. In search of a conversation with her, Vicente used this time of rest before his afternoon training, going to the Field of Souls, where many people were saying goodbye to the head of the Symons family.

Neither the Viscount nor the members of the Symons family had been left whole. They had all been obliterated, so there was no evidence of exactly how they had been killed.

But in the Seidel Kingdom, there was a culture of saying goodbye to the dead, of keeping their remains, or at least their gravestones, in a place where they wouldn't be completely forgotten.

The members of the Symons family were part of a noble house in the kingdom, so they had a special place in Millfall's highest graveyard.

Thus, even without a body, a large funeral was organized to bury the Viscount, Marcus, and the wife of the Symons family head.

Arriving at the Field of Souls, Vicente entered this place for the first time. It was very beautiful, with well-organized and well-maintained lawns and tombstones, sculptures here and there, and a large tree in the central part of the cemetery.

Under that tree were dozens of very well-dressed people, including all the nobles of Millfall and some of their relatives, there to fulfill their mission.

As nobles, they owed respect to those of higher rank. Attending the funeral of a local Viscount was an obligation for all of them.

That was also the case for the army soldiers who were there, led by Nova, who was in charge of the city at the time.

Vicente saw Nova from a distance, while this woman with beautiful light blue hair spotted him easily.

'What is he doing here? Is it because of the business opportunity?' She thought to herself as she looked at Vicente.

But neither she nor he looked for each other. He went straight to a beautiful young woman with orange hair.

"Shelby, my condolences on your loss." He said to his ally as Shelby's family members listened as they watched him embrace her.

It was bizarre for these members of the Staples family to see these two young people together, and they couldn't help but think how wrong Vicente's words were.

Shelby ignored the looks in her direction and said in Vicente's ear, covering her lips with one hand. "Thank you for everything. You've helped me a lot. I won't forget it, Vice."

"Don't worry. We still have a lot to do together." He told her quietly.

Previously, Vicente had been unhappy with how Shelby approached him and intended to get rid of her one day. But after so many things together, so many plans they had, he had begun to see this woman differently.

He didn't trust her blindly but didn't want to eliminate her anymore.

She asked him. "When will you deal with Snow Claw? The clock is ticking, and soon, the opportunity I told you about will come."

"I'll try to reach the 3rd stage soon, and then I'll go to Ironcrest. After that, I intend to go after that person. I think there will be time."

"Good, but don't take too long, or we'll miss our chance." She said in his ear before moving away from Vicente and raising her tone. "Thank you, Vicente. By the way, let me introduce you to my family. I don't think I've had the chance yet."

She indicated her family members with one hand while her father and brother looked at Vicente strangely, feeling that this young man shouldn't be there.

There were strange rumors about what Vicente and Shelby were doing in hiding... It wouldn't do for them to be so intimate at her fiancé's funeral!

The Staples patriarch said in disgust. "Kid, you never should have come to this event. Look at the people commenting."

Vicente looked over and saw several of the Symons family's relatives talking to local nobles while they understood that Vice was for Shelby.

The Symons family relatives naturally gave him ugly looks, not liking his audacity to attend this event.

Vicente laughed inwardly but didn't leave. He walked over to some of his local partners there while Shelby and Nova looked at him intently occasionally.

Amid this, Livia became aware of a local interest on the part of her great rival...

Chapter 396 Making Contact During the Funeral ??

"Who is this person?" Livia asked her advisor, who was already familiar enough with the local situation in Millfall, to talk about important local figures.

"That person?" Her old advisor looked at Vicente, concentrating on this young man's Magic Gem since Vice's appearance didn't resemble that of anyone locally important.

He said after a long sigh. "I don't know him."

"Find out who he is. Shelby obviously has an unusual interest in him." Livia said as she watched Vicente talking to some local Barons while Shelby watched him from time to time.

Men wouldn't notice the way Shelby looked at Vicente. But Livia was different. She could see that her rival was interested in the black-haired young man.

Then Nicolas muttered. "I heard some rumors while I was offering my condolences to Shelby earlier. It seems that she and this boy are quite close. There was a strange rumor before the auction about them that even embarrassed young master Symons."

"Oh?" A smile broke out on Livia's face. "Don't tell me Shelby is that kind of woman? But that wouldn't be strange. Someone like that would rather have adventures with her chosen ones than stay with a single man to help her family. She's very selfish!"

