Stunning Edge

(绝色锋芒)

Chapter

001-211

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(无意宝宝)

Story Description:

When a cold and crafty girl travels into the body of a foolish, man-crazy, young female aristocrat, what will happen?

A young girl, Claire, falls off a horse while chasing his Royal Highness, the second prince, and becomes unconscious. But when she finally opens her eyes, now her gaze is ice cold.

Soon after, she shines a blinding light that astounds the whole kingdom.

In this world where power is based on magic and power, how would an airhead like her survive?

But, she soon stuns everyone by mastering both magic and Dou Qi, paving a new way for herself.

His Royal Highness, the second prince, was forced by the Emperor to comes to visit her, but was told she was busy.

When he saw the “busy” miss drinking tea leisurely, ignoring him, the second prince’s handsome face twitched.

Her personal knight, Jin Yan, had always looked down at her with

disgust. But as he and many others watched her shine in both glory and power, they couldn't help but ask themselves: is this really the girl they thought they knew?

Original Story can be found here: Link

Prologue

"Quickly!"

"Stupid fatty, go quickly. If you don't go now that malefic person will awaken and return back to heaven and we'll be out of luck."

"That's right, you slow poke. Go quickly."

With white jade floors and topaz pillars, the magnificent Heaven Palace was currently filled with chaos. Every god was frantic, all urging a fat immortal.

Darkness surrounded her, and her body felt light.

I'm dead? She opened her eyes and looked up, but as before, it was dark.

Suddenly, she saw a burst of light.

A bald, chubby, smiling face appeared. Behind his bald head was a soft, light halo ring. It looked extremely pure and sacred.

"Who are you?" She frowned at the bald person that suddenly appeared. If she died, then shouldn't Ox-Head and Horse-Face1 come and drag her before Yama?

"My child, don't be skeptical. You are truly dead, and with the sins you committed in your lifetime, you should have been sent to the bottom2 of hell already." The halo above chubby bald person's head was very conspicuous and his smile very wide. It was as if he was the most benevolent elder in the world.

"I haven't gone to hell yet." She insipidly added, "also, I'm not your child. You are male, so you couldn't have given birth to a big person like me."

The chubby faced person started sweating, his expression becoming a little awkward. As expected, this nefarious person wouldn't be that easy to deal with. Even though she lost all her memories, she was still as big a pain to deal with. That was why the gods decided to draw sticks to decide which person to send to settle this issue, and he was the one who unfortunately drew it.

“Ahem, ahem~~” The bald and chubby person coughed, straightened his face and said seriously, “Based on your having a merciful soul and great talent, we have had a discussion and decided to give you a chance to atone for you sins. We will let you go to another world to continue to cultivate.”

What? A merciful soul? Great talent? What do they mean? What atoning for sins? Going to another world to continue cultivation? What and what?

“Go, child. I hope you will live happily.” The fat, bald faced person didn’t waste any more words, and instead lightly waved his hand. A ray of light shot towards her, erasing her memories of their conversation as well.

The next moment, she disappeared from where she originally stood. The chubby and bald person let out a long breath and wiped the sweat on his forehead. Immediately, many gods appeared around him. They all laughed vulgarly, patting his shoulder and praising him.

“Very good, now that trouble-making being will be far from us.”

“You’re quite something, making up so many funny reasons and then just sent her away.”

“Good, good, I’ll mark down this big merit for you.” The person who said this was naturally the governor of heaven.

But the bald and chubby faced person couldn’t smile. Even though he did send her away, but if one day that malefic person came back, the first to die would be him!

“What are you afraid of? She’ll need to cultivate for a long time before she can return, before her godhead3 can appear. That’s something that won’t happen for thousands of years.” Someone immediately consoled him.

That’s true. Hearing this, the bald and chubby person also started smiling vulgarly.

Malefic being, in that world, you should pray for good luck. It’s best if you don’t remember anything, best if you never return.

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1. [two guardians of the underworld in Chinese mythology. Yama is king of hell.]

2. [Literal translation would be “eighteenth level of hell”, but in Chinese mythology there is only 18 levels in total and it just means the very bottom, the deepest part.]

3. [When you practice enough, your godhead will appear and you can become a god. It’s a personality/trait/nature/stone that appears when you cultivate enough, and this enables you to become an immortal/god]

Chapter 1: Handsome-Male Chasing Girl

"Nancy, wait for me!" a pretty blonde girl called childishly, gathering her skirt under her. The mere sound of her voice almost gave people goosebumps. She rushed forward, running after a disappearing figure. The figure was tall and thin, with long, flowy maroon hair that could capture the hearts of all girls. He gave no indication to stop or look back. Although his decision was perfectly clear, the girl behind him continued to chase.

Seeing this, the pretty girl increased her pace, concern written all over her face. Following behind her was a handsome man in black. His breathing was controlled and his steps were steady. A long sword was strapped to his waist. He followed the girl without emotion, seeming cold and aloof.

"Jin Yan, stop the second prince! Hurry! He's about to leave." The pretty girl stopped walking, livid, and stamped her feet at the young man behind her. "Are you blind.l?Can't you see he's about to leave?!"

"Miss, my duty is only to protect you," the handsome young man replied quietly, with an attitude that was neither respectful nor overbearing. In the depths of his eyes were loathing and disdain, but of course the girl didn't see it. His meaning was very clear: My job is to protect you, not to help you chase men.

"You!" The girl went black with fury and she stamped her foot while screaming in anger, "You dare disobey my order! Just wait until I tell Grandfather! You're supposed to be my knight, but you have such an arrogant attitude!" After spitting out these words, the girl lifted up her skirt hem to run after the second prince again.

Jin Yan coldly followed without saying a word. This kind of farce often happened. Every time this foolish young girl met a handsome man, she would buzz around them like a bee seeing fresh flowers, always buzzing and never stopping, annoying the men so much it became unbearable. The second prince had already been bothered many times. This time he was only trying to visit the duke but tragically bumped into the lady. Jin Yan

saw the hurriedly escaping second prince and felt sympathy.

The second prince rushed out the gate, jumped in the carriage and told the coachman to return to the palace. The coachman was confused by the second prince's haste, but then he saw the blonde girl giving chase and understood immediately. So it was the Hill family's male-chaser! Although this male-loving lady from the Hill family was not favored, she was still the granddaughter of Duke Hill. The coachman understood that of course the second prince would not be impolite to the lady for fear of offending the duke of Hill, so he quickly whipped the horses to start the carriage. The pretty girl ran to the door, only to see the carriage already leaving. She got so mad her face was red and her whole body was shaking. As a chamberlain, who happened to be leading a horse passed by, she grabbed the whip out of his hands, got on the horse, and cracked the whip to pursue.

"Miss!" Jin Yan's blank face flickered. This obstinate, male-chasing lady, did she forget that she doesn't know how to ride?! Can chasing men unlock hidden talents? Jin Yan coldly humphed. Although disdainful of her, he still had to ensure her safety and made preparations to run after her. He looked for a horse but there were no more at the gate, while the lady's figure became smaller and smaller.

The servants at the gate watched, stunned. Who knew that this male-chasing, incapable Miss could release such potential for the sake of chasing men! As a member of the Hill family, she had totally shamed her family name. With absolutely no horsemanship and a great hatred of studying – in short, she knew nothing that she should. This was also why Duke Hill disliked her.

Jin Yan frowned and was about to use Dou Qi.2 to catch up when the male-chasing, headstrong young girl was thrown off the horse. As she cried out, her petite frame fell onto the ground. By now, the second prince's carriage already had been long gone.

Jin Yan knitted his brows and caught up to the girl on the ground. Looking at the unconscious Miss, Jin Yan frowned even more. This time, it was his mistake. He didn't even think that the lady would make such a

senseless decision.

After the Miss was escorted back to the castle, everything become chaotic. Her grandfather, Duke Gu Dun Hill wasn't at home, nor was her father. Her mother was the only person present.

In a magnificent bedroom, on a huge gold gilded, luxurious poster bed with soft, thick bedding, the young girl lay, still unconscious and pale. A blonde-haired, beautiful woman sat next to the bed, worry etched on her face. The similar features of these two showed that this beautiful woman was her mother, Katherine Hill. Different from her foolish, obstinate daughter, Katherine was instead a kind and virtuous woman. Anxious over the girl on the bed, she felt resigned. This daughter, no one in the family liked her, not even her father, grandfather or even her brother, they all didn't like her very much. This was all because of her personality. No one knew whose attitude her's resembled.

A doctor went over promptly, and after a careful examination concluded that the young lady was fine. They only needed to wait for her to wake up.

"Madam, it was my fault for not protecting the Miss, putting her in this kind of a situation," Jin Yan confessed. He lowered his head, standing aside while talking in a low tone for forgiveness. "I accept any punishment."

"No, Jin Yan." Katherine smiled and shook her head, resignation in her voice. "I understand this child's personality. This was not your fault. You may leave."

Jin Yan hesitated for a moment, but bowed his head and left. Only Katherine remained in the room.

In the evening, the girl on the bed slowly moved her fingers, seemingly about to awaken.

"Claire!" Katherine, who had been staying next to her all this time, cried her name out joyfully, grabbing the hand of the girl on the bed.

The girl on the bed slowly opened her eyes but didn't speak.

"Claire, how do you feel? Let me see," Katherine asked eagerly as she happily supported the girl up.

But the person on the bed still didn't speak. Katherine hugged her with small sobs. No one was willing to visit Claire, her darling child, even though she was knocked unconscious in an accident. Not even her grandfather, father, or brother after arriving home visited her once. This unfair treatment pained her.

The pretty blonde girl on the bed opened her eyes, looked coldly at her surroundings. For a moment, her eyes showed a hint of confusion but it quickly disappeared, replaced by a cold, profound look.

"Claire, how do you feel now? Dizzy? Hungry?" Kathleen asked, concerned, while suppressing tears.

The young girl looked at her reflection in the beautiful woman's irises, immediately understanding. She replied quietly, "Yes, I am a bit hungry."

"Ok, Claire, just a moment, I'll call people to send food." Katherine, delighted, stood up quickly but wobbled because she had sat too long. Immediately, a force propped up her elbow so she wouldn't fall. Katherine looked back and saw Claire's peaceful face. Was it Claire? The thought passed briefly through her mind but she thought nothing of it. She hastened out the door to the waiting maids.

The young girl on the bed slowly turned her head, taking in the unfamiliar surroundings, squinting, her eyes cold and piercing. She smirked ever so slightly, almost unnoticeable. It was a truly cold look.

Looks like I'm really dead and my soul has traveled to this foreign world. Based on these elaborate decorations, it seems like my new family is both rich and powerful.

Claire Hill. Is this the name of the previous owner of this body? The person on the bed with cold eyes gently massaged her temples. Her head hurt so much it felt like it would burst and the past memories of this body began to combine with her own.

The more the memories came together, the stranger her facial expression became, because these memories had such limited information. Most were memories of beautiful men, all messy and useless. The only useful piece of information was that this family seemed to be

very prominent in this country.

The young lady half closed her eyes and let out a long breath.

Claire Hill. The lady slowly lowered her head. This will be my name from now on.

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1. [Original directly translates to “are you dead” however in the english language it makes more sense to say blind.]

2. [Dou Qi literally means fighting energy but it makes more sense to leave it as is like other light novel translations.]

Chapter 2: Nobility

Claire...the girl on the bed quietly mumbled this name to herself. This person's name sounded pretty, but nobody could stand that attitude. Her memories were full of being rejected by handsome men and looking foolish.

The door was suddenly banged open and the deafening sound caused Claire to look at the doorway. The girl at the door resembled the previous beautiful woman and seemed younger than Claire. However, her expression of disgust and condescending attitude did not match her young age.

Claire squinted her eyes a little only because in her memories she was terribly afraid of this girl. This was her younger sister Lashia, a talented magician. Although she was only twelve years old, she had already become an advanced magician. Because of her outstanding talent, she was selected by the principal of the Sunrise Institute when she was only five years old to become one of his few students. This made Gundan Hill incredibly happy. This talented young miss hated Claire because their mother spoiled her so much. This wasn't strange because Lashia, being a child prodigy, had the love of her grandfather, father, and brother. So, her mother spent more time with Claire who was disliked.

"Hmph, you brought a lot of shame to the Hill family. Ending up in a state like this because you fell off a horse just for chasing men. " Lashia held her head high and looked disdainfully at the person on the bed. She walked up to the bed, a sliver of malice glinting in her eyes, and stuck her face right up to Claire's. She whispered in a low, poisonous voice, "My dear older sister, why didn't you die falling off that horse?"

Claire silently looked at this pretty face right in front of her. Who would think that someone who looked this innocent would say something so malicious?

Lashia looked at Claire's placid face and was taken aback. Normally this stupid older sister would be trembling, yet right now she was so calm.

Footsteps sounded outside and Lashia's expression changed to a frown. She muttered indistinctly under her breath and instantly a tiny bolt of lightning appeared in her palm. Before Claire could register Lashia's actions, Lashia had already pointed her finger at Claire's back. Claire felt a terrible pain surged through her body from her back.

"You male-chasing idiot, next time you worry mother I won't let you off as easily, " Lashia coldy whispered into Claire's ear. "You know what will happen if you dare tell Mother. "

In Claire's combined memories it seemed that many similar situations had happened before. Without anyone knowing, this little sister Lashia seemed to give the before Claire much suffering. Claire emotionlessly dropped her gaze, not looking when Lashia turned around.

This time, the door opened quietly. The previous beautiful lady peaked inside and smiled.

"Mother~~" Lashia happily greeted.

"Lashia, you're home!" Katherine smiled as she entered.

"Yes, Mother, now let's go eat." Lashia cheerfully took Katherine's arm.

"You go eat first, I'll stay with your older sister." Kathleen patted Lashia's head and said softly, "Your sister is not feeling well today, I'll stay here to keep her company."

"Oh." Lashia said, eyes cast down with a bitterness unnoticed by Katherine. Watching Katherine walking towards the bed, Lashia quietly and coldly humphed without anyone hearing and left quickly.

"Claire, the maids will serve dinner promptly." Katherine sat near the bed and took Claire's hands in her own. Claire gave a start. The warmth coming from her hand immediately made her relax. So soft, so warm. Just like how that person held her hand and told her to be happy.

"Mother..." Claire said softly.

"What is it dear?" Katherine smiled gently. Suddenly her face color changed and she asked anxiously, "Do you feel hurt anywhere?"

“No, mother.” Claire suddenly smiled. “Mother, you haven’t eaten either. Are you hungry?”

Katherine gave a start, and the tears came suddenly uncontrollably and silently. This is the first time Claire had asked a question like this, the first time Claire expressed kindness toward her.

Watching Katherine’s tears of joy, Claire lowered her eyes. Her true feelings were hidden by her long lashes.

Claire, Claire, this will be my name in the future. A strange light glinted in the young girl’s eyes. The Claire that existed before didn’t dare tell on Lashia’s bullying or have the power to strike back. But, in the future... Claire’s eyes became icy as she felt the burning sensation on her back.

At this moment, a bright new star rose in the night sky of the Ceylon continent, but nobody knew the reason why.

The next morning, all the servants in Duke Hill’s castle were gossiping among themselves and casting uncertain glances at the study. Nothing big, just their Miss’ strange behavior! Usually she would already be out searching for handsome men by this time, at either the theatre or the City Center Library... Since that’s where the young noble gentlemen normally hung out. But today, she actually went to Duke Hill’s study! When the Duke wasn’t working inside, he would usually let his children inside to study. Although Claire fell off the horse yesterday, the doctor said she would be fine. But based on Miss’ wild personality, she would never go to the study she despises!

In a large study with shining windows, a few huge bookshelves stood next to the walls. Neatly classified books of all genres lined the bookshelves. A pretty blonde girl leaned on a windowsill thumbing through a thick book called Ceylonese History.

Flipping through the book, the girl’s expression became complicated. Only because she had already reached the section on the history of the country Amparkland. The most credited people for the establishment of this country was the Hill clan, a family whose coat of arms was a rose. The young girl lifted her head to gaze thoughtfully upon the rose regalia

hanging above the desk. It seems like the Hill family wasn't simply wealthy.

Outside the door light footsteps sounded but stopped abruptly at the door. Even though it was very, very light, Claire instantly noticed.

From the door came a low and cold voice,"Miss, the Duke has returned."

"Oh." Claire unenthusiastically answered, closing the book. From her combined memory she already knew the person outside the door was her knight Jin Yan who was supposed to protect her.

Claire got up and was just about to set the book back on the bookshelf, when she heard a series of footsteps ringing outside the door. Then, she heard the sound of Jin Yan's greeting.

The door was pushed open and an austere, old man with luxurious clothes appeared. He looked to be more than fifty years old, but very energetic. His brows and Claire's were similar, letting her understand this was her grandfather. Currently in Amparkland the Duke held a great amount of power and was also the most powerful man in his family.

"Grandfather." Claire greeted indifferently, her previous cowardly attitude gone.

Gundan Hill looked at the young girl in front of him and frowned, a strange emotion flickering in his eyes. He couldn't believe at first that his headstrong granddaughter would be willingly reading in the study when he heard about it, but his own eyes convinced him. And how differently she dressed! Usually she would wear elaborate dresses like a butterfly, but today she donned the plainest white dress, her curly golden hair in the simplest style. Did she hit her head too hard when falling off the horse yesterday?

"Claire, you fell off a horse yesterday?" Gundan walked in, asking casually. The people following him stopped outside and lightly closed the door to the study.

"I'm pretty much fine now." Claire replied lightly.

"Then that's good." Gundan, seeing the book in Claire's hand, was a

little surprised. She's reading Ceylonese History? He knew this granddaughter of his inside out: capricious, unruly, and abnormally attracted to the opposite sex... She, who hated studying and learning more than anything else, was actually reading the most dull and boring Ceylonese History?!

"So, what do you think after reading Ceylonese History?" Duke Gundan asked offhandedly, walking to his office table.

"Let the banner of roses fly forever," Claire replied quietly with a hint of a smile.

Duke Gundan's eyes popped wide open and he stared astounded at the smiling girl in front of him. What did he just hear?

Let the banner of roses fly forever!!!

Let the Hill clan exist forever!

"Say that again!" Gundan commanded in a deep tone, squinting at the girl in front of him.

"Let the banner of roses fly forever." An imperceptible grin flashed under Claire's eyes. This elderly man in front of her was the heart and center of this clan, the head and the leader. Through numerous previous experiences, she knew exactly how important it was in unfamiliar surroundings to pay close attention and take advantage of superior people to the greatest extent. If she wanted to survive in this unknown world, if she wanted to become powerful, then gaining the favor of this person in front of her would be her first challenge.

If someone else had told him this, Gundan would dismiss it without a thought because it would only be a means of flattering. But it's meaning was drastically changed when this young girl said it! His only son and other two grandsons and granddaughter had never said anything like it, but it was said by someone who was considered a failure like Claire. Duke Gundan was totally stunned.

"Grandfather, I have insensibly been acting out of line and it has been going on for too long. From now on, I will take my studies seriously and

definitely not let down the Hill family again." Claire looked at the stunned old man. Every word, every sentence had been said clearly, and her green eyes held a serious gaze.

Amazed, Gundan looked blankly at this sincere young girl, unable to speak for a long time. Claire kept quiet, too, silently staring at her grandfather.

"Great!" Finally, Gundan came back to his senses and laughed in relief. He patted Claire on the shoulder and praised, "This is my girl, this is the child of the Hill Clan!"

"I promise I won't disappoint you," Claire smiled. Her smile was shining with confidence.

This day, the whole castle boiled.

This idiotic girl that was infatuated with men and always disliked by the duke was actually led out of the study today, hand-in-hand by the normally serious duke, and they were both smiling!

The foolish male-chasing Miss of the Hill Clan is now favored! This news spread like wildfire throughout the whole castle.

Chapter 3: No Time

From this point on, Claire's life changed forever.

Gundan hired the first disciple of the most prominent scholar in the capital for Claire, the legendary young scholar that exceeded even his master – Camille. A handsome young gentleman with with shiny blonde hair and soft blue eyes.

"Claire, he will be your tutor from now on. He will teach you literature, geography, etc. every morning." Gundan led Camille in person into the study, and after introducing him to Claire, turned to Camille, "Camille, sorry to trouble you from now on."

"No need to be so serious, Duke. It's nothing." Camille smiled warmly and nodded at Claire, "Miss Claire, greetings."

Claire had long been standing up, and she also greeted, smiling,"Teacher, please enlighten me."

"Don't hesitate to call in the steward if you need anythings. I still have some business to do," Gundan laughed.

"Whatever pleases you, Your Grace." Camille warmly smiled, ever so gently and gracefully.

Claire also curtsied, watching Gundan leave.

Only the two of them were left in the spacious study. Camille looked uneasily at the young girl in front of him: a plain white dress with only a simple lace at the hem, her beautiful golden hair pulled up in a simple bun without any decorative accessories, but a deep, cold gaze within her green irises as cold as the night sky. This pure girl is the most infamous male-chasing idiot of the capital?

"Please have a seat, teacher." Claire smiled.