Nicolas laughed but said nothing. He preferred women like his Livia, but he didn't care how other people lived their lives.

But Livia wanted to find a way to hurt Shelby. "I'm going to approach him. I want to see if he lets anything slip." She walked toward Vicente, leaving her fiancé and her advisors behind.

"That's..." The old advisor started to follow her but felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Let's wait. Livia likes to play, but she's no fool." Nicolas said quietly to the Mid-level Mage.

"But young master Grant... I thought we were leaving tonight. We've already stayed in this city longer than we should."

"I know. I promise we won't be here until dawn. But for now, let Livia have some fun. She won't have that opportunity when we return for a long time."

Meanwhile, Livia arrived, where Vicente talked to some of his local noble partners. Among them was Baron Irwin, with whom he had continued to do business even after the previous robbery.

Vicente had attacked the Irwin family for two reasons. The first was raising money for his house, which had worked out well for him. The second was to prevent a force that could destroy him from learning of his actions against one of the family's children and taking action against him.

The Irwin family still existed but had lost any ability to harm Vicente's group. They had lost much of their power after the last raid and had stopped investigating the death of the young man Vice had killed in Martell Village.

Meanwhile, the Mazzanti family had grown considerably and had overtaken such a local noble house entirely.

Therefore, even though he hadn't destroyed this family, Vicente had succeeded in his first two goals, and he was currently using this family through his agreement with Baron Irwin.

But if this family showed any strange thoughts towards him one day, he would mercilessly destroy them!

While he was talking to Baron Irwin and another local Baron about the tragedy of that night and what would happen with the succession of power, a tall, beautiful woman with green hair approached them.

"My friends, I am sorry to interrupt your conversation. I would like to talk to this young man. Could I borrow him for a moment?" Livia approached them with a smile that quickly made the nobles understand who she was.

The only one who didn't know where she came from was Vicente, so the nobles talking to him immediately greeted her and moved away from the black-haired young man dressed in an all-black outfit.

Vicente looked at the Low-level Mage curiously but let her say what was on her mind.

"What's your name, my friend?"

"Vicente Fuller, and you?"

She laughed when she realized he didn't know who she was and said. "I'm Livia Norris from Dryhaven."

"Norris? Of the Norris family?" Vicente didn't know who Livia was, but he knew the names of all the noble families in the province. "Miss Norris, meeting someone of your stature is a pleasure." He made an immediate gesture of greeting. "I didn't expect your family to have ties to House Symons..."

"And we don't." She grinned, fascinated by the gem on Vicente's forehead. "I'm here for an old friend. Shelby and I went to the same academy at Ironcrest."

"Oh?" He looked at Shelby and immediately saw that this woman was looking at them.

"Anyway, I feel we have a friend in common, don't you? I heard you were close, so I was interested in meeting you. Where are you really from, Vice? Are you related to the Fullers of Chilledale?" She asked him with curiosity to find out if this young man was an ordinary person or a member of an ancient family of soldiers of the kingdom.

Not every family with the potential to become noble earned titles. Some of the most powerful families in the kingdom were families of soldiers who, over the generations, sent many of their members to serve in the king's army.

That was the case with the Fuller family that Livia had in mind, a family that until recently had several soldiers in the army, some of them with the considerable rank of Colonel.

Such a family was not a noble power, but it was stronger than some Count families!

'If you're from that family, it makes sense that Shelby would be interested in you...'

Vicente was interested in what this woman knew and said. "The Fullers of Chilledale? I really don't know, Miss Norris. I lost my parents very young. What family is that? I've never heard of them."

She sighed when she saw he wasn't from that family and said. "This is a family from the Diamond Province. Chilledale is the third largest city in this province and the closest city to the kingdom's capital. As for the Fuller family, it is a house of soldiers, or rather, a house of knights of the empire. They have served the royal family for over a thousand years."

Vicente found this interesting. "I see... It looks like an impressive family. But I don't think I'm related to them. My father was just a merchant."

"And what about your relationship with Shelby? How long have you known each other?"

"A few months. We're business partners. I'm a merchant like my father was."

She pulled out what looked like a card and handed it to him. "If that's the case, don't hesitate to look me up in Dryhaven if you're passing through in the future. If you have business with Shelby, I might be interested in doing business with you as well."