Camille was a bit surprised at Claire's indifferent smile. This girl was different from what he heard. Rumors said she was extremely attracted to the other gender, so Camille came with much preparation and thought. If it wasn't for giving the Duke face, he definitely wouldn't have undertaken

this task. But, this girl in front of him felt... How to explain it... Although she was smiling, it felt completely fake, giving off an extremely cold feeling.

Camille disregarded his confusion, settled his expression and put on a professional smile. He took out a book he had brought. “Then, Miss Claire, today let’s start learning...”

“Teacher, I would like to inquire about this.” Claire didn’t look at the book in Camille’s hand, but instead held up the book in her hand. Camille took a glance, a little surprised. That book, it was The History of Amparkland.

This morning passed peacefully without the imagined harassment, but in between Claire’s never ending questions, Camille was astounded. This young girl seemed like a sponge, absorbing every single piece of information. All her questions were right to the point, some were so complex that even his master, Landis, wouldn’t know the answers to.

In the morning, they studied. In the afternoon, they rested. Camille left the castle exhausted, still confused and astonished.

Jin Yan, who had been faithfully standing outside the door, heard everything. He was even more confused than Camille. This man-crazy Miss did not bother this handsome man right in front of her? Instead, she was asking such profound questions, some that concerned sensitive topics? What is happening?

In the afternoon, Claire sat leisurely in the greenhouse, reading a book while drinking the black tea her maids brought. A few other thick books were piled next to her. The servants standing further away gossiped among themselves, suspicious of their now-so-quiet Miss. Was she doing all these in order to please the Duke?

Jin Yan, as always, expressionlessly stood not far behind Claire, but this time, a curiosity filled his gaze on her back.

Knowing the basics of this world now, Claire closed the book gently. Magic, Dou Qi; these concepts were blurry in her memories, but she finally understood them after reading the book. Jin Yan, her personal, poker-

faced knight, who was always beside her, uses Dou Qi. The Lashia who hates her and tried to hurt her yesterday uses Magic, Lightning Magic. And her control was good – Lashia made her feel intense pain without any physical wounds. The nature of Claire's body was Fire, tested long ago. She never paid attention to this before nor cared to study it. Her Spiritual Power results were also very ordinary. With Lashia the child prodigy around, all the glory and focus were on her, so Claire was destined to live in Lashia's shadow.

No, it's more accurate to say the previous Claire wasn't interested in anything besides handsome men. The corner of her mouth lifted imperceptibly into a bitter smile. Why did I transfer into this kind of a person's body?

At this moment, a maid came in, curtsied, and reported: "Miss, his Royal Highness, the second prince has come, to visit you. He is waiting in the Grand Hall."

Claire frowned slightly. His Royal Highness, the second prince? Oh, right. The Claire before fell off her horse trying to chase him, allowing her to enter Claire's body.

"I'm not seeing him. I'm busy right now." Claire said casually, setting down the teacup and picking up another book to read.

The maid just stared, standing there, unable to move. Jin Yan was also speechless. Was this some plot to win the second prince's heart? Since when did this failure Miss become so smart? Using a method like this.

The maid just stood there, unsure what to do. How should she report back to his Royal Highness, the second prince? What's up with Miss today? Usually when she heard that his Royal Highness, the second prince, was here, she would have run out like the wind. But today? Uncharacteristically, she said she wouldn't meet him.

"You're blocking the light," Claire stated impatiently, looking at the shadows on her book. She lifted her head and knitted her brows at the maid who was too stunned to move.

"Yes, Miss." As if she had just awoken from a dream, the maid hurriedly

backed down towards the Grand Hall.

In the Grand Hall, his Royal Highness, the second prince, sat there indifferently, filled with disgust. It's that man-crazy woman's fault, chasing after him and falling off that horse injuring herself, but his father, the emperor His Majesty, had scolded him and ordered him to come visit. He understood all this: No matter how annoying she was, no matter how disliked she was by Duke Hill, she still was the granddaughter of the Duke His Grace. Anyway, she did fall off that horse because of him, so it was his duty to come visit. But even thinking of how man-crazy that woman was, Nancy shuddered. Whatever, he'll just pretend she's an annoying fly, wish her well and leave immediately.

Nancy sighed and forced his heart to settle. He waited for Claire to fly out of the door like an elegant butterfly. Finally there were some footsteps and Nancy looked up at the door. He saw a maid with a weird expression, but not the girl who was infatuated with men like he expected.

Nancy, puzzled, look at the nervous maid who greeted him. Then she stuttered, "Your Royal Highness, Miss... Miss she..."

"Is she hurt very seriously?" Nancy asked, incredibly confused. Wasn't it clear that although she fell off the horse, she was completely fine?

"No," The maid stuttered, not daring to say anything else. She also didn't dare to say of her own accord that the Miss was too injured to meet his Royal Highness, the second prince, as she was a servant. Unless she was tired of living, she would keep quiet.

"What happened exactly?" Nancy asked, getting a little impatient. What in the world was this man-crazy woman up to?

"The Miss said, said... said she doesn't have time!" The maid finally got the words out. "The Miss says she won't see you. Your Royal Highness may leave now." After rushing through her words, the maid let out a long sigh of relief.

Nancy's expression immediately froze.

Chapter 4: Terrifying Spiritual Power

She won't see me? She has no time???

Nancy's brain almost stopped working. He stared at the maid, and she wordlessly stared back timidly. The maid wouldn't dare tell a lie. Then, did that mean that airhead who was crazy about men really said that? Why? How was that possible?

Nancy's brain was filled with question marks. He was prepared to be bugged by that disgusting woman, but what's this situation? She's busy?

"Your Miss doesn't have the time? She's very busy?" Nancy doubtfully asked.

"Miss has started studying recently, and the Duke has invited the scholar Camille to teach her." The maid blushed while she answered. Camille, the famous young scholar of the capital, was not only intelligent and graceful, but also handsome.

What? Nancy was even more astonished. Everybody knew that this foolish Miss was ignorant and incompetent, acting like a joke everywhere she went. The Duke later even forbid her from attending royal banquets because of this. But right now she was actually studying?

At this point, the sound of a series of footsteps came from the door.

"Your Royal Highness, haha, welcome!" The one who entered wasn't just anyone. It was Gundan.

"Your Grace." Nancy stood up politely. Even the emperor himself had to be somewhat respectful before the powerful Duke Gundan, not to mention a prince like him.

"I, I am here to visit Miss Claire." Nancy said, looking a bit uneasy, "But, it seems like Miss Claire is preoccupied."

"Oh? Preoccupied?" Gundan asked, a bit surprised. He turned to face the maid next to Nancy. "What's going on? What is Claire doing?"

"Your Grace, Miss is currently, currently reading in the greenhouse." The

maid replied in a quiet voice.

“Oh. Your Royal Highness, please follow me, haha. Let’s also stop to casually drink some afternoon tea.” Gundan laughed cheerfully.

“Thank you, sir.” Nancy nodded while smiling and followed the Duke. You couldn’t afford to offend this energetic old man. He controlled over half of the army, and his grandson, Eric Hill, was the captain of the Griffin Squad, which directly protected the royal family.

Nancy marveled at the scene in the greenhouse. In a sea of beautiful flowers sat a beautiful young girl with shimmering blonde hair. She sipped the black tea leisurely, and upon finishing it, placed the teacup down, laid back on the rocking chair, and started reading a book while swaying gently back and forth. It was beyond the point of relaxing.

This was her definition of “no time”? The corner of Nancy’s mouth quivered.

“Claire~” Gundan saw at a glance of the book Claire was holding. It was about Human Geography; in fact, it was about the Hill family’s fiefdom. This child was genuinely learning! Gundan felt very satisfied.

“Grandfather.” Claire immediately stood up and saw the nearby Nancy. She bowed slightly. “Greetings, your Highness.”

Nancy suddenly seemed lost. This girl before him, the expression in her eyes! As icy as glaciers, as profound as the darkest of nights. Indifference, this was absolute indifference.

“Oh, oh~” Nancy returned back to his senses, replying, “Um, do you feel better now?”

“Many thanks for the second prince’s concern, I am fine.” Claire replied quietly with a smile.

“Have a seat, have a seat.” Gundan was in a merry mood, signaling everyone to sit down, and ordered the maid to bring some tea.

The three had some small talk. Originally, Gundan wished to have dinner with the second prince, but he himself also had business to take

care of, so he dropped that plan.

As the second prince turned to leave, Gundan told Claire to send him off.

The two walked towards the entrance, one in front of the other. Not far behind, Jin Yan quietly followed. As Claire's knight, he had to stick to her at all times.

The trip wasn't long, but they didn't converse at all. Nancy squinted his eyes, looking at the girl in front of him, while endlessly contemplating over her unusual attitude. It was really too abnormal. Meanwhile, Claire's mind was on something else.

"Your Royal Highness, this way." Claire turned her head to say lightly, and ended there. There was no indication of reluctance at his leaving.

"Oh." Nancy was still stupefied as he responded and walked towards the awaiting carriage at the entrance.

Claire turned away without a second glance at Nancy. She was still thinking about the interesting parts of the Human Geography book.

The second prince's carriage rolled away from the Duke's castle. Nancy leaned on the window and frowned in concentration. The carriage rounded a corner and came to a desolate alley. The next moment, a clear voice rang out in the carriage.

"What do you think?" A person appeared out of nowhere in Nancy's empty carriage.

"Very strange." Nancy knitted his brows as he replied.

"I don't understand." The cool voice had a hint of uncertainty.

"Alright, let's talk about something else. How's the situation?" Nancy asked, returning to normal.

"There's been a little incident. They seemed to have received some god's decree and are busy working on it. But it won't delay our plan." The cool, clear voice was full of confidence.

"Then we're good. You should return quickly, otherwise people will start

feeling suspicious." Nancy's expression was completely serious.

"Yes, Sir." After the cool voice replied, the figure disappeared from the carriage. The carriage accelerated, and sped back towards the imperial palace.

Meanwhile, Claire found an interesting book inside the study. Gundan was also inside reading a document, but he had allowed Claire to be inside too! This was special treatment that had never happened before!

Claire flipped through the book in her hands and was soon fascinated. This book was about basic magic. It really was basic; it only talked about how to sense the magical elements around you and how to meditate.

"What, are you interested in this?" Gundan suddenly appeared behind Claire and asked in a bright voice.

"Grandfather." Claire turned around and smiled while nodding, not hiding anything. "Yes, I'm interested." Throughout the whole Ceylonese continent, magicians were very rare and they were precious to every country. Powerful magicians were not just powerful; they were formidable. They could blow up a whole army, or even a city. But magicians like that were extremely rare. A magician was a symbol of power, prominence, and wealth. So a child magician like Lashia was sure to be pampered.

"Well, you had your nature tested when you were younger and it came out as Fire. Although your spiritual power is a little weak, I still have ways to help you learn magic." Duke Gundan smiled as he thought back to the younger Claire. Her spiritual power wasn't good, not half as powerful as Lashia's, but it wasn't too bad either. The only problem was that this child had no interest whatsoever in magic, refusing to learn no matter how hard they tried. It's great that she's willing to study now.

"Really?" A joyful smile revealed itself across Claire's face. Only by making herself stronger could she really become powerful.

"From tomorrow on, you will study Humanities and Geography in the mornings and primary magic in the afternoons. As for entering Sunrise Institute, you have to pass a basic test. I can get you in without testing, but if you don't have what it takes to be a magician, it's no use even if you are

accepted." Gundan patted Claire's head and smiled. "But I know that a granddaughter of Gundan will definitely pass the exam."

"I definitely won't disappoint you, Grandfather." Claire replied solemnly with a serious expression.

"Good." Gundan, pleased, nodded his head in approval.

At night, Claire sat silently on her bed, playing over in her head how the book taught her to go into meditation and sense the elements around her. She closed her eyes and tried to forget everything around her. Slowly, Claire realized that there were many bright specks around her. Although her eyes were closed, she could actually "see" these lights. Most of them were red. A few were other colors. Claire remembered that Gundan had said this body was of the Fire nature. So, these red specks must be the Fire elements. The other elements that she couldn't really detect should be the other magic elements.

What a magical realm, Claire marveled. She followed the book's instructions and started to capture the red elements.

If any magician knew that Claire mastered Meditation, Sensing, and Capturing in such a short time, they would be astonished to death. This was beyond genius.

The next morning went as usual as the refined Camille taught Claire literature and such.

In the brightly lit study, Claire listened to Camille's lecture.

"The Temple of Light represents the existence of the gods. It serves the wishes of the gods by exterminating evil and advocating the Light. It is a most sacred existence, the Light, and refuge of all people." Today, Camille had already gotten to talking about the Temple of Light, one of most powerful institutes on the whole continent.

Claire watched the emotional Camille and kept silent. She noticed that even though Camille practically preached about the Temple of Light, he didn't sound like he believed in it at all. Interesting, Claire mused to herself. Maybe this scholar Camille isn't as simple as he seems.

The Hill clan magician arrived promptly in the afternoon. The first objective would be to test Claire's spiritual powers, since it had been a long time since her last test. Spiritual power determined whether or not one could become a magician; a person could not become a magician if his spiritual power was too weak. Which meant that if Claire couldn't even pass this first challenge, then it was out of discussion for her to become a magician.

The man responsible for testing Claire was middle-aged, wearing a magical robe. Two small golden leaves decorating the left chest of the robe indicated that he was already a Master magician. These magicians were usually very rare, but it was no surprise for one to appear in the Hill clan. Prominent as it is, the Hill clan had obviously acquired many powerful forces like this.

The middle-aged man took out a crystal globe expressionlessly and placed it right in front of Claire. Concisely he said, "Miss, please place your hand on this and concentrate."

Claire slowly extended her hand and placed it on the crystal globe. She closed her eyes.

The next moment, a huge bang reverberated in the room.

The pieces of the crystal globe shattered all over the floor. The previously stone-faced middle-aged man stared at the crystal globe fragments with his mouth wide open, completely baffled.

Chapter 5: Unreadable Horoscope

(TL: Jin Yan has become Jean and Gundan has become Gordan.)

Jean, who was patiently waiting outside the door heard the abnormal sound, but he didn't rush inside. There was no killing intent or hidden attackers. The magician inside served the Hill family so he was loyal. It was normal for magicians to make strange sounds.

"It broke." Claire only said two words while looking at the crystal shards scattered on the floor.

"Yes, it broke." The middle aged man replied, still recovering from his shock.

Claire didn't speak another word, and instead, she waited for the man to recover. After a while, the middle aged man finally came to his senses and slowly reached in his robe and grasped for an object. This time he brought out a larger crystal ball and said, "One more time."

Just like before, the crystal ball exploded, and just like before, the middle aged man's jaw was about to fall off.

"Again?" Claire quietly asked. She understood that magic supplies were valuable and that the crystal balls were not cheap.

"No, no, no need, Miss." Shock first filled the middle aged man's eyes, then ecstasy. He even wanted to accept her as his disciple right away. Magic was always, of course, a magician's greatest asset, so they wouldn't teach just anyone. Yet, they don't wish to take their knowledge to the grave either. A way to transfer this knowledge would be to teach a disciple that they were satisfied with. Because talented candidates were so rare, there were even situations where magicians fought over prodigious disciples. Although the Sunrise Institute taught both Dou Qi and magic, it only taught the basics. At most, you could become a primary magician or swordmaster. If you wanted to go beyond that, you must find a mentor. Only by becoming the disciple of a mentor could you gain more exquisite schooling. And this young girl was no less talented than the prodigy Lashia – no, maybe even better!

Although he really wanted to take her as his disciple, he knew that this was only his own fantasy. Not only did he need her to agree, he also needed Duke Gordan's approval. He was only a Master mage and not yet qualified to be the mentor of this girl in front of him.

"Miss, young Miss, please wait." The middle aged man remembered that he needed to report to Duke Gordan first before getting over himself. "Miss, I'll first teach you how to Sense the elements and then how to Meditate."

"Are you talking about these small specks of light around me?" Claire pointed at the air.

The middle aged man was astonished. "Miss, you already can Sense the elements?"

"This book was very detailed. I already finished it last night." Claire took out the book that taught the basics of magic.

The middle aged man was shocked speechless. Finished yesterday?! She just started learning magic yesterday? But she can already Sense the elements?!

"Then does Miss know the next step?" The middle aged man asked carefully.

"Capturing the magical elements, and letting them enter the body to store. But it seems very hard. After Capturing ten thousand, only one thousand stayed in my body." Claire said a little bitterly.

Plop. The middle aged man fell to the floor and stared wordlessly at Claire. Capturing ten thousand and storing one thousand!! And she's not satisfied? Does she not know that when a person first Meditates, it's not bad to store ten after Capturing ten thousand!? Lashia was called a genius because in her first Meditation, she Captured ten thousand and stored one hundred. This already shocked many people in the capital. But this girl in front of him performed ten times better! Oh my God,1 how on Earth!

A long time passed before the middle aged man was able to crawl up and warn her, "Miss, you must not tell anyone what happened today."

“Yes.” Claire of course understood this person had already thought this over. It looks like her performance for the test had been over the top. She more than understood a tall tree attracts the wind.2

“Then, Miss, I’ll teach you the very basic Primary fire spells. Tell me when you are able to master them.” The middle aged man couldn’t wait to report to the Duke.3

“Yes.” Claire nodded.

“The fireball is the most basic technique. You must direct the elements inside your body to converge to a single point, and then chant the spell to let them erupt.” The middle aged man took pains to be thorough. “But Miss, you must remember there are no shortcuts in magic. You must take one step at a time and follow the path firmly. No matter how talented you are, wanting immediate results will only be detrimental to yourself.”

“Yes, thank you teacher.” Claire saw the sincerity clearly in the middle aged man’s eyes. She bowed solemnly.

“No, Miss, I don’t have the qualifications to be your teacher.” The middle aged man repeatedly waved his hand no.

“You taught me, therefore you are my teacher. Whether you or anyone else admits it or not, as of this moment you have become my teacher,” Claire sincerely said. “Being my teacher one day means being my teacher forever.”

These words almost moved the middle aged man to tears.

“Miss, I don’t qualify as your teacher. With your aptitude, even the most powerful magician of Amparkland wouldn’t be enough. But I, Emery, hereby swear to teach you absolutely everything I know with all my heart.” The magician, Emery, emotionally made this oath. He could foresee that this young girl before him would shine brightly in the future.

“Thank you teacher.” Claire bowed solemnly.

“Miss, you can keep on practicing here, I will go report to the Duke. Remember, you must not tell anyone what happened today.” Emery once again warned Claire. If people knew of this talent, who knows whether it

would be a blessing or curse.

"Yes." Claire promised, nodding.

When Emery walked out the door, the guard there, Jean was a bit flabbergasted. This deadfaced magician never reacted to anything, but today his face was actually red and he seemed very emotional. What is happening?!

"What did you say? Are you sure?" After Emery found Gordan in the military hall and finished his report in secret, Gordan initial reaction was shock. Then he went happy beyond reason. If Lashia was a genius rarely seen in a hundred years, then Claire was a prodigy rarely seen in a millenia. This is a gift from the heavens to the Hill family! After feeling delighted Gordan immediately understood why Emery personally came to report this in secret. Because of the Temple of Light! If the Temple of Light found out about Claire's talent, they would definitely think of every possibly way to recruit her to become one of them. She would then be brainwashed and become loyal to the Temple of Light. The relationship between the Temple of Light and the Royal family was subtle and delicate. The Hill clan absolutely could not let this future power join the Temple of Light. Gordan did not want his own granddaughter to be used against him.

"Your Grace, every word 4 is true." Emery nodded seriously.

"Very good, Emery, you did very well." Gordan happily patted Emery's shoulder. "Before Claire matures, this matter must not be spoken to anyone."

"Yes, Sir." Emery nodded.

Gordan stroked his chin thoughtfully, pondering for a long time, and then made a decision.

"Emery, go for now." Gordan finally came back to his senses and laughed while saying, "I will send men to replace the crystal balls that Claire broke."

"Oh, no, you shouldn't joke around, Your Grace." Emery embarrassedly waved his hand no.

“Alright, you can go now. Tell Claire to wait for me in my study when I return at night.” Gordan was clearly in a good mood, and patted Emery on the shoulder while laughing. “Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you get rewarded fairly.”

On the east side of the capital in a magnificent building, a few people sat around a conference table made of white jade in a long and quiet room. Sitting at the head of the table was a kindly old man dressed in a white robe. Gold embroidery on the edges of the robe indicated that he was a member of the Temple of Light and also not a low position either.

“How’s it going, any new findings??” The old man frowned slightly as he asked a person sitting close by. The person was in a white robe with a beautiful womanly figure and had soft, straight, green hair that was so long it touched the floor. Her facial features were so fine they could make people gasp in admiration, but her eyes had no irises. The whole eye was ghostly white. Very strange.

“My Pope, there’s been no progress.” The strange green haired woman shook her head no.

“How come? You are the most powerful clairvoyant, but you can’t find the person that the god is looking for?” A person across the table impatiently asked.

“It’s not that I’m not trying, but I can’t seem to read the birthchart of this person.” The strange green haired woman said with bitterness. This was first time her horoscope didn’t work.

“Alright, alright, stop arguing.” The Pope quietly sighed, “The person that that god is looking for must be unusual. We only need to send a decree to bring all the noteworthy people in the country here.”

“There’s no other way.”

Everybody agreed.

*

1. [Literal translation: Holy Heavens, Holy Earth]

2. [idiom that means a famous or rich person attracts criticism]

3. [literally means Itching to get on with it]

4. [Originally says sentence but word sounds better]

Chapter 6: Doubting, Probing

At nightfall, the Duke's castle was still bright, and it wasn't just the Duke's. All the houses of wealthy families of the capital had their homes brightly lit. At night, only the commoners who couldn't afford candles lived in darkness.

In her bedroom, Claire lay on the bed. She played around with a fireball on her fingertips. Claire thought back to when Gordan warned her in the study. You must conceal this outrageous talent and not display your power in front of others unless it's truly an emergency. Especially the Temple of Light, you must definitely not let them know. When you test for the Institute, bear in mind you need to hold back. When Claire suggested couldn't she not go to the Institute and just learn from Emery, Gordan forcefully refused. It was very obvious he didn't believe Emery was good enough to be Claire's teacher.

"The only person who can be your teacher is that person. But in order to find him, you must go to the Institute. Once you become his disciple then you don't need to worry about the Temple of Light any more." After saying these mysterious words, Gordan stopped talking. He didn't even mention who that person was. But, it was evident that once Claire became that person's disciple, then the Temple of Light would have no chance at taking her away.

Sure enough, there was always conflict between the Royal and Divine powers. Claire distinguished the small fireball in her hand. She remembered the spell that Emery taught her the night before – fire shield. Obviously, this spell wasn't widely known. It must be Emery's own magic, his cherished asset, but he selflessly taught it to Claire. By making the fire elements cluster around the body, one would form a shield to protect from attacks. The only problem is that Claire can't seem to form a shield yet. Claire remembered very clearly that Emery said you could not be too impatient. After trying a few more times, Claire gave up temporarily. The difference between magicians and regular people were that regular people were unable to stay awake for too long without feeling fatigued, while

magicians could recover both their magic power and body strength through Meditating. Claire crossed her legs and sat up and started to Meditate. She began to Capture and store the element into her body unceasingly. Three hours later, Claire opened her eyes feeling very refreshed. It was much better than sleeping for three hours.

Three days later, Claire passed the Institute's test while holding back some of her power. She could now study at the Sunrise Institute. And Jean being her guardian knight, had to be beside her at all times in order to protect her. But Jean was already a Grand Warrior and couldn't enter the Institute as a student, so he could only follow secretly.

The letters Sunrise Institute stood out on the grand door. These arrogant letters lighted up whenever it got dark or at night. Obviously, there was some kind of spell.

"Miss, I will protect you in secret." Jean spoke quietly when Claire entered the gate. Then he disappeared.

Once Claire picked up her student card, she followed a teacher to the Fire classroom. As soon as she walked in, she felt odd gazes from everyone, and at the very back she saw a curious and puzzled stare. It was the second prince Nancy. He was also part of the Fire class?

"Today we have a new classmate, Claire Hill. So today let's review the basics again." Standing at the podium1 was the teacher, Emily, a gentle middle aged woman who was the Fire class instructor. In order to help Claire catch up, the instructor reviewed the basics.

"Claire, you can sit wherever you want." Emily of course knew the girl's identity and was very polite.

"Thank you teacher." Claire lightly nodded and after expressing her thanks, walked to the empty seats in the back.

Although Claire felt their strange gazes, she ignored them and walked straight to the back and listened to Emily's teachings. It was pretty close to what the book wrote. Nancy, sitting nearby, occasionally sent probing looks.

In only the time span of one class, the whole Institute knew about Claire's coming here. The Hill family's idiotic girl who chased after men actually passed the Sunrise Institute's examination and was accepted into the Institute! And she was in the same class with the second prince who she had been chasing to death a few days ago!!

Many people assumed that Claire had used her family's influence to enter the school and was doing this only to chase after Nancy. Claire became even more infamous.

Meanwhile, in the Lightning class.

"What? She entered the school?" Lashia immediately became furious. The person who brought this news cowered a little. Lashia's beautiful, innocent face had totally distorted. Her hate had reached the skies. That moron! To go as far as to shame the family in school! Why did Grandfather let this idiot come to school to lose face? Did he think that the Hill family's name had not been shamed enough? Hmph! Claire, you man-crazy nitwit, I'll make you get the hell out of school by yourself! Lashia finalized this decision in her heart, a fist in her sleeve.

"What are you going to do, Lashia?" a girl nearby uneasily asked. "No matter what, she's your older sister, you shouldn't be too..."

"Shut up!" Lashia thundered, her face full of anger. "I don't have this kind of older sister!" Shameful! That this kind of person was her, genius Lashia, older sister! How extremely shameful!

People around Lashia shut up as they saw her furious look and dared not to say anything. Everyone knew that Lashia was not only the granddaughter of the powerful Duke Hill, but also the prized disciple of the principle. Who would dare to offend her?

The Sunrise Institute was a full time school. It had teaching buildings, social quarters, and dorms. As the only institute for Dou Qi and magic in Amparkland, it was huge. Nobles and commoners alike could join so long as they had the talent. You could live there or just stay during the day.

After class, Claire walked out of the classroom and felt how unwelcomed the previous owner of the body was. Girls would glare disgustedly and

avoid her as if she was a snake or scorpion. And the boys who thought they possessed any attractive features would stay far away. Claire didn't know whether to cry or laugh. She had nothing to say.

At noon, Claire sat in a corner of the cafeteria and ate her lunch in peace. At the same time she recalled Gordan's words. She could only meet the person in the Institute? Is it a school teacher? It couldn't be the principal, or Gordan would have just said so. This meant this person was more powerful and important than the principal. So who could it be?

The cafeteria was lively everywhere except for the area around Claire. The quiet and emptiness around her was very eye catching.

The entrance suddenly became noisy. Claire raised her head and saw Lashia strutting in like an arrogant peacock, surrounded by a horde of young nobles. Wherever the brilliant Lashia went, she was the center of attention.

Lashia suddenly looked towards Claire, but Claire continued to eat indifferently. A fierce look flashed in the depths of Lashia's eyes and she abruptly turned away, not glancing at Claire again.

A spoiled brat who got anything she wanted, Claire sighed to herself. But right now she herself was no match for her. The baleful look in her eyes shouldn't belong to a twelve-year-old. Living in an environment where she was used to being pampered and praised by everyone had let her forget about proper behavior. If Lashia really attacked her, she wouldn't be able to defend.

If she really faced this spoiled Lashia's attack, what would she do? Claire became a little worried.

In a remote area.

"Jean, you received such a nice assignment." A person with chestnut-colored hair teased Jean, who was leaning against a tree.

"Please, Your Highness, stop enjoying my misfortune." Jean sighed quietly.

"Haha~~ I can't help it." The person who spoke was the second prince,

Nancy. “But really, who would have thought the Duke would actually send her to school. Can she become a magician?” In his words there was a hidden scorn.

“That’s hard to say.” Jean slightly frowned and suddenly said seriously, “Did you know? She entered the institute by truly passing the exam, not by the Duke’s ‘care’”.

“What?” This time it was Nancy’s turn to be shocked. That moronic girl actually passed the examination herself?!”

“Don’t doubt me, it’s true.” Jean’s face was completely serious. “I suddenly found myself unable to see through her.”

“That is a little strange. The Claire right now compared to the Claire before seem like two different people.” Nancy frowned while thinking.

“At first, I thought she was letting you go on purpose to catch you unaware later,2 but now it seems that’s not the case.” Jean said in a thoughtful manner.

“Then what do you think?” Nancy asked.

“For now let’s just observe.” Jean’s handsome face exposed a knowing smile. “There’s someone who can’t wait but take action.”

Nancy, confused for a only a moment, suddenly understood. “Are you talking about Lashia?”

“That’s right.” Jean nodded, revealing a cold smile. “Whatever my idiotic master who chases after men plans to do, I think someone will quickly help us to probe it out.”

“Isn’t your job to protect her?” Nancy coldly curled up his lip.

“Letting her suffer a bit is fine, I’ll just be a bit late. As for protecting her, of course I won’t let her die. It’s only two sisters playing around, right?” Jean shrugged as he said jokingly, A glint of jest appeared in his eyes as he prepared to watch a good show.

Nancy nodded laughing but somehow had a strange feeling in his heart. A faint uneasiness.

Is it really possible to probe out what's going on?

*

1. [In China they have a raised platform for teachers in classes but there is no English equivalent so we put podium.]

2. [literal: to loosen the reins only to grasp them better]

Chapter 7: Get the Hell Outta School

Claire didn't have any classes in the afternoon, so she walked around the peaceful campus. Claire thought first about visiting the library.

"Excuse me, which way is the library?" Claire randomly asked a boy passing by.

Unexpectedly, this male student looked at Claire as if she was a ghost, and hurried away with a panic-stricken face, looking back from time to time, as if afraid that Claire would chase after him to harass him.

Claire had nothing to say. This person looked like a pig. Even the previous Claire wouldn't have fancied a person at this level. What's with these people, have they never looked in a mirror before? They overestimated themselves way too much. This was an insult to the previous Claire's aesthetic standard.

Claire's mouth twitched. Each person she met treated her like a snake or scorpion, avoiding her in the shape of a c.

In the distance, a pair of eyes flashed and looked curiously at Claire. This was the infamous male-chasing idiotic girl? She doesn't seem like what the rumors said though. On the contrary, she seemed steady and more mature than her actual age. Especially to those who excluded her, her indifference made her seem much older than she was.

Just when Claire was deciding whether to look for the library herself or to find a teacher and ask for directions, a sweet voice floated into her ear, "Hi, are you looking for the library? If it's okay with you, I can show you the way."

Claire turned her head, amazed because this voice was neither satirical nor hypocritical, but instead very sincere. Who would be nice enough to talk to her? When she saw the girl standing behind her, Claire felt slightly surprised. Although this girl wore a simple, elegant lavender dress, her whole being exuded grandeur. The embroidered golden Bauhinia on her collar revealed her identity: the one and only princess of Amparkland – Maurice Adelien. With long maroon curls, blue irises, delicate lips, she

was absolutely beautiful.

"Your Highness." Claire was just about to curtsy, but Maurice stopped her.

"This is the Institute, not the court. We are classmates, so there's no need to curtsy." Maurice smiled while preventing Claire's curtsy.

This small act generated a favorable impression in Claire's heart. Such a princess, neither arrogant nor sumptuous, naturally made people like her.

"Thank you, your Highness." Claire smiled.

"No need to be so distant, I'll take you to the library." Maurice also smiled. This girl made her very curious and interested. She felt that the girl in front of her was not so simple. There was no particular reason, she just felt that way.

Princess Maurice brought Claire all the way to the library. On the way, many people sent puzzled looks. How could the noble princess hang out with that man-chasing idiot?

The library was quiet and calm. At the door the librarian let them in after checking their student cards, but they were only allowed on the first three floors, not the fourth. The moment they walked in, they caught the eyes of many people. A dignified, refined, beautiful princess and an infamous figure of the capital known as an idiot who chased after men. These totally different people were walking together?

"Lashia, look!" A young girl preparing to go upstairs called out to Lashia lightly.

"What?" Lashia, slightly annoyed, looked towards where the young girl's gaze pointed. Her face darkened immediately. How dare this foolish Claire mess around with the princess, her Royal Highness? Just because no one paid attention to her doesn't mean she could go fawn over the princess! If she did anything crazy, she would bring total disgrace to the Hill clan! That dirty idiot! Seems like someone needs to show her who's superior before she forgets her place.1

"Hmph, let's go." Lashia coldly humphed and walked upstairs. Just you

wait, Claire, you idiot. Once you're alone, I'll teach you a lesson for Grandfather, Lashia vowed.

Claire felt an ominous look and turned her head. She saw Lashia's figure as she went upstairs. Lashia... Claire's heart gave a jump. She knew this unruly child would quickly find her. She had to improve her strength greatly in the shortest amount of time and think of a strategy.

"Claire, what genre are you looking for?" Princess Maurice asked in a quiet voice.

"I'm just looking around" Claire nodded, smiling, "Thank you for taking me here, your Highness. Please excuse me while I go search for a book."

"Sure." Princess Maurice nodded and left to go upstairs.

The Institute's library held a large and complete collection of books. Claire quickly found some books that she was interested in and sat down in the most remote corner to read. She was so focused on the books that she forgot about the time until the library was closing and the librarian came to remind her. Judging by the color of the sky, it was probably later than nine o'clock. Claire's stomach started protesting.

Because she was too focused on the books, she had forgotten to eat. Claire borrowed two books and left. Students like her could only borrow two books at most, while geniuses like Lashia whom the principle favored could borrow five books at once, just like the teachers.

The campus was still in the night. A soft breeze blew through, cool and refreshing.

To go home or to the dorms? Claire looked at the sky and decided to go home. She still had some questions regarding magic that she wanted to ask Emery. Gordon refused to allow Emery as Claire's teacher and Emery himself thinks he's not good enough, but in Claire's heart, Emery was already her mentor.

Just past the woods and across the square was the school gate.

As she entered the woods, a breeze stirred. Claire stopped, her gaze flitting behind her. Coldly, she said, "Come out."

Her only answer was the wind and the rustling of leaves.

Claire's eyes were cold and hard. Too bad for this young genius, waiting outside the library for her for so long.

"Humph! You idiot." The next moment, a cold voice sounded in the woods. Lashia appeared suddenly behind Claire, looking like a ghost in her white dress.

Claire turned around slowly, looking indifferently at the utterly discomfited face in front of her and sighed resignedly. This willful and impatient child, carrying out her plan so soon.

"Get the hell out of school and stay at home obediently. Don't come out to disgrace our family." Lashia gritted her teeth furiously. "Don't know what Grandfather is thinking, letting a moron like you into the school. Afraid you haven't shamed us enough?"

"What if I refuse?" A strange smile played across Claire's face. She didn't have time to argue with this brat.

In Lashia's eyes, this smile was an insolent provocation2.

"Then I will show you what happens if you refuse." Lashia stretched out her hand abruptly, hostility filling her eyes, her mouth already chanting.

*

1. [Literal translation as "Need to show her some color" which doesn't make sense in English]

2. [Literal translation would be "a not knowing death or life provocation"]

Chapter 8: The Sisters' Fight

While Lashia was chanting furiously, two people were watching peacefully from the depths of the woods. Worthy to her name, Lashia the Genius, the magical ripple was very strong. The duo glanced at each other, raising their eyebrows. This time they were sure to figure out what happened to man-crazy Claire.

Claire watched coldly as Lashia, her face full of hatred, chanted quickly. She humphed and rushed up. Waiting for Lashia to finish her spell? Did she, Claire, look like an obedient bunny waiting to be beaten?

Lashia's heart skipped a beat when she saw Claire rushing at her, but the spell was short and she was already finished. She waved her hand, and a bolt of lightning flew towards Claire. This lightning was much stronger than the one before, when she taught Claire a lesson. This time, Lashia was serious.

Just as that bolt of lightning was about to hit Claire, Claire mumbled something quickly. In that moment, a red shield appeared in front of her. With a bang, the Lightning struck the shield. The shield blinked, became transparent, then disappeared. Lashia was taken aback. It didn't hit Claire? What was that shield? Magic? This moron who always chased men knows magic?

"Fire shield!" In the woods, both Jean and Nancy exclaimed in a voice only they could hear. Then, they looked at each other and saw their disbelief. Who would have thought that the no-good male-crazy idiot learned magic in such a short time and knows how to use Fire shield?!

Claire was agile and fast, but Lashia wasn't called a genius for nothing. She recovered quickly. Watching Claire draw near, Lashia backed away swiftly and suddenly floated up into the air, staying there. Wind magic? Claire knitted her brow. No! That's not right! Lashia was of the Lightning nature, and the Floating technique of the Wind was very complex and advanced. Even if Lashia had outstanding talent, she still couldn't be so proficient in using magic that was not of her nature, and without chanting

a spell. The only possibility was that she had magical device with her, and a very valuable one at that. One that allowed her to use Float instantly.

Lashia looked at Claire below her, feeling astonished and scared at the same time. She had overlooked the idiot, who could actually use magic! But even so, she couldn't let this embarrassment continue in the Institute, because even this man-chaser's presence was a disgrace!

"The Breeze Bracelet," Jean and Nancy spoke quietly. The reason why Lashia was able to float up instantly wasn't because of the Winds' magic, but the Breeze Bracelet on her wrist. The principal had given her this valuable device upon her becoming his disciple. Inside the Breeze Bracelet was a Wind Floating spell loop, where upon infusing magic power in it can make you float in the air for a period of time. Although it was only for a short time, it was already very precious. In a battle, floating up suddenly can give you time to deal a fatal blow, or to escape.

Without any hesitation, Lashia started chanting, "Clear sky without clouds, combination of the late and the fast! Comply with the age old contract between Lightning and Fire! – Thunder Storm!"

Claire frowned and immediately opened up the Fire shield. Boom! A Lightning ball exploded on Claire's shield and the shield shattered immediately. Claire hit the ground with a roll, dodging the other oncoming Lightning balls. Flashing Lightning balls exploded around Claire. Her hair and clothes were a mess, making her a sorry figure. In the air, Lashia frowned deeply. Because not a single Lightning ball hit Claire's body!

Claire's expression slowly darkened, chanting as she dodged. A tiny fireball shot towards Lashia, who was still floating in midair. Lashia sneered. Did Claire really expect to hit her at her trashy level? Lashia dodged the fireball easily. But when she turned her head, she was surprised to find more little fireballs aimed at her, coming from all directions. Claire was continuously releasing fireballs to attack Lashia. Lashia became even more scornful. Did Claire think that numbers would matter when her level was so low? Lashia avoided all the fireballs agilely and easily. But the number of fireballs didn't decrease. In fact, there were

even more of them. Lashia frowned. Since when did this idiot have so much magic power to release such dense waves of fireballs? While in thought, Lashia didn't pay enough attention and a tiny fireball hit the edge of her dress, setting it aflame. Lashia looked at the burning dress and her face went black. She was actually hit by that fool!!! What a disgrace!

"Go die, you moron! Halfwit! Vermin!" Lashia vented out all of her hatred of Claire right now. She started chanting spells faster. This time, it wasn't just to teach Claire a lesson. Killing intent, Lashia's eyes now contained a killing intent.

The two people hiding deep in the forest gave a start. How intense the magical undulations were! Jean gripped the sword at his waist, seemingly about to take action.

"Wait! At least they are sisters. Lashia wouldn't kill Claire." Nancy whispered into Jean's ear while pulling him back. Jean hesitated, but let go of the sword and stayed. However, they didn't understand that Lashia, who was always honored as the genius young girl, who was used to being praised, and thought of herself as one of a kind, when wounded by what she thought of as trash, had lost her mind.

This time Lashia produced Lightning arrows! A sky of frightening arrows rained toward Claire's direction. Claire frowned, quickly chanted a spell and produced the Fire shield. Her gaze was completely cold. Lashia, in a fury, wanted to kill her!

The terrifying Lightning arrows bombarded Claire's Fire shield, immediately breaking it. The next moment, Claire felt a piercing pain, like her body was ripping itself apart. The aura of death lingered around Claire. Deep craters of varying sizes were on the ground from the Lightning arrows.

A viscous, warm fluid flowed down Claire's arm. Blood soaked through Claire's clothes. "Cough," Claire started hacking, her lungs feeling like they were burning. Her internal organs seemed to be very damaged.

Lashia finally calmed down a bit, and, looking at Claire's whole body covered in blood, even said, "Now you know the consequences of not

getting the hell out of school."

In the forest, Jean and Nancy were both shocked. They didn't think that Lashia would be so cruel.

Claire sneered, not saying a word.

"You still don't think this is enough?" Lashia, seeing Claire's sneer, once again exploded in fury.

"Oh, no!" Jean shouted in a low voice, about to draw his sword and rush to Claire's side. If Lashia attacked again, Claire might really die!

"Grandfather! Why are you here?" Suddenly, Claire asked in a surprised voice, lifting her head to stare at the space behind Lashia.

What? Grandfather? Lashia turned around, alarmed.

Both Jean and Nancy stared blankly. Where was Duke Gordan?

Claire had already sprinted towards Lashia, abruptly kicking the back of Lashia's knee forcefully. As a magician, Lashia was physically weak. A magician's greatest fear was close combat, because there would be no time at all to chant spells before they fell. Lashia plopped to the ground, kneeling. But it wasn't over! Claire yanked Lashia's hand and flipped her over, then slammed her knee onto Lashia's stomach. Lashia curled up in pain. She didn't even get time to cry out before a hard object knocked into her throat. Her throat felt a fiery pain as if it would split open. It was impossible for her to speak or chant spells and even hard to breathe.

I'm about to die! This was Lashia's only thought. Lashia fearfully opened her eyes, and only saw Claire's cruel eyes, like that of a death god. Claire's elbow was pressed deadly on Lashia's throat. She started to suffocate. If that elbow pressed down even harder, then the death god would definitely descend. Lashia trembled in fear. At this moment, death's aura was so close, that it could almost make people break down. Although Lashia was a genius magician, since the principal cared very specially for her, she had little battle experience. Even while hunting magic Beasts for training, her seniors did most of the work. Finally this girl, whose world revolved around her, suffered for the first time.