"Of course." Vicente didn't refuse and quickly put the item away in his storage.

Livia saw that Shelby was watching them and asked. "Vicente, do you have some time now? My group is leaving Millfall tonight, so why don't we talk some more in a more private place? We could go to a restaurant."

He looked at her and then in the direction she had pointed, where Nicolas and the old Mid-level Mage were.

"I appreciate the invitation, but I have an appointment today. Besides being a merchant, I'm also a blacksmith. I have a dispute at the association tonight, and I intend to spend the rest of the afternoon preparing myself for it."

Vicente was under no obligation to explain himself to Livia. But this woman was stronger than him; she was a noble family member, and she wasn't rude to him. So he didn't refuse her request without giving her a good reason.

He was a merchant. He couldn't close a door that opened for him without a good reason!

Livia's eyes lit up with this information. "Then I won't bother you anymore. Good luck with your dispute."

Chapter 397 Competition Night (1)

Hours after the collective funeral of the Symons family, night came to the city.

Vicente had finished his training, left his house for the association building, and was now entering the area where he would compete against Landon in a few minutes.

Arriving there alongside Benson, Vicente saw many people in the arena, most of them blacksmiths, but also people who had nothing to do with the profession.

That was the case with Nova, who was already sitting next to Nina and Eve on one of the stands of the small betting platform.

Bets like Benson and Henry's weren't that common. However, forging fights took place here almost every day. That's why there was a suitable place for this bet to be contested in front of witnesses.

Usually, between 5 and 20 'fights' would take place in this small arena every day, depending on the day of the week and the season. But tonight, this would be the only contest, and almost all of the blacksmiths free to come and watch the event were in the area.

Watching people compete was not just an attraction enjoyed by the people of Polaris Realm. It was a way for the weaker to learn from the stronger.

As much as each person had their own qualities, and their powers were usually unique to them, there were things about a competition that could help people with similar abilities grow faster.

To say that watching a fight was like watching a lesson wasn't entirely wrong!

So, it took Vicente a while to find his family in this place, as he saw more than 100 blacksmiths scattered around the stands in this area.

But as soon as he saw Nova's blue hair, a smile broke out on his face as he waved to the three most important women in his life.

Nina stood up from her chair and waved back, a big smile on her face as she finally got the chance to see her big brother in action.

But they weren't the only ones to cheer him on in the evening's competition. Not far from them, a gray-haired woman looked at Vicente with a strange smile.

He felt this person's gaze on him and immediately turned his attention to Layla.

'That woman...' He suddenly clenched his fists at seeing his ally standing there, seeing that she had already discovered his identity.

"Master, can you give me a moment? There's someone here I want to talk to for a moment." He said to Benson.

The old man looked at the gray-haired woman and understood what his student wanted. "Make it quick. Henry and Landon are already here. It won't be long before we start."

He nodded affirmatively before walking over to Layla under the eyes of Nina, Eve, Nova, Shelby, and Livia, those two who had just arrived.

"Livia... What are you doing here?" Shelby asked as she saw the woman approaching next to Nicolas. "I thought you had left town."

"I'll do it later." The green-haired woman said. "First, I want to see our friend's skills."

"Our friend?" Shelby gave Livia an ugly look, not liking it at all.

Livia laughed. "I think he really is a great talent. Otherwise, you wouldn't react like that, and this place wouldn't be so crowded."

Nicolas noticed the same thing when he looked around and saw the smiths excited about the upcoming competition.

Amid it, he saw Vicente approaching where they were, near Layla.

Vicente arrived before Layla and said in a low but somewhat irritated voice. "What are you doing here? Get out of here! You're risking our disguises!"

Layla smiled. "Vicente Fuller... That's your real name, huh? Now that I've had time to study you, I remember exactly where I've seen you before."

Vicente came closer to her while several people watched them from a distance.

He forced a smile, not enjoying this woman's presence but putting on a happy face.

Seeing him approach Layla like that, Nova clenched her fists, wondering who this beautiful woman was and what her relationship was with Vicente.

"You'd better stop, Layla. We are allies; don't try to change that."

Layla was quite bold with Vicente and wasn't afraid to argue with him. She stood and stood inches away from him. "You were the boy in Saltstar City, right? The one who saw his sister being taken away?"

Vicente felt his heart beat faster and squeezed a hand on one of her shoulders. "How do you know that? Were you there that day?"