The surrounding air seemed like it froze over. The wind lightly blew, lifting up Claire's blonde hair. A beauty pervaded the air that could take one's breath away.

Claire looked coldly at Lashia underneath her. If she pressed down her elbow more, this headstrong child would say goodbye to the world.

Jean and Nancy looked at each other, speechless. Claire's movements were so cold blooded, like that of an assassin! First she tricked Lashia into thinking that Duke Gordan had come, then, when Lashia was still startled, she accurately attacked Lashia's weak points. Was this something that the man-chasing idiot Miss could do?!

Claire stared coldly at the trembling Lashia beneath her whose eyes were full of fear. Her throat suffocated more and more.

Chapter 9: Forever Guarding

Claire stared coldly at the trembling Lashia beneath her, whose eyes were full of fear. Her throat suffocated more and more.

Yes, the current Claire could kill Lashia, who had intended to kill her. She was not just simply willful anymore! She was spoiled too much to forget all boundaries!

It was deathly silent around them, with a bleak atmosphere that made Lashia almost completely break down.

Suddenly, a “pa” sound broke the silence in the air, ringing out loud and clear.

Claire heavily slapped Lashia in the face. In that moment, Lashia couldn’t see straight and nearly fainted. A handprint carved itself out of Lashia’s beautiful cheek, and a stream of blood trickled out the corner of her lip.

“You must thank Mother. If it wasn’t for Mother, I would have killed you today.” Claire’s icy and cruel words floated into Lashia’s ear. She sounded like a demon from the underworld, making people tremble. Lashia saw Claire’s eyes that were as cold as glaciers and felt a spasm of fear. She knew Claire was serious. If she did anything that displeased Claire right now, she would brutally be murdered. Absolutely, it would absolutely happen!

Jean and Nancy, still hidden in the woods, were utterly astonished. This young girl, covered in blood, golden locks flowing with the wind, but a cold resoluteness was written all over her face, emitting boldness that couldn’t be measured! This person, is she really the man-crazy failure Claire from before?

“My loyal knight, how long are you going to keep watching?” Claire let go of the still trembling Lashia scornfully, lifting her head to sneer deliberately into the woods.

Jean and Nancy felt a chilling air that could make people tremble rise

slowly about them. It gave off a strange feeling as if their souls were being seen through, making them breathless.

With loss on both sides, Claire had only bitterly won.

Not long afterwards, in the Hill clan's large study.

Gordan's expression was heavy. Nancy and Jean stood aside keeping quiet.

Standing before him was the already treated Lashia and Claire.

"Lashia! Starting today, you are going to be grounded for one month, not allowed to go anywhere." It was obvious that Gordan really got mad this time. He had never scolded Lashia with such violent rage, nor punished her anyway like this. Grounding at the Hill clan isn't as simple as staying home, but however it is, only those who experienced it knew. But, the only thing that could be certain of was, it was definitely not anything relaxing.

Lashia didn't say a word. From start to finish her head was down. Nobody could see her expression.

"Yes, Grandfather." Lashia replied in a husky voice and left the room. Her voice was almost permanently destroyed by Claire. The healer spent all his magical powers to preserve it.

After Lashia exited and closed the door, Gordan then stood up and walked towards Claire, sighing, eyes full of tenderness. "Claire, Lashia has always been too spoiled by us, therefore leading to what happened today. But she is, after all, your younger sister. I hope you don't mind it too much."

"I understand, Grandfather." Claire said lightly as she nodded her head. If she did "mind" it, Lashia wouldn't be standing here to speak at all! She would have disappeared from this world a long time ago!

"There's nothing from with your injuries anymore, right? Does it still hurt?" Now Gordan acted like an old man, a grandfather. His eyes were filled with concern.

"It's fine now, Grandfather, you don't need to worry." Claire revealed a

smile. This was the truth, the healer was very effective at treating superficial wounds.

"Good." Gordan was finally relieved.

"But, Grandfather, some things can not be let off just because I mind it or not." Claire said lightly, her face suddenly icily smiling.

"Oh?" Gordan looked at Claire, both surprised and confused.

Claire turned around, lifted her chin, and looked down at Jean with scorn. Sharply she said: "I, Claire Hill, hereby declare that I have no more need of a guardian knight. From now on, Jean Raymond is no longer the guardian knight of me, Claire Hill. Our relationship is over."

In that split second, everyone froze. Even the air felt completely frozen.

Claire's radiant face was full of resolution and pride.

Jean's face immediately paled.

Gordan's visage changed rapidly. Nancy was so shocked he couldn't even think.

Knights, the symbol of loyalty. Every knight followed the Code of Knights, using it to guide his actions. They were the embodiments of a hero!

"Loyalty – Faith – Glory – Courage!" Claire stared fiercely at Jean, stating each word strongly and clearly. Each word felt like a hammer to Jean's heart. "What part of the Code of Knights did you fulfill? When my life was in danger, what were you doing? You and his Royal Highness, the second prince, were standing by, doing nothing! Loyalty? This whole thing is a joke!"

In that instant, Claire released a threatening demeanor that caused people to lose their ability to think.

"I do not need such an unloyal, unfaithful knight!" Claire's eyes shot out a frightening glare.

To a knight, exile was the greatest disgrace. Exile meant that Jean no longer qualified as a knight! He wouldn't be accepted again no matter

where he went.

“Miss Claire – ” Nancy finally opened his mouth to speak. How did things progress to this degree, a situation he didn’t want to see. And he was the one that stopped Jean from rescuing Claire.

“Your Royal Highness, the honorable second prince, I do believe this is our family’s business. You don’t have the right to interfere, do you?” Claire coldly lifted her head, not showing any mercy.

Nancy faltered, unable to speak. He had never seen such an aggressive Claire before! Her whole being seemed to shine, so bright they couldn’t open their eyes.

Gordan’s face color finally returned to normal and he coughed slightly. “Indeed, Claire, this time was Jean’s misstep, and you can punish him however you want. But you can’t sever your relationship! This relationship was established since you were born, and not only will he guard over you now, but also in the future. This was only a careless error and I’m sure this won’t happen again.”

“Yes, Miss Claire.” Nancy hurriedly spoke. “This was completely my fault. In the beginning Jean was about to rescue you, it was I who stopped him. I swear everything I said was the truth and definitely unbiased towards him.”

Claire was silent and didn’t say a thing.

Gordan frowned at Jean and gave a meaningful glance.

“Miss, everything that happened was completely due to my neglect, and I’m willing to accept my punishment.” Jean abruptly pulled out the sword at his waist, and without blinking, thrusted the sword into his right leg. The sharp, long sword immediately pierced all the way through his thigh. Fresh blood flooded out. It was clear how much force he used. But Jean acted like he didn’t feel it at all, his expression never changing.

Claire watched the happenings coldly, Gordan Hill looked at her, and Nancy glanced at Jean worriedly. There really wasn’t any need to be concerned about the state of Jean’s injury, it was nothing to a Grand

Warrior. Besides, there were always healers who could treat him. What Nancy was actually worried about was that Claire still wanted to sever their relationship.

Claire stayed silent.

"I, Jean Raymond, hereby swear, to loyally and faithfully guard Claire Hill for the rest of my life. Never to change, and never to abandon." Abruptly, Jean knelt down on one knee, tightened his right hand into a fist, and struck his chest. He looked at Claire, unusually solemn.

Claire just stared at Jean coldly, and Jean just kept kneeling on one knee. He firmly stared back at the aloof, young girl, his eyes full of determination.

The atmosphere in the study was so dense it felt suffocating.

No one spoke. All that existed was the sound of breathing.

Chapter 10: The Valuable Space Teleportation Scroll

The atmosphere in the study was so dense it felt suffocating.

No one spoke. All that existed was the sound of breathing.

“I hope you uphold your promise.” Claire said indifferent and coldly.

Gordan and Nancy both let out a quiet sigh of relief, not bad, not bad. Claire forgave her guardian knight.

“Grandfather, I’ll be going first back to my room to rest.” Claire curtseyed towards Gordan.

“Yes, you should rest properly.” Gordan nodded affectionately. After curtseying to Nancy, she left. Nobody saw the profound look in her eyes after she exited.

After the study’s door closed, Gordan let out a long sigh.

“Duke Hill, I won’t avoid the consequences of today’s situation.” Nancy held a flat expression.

“No, your Highness.” Gordan shook his head no, not wanting to discuss the situation any more. “There’s no more problems. You don’t need to worry.”

Nancy nodded, a deep expression in his eyes. No one knew what he was thinking.

“Jean, go find a healer to treat you.” Gordan quietly said as he turned to face the still kneeling Jean.

“Yes, your Grace.” Jean stood up and walked out. The bloodstain stood out sharply on the floor.

“Duke Hill, I’ll also take my leave,” Nancy nodded and said quietly.

“Pardon my absence. I won’t see you out,” Gordan said rather exhausted. Although the matter had been resolved, of course he would still feel uncomfortable. Both girls were his darling granddaughters, both the

future hope of the Hill clan. But such an intense conflict happened. If they couldn't resolve this issue, then there would be bigger problems. He frowned severely. This matter weighed heavily on his heart. The situation hadn't been told to their mother, Katherine, yet. If Katherine knew, then there would be another headache.

Nancy said his farewells to Gordan, then left together with Jean.

After going to the healer, the injuries on Jean's thigh were mostly gone and would completely heal soon.

In the middle of the night, Nancy's carriage stopped again in the desolate alley.

"Weren't you a bit too hasty tonight?" Nancy said in a low voice.

The carriage was silent.

After a long while, a voice sounded quietly.

"In that instant, I felt like she tore my heart out of my chest." This was no other person than Jean!

Nancy quieted down, his feelings extremely complicated. It wasn't just Jean; he had also lost himself in that moment. This night, Claire seemed brighter than the sun.

"She definitely isn't the Claire from before." Jean quietly said solemnly.

"Absolutely not." Nancy nodded, his face also serious.

"Let's see if she's worthy of my vow." Jean's eye flashed an unknown light.

Nancy was silent, then finally nodded.

"You should go back and rest properly." Nancy was obviously talking about Jean's injury.

"It's not a big deal." Jean said offhandedly.

"Well, I'll go back in order to avoid suspicion."

The night was silent.

Claire lay on her bed, her face cold as ice. Gap, what a huge gap between her and Lashia. If it wasn't for Lashia having no real battle experience, she would probably already be dead. But also because of this, she now had Jean's loyalty. Humph! Claire coldly humphed. She didn't press Jean so hard in front of Gordon just because of momentarily hot headedness. She was too weak right now and she needed a loyal person to protect her with all his might. And Jean was the best person for this job.

Power can only come from oneself. Authority is based on power.

Claire flipped on her bed, folded her legs, and then entered the Meditation state.

At this moment, a light knock sounded on the window.

Claire slowly opened her eyes. Who was it? They knocked on the window instead of coming in from the door. Claire got up from the bed and opened the window. At the window was a person in a cloak, face covered. But Claire smiled, because it was Emery.

"Teacher, what is it? Why did you come at such a late time?" Claire said while moving aside to let Emery in. She knew if Emery came this late and not even from the front door, there must be something important.

"Claire, I heard all about what happened tonight." After he entered, Emery removed his cloak and revealed his face. His originally blank face was full of sincere worry.

"I'm fine, teacher, can't you see? I'm standing perfectly well in front of you." Claire smiled and shrugged her shoulders to assure him.

"But you almost lost your life." Emery's face turned ugly. It seemed like he already knew the details of the situation clearly.

It was true that if Claire didn't trick Lashia into thinking Duke Gordan had come, she might have already become a corpse. No matter how much they punished Lashia, it would have still been irreversible.

"Teacher, I already said there's no need to worry. I will always survive." Claire confidently smiled.

“Here. In a critical situation tear this, it’s set to a secret room in my house. It’s a very hidden and safe area.” Emery took out a scroll from his robe and gave it to Claire.

Claire looked at the scroll uncertainly, because from what Emery had said, this seems to be a... Claire took the scroll over and was startled. It really was a Space Teleportation Scroll! She had seen this device in the Institute’s library’s “Magic Device Handbook” so she recognized it at once. This item was priceless! Because even if you had the money, you still couldn’t buy an item as valuable as this. Having this meant you have an extra life, so owners of these scroll wouldn’t give up one so easily. Emery didn’t yet have the magic power to make such a precious device, so he must have spent a lot of effort in obtaining this one. But he gave it to Claire so easily! Claire was touched.

“No! Teacher, this is far too precious. You keep it for times of danger.” Claire shook her head and returned the scroll to Emery.

“Claire, listen to me, you keep it. I have a feeling you will need it more than me. Just accept it as a token of appreciation from me.” Emery was persistent.

“Teacher.....” Claire was thoroughly moved. Emery gave her such a precious gift after he found out that she had been in danger. She will never forget this token of appreciation, Claire swore in her heart.

“It’s getting late, and I must be going. Get some rest. When you have time, I’ll teach you more magic. Only knowing the Fire shield is not enough.” After finishing this sentence, Emery put on his cloak and disappeared out the window.

Claire held the precious scroll tightly in her hand, warmth flooding her.

The conflict between Claire and Lashia was only known by Duke Gordan, Nancy, Jean, and some retainers that Gordan trusted. No one else was told. So after Lashia didn’t show up at the Institute for several days in a row, some students finally couldn’t resist the urge to ask Claire about her. It was then that Claire finally realize that Lashia was not only the center of attention for those noble girls, but also the dream spouse of

many noble young men. Although Lashia was only twelve years old, four years from her adult ceremony, she was already beautifully attractive. Not to mention her background and family, and that the principal of the Institute was very fond of her. With such a strong backing, how could she not attract attention?

After class, Claire sat on the bench by the Institute's lake alone, digesting the information taught by the teacher in class. Not far away several noble boys and girls kept throwing their glances her way.

After a period of time, it seemed like they finally made their decision, and started walking towards Claire. The noble girls walked in the front, while the boys chickened out and carefully trailed behind them as if Claire would swallow them up, raw and whole!

Chapter 11: Arcanum

(TL: mental and spiritual power are the same thing and will be used interchangeably)

A small group of people carefully walked over. Their eyes were full of loathing and disgust, not bothering to hide it.

“So, Claire, why hasn’t Lashia come to the Institute these days?” A noble lady who was Lashia’s best friend asked in a low voice while suppressing her hate.

Claire rose and coldly looked at the group of adolescents. She didn’t want to have anything to do with them. Claire knew their intentions clearly. If it wasn’t for Lashia, these people would have never talked to her.

The group of people saw the cold look in her eyes and started to get nervous.

“I don’t know.” Claire turned to leave, paying no attention to the group. Right now, she wanted to find a peaceful place to absorb the day’s lesson, not waste time on responding to these senseless people.

“What kind of attitude is that? You don’t know? You’re Lashia’s older sister, how could you not know?” The most impulsive boy of the group finally couldn’t hold back and blurted out. Lashia had not appeared for many days. As one of Lashia’s most faithful fans, he was naturally anxious to know.

Claire didn’t respond to their shouts and continued on her way. Talking to these conceited and foolish nobles was a complete waste of time.

“Stop right there! What kind of attitude is that! You man-chaser.” Finally that impulsive noble made some lousy word choices and spoke out rudely.

The leading girl glared at the person who just spoke. Obviously, even if he was telling the truth, it was still very rude.

Claire looked back a little and indifferently cast a gaze at them. Just this indifferent look made them feel so cold it was as if they were in an icehouse. That kind of icy coldness pierced through their bones, pierced

through their soul and made them shiver. What kind of look was that, without any emotion. There was only coldness, cruelty, and bloodlust.

The small crowd just stood there, stunned, their minds blank.

Claire turned her head back around and kept on walking, leaving the people who were too stunned to move where they were.

Not until when Claire disappeared from their eyesight, did the students come back to their senses.

"Who, who is she?" The boy that was rude before opened his mouth nervously.

The crowd kept silent. That definitely was the infamous man-crazy Claire, but why was she totally not like herself? So ruthless, so frightening.

For one month, Lashia didn't show up. And one month later there was no school because of summer break. During this one month, Emery was astonished to find that he had totally no idea how much Claire had improved. Claire always brought him surprises.

The Hill castle.

"Claire, what do you plan on doing during the two months of summer break?" Emery asked as he watched Claire play with five fireballs on her five fingers. To control so many fireballs at the same time with such precision would come to him as a shock if someone else did it. But for Claire it wasn't strange. In only a month, Claire had given him too many surprises.

"Teacher, I keep feeling like I'm missing something, but I don't know what it is." Claire extinguished the fireballs in her hand, a little distressed.

"Do not be impatient, Claire, there's still much to learn. You can't learn everything in just a short period of time. Remember, never be impatient." Emery misunderstood Claire and thought that Claire wanted to learn more.

"No, teacher, I'm not talking about this." Claire shook her head slightly. "I have always kept teacher's words in my heart. Learning magic is a slow

process and you can't be impatient."

"Then what are you talking about?" Emery was confused.

"I'm not sure either. It's just that a few times I seem to have grasped something, but the next moment it disappears." Claire said a bit troubled.

Emery frowned, thinking. Since enrolling in school, Claire had not been tested again. Is she on the verge of a breakthrough?

"I keep feeling that magic is too simple and bare, but I don't know why." Claire said in a low tone.

"Maybe, perhaps....." Emery hesitated.

"What? Teacher?" It was Claire's turn to be confused.

"Maybe your mental power is strong enough to study that arcanum." Emery still hesitated to tell Claire to go search for that arcanum. It was dangerous to study Arcanum, because if your mental power was not strong enough, there would only be two outcomes: die slowly or die quickly!

"Teacher, what is it?" Claire became interested.

"Well, you know that all magic has forms. It doesn't matter if it's a magician or warrior, all their attacks are tangible. For magic, the longer the chant the more powerful the spell. At those times a warrior is needed to protect the magician. Of course, the Dou Qi of warriors also has forms." Emery cleared his throat and said seriously, "But there is a kind of attack that is invisible and very hard to detect and defend against."

"Really?" Claire was even more interested.

"That's right," Emery nodded, then added seriously, "But the learning risk is also higher."

"Teacher, what is it?" Claire urged.

Emery didn't speak, but looked around, took out a magic wand and waved it lightly in the air. A light blue circle rippled out and covered the entire room. Claire knew that this magic hood blocked all magic so no one could eavesdrop.

After finishing all these, Emery put away his wand and said in a low tone, “Mental Assault.”

Claire was dumbfounded. Mental Assault!

“Attacking a person’s mind directly has no tangible form and no way to detect beforehand.” Emery was very solemn. “Of course, it doesn’t affect those who are truly powerful, but to a normal person it is very effective.”

“In the worst cases, it can directly turn someone into a vegetable, and in best cases, the user would be conversely swallowed by magic and seriously injured,” Emery explained. “Of course, this kind of Arcanum is looked down by many people because they can’t grasp, use, or defend against this magic. So...”

“I understand, teacher.” A cold smile emerged from Claire’s lips. “Humans are always afraid of uncontrollable, foreign things. They then try to destroy them with all their might.1”

This time Emery was dumbfounded. Such a philosophical thought came from this young girl who was only thirteen!

“Teacher, how would I be able to learn such an Arcanum? Tell me please!” Claire’s eyes were filled with excitement and challenge.

“Okay.” Emery nodded. He didn’t think of Claire as a child now anymore, but as an adult. “I once had a friend who learned the Arcanum, but unfortunately, he didn’t comprehend the essence. So... ” Emery’s expression became heavy.

“Sorry, teacher, for reminding you of such a heartbreaking matter,” Claire guiltily apologized.

“No, Claire. I had urged him not to do so, but he didn’t listen.” Emery organized his emotions and continued on, “He hid the Arcanum in his secret chamber where he lives in seclusion, wishing I would go get it some day. But for me, I never want to touch it.”

Claire didn’t speak, listening intently.

“I will give you a map of his secluded retreat, it’s right in the middle of

Gale Gorge. Use the summer break to go develop your skills there. Real life combat always overrules theories. The magical Beasts at the mouth of Gale Gorge are all pretty low level, and you have Jean as a companion, so I'm sure you'll be fine. But remember, do not go deep into Gale Gorge. This, you must promise me, and only then will I give you the map." Emery spoke to Claire in a solemn tone.

Claire felt very touched. She knew Emery had said this because he was worried for her.

Only after Claire nodded and solemnly promised to Emery did he pull out a map from his bosom and give it to Claire.

"You must be careful. When you come across a dangerous situation that you are unable to cope with, get Jean to shield you and immediately use the Space Teleportation Scroll, okay?" Emery warned again. Although he wouldn't admit Claire was his disciple, he still treated her as if she were his only disciple.

"Teacher, don't worry. I will definitely safely return," Claire replied while smiling.

"Good." Emery smiled and nodded.

When Claire suggested to use the summer break to go to Gale Gorge to train, Duke Gordan was extremely happy. The Hill family never had a pampered child! Only Katherine was really worried. Duke Gordan had to spend a lot of effort comforting her in order to make her concede. Claire's two older brothers weren't at home yet. One was still in his ligeance, and the other was in the imperial palace acting as the captain of the Griffin Squad. Her father was getting rid of problems at the frontier.

Without any ceremony, Duke Gordan gave Claire enough money and sent her and Jean off riding their horses, keeping everything low key.