She smiled, enduring Vicente's grip as if it were nothing. But she was really in pain. "No, but my organization has detailed information about that day. Your sister awakened a power from the Dark Path and was taken by a force dominated by magicians from that path. Since then, we've been watching everyone related to her.

You awakened your powers here in Millfall a few months ago. The same week that happened, the local temple cataloged your information and your connection to Lauren Fuller.

It's on your record the day your sister awoke in Saltstar City and how she was taken right in front of you. That's how I know about it."

"And Lauren?" He asked, seeing that this organization seemed to have information about her.

Layla smiled at Vicente, recognizing his weakness. "You want revenge, huh? Do you want to save her? Is that why you're doing all this? Is that why you left the path your father taught you to become what you are today?"

"So what if that's why? What do you care?" Vicente asked as he looked into her eyes.

"Vicente, don't get me wrong." She followed his gaze with her own. "Now that I know more about you, I trust you more. What happened that day was truly a tragic event for you and your little sister. So I know now that you are a much stronger and more reliable ally than I thought before."

'You are not a madman with nothing to lose and no goals. You know what you want and can't take all the risks for your sister's sake. Knowing that comforts me.' She thought as he watched her.

Vicente didn't know how to deal with this woman right now!

"What do you want, Layla?" He asked.

"Just be honest with me. Since our lives are connected, let me know how I can help you, and don't fuck with me." She got a little more serious. "I may not be as strong as you, but I have more experience, contacts, and information, Vicente. Is it too much for you to listen to me? I ask you to do so from now on. I have no reason to put you or your family in danger. I just don't want you to fuck me over in your rush to power."

He clenched his fists and said. "I can do that. But for now, I want you to leave."

She laughed and prepared to leave. "Good luck in your fight. See you later. We have much to discuss regarding your dangerous plan."

Chapter 398 Competition Night (2)

Nova was a little worried as Vicente watched Layla walk away, swaying her hips as she climbed the grandstand steps.

"Who is that woman?" She asked Eve as Nina seemed distracted.

"That person..." Eve hesitated, knowing who Layla was, but not sure what to tell Nova. "She's an acquaintance of Vicente."

"Why do they seem so close? Did they ever have anything, Eve? Be honest with me. Has Vicente been with anyone else before me?" Nova looked into Eve's blue eyes somewhat seriously.

"Not that I know of. You're the only one he ever took to his residence, Nova. Don't worry, it's probably nothing. Vicente is too busy to have time for other women."

"Is that so?" The blue-haired woman asked in an uncertain tone when she saw Vicente stop to greet Shelby and Livia.

"What about those two? At the Symons family funeral, Miss Staples kept looking at him as if her life depended on him. Why is she acting like that? Does she like him?" Nova asked.

"Shelby?" Eve looked at the beautiful orange-haired woman who was wishing her ally good luck. "Impossible. Miss Staples is not that kind of woman. Her business with Vicente is more commercial than anything else."

"Are you saying that allies can't be intimate? There are many instances of marriage between allies, Eve." Nova said as she glared at Shelby.

If looks could hurt, Shelby would be seriously injured right now!

Eve smiled inwardly, seeing that Nova was having a jealous crisis over Vicente. She asked. "What if there's something else? It's not uncommon for talented young men like him to have relationships with more than one woman, Nova. I'm not saying he does, but you have to consider the possibility that it might happen one day.

When you've made up your mind about what you think is acceptable and what is not, talk to him about it. Tell him what can and cannot happen in your relationship. If he wants to be with other women and you don't accept that, it's best to let him go. Otherwise, try to deal with it without hurting yourself."

Nova paled at the thought, for this was indeed a polygamous society. Her father had had several wives in his youth, and for a time, her mother had had to share him with others. Only after such a woman became pregnant with their first child did Nova's father change and become utterly faithful to her mother.

'Could I bear to see him with another woman?' She clenched her fists as she wondered.

Meanwhile, Vicente had only stopped by to say hello to Shelby and Livia and then returned to Benson's side after receiving their good wishes.

Benson was already standing next to the 3rd stage smiths at this post, as well as Landon, Vicente's opponent that night.

Arriving there, Vice greeted his opponent with a handshake before gesturing to the elders there.

"Elders..."

They all nodded with smiles on their faces because everyone there knew that this young man was very talented. Not only that, but they thought there was no way Vicente could win so the local association could have him as their representative for years to come, even after their previous refusals.

Henry asked him. "Vicente, before we go any further with you and Landon, I want to know if you agree to the terms of this challenge. Your master must have told you what's at stake, but you must tell us that you accept these conditions.

There's still time to back out, but if you go ahead with this wager, there will be no turning back."

"Thank you for the warning, elder. But I'm ready to go all the way. If I lose, I'll represent the local association in forging competitions for years." Vicente said, showing that he was aware of the contest's rules and was willing to follow them.

Henry nodded his head in agreement and laughed. "Very well. Since you agree, let's get to the rules of this contest.

First, this is a bet, not an exhibition. So you can and should make your artifacts with the best you have. In a normal forging competition, you can only use your skills. But in the real world, blacksmiths use accessory artifacts all the time. So, you are free to use your artifacts as long as they are limited to the 2nd grade."

This rule seemed to put Vicente at a disadvantage since Landon was more experienced and had the support of the best blacksmith in town. However, Benson had suggested this rule because his student wouldn't show his full abilities, so he would have to use accessory artifacts to defeat his opponent.

"The second rule is that there will be no minimum time to complete your artifacts. Whoever can produce the highest number of winning items that night will win, no matter how long it takes.

Third, you will create 3 items the Association's Council of Elders has already selected. Whoever makes at least 2 winning items wins the game.

That means the contest can end in the second round if the winner of the second round is the same as the first round".

Landon and Vicente listened to the rules side by side, accepting each one as they looked at Henry.

Henry finished. "Finally, the winners will be chosen based on the quality of their final products. Do you have any questions?"

"No." They both said.

"Then you may begin to prepare yourselves. We'll start the first round as soon as you're ready."

As soon as he said that, they greeted each other one last time before moving to the two corners of the circular platform, while everyone on the platform left the area and went to various places in the surrounding area.

The chatter in the bleachers died down, and people like Lukas stopped talking to pay attention to the competition that was about to begin.

Nova's and Shelby's groups also fell silent as they watched Vicente and Landon quickly prepare their tools while looking at their available materials.

The only thing the association had provided for them were the materials. All other components were part of a blacksmith's ability to use their skills to the best of their ability.

Individual powers didn't need to be explained. They were obviously the merit of their users, and there was no wrong in relying on them. But someone might question the use of support artifacts.

However, support artifacts were part of the overall power of the blacksmiths. The ability to gather influence and resources to obtain good tools was also a trait related to the blacksmith's skills.

Outside of competitions, these skills gave blacksmiths an advantage, allowing them to advance faster and sell more.

Precisely because this was a competition for the ability to grow quickly and sell very well, almost no one in the arena found it strange that both sides could use their accessory items.

When the two sides showed they were ready, Henry kicked off the competition by saying that the first item of the night would be made.

Chapter 399 Underestimating Your Opponent?

"The first item you will make is a shield. Now start!" Henry said as he signaled to the two, getting right to the point.

The two blacksmiths standing on the platform began to build their shields as soon as they heard the order, while the audience talked less to pay attention to them.

Most were blacksmiths, so the moment the two sides started producing their items, the 2nd and 3rd stage blacksmiths realized that the difference between Vicente and Landon wasn't as big as everyone thought.

Before the laymen there could understand the difference between the two, people began to murmur about the difference between them.

"Wow... This Vicente Fuller really is a genius! I heard he only started learning the art after becoming Benson's student a few months ago."

"I don't know if that's true, but his progress is truly incredible! I saw him at the evaluation for new 1st-stage blacksmiths a few months ago. But now he's already in the final part of the 2nd stage!"

"It is incredible! Who would have thought that a young man who isn't even 15 years old would reach the peak of the 2nd stage of our art?"

"A genius, indeed. He's probably already at level 5, which also means he's a talent in cultivating mana."

Nova, Shelby, and Livia had heard many comments like the above and couldn't help but get a better understanding of his abilities and potential.

Vicente's level was hidden. He hid his power practically 100% of the time when he wore his primary identity. So it was impossible for someone like Nova to know his exact level and that he was Cesar Mazzanti.

But the blacksmiths there didn't need to feel Vicente's aura to know his level. He would have to be level 4 or 5 to demonstrate some of his moves.