So, on this refreshing morning, the two left on their horses. Nobody would believe that just outside the city gates, Claire would meet a person that would influence her greatly for the rest of her life.

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1. [Quote by H.P. Lovecraft: The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown, especially of something that can cause serious injuries. Added by our hardworking Kiyoshi!!]

Chapter 12: Strange Old Man

In the early morning, the capital city, Berthe, was not quiet at all. Guards were patrolling the city, and merchants were diligently preparing their shops for business. On the west city entrance it was more noisy because this was where the headquarter of the biggest mercenary guild of Amparkland was located. This was a paradise for mercenaries and adventurers. Also, a road not far away already had heavy traffic of bustling horses and carriages. A variety of shops lined the road, purchasing items from mercenaries and then selling them. The west part of Berthe also housed the biggest auction house and slave market, so of course it was the most lively part of the city. Naturally, there were many powerful people hidden in the crowd as well. 1

“Miss, why did you come here?” Jean asked, looking confusedly at Claire walking toward the Mercenary Guild.

“To register as a mercenary.” Claire didn’t bother to explain. By becoming a mercenary, you could complete tasks that suited your level and in turn, get gold coins. As a magician, magic supplies were always exceptionally expensive and their materials were even more rare. Just because you had money doesn’t mean you could go to any magic shop and get the supplies you wanted. Magic materials that mercenaries risked their lives for would be auctioned off at the auction house. Those prices would naturally be off the charts. Claire didn’t want to ask for money in order to buy these expensive materials.

Jean looked at Claire’s aloof face, stopped talking, and walked towards the Mercenary registry.

Claire quietly waited in the Mercenary Guild’s hallway and looked at a wall filled with lists of tasks. From commissions to finding common medicinal herbs, to killing formidable magic beasts, the tasks’ difficulty levels were from F to A. Even higher were S and even SS; they were posted there too. But the highest level of difficulty on the list, SSS, was blank. Up until now, the most difficult mission had never appeared. In the hall, mercenaries of all classes clustered into various small groups and were

discussing something.

This was a world that Claire was unfamiliar with.

Looking for heartbreak grass?2 F class, the lowest level task. This type of herb grows just beyond the entrance of Gale Gorge. Newly registered mercenaries can only accept this kind of task. Well, a hundred gold coins is better than nothing. Just when Claire was thinking about making Jean take on this task, she heard a sharp whistle. Then, an ear-piercing voice sounded near Claire. “Yo! Beautiful lady, what are you doing here alone?”

Claire’s shiny blonde hair, jade green eyes, and refined, one-of-a-kind face3 were naturally striking. Beautiful girls being harassed in this place was very common.

Claire glanced sideways and saw a tall and sturdy man who snickered while walking towards her, three young men following. The sturdy man in the front was obviously a warrior, and the three young men behind him were archers and magicians. The surrounding people carried on what they were doing without so much as a glance. Obviously this kind of situation had happened before. Female mercenaries, especially pretty ones, generally came with fellow mercenaries. It was unwise for female mercenaries to come alone to this place where the good and bad were mixed together.4

The tall and sturdy man looked Claire up and down unscrupulously. As for the younger men behind him, some looked helpless, some looked indifferent, and some treated it as if it was normal.

“Accepting tasks,” Claire concisely said.

“Aha, so you’re also a mercenary.” After hearing that, the tall and sturdy man became a little excited. Which mercenary group was this petite beauty from? “Pretty little lady, why not join our mercenary group, Iron Blood. We distribute fairly,and if there is equipment that fits your class, we will prioritize and give it to you first.”

“No thanks.” Claire icily declined.

But it was apparent the tall and sturdy man had no plans on giving up.

Instead, he continued to say, “Our Iron Blood mercenary group is the second biggest mercenary group in the country. If you join, you will definitely not be mistreated. Oh yeah, I haven’t even asked, what is your profession?”

Claire turned her head to look at Jean who had finished registering and she walked over with no hesitation.

When the tall and sturdy man saw Claire had ignored him, his eyes followed where she was looking and he saw a handsome young man walking over. His face immediately steamed red. The men behind him roared with laughter.

“Jackson, you made this stupid mistake again!” The meaning of these words were obvious, the man called Jackson kept hitting on girls who already had a partner. Although he was angry, the tall and sturdy man didn’t really do much, and only said embarrassedly, “Since you have company, I won’t bother you any more.” Claire indifferently nodded and the man and his group left to take up a mission.

“Jean, also go take on that task,” Claire said while pointing at the F level task of finding medicinal herbs. That task was easy and had no time or quantity limit. In other words, the person who gave out the mission would accept any number of the herbs at any time. One breakheart grass for one hundred gold coins, meaning the more herbs you found, the more gold coins you earned.

“Miss, what were those people doing?” Jean asked, frowning at the people who just left Claire.

“Nothing. They were just mercenaries receiving tasks. Also, when we’re outside, don’t call me Miss, call me by my name.” Claire replied in a low voice. Although the leading mercenary was frivolous, he didn’t really do anything rude. Although his gaze was a bit lecherous, he didn’t take action, so his nature was not wicked. There was no need to fuss or bother. Also, the Mercenary Guild did not allow fighting here.

“Yes, Claire.” Jean was surprisingly flexible.

After receiving the mission, Claire and Jean walked to the city gates.

The city gates were already bustling with activity. People continuously entered, but everyone was orderly to pay the entrance tax. As Claire and Jean walked out the gates, Claire suddenly felt a shift in the air behind her. She instinctively moved back her right foot. The next moment, there was a "dong" sound. An unknown object hit the leg of Claire's horse lightly. Claire turned back and saw an old man in a black robe. The old man was hugging himself, his arms around his chest. If Claire didn't lift up her foot, then the old man would be hugging her calf.

Jean shot a glare at the old man who almost hugged Claire's calf and frowned, about to say something. But the old man beat Jean to opening his mouth and said some words that made Jean speechless: "How could you guys carelessly bump into a senior like me? Heavens, are all the adolescents of the current generation this rash? Public morales are degenerating with each passing day!"

This resentful voice caused many people to turn and look, gossiping, but nobody came forward to mediate the situation. It seemed that everywhere, nobody bothered to help if it was unrelated to them. The guards at the gate watched the situation with interest on their faces. Unless things got too out of hand, the guards wouldn't do anything. In addition, Claire and Jean were wearing common clothes and looked like the average adventurers. The guards weren't willing to waste time on civilians. If it were nobles who were being harassed, they would have already come to chase away the old man.

Claire's mouth twitched. I bumped into him? Is he a swindler? Just as she thought this, Claire saw a flash of shrewd light in the old man's eyes and changed her mind. He didn't have the greed for money in his eyes. But what astonished Claire the most was that this person was hiding his Qi. Although he looked like an average old man on the outside, his black robe released a faint magical undulation. It was an expensive magic device! This old man isn't as simple as he seems!

"This elderly man, I am so sorry." Claire didn't understand why she had felt a strange feeling, a feeling that tangling up with this old man would definitely be a hassle. Quickly resolving the situation would be better. "It

was my mistake, and this is to compensate you." Claire took out a few bright yellow gold coins.

"Yes, you at least have manners. So, where are you guys going?" The old man didn't accept the money, but his eyes scanned Claire all over.

Claire's mouth slightly twitched as she saw a flash of devious light in his eyes. She understood that this old man was aiming at her! But why?

*

1. [literal: hidden dragon, crouching tiger]

2. [Heartbreak grass is the common name; the scientific name is Gelsemium elegans.]

3. [literal: no two of]

4. [literal: fish and dragons mixed in together]

Chapter 13: The Legendary Wizard Sage

(TL: ~ in Chinese means sort of dragging.)

"Where are you going?" The old man asked while staring at Claire without blinking.

Claire stayed silent. The old man leaned on the horse, unwilling to move.

"To Gale Gorge." After a long time, Claire finally replied lightly.

"Aiya, this is such a coincidence. I am also going there. As your compensation for bumping into me, let's go together. You guys are young and strong, so it's not unreasonable to ask you guys to protect such a frail, old man like me." The old man deviously looked at Claire's bosom.

This old man isn't simple. Not only does he have such a thick face, he is also perverted! Claire looked at the old man's devious gaze, confirming her suspicions.

"We only have two horses. I'll hire a carriage for you then." Claire didn't want to tangle up with this annoying, perverted old man, so she said this decision.

"Oh, that won't do. It's so far away, no carriage would be willing to go there. And do you think those coachmen, who run faster than horses in times of danger, could protect a frail old man like me?" The old man obviously planned on not letting Claire go and shamelessly said these words. A coachman can run faster than a horse? He had the face to say that?!

Jean looked at the old man's crafty eyes and felt puzzled. This old man seemed very familiar, but who was he? Although he had definitely met him before, for the time being he couldn't figure out where.

"Then, what do you want?" Claire frowned. It seems like this old man has made up his mind to follow them. Although his intent isn't clear yet, one thing could be sure: this old man didn't mean any harm.

Jean searched thoroughly in his brain for information on this old man, and all of a sudden, Jean's eyes widened. It's him! It's actually him! His

whereabouts were always erratic, so what a surprise to encounter him here! But why was he obsessed with Claire? Jean didn't understand, couldn't figure it out. But if they could keep him with them throughout this trip, the word "danger" virtually wouldn't exist!

Not waiting for Claire to speak, Jean hurriedly said, "Sure, senior, I'll immediately buy a quality horse for you, please wait a bit."

Jean's sudden change in behavior let Claire understand he had figured out something. If so, she would just watch and see what happens.

Jean bought a horse very quickly and the old man nimbly flipped onto the horse. And he called himself a weak, frail, old man?

And so the three left the capital city gates.

The early morning air was refreshing, and birds flew around chattering. Tall, emerald-green trees stood on both sides of the road, with crystal clear dewdrops hanging from the leaves.

"What's your name? Little beauty." The old man started to chat cheekily the whole time. The names he called Claire were also very strange.

"Claire." Claire replied without much thought.

"Oh? Claire? Hmm, very good very good. How old are you then?" The old man's gaze flitted to Claire's bosom furtively. He thought to himself, this girl can't be too old, but she's developing pretty well, heehee.

"Why should I tell you?" Claire threw back coldly.

But, a sliver of worry appeared in Jean's eyes. You simply couldn't afford to make this person unhappy! Even the emperor tried to please him, afraid to make him the tiniest bit angry. Because he was the legendary figure who had the power to destroy a whole city!

"Then let me guess. Twelve? Thirteen? Fourteen? Fifteen?..." The old man didn't pay the slightest attention to Claire's attitude, and started noisily guessing. Claire felt like there were multiple flies humming back and forth about her ears.

"Claire, you are a magician, aren't you?" Due to Claire's complete

ignorance of his noisy chitchat, the old man switched topics to talk about.

"No." Claire spit out the word coldly.

"Claire has just started her studies at the Sunrise Institute, and hasn't yet gone before Magicians' Council for her assessment." Jean was overjoyed. By bringing up the topic himself, did he meant to instruct Claire? If so, then Claire is so lucky! Because this person isn't just anyone, but the one and only wizard sage of Amparkland! He was constantly traveling, and also the mentor of the principal of Sunrise Institute – Cliff! His name was eulogized around the continent. He is a living legend, because although other countries also have wizard sages, he was the only one to achieve this level at the young age of twenty-six! He was the genius of geniuses. But, the world also knew that this legendary figure had this one tragic flaw, which was – lust! And not just any type of lust, but a world-shaking, future-destroying, gods-and-humans-angering lechery!

"Oh, then do you have a master?" Cliff asked enthusiastically.

This sentence made Jean's jaw almost dislocate! What did Cliff's words signify? Did that mean he wanted to make Claire his disciple?! No way, right? He had only very few disciples, one of them being the principal of the Sunrise Institute! Did he really take a fancy to Claire? Lashia was way, way more talented than Claire, but Cliff didn't even so much as glance at her. But today he asked Claire this question?!

"I do." Claire's cold answer almost made Jean falip off his horse. Did she not understand how great of an opportunity she had in front of her?!

"Will you be willing to be my disciple?" Cliff asked, not paying the slightest attention to Claire's answer and asked while laughing merrily.

Jean felt like his heart had soared to the skies, fallen down, and now flew up again.

"No." Claire rejected indifferently. She knew clearly that one person could have only one master.

Jean's heart plummeted. He felt as if his heart had been on a over-exciting roller coaster.

“Do you know who I am?” Cliff began to pout. Did she not know how many people wanted to become his disciple? But on the other hand, this little beauty in front of him doesn’t know who he is. This must be the reason for her attitude.

“An obscene and perverted old man.” Claire’s mouth started to become poisonous. Jean’s expression instantly changed. Even though what Claire said was the undeniable truth, this person was Cliff!

“Ahem, ahem~ ” Cliff coughed slightly, but he didn’t get embarrassed or angry. Instead, he opened up a new topic, “I’m Cliff.”

“Great master Cliff, so it’s you! As our country’s only wizard sage, you were always a legendary figure. What brings you here today?” Jean immediately pointed out Cliff’s identity, obviously to let Claire know that this perverted old man could not be offended. It would be best if she could become his disciple.

Claire raised her eyebrows slightly. Cliff? That legendary person who was a genius among geniuses? The master of the Sunrise Institute’s principal? Amparkland’s only wizard sage? Actually had this kind of disgusting behavior! Thick skinned, lust that reached the skies, and extremely vulgar.

But Jean felt extremely puzzled. Why did the legendary Cliff take a fancy to Claire? And wanted to accept her as a disciple? It would be too far-fetched to say he only wanted to recruit her based on her beauty, because beautiful female magicians were everywhere. The only reason would be that Claire had something special that he and others didn’t know, but it was discovered by Cliff!

Claire thought back to Gordan’s counsel, telling her not to reveal to any outsiders her over-the-top talent before she met that person. Never before. And only that person could be her master. Was it this person whom Grandfather was talking about? Claire guessed.

From his status and identity, nine out of ten it was him.

If it was like that...

An imperceivable, crafty grin appeared in Claire's eyes.

"You want to be my master?" Claire asked as she turned to look at the lascivious old man, Cliff, who was closely following on his horse and still looking at her bosom vulgarly.

Cliff came back to his senses, looked at Claire with raised brows, and released a strange ripple of magic from his body. Cliff's voice sounded directly in Claire's head without Jean hearing. "Little beauty, your talent is rarely seen in a millennium, heehee, be my disciple and I promise you will be treated more than fairly." That vulgar voice sounded exactly like a child trafficker tricking a little girl.

Claire understood this must be a very high level magic, to go so far as to directly talk into the mind and not let anyone else hear. By showing her this move, the old man was indicating that he was very powerful.

"Well~~ " Claire frowned, seemingly thinking very deeply, unable to decide.

Her hesitant appearance made Cliff a little worried.

At the city gates he had seen the pretty Claire at once, and then was amazed as he discovered Claire's hidden talent. How could he give up on such a treasure? He must make her his disciple! If it was this girl, his legacy could definitely be passed on! And she could definitely rival that old man's disciple! Humph! That despicable, loathsome, shameless, vulgar, pretentious, and deserved a beating old man! Just wait and see, old man!

Chapter 14: Precious Gifts

Claire definitely wasn't a kind hearted person. That old man Cliff currently wanted Claire so much that his eyes turned red. It was a pity that he didn't discover this point. Jean slowed down, waited until the two were in front, and then followed behind.

"Why would I want to become your disciple?" Claire frowned in a reluctant manner.

"If you become my disciple, you could walk sideways1." Cliff stuck out his chest ostentatiously, looking like an upstart. Well, of course this was true! Not only was Cliff perverted, but he was also very protective. Even if his disciples were in the wrong first, he would still side with them and protect them like a mother hen would to her chicks from the eagle2 whenever they needed it! Of course, becoming his disciple wasn't easy, it was actually very hard. So far, he had only two disciples. Claire was going to be his third.

"What's so good about this?" Claire looked disdainful, "I don't see anything good. Get something more realistic."

Cliff opened and closed his mouth and rolled his eyes, but he was actually very happy. The little beauty saying those words meant there was a chance!

"Here you go, little beauty. Once you crush this, you can summon the spirit of a two-winged angel to protect you." Out of nowhere, a necklace appeared in Cliff's hand. The pendant was translucent, shaped like a teardrop, glittering in the sun. He had gotten this when he won a bet with that disgraceful, despicable, vulgar geezer. He had won so much in that bet that it made up for the fact that none of his disciples were as good as the geezer's disciples.

Claire grabbed it with one hand without the slightest trace of modesty. Looking at Cliff who didn't look pained at all, Claire knew this valuable item was probably nothing to him.

"Now can you call me master?" Cliff asked, with a little heehee.

But Claire swung the necklace about and said, “You can only use this once, and it disappears after you crush it, right? What happens if the other person is very strong and instakills the thing that I summon? Then wouldn’t I be dead anyways? Your disciple, the principal of the Sunrise Institute, gave his disciple the Breeze Bracelet.” Claire swung the necklace around in the air disdainfully. But to herself she thought, this guy is a Wizard Sage, so he should have a lot more good stuff. And he wants to fool me with this?

Cliff blinked his eyes, not looking guilty at all, and suddenly started laughing craftily. “What’s good about that! Here, I’ll give you this and this.” With a wave of his hand, more items appeared out of thin air. Claire knew that Cliff must have the legendary Space Storage to pull things out of nowhere. But whether it was a Space Ring or a Space Bag she couldn’t know for sure.

“What are those?” Claire asked, staring, baffled at the inconspicuous items in Cliff’s hands.

“This is an Invisibility Cape. It can make you invisible, but only for ten minutes. This is a Transportation Bracelet, but because it is such an advanced spell, it is impossible to carve the complete magic loop into the bracelet, so it can only let you transport backwards fifteen meters. But, it’s already enough to escape in times of danger. And, this little bow is a magical weapon. All you need to do is to infuse it with magic and a magic arrow will appear, and according to the nature of the user the bow will shoot a magic arrow. You’re of the Fire element, so when the arrow hits there will also be a flame explosion.” Cliff started to laugh craftily, knowing that these devices were very valuable, much more precious than Lashia’s Breeze Bracelet. The first item was very very very valuable! If a treasure like this fell into the hands of an assassin, even for ten minutes, it could be deadly. As for the second item, what does transporting backwards fifteen meters in a second mean? All magicians try to avoid physical combat, because to them, the further away from the opponent the better. The last item, the little bow, was very beautiful, with engraved golden flowers that released a faint magical aura. Carving the magic loop into the

engravings was very elegant and thoughtful of the builder.

"Yes, thank you." Although Claire accepted all gifts like she was entitled to them. She felt very satisfied with the perverted old man's generosity.

"Hehe, little beauty, now can you call me master?" Cliff said, grinning from ear to ear with his eyebrows raised.

"Yes~ Well~" Claire's face suddenly became serious. "I've told you that I already have a teacher. He is my first teacher, and if you want to become my master, then you have to be my second master, ranked behind him. This is my only condition."

Cliff's bubbly expression finally changed. Second master? He had never heard of this kind of title. He, a Wizard Sage, was ranked behind someone else? Was this a joke?

"Is that person also a Wizard Sage?" Cliff asked sulkily.

"No." Claire shook her head, her face unusually serious. "This is my only condition, that I'm not willing to compromise."

"Okay." Surprisingly, Cliff straightforwardly replied because he already had planned to. Then, Cliff looked at Claire cheerily, "Now can you let me hear you call me Master?"

"Master." Claire called out straightforwardly.

"Haha, hahahaha... Good! Good! Good!!!" Cliff laughed heartily to the skies, laughed so hard that he almost fell off his horse. Finally, this time he could hold his head up in front of that foolish geezer!!

Jean, still trailing a long way behind, saw Cliff laughing so hard he was convulsing and almost fell off the horse. Jean understood what happened immediately. Cliff took Claire as his disciple? Heavens! Such an unimaginable thing really happened?! Just what was so extraordinary about Claire that he himself didn't discover? Why would a legendary figure like Cliff be so fond of Claire? Jean was totally baffled. But, he must report this news to the Duke immediately. Also, to that person...

"My darling disciple, why are you going to Gale Gorge?" Cliff blinked

and looked at Claire's bosom pervertedly.

"To dig up medicinal herbs and earn money. Also, killing some low level magic beasts to gain experience," Claire said casually. Claire didn't want too many people to know anything about the spiritual arcanum, moreover, this was her first master Emery's treasured asset. Also, Claire saw the drastic change on Cliff's face when she told him he was the second master, so it would be wise not to mention the first master before the second.

"Oh. Well, that knight is pretty strong, probably already a Grand Swordsman. With him as company you won't be in any danger. I still have other business to settle, and need to go visit some people. After you complete your mission come see me at the Magician Council. I will try my hardest to teach you everything I know." Cliff said all these in a relaxed manner. Now that he had successfully taken Claire as his disciple, he really needed to hurry back and settle that business.

Claire was very surprised. First because of what Cliff said about Jean, and second, something that could make Cliff so worried was definitely not anything small. Wasn't Jean just a Grand Warrior? Why would Cliff say that he's a Grand Swordsman? Jumping up two levels at once? So Jean has been hiding his strength all along? And it was obvious to Claire how important she was to Cliff. But, as her master, Cliff didn't follow along and give her instructions, and instead hurried back to the city. It must be something of really big importance.