Judging by the understanding he needed to do what he did, everyone there felt that he must have the highest possible cultivation since he hadn't had enough time to develop that much.

In the world of magic professions, two things affect a person's mastery of their field. The first was study time, and the second was the level of one's magic. The higher one's level, the less time it would take to understand specific rules. However, one didn't necessarily have to reach high levels to understand certain things.

For those who had no good talent or encountered difficulties that forced them to stay longer at each level, there was the alternative of continuing to learn and improve within their level. That, of course, was time, something that a 2nd-stage magician, for example, could use to reach 100% efficiency in their art if they were unable to reach the 3rd-stage.

"Is he that good?" Livia overheard several comments around her and took a new interest in the young man with black hair.

Nicolas said to his fiancée, "This is truly impressive. I don't know of any blacksmith at his age who could demonstrate such skills. He must truly be a prodigy."

Livia's old advisor agreed as he stared silently at Vicente working on the platform. 'It looks like the young lady got it right again. Even though she was in haste, she managed to contact such a prodigy.'

Meanwhile, Nina was grinning from ear to ear, seeing that her brother was very talented at forging, the first major skill of his that she had learned.

Nina had no idea of Vicente's magic cultivation until that night. Given how he kept her in the dark about practically everything, she thought he was either an Apprentice or a newly promoted Acolyte.

But when she saw him in action and read the lips of the surrounding crowd talking about Vicente, she discovered something new about her older brother.

'Could this be it? Could it be that the big brother is Cesar Mazzanti's blacksmith?' She wondered, feeling that it made a lot of sense.

Meanwhile, Nova smiled, proud of her boyfriend's accomplishment but rather curious as to why he didn't show off his skills.

'Why doesn't he do it like his opponent? Why doesn't he use his skills to gain an advantage?' She wondered when she saw that Landon was already using his magical form while Vicente was only using normal forging skills.

Not only did she notice this, but so did practically everyone else near this battleground.

"It seems that young Vicente does not take his opponent seriously." An old Mage said as he looked at Benson at the Council of Elders table.

"This is really risky. Does he think he can beat Landon without using his special powers?"

Henry looked at Benson as the elders commented among themselves. "What are you up to?"

Benson smirked at his old rival. "We're not planning anything. Vicente won't show his special power in public. So either he beats Landon like he's working on, or he loses."

"Are you serious? What's the point? I thought you wanted to win." Henry raised his tone, feeling this was very disrespectful to him and Landon.

In a competitive world, 'going easy' on an opponent was a terrible thing, a significant lack of respect. It was better to be beaten brutally than to lose narrowly to an opponent who wasn't trying their hardest!

Of course, Henry was annoyed to see that Vicente wasn't taking the fight seriously.

"We want to win." Benson shook his head. "Don't think that just because Vicente isn't giving it his all, your disciples will beat us, Henry. Vice is a lot more complicated than you think. He's only a 2nd-stage blacksmith, but he's already able to do things I can't. He'll soon surpass me."

Vicente wasn't officially a 2nd-stage blacksmith. But it wasn't wrong to call him that, just because he hadn't taken the test of the association yet. His skills were those of a professional of that classification.

No one would be bothered by Benson's casual manner, but all the 3rd-stage blacksmiths present were somewhat surprised by the man's last words.

'Is this serious?' The man who had seen the entrance test Vicente had taken asked himself as he looked seriously at Benson, not doubting this guy.

Benson had an excellent reputation and wasn't known as a person who boosted his students' achievements. He even had some strange ideas about smithing. Still, he had always been very reasonable when judging juniors.

No one took his words as a joke!

Chapter 400 Threatening Opponent?

In the blink of an eye, Vicente and Landon finished producing their shields with a difference of 10 minutes between them.

Landon had finished his shield earlier because he was more experienced than Vicente and had used his special ability for a large part of the process.

But Vicente didn't take much longer than his opponent. He finished his shield after a few minutes, an item with 87% efficiency.

That was a very good level of efficiency, something that only 10% of the blacksmiths in this guild in Millfall could achieve while they were in the 2nd-stage producing 2nd-grade items!

However, Vicente lost the first competition to Landon, who managed to produce a shield with 90% efficiency!

That was Landon's victory, but neither this blacksmith nor anyone else around the competition platform saw it as an easy victory for him or a guarantee that he would win.