*

1. ["Walking sideways" is a Chinese term meaning that you can do whatever you want.]

2. [The mother hen and eagle is a common phrase in Chinese that means acting like how a mother hen would act when an eagle is coming.]

Chapter 15: It's Someone from the Temple of Light!

As Claire wondered about what kind of situation could make Cliff so anxious, Cliff's voice floated into her ear. "Little beauty, go quickly and return quickly. I'll be waiting for you." After saying this, Cliff turned around and started going back. He didn't give the guardian knight, Jean, so much as a glance. He was the type of person who only responded to people who interested him. Magicians were always proud and haughty because of their powerful strength.

"Claire, did Cliff really take you as his disciple?" Jean prompted his horse to go faster as he confirmed with Claire.

"Yes." Claire replied indifferently while inspecting the items Cliff gave her. Claire didn't have a favorable impression of Jean, even though he swore his loyalty to her that day. After putting on the bracelet and storing away the cloak and nifty bow, Claire rode forward. Jean followed closely behind.

They didn't meet any difficulties the whole way. Because if a group of just two people, one magician and one warrior, was setting out for Gale Gorge, they were either novices or a group that was very strong. Obviously, most people believed the two were the latter. Their eyes didn't have the curiosity or excitement of a novice. This made swindlers and bandits remain at a respectful distance. These kinds of people often had sharp senses. They didn't want to try to gain an advantage only to end up worse off1.

In this way, they traveled for five days and finally arrived at a town near Gale Gorge. Jean restocked, and they prepared to enter the gorge the next day.

At nightfall, Claire sat near the window and looked at the two full moons in the sky quietly. This new world was a very mysterious place. Every year in the first four months, there was one moon, the next four months, two moons, and the last four months, three moons. Right now it

was the beginning of the seventh month and there were two blue moons. Claire even thought that maybe it's because of these strange moons that this world was full of mysterious things like magic.

Gale Gorge was a place of both danger and profit. The more danger you go through, the more profit you earn. Countless adventurers and mercenary groups arrive here each day to complete missions, hunt magical beasts, dig out the magical cores from the beasts, and sell everything for a lot of money. But rarely would someone enter the deep parts of Gale Gorge. Some say on the other end of the gorge was a desert, others say endless glaciers. No one knows for sure.

Claire and Jean rode their horses into Gale Gorge, but they didn't see any magical beasts the whole way, not even really low grade ones.

"Either there's a high grade beast nearby, or a powerful mercenary group just passed through." Jean analyzed. Apparently a high grade beast would not live here, so the answer must be that a strong and mighty mercenary group went this way.

"Let's go." Claire gaze swept over dark and wet spots because the heartbreak grass grows in damp places. But even after searching they didn't find anything.

The depth and width of Gale Gorge was beyond imagination. Further in, the path had become too narrow for horses to enter, so the two of them had to leave their steeds and travel on foot.

After traveling for a long time, it was gradually getting dark, and they had only found three heartbreak grass.

"Let's set up camp right up front. There's a clearing." Evidently, Jean had come here before.

Claire nodded but didn't say anything.

As the two made their way forward, they heard strange noises, as if someone was fighting. The smell of blood floated in the air, accompanied by men shouting and wolves howling.

"It's a Wind Wolf pack!" Jean frowned. Someone was obviously attacked

by the Wind Wolves and struggling hard. Wind Wolves were only third grade beasts, but they were especially bothersome because they could spit out wind blades that were very damaging and they lived in packs. Ruthless and cold-blooded, and also possessing enough intelligence, Wind Wolves were annoying animals that lived on revenge.

"Damn it, daddy me2 is gonna fight you to death!" A familiar bold voice sounded out in rage.

Immediately another voice rebuked him worriedly, "Jackson, don't do anything impulsive!"

Oh, Claire realized. This is the voice she heard at the Mercenary Guild. Something called the Iron Blood mercenary group?

"It seems like they have a problem on their hands." Jean looked at the sky. It was getting darker by the minute. And darkness is the paradise for fear, evil, and death.

Claire searched through a pocket slung around her waist and took out a little black bird. The bird was lifeless, because it was a magic puppet, one of Emery's proudest magic creations.

Claire infused some magic power into the puppet bird and it stood up, chirped twice, and flew off into the night sky. Claire then took out a small crystal ball. The crystal ball immediately showed what the magic bird puppet was seeing.

Jean looked on, startled. That poker-faced Emery, old-fashioned and stingy, actually taught his special skill to Claire!!!

The tiny crystal globe showed that the group of mercenaries seemed to be in a difficult predicament, with still more Wind Wolves waiting around. They seemed to be waiting for darkness and night. Wheel war3, both the simplest and most efficient. Even though they were in a tight position, no one had died, which showed their strength. Most were warriors and archers, with only one magician who seemed to have used up all his magic power. The rareness of magicians directly determined their value. The weak young magician was surrounded and heavily protected by his companions.

“Miss, you want to help them?” This time, Jean didn’t use Claire’s name but Miss, because he was waiting for Claire’s command, not her opinion.

A strange light flashed through Claire’s eyes and disappeared almost immediately. Grand Swordsman, only below Swordsman Sage and Swordmaster. This would be a good opportunity to test Jean’s actual level.

“Yes, help them.” Claire said softly. The people were part of the second largest mercenary group in the whole country, so helping them would definitely be good for the future.

“Yes.” Jean pulled out his sword. His sword trembled slightly, then glowed a teal color. That was the color of a Grand Warrior’s Dou Qi. But Claire knew that if Cliff was right, Jean’s Dou Qi should be violet! Jean didn’t rush forward blindly. He knew his first priority was Claire’s safety.

Claire summoned back her bird puppet and put away the crystal globe. She took out a small and exquisite wand. Of course, this was also from Emery. It was the wand that Emery first used when he became a magician, so its significance was different.

Claire slowly raised her wand and started chanting a complex spell. Suddenly, innumerous fist-sized fireballs crashed down on the Wind Wolves in front of them. This unexpected attack made the Wind Wolves howl in pain, the smell of singed fur everywhere. Jean slashed an open path in the front and he and Claire made their way successfully to the people surrounded by the wolves.

“Magicians!”

“It’s a magician!”

The shouts were filled with hope and happiness.

“It’s you! Beautiful lady.” The man with a few blood stains on his clothes was the same man who tried to strike up a conversation with Claire at the Mercenary Guild.

Claire didn’t reply, and instead focused her attention in front of her to be fully aware of any danger. Night had already come, and the Wind Wolves suddenly quieted down. But they didn’t go away and just

collectively lay down to hide themselves in the bushes, as if preparing for the next attack.

"Light the bonfire first." The burly man named Jackson seemed to be the squad leader, and right now he finally calmed down, starting to order around the injured but still able people to do some small tasks they could complete. The others continued to be on guard.

Wind...

At that moment, a strange wind blew.

Suddenly, a pure streak of white light appeared in mid air faraway.

The crowd all looked towards the origin of the light, stunned. The dazzling light came closer and closer, and a human form stood in the middle of it.

"It's someone from the Temple of Light!" The relief in Jackson's voice was even stronger. Anyone able to fly in mid-air and have such pure white light must be from the Temple of Light and have unordinary strength! If Claire's showing up made them feel the hope of salvation, then the appearance of someone from the Temple of Light absolutely reassured them!

The pure white light came closer and closer, and the human figure in the light also became more and more clear.

It was clearly a male.

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1. [lit. to try to steal a chicken only to end up losing the rice used to lure it]

2. ["Daddy me" is translation for 老子, a Chinese way of saying me that is rude because in Chinese culture, filial piety is very important, so this is a way to insult someone by saying you're above them]

3. [Wheel War: A type of fighting tactic when one group after another goes into battle, one by one so it's like wheel keep rolling without stopping.]

Chapter 16: Destined Encounter

The white light gradually dissipated and the floating person slowly descended right in front of their eyes. His robe was snow white without a speck of dirt. If he was not bothered the least in Gale Gorge, then he must be really powerful.

Claire sized up the person who just landed. The young man looked to be about only twenty years of age, but the delicate pattern on the corner of his snow white robe showed his high position in the Temple of Light. His long silver hair flowed in the wind and his perfect features only showed indifference. His rare violet irises especially caught attention. His whole being gave off a pure stateliness that couldn't be violated.

The young man glanced at everyone impassively, but when his gaze passed over Claire, a strange light glinted in his eyes; however, he moved his gaze on without a word. Then, he slowly lifted his hand and an indescribable pressure flooded out. All the Wind Wolves dropped to the ground, whimpering, as if they were afraid. Shortly, they started backing away slowly, creeping away until the whole wolf pack was gone. At the same time, when the pressure reached the crowd, everyone's breathing became difficult and they all felt an urge to kneel down and worship. If they were normal people, they probably would already have, but because they were not normal people, and naturally everybody forced the urge down.

The young man in white seemed to notice the situation on this side. He lightly pointed and removed the pressure. Everyone let out a breath of relief.

But Claire's face dropped. Was this one of the strong? This was power, this was the difference between her and the truly strong! When could she surpass this person?!

The white robed, absolutely handsome man waved his hand again. A pure white light surrounded all the wounded people in the center of the crowd. Their wounds healed so quickly it was visible. Gasps and shouts

resounded continuously. Healer, this white robed man was a healer! And with a wave of his hand, he could heal a group of people at once!

The beautiful man with violet eyes didn't even wait for anyone to thank him before he floated off the ground, disappearing from their sight. Once he disappeared, they came back to their senses and realized how impolite they were. All of them were too busy aweing at his strength and forgot to say thanks to their life savior.

Claire looked at the night sky, not saying a word for a long time. Jean kept quiet, seemingly understanding Claire's strange, fluctuating emotions.

"Beautiful young lady, why are you here? And just the two of you?" Jackson, after making sure that no one was around, asked Claire curiously.

"Yes, to complete a task." Claire answered shortly.

"Thank you so much for your aid." Jackson smiled, thanking them from the bottom of his heart, "I still haven't asked for your name yet, miss."

"No need, we didn't do anything." Claire said lightly.

"Don't say that, Miss. We will all remember your assistance at heart." Jackson replied earnestly.

"There isn't any danger anymore," Claire said coldly, obviously not in a good mood, "We shall thus leave. Come on, Jean."

"Wait, miss, if you don't mind, camp out with us here. The more people the safer. We discovered that Gale Gorge seems abnormal today, as if something went wrong. That's why we met the Wind Wolves." Jackson said, sincerity written all over his face. He really cared about the safety of this beautiful young girl. How pitiful would it be if such a beauty lost her life by the hands of those ugly beasts.

"Claire, what he said makes some sense. It is unusual here." Jean whispered to Claire, "Maybe we should camp here right now, and split up when we reach that place tomorrow."

Claire thought about it and nodded her head. Indeed, an unspeakable

strangeness floated in the air.

In the night, the lit bonfire shone over the clearing, and every tent hung up their own lights.

Claire sat alone in the tent Meditating, absorbing the elements. The density of elements in Gale Gorge was evidently higher than inside the city.

Jean sat beside the bonfire, not far from the tent, chatting casually with the others.

“Brother, thank you for today. I’m Jackson, squad leader of the seventeenth squad of the Iron Blood mercenary group. And you?” Jackson drank from his wineskin, celebrating their survival. Of course, they knew their limits and priorities and wouldn’t get drunk.

“Jean.” Jean replied lightly.

“And the young miss is Claire.” Jackson heard Jean calling Claire’s name and asked to confirm.

“Yes. Actually, we didn’t help much. The person who actually helped you was that person from the Temple of Light.” Jean said indifferently, blocking Jackson’s next words.

“That person is very powerful.” Jackson placed the wineskin in his hand down and put on a solemn face, “He didn’t even cast any spells, and only used pressure to scare the beasts off. And from the golden pattern on the edge of his robe, we can tell he definitely isn’t just any ordinary person from the Temple of Light.” Although the Wind Wolves scared off were only third grade beasts, to force them off by only using pressure showed that this person was very strong.

Jean pondered, his mind filling with thoughts about the beautiful man whose violet eyes were extremely rare.

“He’s the Holy Divine Prince of the Temple of Light!” Jean suddenly said, certain.

Jackson and everyone else were shocked. After a long time, Jackson

came back to his senses and said as if in a trance, “Rumors say that the Holy Divine Prince has the purest power of Light, and is not only a powerful magician, but also a rare healer. He’s the next in line for the seat of the pope. Legend even has it that his violet irises can see into the future.”

Jean was silent. He believed the first things Jackson said. They weren’t exaggerated; he saw the power of that person just a moment ago. But the violet irises that could see into the future might be exaggerated. Rumors often become far-fetched.

In the tent, Claire slowly opened her tightly closed eyes, coldness and unwillingness evident.

The powerful! So this what the powerful is like in this world! She must become powerful, must!

The Holy Divine Prince of the Temple of Light? Claire closed her eyes slowly. One day, she would become a person as powerful as that. No! Even more powerful than him!

This was Claire’s first contact with him and definitely not the last.

In the night sky, the brightest star seemed to go off its path a bit.

In the Temple of Light in the city of Berthe.

In a damp, dark room, a woman with silky green hair knitted her brows together tightly. She was the best clairvoyant in the Temple of Light. In front of her, on an ancient wooden rack, the originally clear and bright crystal ball now had a faint streak of black!

Why did she have an ominous feeling?

It seemed as if a powerful force was going to change something, and related to the Temple of Light’s future. What is it?

She was only sure that this wasn’t a good feeling.

Chapter 17: Landing in a Dangerous Predicament

The next morning, Jackson tried very hard to convince Claire to join them, only because everyone felt that there was something amiss in Gale Gorge. The air gave off an indescribable, strange feeling. Occasionally, a bird would let out a mournful squawk. Magic beasts continuously ran out of Gale Gorge, but none attempted to attack them and acted as if they didn't even see them, directly running away. It seemed like they were afraid of something.

"Very strange." Jackson stroked his chin, puzzled over the situation.

Jean slightly frowned, also pondering. Wind Wolves had suddenly appeared along with the Holy Divine Prince of the Temple of Light. What did this mean?

"Jackson, I think we shouldn't go any deeper, I have a bad feeling about this," a refined young man standing behind Jackson said. He was the only magician of the group and also their advisor.

Jackson's face became serious. Many situations had proven that their magician had been correct every time.

"Okay, then for the time being we'll leave." Jackson made an accurate decision. He then turned to Claire. "Miss Claire, you should leave with us too. It's too dangerous to go forward."

"Thanks for your concern, but I have an unavoidable reason, so I must keep going. We will depart ways here." After Claire modestly thanked them, she went forward.

Jean nodded at them, following behind Claire.

As Jackson watched the two leave from behind, he still wanted to say something, but the magician behind him pulled his clothes. "Don't try to persuade them anymore, that miss had an unusually resolute look in her eyes. She must really have an unavoidable reason to go. If you try to persuade them, it would be a waste of effort. Also, she's a magician, so

there's no need to worry."

Jackson quietly sighed, and inwardly prayed, hoping that this beautiful, young miss wouldn't meet any danger.

Jean and Claire continued to walk, but they didn't see any indications magic beasts the whole way. A strange feeling pervaded the air.

The more they went forward, the more Claire could feel two types of essence in the air. One was the familiar purifying power, the other a dark power. Suddenly, there was a wide expanse of open land!

Jean slightly squinted, looking at the mess before them. Broken trees littered the ground, and huge boulders smashed holes everywhere. This place wasn't always an expanse of vacant land, but was a lush forest! Obviously a violent battle had occurred here.

Claire also was pondering. Looks like the pure essence in the air was left behind by the Holy Son they had met yesterday, while the faint dark essence was left by his opponent. From the neat robe the Holy Son wore, it seems like he must have won by a landslide. Is it the two essences left behind that made the magic beasts restless? These two opposing essences left behind really made people uncomfortable.

From the state of the land before them, it seemed like there was an issue, but it had already been resolved. There must have been a dark force, but the Holy Son exterminated it

"Let's go." Claire indifferently said these words and just continued forward. Jean followed suit.

Nobody noticed that in a dark, damp corner, a shiny black stone gave off a strange glare. It was very faint, but definitely there.

Claire took out the map from her bag and studied it carefully, then looked in front of her. The map says it was here, but there wasn't any secret room as far as she could see. Only a huge lake and a waterfall flowing down vigorously.

"Miss, is it this place?" Jean was also confused.

Claire didn't speak but closed her eyes, Sensing the magical elements around her. Maybe the secret room would be where there was a cluster of magical elements? But to Claire's disappointment, the magical elements were spread out evenly without any disturbance.

"Miss, did Emery give you the wrong map?" Jean couldn't help asking.

As soon as he finished the sentence, the calm surface of the lake suddenly rippled.

Jean frowned and quickly stood in front of Claire.

But Claire just raised her eyebrows, because she sensed the magical elements in the ripples of the lake clearly. The lake rippled right after Jean said the word Emery.

Claire now understood that Emery's friend must have set some kind of device. She squatted down and said to the lake softly, "Emery Clark Dubai." This was Emery's full name!

The ripples on the lake suddenly became violent, forming an arrow that pointed at the waterfall.

The secret room is behind the waterfall?

Jean's gaze followed the arrow, then turned his head and offered his hand to Claire. "Come."

Claire gave her hand to Jean without any hesitation.

Jean pulled Claire over and instantly an aura of teal Dou Qi surrounded them. Jean pushed off on his toes and skimmed over the lake quickly. When they came to the waterfall Jean plunged in without hesitation.

As they passed under the waterfall, not a single drop of water splashed on either of them. Claire now believed more than ever that Jean was much higher level than a Grand Warrior, maybe even higher than a Grand Swordsman.

The dimness behind the waterfall was hard getting used to and Claire popped out a fireball to light their surroundings. It was rocky, with a man-made path leading into the dark.

Jean didn't speak but walked in the front.

The path led deep into the hill, and their surroundings became dry rather than wet. After a long walk, they came to a door carved in stone. There was a small hole in the door. Claire took out a tilestone Emery gave her and fitted into the hole. A perfect fit.

Instantly, a strange magical ripple appeared.

Jean pulled out his sword and stood in front of Claire.

A cloud of smoke arose in front of the door, slowly taking on the shape of a human being, a short middle-aged man, his head a little bald, with white hair that obviously did not match his age.

"Oh, my dear Emery, is it you? If it is, you should know what to do next." The figure said merrily.

Claire and Jean stared at each other, not knowing what to do. Claire was at a loss. Teacher Emery didn't tell her what to do if she came upon a situation like this. It seemed like the figure had a way to communicate with Emery they did not know of.

There was silence, then silence still. Both of them were cautious. The figure was also waiting silently. After a long period of no one talking, the figure spoke up again.

"What, are you not Emery? Then how could you know Emery's full name? There wouldn't be more than three people in the world who know's Emery's full name." The figure suddenly asked, puzzled, stroking his chin.

Claire didn't answer, because she knew this couldn't be what the person would say to her if he was still alive. The person had prepared for this and made this magical image!

"What are you to Emery? His daughter? His son? No way, if that eccentric person gets married I'll cut off my head as a stool for him." The image kept on talking to himself. "Knows his full name, but is not his children. Then, there is only one possibility and that is the eccentric guy took on a disciple."

Jean looked at the image astonishingly. Did this person know Emery so well?

“Fine, little one, you actually made the old bullhead accept a disciple. So let me see if you have the ability to learn this arcanum. Put your hand on this, on this little tile.” The image waved his hand at Claire.

Jean frowned and looked suspiciously at the image. He looked at Claire questionally. This was much too easy.

Claire only hesitated for a moment before she put her hand on the tile.

In that instant, light flooded the room. The glaring white light enveloped Claire.

But while Jean could see clearly that in the light, Claire’s eyebrows were knitted tightly together, her face white as a sheet, visibly in pain. Was it because she was inheriting magic magic that Claire was like this? Jean pushed down his worry and waited for Claire to finish inheriting. But after what seemed like a long time, the bright light still didn’t disappear. Claire frowned even more, and her face was even more paler, all the blood had drained from her face!

Jean was extremely worried but he dared not to interrupt, because he didn’t know if that would put Claire in an even more dangerous position.

He only knew that Claire had landed in a very dangerous predicament. What could he do to help her out?!

But what Jean didn’t know was that it wasn’t the figure that put Claire in such a dangerous situation, but Claire herself!

Chapter 18: Dark Magician

Darkness, chaos, confusion, bewilderment, anger, unwillingness, regret..... All these negative feelings flooded Claire's mind at once.

"You devil's incarnation, you should never have come to this world."

"No, you are an even more horrific existence than the devil. You are loathed and disgusted."

"The darkness in your heart is darker than the darkest of nights."

.....

Malicious voices like this surrounded her, unceasingly attacking Claire, cursing Claire.

"You miscreant. You should have been hacked into pieces and killed long before!"

Claire knitted her brows more tightly.

Evil? Should go die?

Darkness surrounded her, and Claire looked bewildered at the sea of darkness around her.

Was dying really the best way to end all this?

Yes! Only if you die, can everything be redeemed. Everyone will be glad to witness your death, including the people you care most about. Quickly free yourself and atone for them.

The malicious voice slowly became more gentle, like it was guiding Claire.

Child, come. Come back to the gods' embrace.

But as the last sentence ended, Claire abruptly opened her eyes.

The white light around her instantly disappeared without a trace. In her mind, the malicious cursing voice also disappeared, replaced by a mysterious thing – it must have been the arcanum that Emery's friend passed on.

“Claire, are you okay? What just happened?” Jean asked nervously. Claire had seemed really terrifying.

“Humph!” Claire coldly humphed and flicked her finger at a cold wet corner. A tiny flame shot out and a piercing cry sounded out.

Jean looked in amazement at the place Claire attacked, and found that there was a smooth, black stone. At this moment, a figure was rising up slowly from the stone. The image was small like a child, but very faint, as if it would disappear the next second. It also looked as if it were in pain, obviously because Claire hit it.

“This?” Jean looked at the figure and suddenly called out in a low voice, “a ghost!”

“Not bad, being able to hide your essence and follow us.” Claire walked up and picked up a small stone, playing around with it.

The faint figure instantly looked terrified.

“You must be the person who fought against the Holy Divine Prince and almost died? You then attached yourself to this stone, waiting for a suitable body to take over,” Claire said unhurriedly and then squished the stone with force.

The figure immediately cried out in terror, “Don’t, I’m begging you, please don’t crush the stone.”

“How did you decide on my body?” Claire coldly laughed and played around with the stone in her hand.

“Because… Because you’re a person with an interesting past. People with stories always have dark shadows in the depths of their hearts. Also you’re a magician, very suitable,” The figure hesitantly said, its voice dropping off feebly. It was afraid that Claire would be unhappy and crush the stone.

Jean’s expression changed and looked at the figure with suspicion. What did that ghost say? Claire has a hidden past? He and Nancy could testify one point, and that was that the Claire in front of him was a totally different person than before. But, who was she? Presently, Jean felt incredibly compelled to grab the black stone and ask it personally.

Claire caught the look of suspicion in Jean's eyes. She coldly humphed and ruthlessly pinched the stone, hard. The figure started howling, "Please don't, I'll tell you everything. Please don't!"

"Shut up. I don't need you to tell me anything." Claire coldly humphed again. "Get in there." She did have many questions for this unidentified guy who wanted to attack her, but here was not the place.

"Ah, okay." The figure bitterly answered. He had already lost his body, and his power was basically gone, how could he negotiate?

In a flash of black smoke, the figure disappeared before their eyes.

"Claire... ?" Claire could see the confusion in Jean's eyes clearly.

"Nothing, it's just that that guy was defeated and lost his body, and attached his spirit to this mysterious stone. When I was inheriting the arcanum he interfered and distracted me, wanting to take over my body." Claire didn't want to say too much and downplayed the situation. If it was not for the confusion deep down in heart, how could she be distracted?

Although Claire said all this easily, Jean knew that Claire had just been in a very dangerous predicament. Curious on how Claire realized all this, Jean asked, "Then~ Then at the end, how did you discover the existence of that ghost?"

"Because of the last sentence he said." Claire coldly laughed and recited its exact words, "Child, come. Come back to the gods' embrace. " After she finished saying these words, Claire raised her head and looked at the stone door. She gave a light push and opened it.

Claire walked in the front and Jean followed behind. But Jean was thinking about something else. He had heard the contempt clearly in Claire's voice when she spoke that last sentence.

Behind the stone door was a stone ladder that went all the way down, so the two followed the path and came to a simple room that had only a stone bed, a stone stool, and some other stone furniture. There was nothing else other than these. It seems that that person used an extraordinary method to store the arcanum in the stone door, and it was

necessary to place the stone tile on in order to inherit. There was no written record for this arcanum. This way, it would be safer.

The secret room was completely empty. The two retraced their steps and like before, Jean brought Claire out of the waterfall.

The two light and dark essences faded as they returned back, and the magic beasts acted normal again. Along the way, they killed some third grade and fourth grade magic beasts while Claire looked for heartbreak grass. She didn't notice that Jean looked at her with a sliver of confusion when she acted. Jean was confused about nothing other than Claire's mettle and efficient moves. This didn't seem like a novice coming to train, but a massacre of everything in Claire's way!

"This beast core would make a great ring for Mother." Claire used a dagger to dig up the beast core from the head of a fourth grade beast. This core was different from the others. The dark blue core's center was the bluest, surrounded by different shades of blue.

Jean felt confused about this young girl in front of him. Who was she? He couldn't see through her. The dainty dagger came alive dancing in her hands as she cut open the head of beasts easily and dug up their cores. Nobody would believe that she was the man-crazy Miss like before if they saw this. Only after a few battles, she could now use magic like she owned it! On many occasions, she didn't even need his help before slaughtering the magical beasts.

"Let's go." Claire stood up and collected all the beast cores. She stuck the dagger back in her boot expertly.

They only found only two heartbreak grass on their way out, but it was enough to complete the task.

Exiting Gale Gorge, the two decided to rest a night in the nearest town and leave the next day.

Night came.

After eating, Claire went into her room and locked the door. Then, she tore a scroll and magic rippled out across the room, forming a magic hood,

blocking all magic so no one could hear her conversation.

Only after doing these did Claire pull the little black stone out from her bag.

“Come out.” Claire commanded, staring at the black stone on the table coldly.

Nothing happened The stone was still. All was quiet.

Claire didn’t say anything else, but instead reached down, pulling out the dagger from her boot, and stabbed towards the black stone.

“Don’t, don’t~” a voice instantly cried out in fear.

Claire watched as a human figure began to form, and put the dagger back where it came from. Just when the figure thought it had escaped this disaster, Claire extended her finger to flick the stone hard. The figure immediately curled up in pain, trembling.

“This stone, it seems to be very closely related to your spirit, and it can actually make you, a spirit, feel pain.” Claire interestedly observed this black stone in front of her, which glowed faintly.

The figure shivered internally. This seemingly beautiful and innocent young girl is definitely not the angel depicted by her appearances, but instead a little devil!

“Alright, tell me. Who are you? How did you get into a fight with the Holy Divine Prince? And what is this stone?” Claire asked, playing with the little stone.

The figure kept silent and didn’t speak, when really it was trying to make up some speech to fool Claire.

“Still thinking about how to trick me, huh?...” Claire’s voice floated through the room. The next moment, a sharp pain struck the figure.

Claire’s fingernail was deeply embedded in the little stone, her indifference making the figure shiver greatly.

Why would this young girl give him a feeling similar to that?!

“Tell me, you are a Dark Magician, right? What were you going to do in Gale Gorge? Don’t tell me you were on a date with the Holy Divine Prince.” The coldness in Claire’s voice flatly pointed out this figure’s job. But, the cold joke after that terrified the figure.

He now understood that he had met his match today. A person he definitely could not fool.

Chapter 19: Conspiracy

Claire coldly gazed at the humanoid figure. To the figure, she looked like a poisonous evil serpent coiled around his neck, like she could kill him any second.

“Yes, I’m a dark magician.” The figure finally started talking. “My name is Walter Simon, and I was looking for a rare herb. That herb only appears on specific nights, so I was waiting there, but that damn Holy Son from the Temple came by. That animal destroyed my body. He thought my spirit was also destroyed, but I attached myself to this Spiritual Stone.” The figure was clenching his teeth while he spoke, his hatred for the Holy Son evident.

Walter Simon? The name sounded unfamiliar to Claire, and after some thought she confirmed she really hadn’t heard it before.

The figure saw Claire quiet down in thought and secretly breathed a sigh of relief. It seems like this answer satisfied the little devil. After all, he was telling the truth, but there was something more important that he was not going tell this little devil.

While Walter let down his guard, Claire suddenly had his precious stone gripped tightly in her hand. Her face was cold and she eerily spit out a sentence that almost frightened Walter to death: “Lad, there’s something you still haven’t told me. You should know the consequences of not telling the truth. Do you want me to grind this stone into powder for you?”

After she finished speaking, Claire squatted down and started rubbing the stone on the ground. The ear-piercing sound and friction almost made Walter cry out loud.

“Don’t, everything I said was true.” Walter was almost wailing.

“What you said was true, but you didn’t say everything.” Claire started grinding the stone again. The crunching sound scared Walter so much his soul almost flew away.

“Don’t, miss, I’ll tell you everything.” Walter’s face grimaced. If someone

could see his face.

"Say it then, boy, if you act naughty I'll grind you to pieces." Claire stood and put the stone on the table again.

"I accepted a high paying task to ambush a group of people at the entrance of Gale Gorge. The time hadn't come yet so I thought I'd go inside Gale Gorge by myself to go find some herbs when I met that damn Holy Son and now I'm like this. You know everything after that." This time Walter was honest.

"Ambush a group of people? Who?" Claire asked lightly.

"I don't know either. I wanted to buy stuff and I needed the money. When taking on missions I don't ask who set the mission or who they want to kill." Walter was very cooperative. He really didn't know who he was supposed to assassinate.

At first he thought the little devil wouldn't be satisfied with such an answer, but instead the little devil was silent. Walter was puzzled. How could he know that Claire inherited a mental arcanum behind the waterfall. When he first held information back, Claire detected the ripple of his thoughts so she knew that he wasn't fully telling the truth.

"Is your Spiritual stone only usable once or can it be used multiple times?" Claire coldly looked at Walter.

As Walter was stared at, his hair stood up, and he blurted, "One time only. After one use it's useless."

"Oh." Claire was a bit disappointed.

Walter was a bit confused. He didn't understand why Claire asked this question. If he knew that Claire wanted to use his Spiritual Stone, then he would have been so scared that he might have died again.

Walter didn't dare to say any more, and only waited for Claire to speak. He was now truly a sheep waiting for slaughter. He already lost all his power, and his most important possession, the Spiritual Stone, was in this little devil's hand.

“Okay, bedtime.” The lazy words were the only thing Walter got after waiting for so long. Claire took off her jacket and walked towards the bed. Walter’s eyes almost popped out.

Oh oh oh, god, the figure of this little devil is pretty good.

Walter stared as Claire stripped all the way down to her undergarments, exclaiming inwardly. Dark magicians and ghosts don’t worship the goddess of Light but the god of Darkness.

“Do you believe that I can stab two holes in your stone if you keep on looking?” Claire’s light voice made Walter squirm into his stone without another word.

Claire laid down on the bed but didn’t think about what Walter said. Whoever was getting assassinated had nothing to do with her. Instead, she thought about dark magic. Dark magic must really different from the magic she knew. So what exactly was it about? Claire wanted to squeeze as much information as possible from Walter. She was even thinking about the Spiritual Stone. If she was defeated in battle and lost her body, would she be able to attach her spirit to the Spiritual Stone and gain a new life?

The night was silent.

The next morning, Claire and Jean bought two horses to go back.

At noon, the two stopped in a forest to eat.

The two silently ate, their surroundings peaceful. Suddenly, there was the sound of horses galloping. Some people were coming.

Jean said in a low voice, “There are five people.”

Claire didn’t doubt Jean’s hearing abilities.

As expected, shortly a group of five came from the distance, all riding horses. But these people they knew. It was the his Royal Highness the second prince Nancy and princess Maurice. Behind them were three powerful warriors, probably some from the Tempest Warriors of the royal family. Nancy and Maurice were both dressed like adventurers. Maurice’s

rugged clothes made her look majestic.

"Your Highnesses." Jean and Claire stood up to salute and curtsy.

Confusion flashed through Nancy's eyes for only a second before he understood. Of course, based on Duke Hill's personality, it wouldn't be strange for Claire to be here.

"Claire, how come you're here?" Maurice dismounted from her horse skillfully, seeming very happy to see Claire here.

"Using the summer break to gain some experience in Gale Gorge", Claire answered smiling. This enthusiastic princess was the only person willing to talk to her in school.

"Really? Then did you hunt anything?" Maurice asked excitedly.

"Nothing much, only a few third grade and fourth grade beasts and their cores." Claire was still smiling.

"I want to see, I want to see." Maurice was like a curious baby1, as if Claire's hunting beast cores was very exciting and amazing.

While Claire was talking with Maurice, in a corner where no one could see, Jean and Nancy were making strange hand signals. With Jean finished signaling, Nancy's face became serious and puzzled. He glanced towards the Claire smiling and talking with Maurice, and felt very astonished and shocked. Who is this Claire? Nobody could see through her. She must be really special to make Cliff take her as his disciple! But there was still one thing he was relieved about, and that was that Claire didn't seem to have a favorable impression of the Temple of Light. If a person with such potential and background was repelling the Temple of Light, Nancy couldn't have been more pleased.

The divine and the crown will always be conflicting.

While Claire and Maurice were talking, the small stone in Claire's bag started vibrating.

Maurice went happily to show her brother Nancy a beast core that Claire had given her.

Claire took out the stone and said quietly, “Speak.”

“I was originally supposed to ambush this group.” Walter’s voice sounded directly in Claire’s head.

What? To attack his Royal Highness the second prince and her Royal Highness the princess?! Who wanted their lives?

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1. Translated from 好奇宝宝, a term in Chinese that means curious person (not necessarily baby).

Chapter 20: The Looming Tragedy for Walter

Almost like he guessed what Claire was thinking, Walter immediately added, “Don’t ask me, I don’t know either. I only do things for money.” But, this mission sure was costly, he paid with his life and didn’t even touch a corner of his target’s clothes. All because of that wretched Holy Divine Prince, who has nothing better to do than to come to Gale Gorge for medicinal herbs. It would be fine if it was anyone else from the Temple of Light, but it had to be that overpowered Holy Divine Prince! Walter still felt scared every time he thought about that one-sided defeat.

Claire didn’t ask anymore, knowing it would be useless.

“Claire, let’s return together.” Princess Maurice happily walked over. She had already safely stored the beast core that Claire gave her away.

Claire accepted Maurice’s invitation and after resting for a while, the group returned back to the city.

“Claire, next weekend is my birthday, and my father, the King, has prepared a birthday banquet. You must come.” Princess Maurice invited Claire on the way. Of course, a formal invitation card would also be sent to the Hill castle.

“Sure.” Claire agreed with a smile.

On the road, Maurice clung to Claire and made Claire tell her everything that happened in Gale Gorge. Jean and Nancy walked in the front, Maurice and Claire were in the middle, and the three warriors walked in the back.

Maurice was so brisk and lively right now, completely different from how solemn she was at the Institute. This must be her true personality.

The group traveled to Berthe without a hitch. At the city gates, they parted ways. Maurice was reluctant to leave and only left after reminding Claire she must be present at her birthday banquet.

After Claire went to the Mercenary Guild to turn in her task, she went back to the Duke's castle.

"Miss, you've come back. The Duke wants you to go to the study as soon as you arrive." The housekeeper at the door respectfully passed on the message. The stiff housekeeper's attitude towards Claire had totally changed. It wasn't because of the Duke's doting on Claire, but because he wasn't an ordinary man. He was an unusually powerful person. He felt Claire's changes and also believed that she was the Hill clan's future hope.

"Okay." Claire indifferently replied. She went to the study without even changing her clothes.

She knocked on the study door lightly, and Gordan's dignified voice replied, "Come in."

Claire entered the study through the door and Jean waited outside.

"Grandfather, I'm back." Claire said quietly, looking at the dignified old man sitting behind the study desk. Emery stood aside, wearing a brown robe.

"Yes, being back is good." Gordan nodded. He got up, smiling. "How did it go?"

"Not bad. I killed some third grade and fourth grade magic beasts." Claire reported seriously. Then she glanced at Emery. Emery already understood from Claire's gaze that everything must have gone successfully, so his heart settled down.

"Good. Did you get injured?" Gordan walked up to her, concerned.

"No." Claire shook her head.

"Haha, not bad, not bad. This is how a member of the Hill clan should be." Gordan happily nodded.

"Also, Grandfather, I met the wizard sage Cliff." Claire suddenly changed the topic.

"Oh? And then?" Gordan asked eagerly.

"He's a perverted old man." Claire said solemnly.

Gordan's face twitched and he didn't know what to say. Cliff, that wizard sage, was definitely a huge pervert. All the beautiful female teachers of the Sunrise Institute had been molested by him before, either by trying to touch their chests or lifting their dresses.

Emery had an odd expression on his face, like he wanted to laugh, but this wasn't the right time to.

"He forced me to become his disciple and gave me a Transportation Bracelet, Invisiblility Cloak, and stuff like that." This additional sentence made Gordan go wild with joy.

"Really? You're sure? It's like this? Haha, this is too good." Gordan slightly convulsed, his words stumbling over one another. Then he became pleased with himself, "I just knew my darling Claire would be chosen by him."

Although Gordan was exceptionally happy, Claire looked towards Emery. Emery's expression was a bit complicated. He was both happy for Claire but also slightly dejected.

"It was Cliff who forced me to become his disciple, so he had to agree with a condition that I brought up." Claire saw Emery's expression and unexpectedly said these sentences.

"What?" Gordan came back to his senses. Hearing that his darling granddaughter was so arrogant, he was a bit worried if this would anger the impressive Cliff.

"I only had one condition. I already had a master, so he could only be my second master, and if he couldn't accept it, then he forget could about it. He agreed." Claire stated flatly.

As soon as Claire finished saying this, Gordan's mouth hung open and was speechless for a long time.

Throughout the whole world, Claire must be the only person to negotiate when becoming a disciple, and to a wizard sage, and with such a harsh condition!

But Emery was completely frozen. He of course understood the meaning

of Claire's words, of course knew who she meant when she was talking about her first master. For many years he had thought his tear glands were dry, but today, he felt them getting moist.

"Grandfather, you don't need to worry, I know my boundaries. Also, things that I decide will never change." Claire said seriously.

Gordan was shocked, and it took him a while to come back to his senses. He then roared with laughter, "Good! Worthy of being my granddaughter. Exactly how I was like when I was young. I won't worry, I believe you will deal with this properly."

"Thank you for understanding, Grandfather." Claire smiled faintly.

"You must be tired, so you should go wash and change your clothes and then visit your mother." Gordan was obviously very pleased and happy. He thought of how to spread out that Cliff had accepted Claire as his disciple as fast as possible, and he also wanted to ask Jean about the details.

After Claire left, Gordan turned towards Emery, a complex expression in his eyes.

"Emery, you can see that Claire, that child, has made up her mind already." Gordan sighed heavily.

"Yes, your Grace, I... " Emery didn't know what to say. His heart was so warmed and touched that it was about to melt completely.

"I just hope you don't let down Claire's kind intentions." Gordan let out a long sigh.

"Your Grace, don't worry. I understand." Emery said emotionally. At this moment, he had already fully given his heart to Claire.

"Then that's good. Hehe, you can go now. I imagine you have a lot of things to say to that child. I need to find Jean to learn about some things, you can leave." Gordan nodded his head with a smile.

"Yes." Emery bowed and also left.

That night, no one knew what Gordan and Jean discussed in the study.

After showering and changing clothes, Claire went to meet Katherine.

Seeing Claire return safe and sound, Katherine was extremely happy. Only after eating dinner with Katherine did Claire go rest. Lashia never showed up; Katherine said Lashia went to the principal's to study.

Not long after Claire returned to her room did she hear a tap on her window. Claire naturally knew who it was, opening the window and moving out of the way for Emery to enter.

"Teacher, you came just at the right time. I have some things to consult with you." When Claire saw Emery, her mood was quite happy.

Emery smiled while looking at the girl in front of him profoundly. After setting up a magic hood with a wave of his hand he asked, "Claire, did everything go smoothly this time?"

"Yes, it was successful. I learned the arcanum, it's just that there's a lot of information to digest. I wanted to ask teacher about this." Claire brought out the Spiritual Stone she had been carrying.

"Spiritual Stone!" Emery was hugely surprised. Looking at the valuable treasure in Claire's hand, he couldn't help but exclaim.

Claire handed the stone over to Emery and Emery inspected it carefully. "Ah! There's something inside."

"An idiot couldn't win against someone and lost his body, then attached his soul to this. It's a dark magician called Walter Simon," Claire replied indifferently.

"Walter Simon?!" Emery exclaimed again.

"What is it? Teacher, is this guy famous?" Claire was doubtful.

"He's a genius, the genius of dark magicians. Sinister, crafty, cunning, and shameless, he's wanted by the Temple of Light. But he escaped safely every time. But this time... " Emery looked at the Spiritual Stone in his hand curiously, as if doubting if the soul inside was the Walter he knew.

"Is he really that clever?" Claire smirked and then said lightly, "He met the Holy Divine Prince of the Temple of Light."

"Ah! Then it's not strange at all." Now Emery didn't find the situation

weird any more.

“Walter, come out! Otherwise I’ll make you wish you were dead.” Claire coldly commanded.

The next moment, smoke spiraled out from the small stone in Emery’s hand and a human image instantly formed.

“It really is the dark magician genius Walter Simon!” Emery looked at the figure and stated certainly.

“That’s me,” Walter said haughtily.

“Do you want a beating? Speaking to my teacher in such a manner!” Claire’s eyes shot out an icy light.

“Oh, exalted magician, I am the Walter Simon. What is your command?” Walter immediately switched to a flattering tone.

Emery blinked. Why did he feel that the aura between his darling disciple and this guy was so complex?

“Hey, I know.” Emery raised his eyebrows, a bold idea forming in his head.