Seeing his student get so close to Benson's student, Henry became a few degrees more serious, looking at Vicente with different eyes.

'This boy really is a monster. I wouldn't be surprised if he wins one of the next two fights.' The old local blacksmith thought to himself. 'If he had used his skills, Landon might have lost...'

Then, he advised his student in the middle of the break for the next fight.

"Go all out against your opponent in the next round. I feel this young man could win the third fight, so you should finish this contest in the second challenge. If he beats you now, there's a real chance he'll win twice tonight."

Landon swallowed his saliva, not believing that his master was worried about his situation. 'Is this young man really all that?'

Landon hadn't paid any attention to Vice during the previous match. After all, he was mostly focused on doing his own job. Not only that, but this guy had a hard time accepting that a rookie was as skilled as he was, although he had been doing his art for over 25 years!

Even though Vicente's score was so close to his own, he felt that his experience would ensure his victory.

But when he heard his master's previous words, he couldn't help but look in Vicente's direction and reconsider his opponent's level.

Vicente stood next to Benson, receiving advice from his master as he waited for the potion he had just ingested to take full effect.

When it did, he returned to the competition platform before Henry signaled the start of the second round with a sword as the object of interest in what could be the final match of the evening.

As the two got down to business, Benson looked at his fellow board members and made a suggestion. "I wanted to use this challenge as an examination for Vicente. Since we're all here to see his skills, I don't think he needs to waste his time retesting. His ability speaks for itself."

Nobody saw a problem with it, and one of them said. "I'll take care of it tomorrow. Vicente can pick up his 2nd-grade blacksmith card in the afternoon."

But then Henry said. "If he loses the next fight, he'll enter the annual blacksmith tournament that starts in a few days. He'll be one of our 2nd-stage representatives at that event."

Benson couldn't say anything else and just smiled. "Okay. If he loses, he'll do it. He promised himself he would represent the association for years to come."

So they went back to watch the second round of this bet and saw Vicente and Landon fight even harder in this match than in the previous one.

Many were impressed when they saw the beginning of Vicente's movements in this second round, noting he looked better after just one fight!

While Landon had improved by about 10% to 20%, Vicente seemed to have suddenly grown by 20% to 30% compared to the previous round.

Shelby watched the final moments of this second round with interest, being one of the few in the area who knew who Vicente was and what his magical abilities were like.

'He is really good at forging. I didn't think he was that good.' She looked at Vicente's strong arms, which were visible as he pulled the sleeves of his shirt over his shoulders.

Sweat trickled down Vicente's body, making his muscles look much more defined than they usually did, even though they were currently swollen from the work he was doing.

Seeing him like that, Shelby couldn't help but smile. 'This is perfect. Those who have more than one profession often find it easier to raise their magic level.'

As she smiled, imagining that this man would lead her plans to success, Nova looked at her but also at Livia, who also had a look of interest on her face as she watched Vice.

'Those two... Are they really my rivals?' Nova worried, once again suspicious of these women's intentions.

She clenched her fists tightly as she turned away from her boyfriend to look at the two beauties. 'If you want him, you'll have to go through me first. I don't mind Vicente seeing other women when he's away from me. Yet, I'm not going to take it easy on a woman like that if I find out about your affair with him.'

She had already thought a lot about what Eve had told her. She felt she could accept Vicente seeing other women as long as it happened away from her and without her knowledge. However, she had come to the conclusion that when she was with him, she had to be the only one, or it wouldn't work.

'I will investigate both of you. If you have any dirty secrets...' The blue beauty's eyes narrowed, while the people beside her couldn't imagine what she would do to be her boyfriend's only one.

While some misunderstandings developed, Vicente and Landon finished the second round of the evening.

The Council of Elders of this association took the artifacts created by the two 2nd-stage blacksmiths and quickly evaluated them.

"Vicente's sword is 92% efficient!" One of the old elders said, causing the audience of blacksmiths to stir as this was a significant improvement over the last artifact.

Then Benson announced the result of Landon's sword, which could end this dispute.

"This sword is 91% efficient! Vicente Fuller wins this fight. We will now proceed to the third round of this competition!" Vice's master said loudly and clearly, stirring up the crowd in the area for the next match, which could be Vice's victory or Landon's reaction.

Either way, this bet had just gotten livelier and more interesting to watch!