This was the first time Claire saw the normally expressionless Emery grinning evilly.

For no reason at all, Walter’s whole body suddenly felt cold.

Something bad was going to happen!

Chapter 21: Claire's Perception

"What, what do you want to do?" Walter asked, shaking.

"Come on, genius magician, form a contract with my darling disciple. Become Claire's second pair of eyes." Emery chuckled. A spirit's senses were far better than the senses of a normal person.

"What can I do? Right now I don't have even the slightest bit of energy." After hearing this, Walter was a bit relieved.

"No, I can let you gain some energy. But you must become my disciple's second pair of eyes and help her detect and survive dangers." Emery said.

"What contract?" Walter asked doubtfully, then frowned. "I'm telling you, don't even think about restricting me forever. And not the master-servant soul contract either."

Emery shook his head and said gently, "No, I only need an equal contract where you and Claire can communicate mentally within a certain radius. Claire will probably meet a lot of danger in the future. I hope you can help dispel those dangers with all your effort. As compensation, I'll help you recover some of your power and find a suitable body for you."

"That good?" Once he heard this, Walter was delighted, but then asked in suspicion, "Are you trying to deceive to me?"

"Definitely not. I swear upon my honor as a magician." Emery said seriously.

"Then that's good, no problem." Walter was happy again. In the days that followed when Walter met those unusually annoying problems, he would realize how tragic it was that he agreed to Emery's proposal. If Claire was a little devil, then Emery was a big devil.

Claire looked at the two negotiating, confused. Emery then made Claire put her hand on top of the Spiritual Stone and started chanting some strange incantation. A faint white light covered Claire and the Spiritual Stone. The white light dissipated after a short while, but Claire felt something different in her head. She could now communicate directly

with Walter telepathically!

"Walter should be more sensitive to dark magic, so with Walter by your side, things will be much easier." This was what Emery said, but Claire didn't really understand what he meant. She only felt that Emery was planning for something!

"Alright, Claire, you just came back today so you must be tired. You should rest early." Emery pushed open the window and jumped out.

Claire looked thoughtfully at the Spiritual Stone in her hand while stroking her chin. She knitted her brows, thinking.

"Walter, is this Spiritual Stone very valuable? Can you conceal your dark aura?" Claire frowned as she asked.

"Of course it's very valuable. By attaching myself to this stone, I can hide my dark aura. If I don't expose myself on purpose, then everyone would think this was a normal stone." Walter said, very pleased with himself. This meant that when Emery found out there was something in the stone, it was Walter himself who purposely exposed himself.

"Valuable?" Claire played around with the small stone, and said casually, "It's disposable, only able to be used once before becoming trash. This thing is valuable?"

"Of course, this could count as a sub-Artifact! You can store a spirit inside. There are very few people who can recognize this is a Spiritual Stone. Your master is remarkable. Even the Divine Prince couldn't identify it." The last sentence was completely unnecessary. If the Divine Prince recognized this stone, Walter wouldn't be here talking to Claire right now.

At least with Walter around her it would be easier to sense dark auras. Claire thought about it, then let it go. Today she was too tired. She would ask this guy about dark magic another day.

"Sleep." Walter was waiting for Claire to respond, only to hear this lazy word again.

Walter again stared at Claire when she calmly took off her clothes. Then with only one glance from Claire, Walter felt cold all over, and hurriedly

squirmed into the Spiritual Stone.

The next day, as soon as Claire woke up, the housekeeper came to tell her that the scholar Camille would come and teach her literature and math. Looks like Gordan had already prepared a schedule for Claire this summer.

After breakfast, Claire went to her own study. Camille was already there waiting for her. Everyone had a study, but Duke Gordan's study had more books, so Claire usually liked to read there.

Just like before, Camille acted cultured and refined, with his never changing gentle smile. His gorgeous blonde hair was still splendid.

"Teacher, thank you for waiting." Claire smiled and curtsied before Camille.

"No, I've also just arrived. Let's start class then." Camille smiled.

Claire sat down, sitting up straight. Someone already placed all the textbooks she was going to need on her desk.

Camille wrote equations on the blackboard while Claire listened intently. Suddenly, one of Camille's small movements aroused Claire's suspicion.

Camille was a little stiff when he wrote, and although it was only a tiny bit, the stiffness was definitely there. Claire knew that little movement by heart. It's because when one is wounded, lifting one's hand strains the injuries. Camille still had the gentle smile fixed on his face, and his face was also rosy, so one could ever tell that he was injured just from his external appearances. Also, as a physically weak scholar and the student of the most famous scholar in the capital, who would want to hurt him?

The truth is often surprising. Claire could be certain that Camille was injured, and it wasn't minor either.

Claire didn't ask. This was unrelated to her. Since Camille tried to cover it up, that meant he didn't want people to know. Camille's identity shouldn't be so simple, but Claire wasn't interested about it.

A whole morning's teaching passed by peacefully.

Camille kindly declined the invitation to stay for lunch and left alone.

In the afternoon, as Claire, Gordan, and Katherine ate lunch, Claire discovered that Gordan's mind was on something else.

As if something big had happened.

Gordan didn't even bother to finish the meal before leaving hurriedly.

Claire thoughtfully watched Gordan disappear from the door of the Grand Hall and kept on eating slowly.

"Do you want to know what happened?" Walter's voice appeared vulgarly in Claire's mind.

"Speak." Claire replied coldly, without any emotion.

"Just go ask that knight of yours. When he met his Royal Highness the second prince in Gale Gorge, they kept making hand signals at each other behind your back." Walter hastily explained.

"I know he works for the second prince, but he also works for my Grandfather." Claire's words shocked Walter.

"You know all this?" Walter exclaimed in surprise.

"If I'm not mistaken, they... " Claire's voice stopped, making Walter extremely impatient.

"They what? Keep on talking!" Walter urged.

"Walter..." Claire started in an carefree voice, "Don't you know? Curiosity often causes people to lose their lives." But this nonchalant voice made Walter's heart chill. This seemingly bright girl only in her teens was definitely not as innocent as her appearance seemed.

Walter obediently shut up, not making another sound.

After talking to Katherine for a while, Claire also left to take an afternoon break. After the break, she had equestrian and fencing lessons.

Jean followed Claire from behind all the way until they reached Claire's door.

Suddenly Claire turned around, looked at Jean and asked unemotionally: “Did something happen last night? Something related to the second prince?”

As soon as Claire finished speaking, Jean’s facial expression instantly changed.

Chapter 22: Going to the Magician Council

As Claire finished speaking, Jean's facial expression instantly changed.

But it was only for an instant before Jean's expression went back to normal.

"Last night his Royal Highness, the second prince, was attacked. Because the commander of the Tempest Warriors Regiment was present, the assassination failed. The commander heavily injured the assassin but also suffered serious injuries." Jean said seriously, his eyes never leaving Claire's face, trying to read it. But Claire's expressionless face disappointed him.

"Should this have been a top secret?" Claire indifferently asked.

Jean didn't say anything but only slightly nodded his head.

"Then why did you tell me?" The corner of Claire's mouth lifted into a smirk. Even Gordan didn't tell her. Firstly, because he didn't want this matter of the second prince being attacked spreading, and secondly, because he didn't want Claire to be involved. But, Jean had told her plainly just now, what did that mean?

"You're not the Claire from before." Jean's low voice was certain.

"Humph." Claire coldly laughed, and disdainfully lifted her head at Jean. "Jean Raymond, I am Claire Hill. The Claire Hill who was reborn1. And the person you vowed to guard forever.

"Yes." Jean lowered his head, his left hand in a fist, heavily striking his chest once making the most formal warrior salutation. His eyes were free of confusion.

"Now tell me, what was your purpose for letting me know all this?" Although Claire already knew the answer, she still asked indifferently.

"I wanted to see Miss's reaction." Jean didn't try to hide it.

"You and Grandfather both support the second prince. Although

Grandfather hasn't stated his official support, he sent you to secretly help the second prince. Besides being my warrior, what other jobs do you have?" Claire looked mockingly at Jean's changing expression. Although the successor of the Royal family was supposed to be the crown prince, it seemed this wasn't really the case.

"Miss, your insight and perception has already surpassed Duke Gordan's." Jean's face and tone were unusually solemn and serious.

"I do not need your flattering." Claire replied coldly, even though Jean's words were definitely not for flattering.

There was a flash of awkwardness in Jean's eyes. Of course he knew what Claire wanted to know, but now was not the time.

"Miss, I cannot tell my other job right now. I hope you understand that when it is necessary, I will definitely tell you everything. It's just that right now isn't the time." Jean solemnly promised.

"Good. Then tell me when it's time." Claire didn't linger on this question. She now knew for sure that Jean's identity definitely wasn't as simple as it seemed.

Jean felt incredibly complex as he looked at this young girl with clear eyes. This Miss was the one he pledged to guard for the rest of his life. She had given him surprises again and again. Inside her small body, it seemed like she had limitless power. She had incredible insight, mettle before death, grew at an incredible pace, and had a powerful background. He couldn't even imagine what heights she would grow to. If she was their enemy... It was good she was no other than Duke Gordan's precious granddaughter.

"What are you looking at? Prepare a carriage in the afternoon, I want to go to the best jewelry store. I'm going to first take my afternoon break now." Claire's ice cold voice brought Jean back to his senses.

Jean nodded lightly in response. He understood Claire wanted to make a ring out of the magic beast core and give it to her mother. Looking at Claire's silhouette disappear at the door, Jean's feelings were extremely complex. He regretted, yes, he deeply regretted. He regretted not stepping

forward bravely that night to protect Claire, now losing her trust.

After closing the door, Claire lay on the bed and flipped over. Suddenly an annoying voice sounded in her head. “Don’t you think you’re too cold toward your guardian knight? I can feel that he is quite loyal towards you.”

“Then what do you think I should do, face him while smiling and say, my dear knight, don’t forget to prepare my horse carriage in the afternoon, I’m going out.” Claire answered in a ridiculing manner. Letting Jean stay by her side was already breaking her principle. One time disloyal, always useless. But in this world, she was still too insignificant.

Walter shivered. He couldn’t imagine what it would be like for this little devil to whine. Even if the waterfalls flowed backwards and the skies fell down, this little devil would still not pretend to be cute. If this little devil did whine to someone, then that person would suffer a hundred, a thousand times more than falling into a bottomless hell!

Walter quieted down. Even though he had no idea what happened between that knight and Claire, he could tell that Claire did not like that knight.

“Go to sleep. One more word and I’ll throw you into the pot for a hot bath.” Such a casual threat already made Walter get rid of all thoughts of talking.

In the afternoon, Claire and Jean left for the jewelry store in a carriage.

The store’s sign, simple but charming, illustrated the characteristic taste of this store. The antiquity of the sign showed that it had long been established.

Once the carriage stopped, people came out of the store to welcome them. Everyone in the capital knew what a carriage with a rose symbol meant.

“Miss Claire, you haven’t visited in a long time.” The clerk that came out to welcome them had a big smile on his face, an absolutely sordid merchant. The man-crazy Claire Hill was a frequent customer of theirs, but she hadn’t shown up in a long time.

Claire just merely nodded her head and didn't speak. This made the clerk slightly uneasy. If it was before, Claire would be hastily asking about new collections. Her reaction today really is weird. But it doesn't matter, the clerk thought as he solicitously led Claire into the store. After Claire explained what she came for, the clerk led her towards the VIP room on the second floor. He would arrange for the jeweler to discuss the details with Claire. However, just upon reaching the top of the stairs, they met someone that surprised Jean greatly.

"Your Highness..." Jean said in a low voice, just about to salute.

"No need for these courtesies. I'm also currently a guest here." The prince curbed Jean's salute, smiling. His gaze fell on Claire, followed by astonishment.

"Your Highness." Claire slightly curtsied, without a single extra word. In her blurry memory, all Claire remembered of this Prince was him being handsome. And it certainly was true, this young man before her was like Nancy, both possessing handsome appearances. But, this man seemed more mature. The sharp light in his eyes were totally different from unruliness in Nancy's. One look and Claire knew that he was a calm and collected person.

The crown prince, Euler, looked at Claire, a little shocked. Is that really the Claire who gave him the impression of being a man-chasing idiot? It's been so long since he last saw her, and now she gave him a totally different impression. That cold look in her eyes discouraged anyone who wanted to talk to her. She gave everyone a feeling of purity that couldn't be profaned.

"Oh, Miss Claire, then I'll be taking my leave." Euler smiled and moved out of the way for her.

Claire gracefully but unemotionally curtseyed, then left. Jean followed from behind.

As Euler watched Claire's figure disappear, he frowned, puzzled, but didn't give it much thought and also left.

Claire sat quietly in the VIP room. The scented tea on the table gave off

waves of sweet fragrance. Jean stood behind her, pondering about something.

"Next week it's princess Maurice's birthday, and the crown prince came here to make a custom gift for his sister, nothing more." Claire's insipid sentence pointed out Jean's thoughts. At the same time, Claire became a little agitated. What should she give princess Maurice as a birthday gift?

After choosing the custom jewelry design, Claire paid the deposit and the jeweler told her to come pick it up in three days. She then left the shop with Jean.

At the door, Claire suddenly remembered her almost forgotten second master, Cliff the wizard sage. It was time to find him.

"To the Magician Council." Claire quietly said to the coachman.

The majestic entrance of the Magician Council was guarded by only two apprentice magicians.

Although the two's expression couldn't be said as respectful, when they saw the neatly dressed Claire they were still polite. Because they were just apprentice magicians and not a true magician yet, they still couldn't treat a noble too haughtily.

"What business do you have, miss?" One of the apprentice magicians politely asked.

"I'm looking for Cliff." Claire emotionlessly replied.

This made the apprentice magicians frown. You can't just meet Cliff, a wizard sage, whenever you wanted to. It was obvious that the girl before them was just from some noble family and had perhaps came only to satisfy her curiosity and gaze at the majestic Cliff in reverence. What they didn't notice was that the girl in front of them called Cliff's name directly and without the slightest trace of awe.

Thinking everything through, the two apprentice magicians put on an impatient expression and decided to act on their own. "Master Cliff isn't here, he's traveling."

How could Claire not understand what the two were thinking and said casually, “Fine. Then when he finds out that you guys blocked me outside, bear the consequences yourself.”

Two apprentice magicians paused, then glanced at each other. They felt the words of the girl in front of them was a bit strange. But if she really was Cliff’s valued guest and they blocked her outside, then they would be finished. Nobody could endure Cliff’s wrath.

“Wait, I’ll go report first.” Finally, the more quick-witted apprentice magician out of the two ran in after saying this sentence.

Claire also didn’t speak and just quietly stood there.

Behind her there was the sound of multiple footsteps, as if someone was coming.

“Why are you here?” An extremely loathing voice suddenly sounded from behind Claire.

The voice belonged to Lashia.

*

1. If translated literally should be “born of fire again”, 浴火重生, like the phoenix.

Chapter 23: Super Shocking Scene

When Claire heard this voice she didn't respond, completely ignoring it.

Lashia stood at the door, frowning at the familiar figure, her heart burning with rage. That night it was only because this despicable, man-crazy idiot shamelessly tricked her into thinking Grandfather had arrived that she had suffered that sneak attack. Afterwards, she was grounded for a whole month. In that annoying time, Lashia had thought it all out very clearly. If it wasn't for Claire using those shameless, dirty, underhanded methods, she definitely wouldn't have lost. Lashia fumed with rage and clenched her teeth every time she thought of the humiliation and terror of that night. Burning shame, a terrible disgrace to be scared by that idiotic man-chaser. She must definitely pay back that humiliation! Pay it back a hundredfold!

Standing in front of Lashia was an old man wearing a long magician's robe. The gold flower embroidered at the chest area showed his level as a magician was second only to Cliff, a wizard. But, this one level difference between them was a huge gulf. This was the principal of the Sunrise Institute and Lashia's master – Mozart. Mozart looked at the blonde haired girl's back, understanding that was Lashia's older sister, Claire. He didn't have any positive impressions of Claire. He already heard about her absurd actions, of course, from his prized disciple, Lashia.

The two boys behind Lashia were of course her seniors. Everyone looked at Claire with disgust.

Lashia saw Claire ignoring her and her whole body shook, ready to explode, but she remembered this was the Magician Council and she was with her master. In the end, she restrained herself, and asked the nearby Jean coldly, "Jean, what are you guys doing here?"

"Reporting to the second Miss, we are here to find Master Cliff." Jean answered emotionlessly, neither servile nor overbearing.

"What?" After hearing this, Lashia almost laughed out loud. That moronic man-chaser also wants to see Cliff? That's way too funny, haha.

Is the great master Cliff someone an idiot can meet whenever? It was only after pleading with their master for so long that he agreed to let them meet the great Cliff, hoping he would give some guidance.

Jean's eyes flashed an indescribable light for a millisecond. There was a trace of ridicule, but it was very indistinct.

"You, even you want to meet Sir Cliff, this is such idiotic nonsense." Lashia laughed mockingly. The two men behind Lashia also had a ridiculing expression. It was extremely clear that Claire wanting to meet Cliff was even more outrageous than a toad wanting to eat swan meat.

Like before, Claire didn't respond to Lashia's ridicule. She also ignored the principal beside Lashia. Maybe the other students would respectfully give their greetings when they met the principal, but Claire didn't show respect at all. He was just the superior of those teachers who taught the basics, nothing more. Towards the teachers who taught the basics she held a sliver of respect, but she felt nothing towards the principal.

Jean also kept quiet, not saying anything about Cliff already accepting Claire as his disciple.

Mozart quietly coughed, "That's enough, Lashia, let's go inside."

"Yes, master." Lashia understood their purpose wasn't to taunt and ridicule Claire, but to do more important things. She would teach this idiot a lesson the next suitable time they met.

It was at this time that Mozart saw the bracelet Claire was wearing and cried out in shock, "Transportation Bracelet!" Of course he recognized that bracelet, his master Cliff had meticulously created that precious treasure with care. Transportation was a very high level magic. Once someone reached a certain level, practicing this magic wasn't very hard, but embodying transportation into a magical device was extremely hard. But this precious item was now on this girl's wrist!

"Master, what is it?" Lashia was also surprised, because it was very rare to see her master look so out of control.

Mozart didn't answer Lashia's question, but instead looked at Claire and

cautiously asked, “Claire, where did you get your bracelet from?”

“Someone gave it to me.” Claire indifferently replied. She only answered out of respect for his position as a principal and she had to give him some face.

“Impossible! That’s one of Master’s most precious treasures!” Mozart cried out in surprise. But if it wasn’t given to her, then how did she get it? It wasn’t possible that his master lost it and Claire just randomly found it.

“What!” Lashia shouted in surprise. Mozart’s other two disciples were also shocked.

“Then she must have stolen it!” Lashia angrily yelled, “Claire, you thief, how shameless! You’re disgracing the Hill family too much, I will... ” Again, Lashia lost all reason because of Claire. Unceasingly she blurted out everything in her brain. Jean raised his brow. How did he not notice this angel-looking second Miss was so uncouth.

“Are you a pig?” Claire’s light sentence made everyone present deathly quiet. “How many people in the world can steal from the wizard sage Cliff?”

After this sentence, Lashia’s mouth seemed like it was glued open, wide and not closed.

Mozart’s expression became serious and the two other disciples stared blankly, frozen in place.

Just as everyone was deathly silent, the sound of hurried footsteps sounded from the entrance of the Magician Council.

Cliff, that perverted old man, skipped out the door. The moment he saw Claire his smile blossomed. Running quickly out, his mouth started vulgarly exclaiming, “Oh~ Oh~~ My beloved darling disciple, I thought you would never come to find me. I waited for you forever.”

Mozart blanked out, completely frozen. Master was calling him what? And so nauseatingly? Is he mistaken? This had never happened before.

Everyone else also blanked out, but they were happy. They never thought

that Cliff liked their master this much. Their hope that Cliff would give guidance grew.

Only Jean had an undetectable ridiculing cold smile.

The disciple who went to report almost bit his tongue off. He only said that there was a blonde-haired girl who even threatened him that he would suffer consequences if he didn't go and report. He never thought that Cliff would ignore those arrogant words and almost flew out.

The people all were frozen in awe, but the more surprising thing had still not happened.

The next moment, Cliff had already rushed up to Claire and attempted a hug, which Claire dodged. Then Cliff agilely turned and extended his hand to lift Claire's skirt. The skirt was only lifted for an instant before Claire quickly withdrew backwards. Jean held onto Claire's waist and Claire kicked out with force. Her foot landed accurately on Cliff's face. These series of actions all happened very smoothly with no breaks in between. Jean and Claire's coordination was very well timed.

Crows cawed in the sky, leaves floated around in the air.

Awkwardness.....

(In the future, Cliff kept this habit. Every time he met Claire he would attempt to lift up her skirt, never tired of it despite her threats. But he never succeeded.)

For all the years Mozart lived, this was the first time he felt that his heart would malfunction, unable to bear with the situation at hand.

Lashia's brain completely stopped running, her face a mixed colored palette, as splendid as could be. She just stood there motionless like an idiot. Her two seniors almost fainted, foaming at the mouth.

"Oh~~ My precious Claire, how could you treat your Master this way?" Cliff acted like nothing was wrong, and stood up with a blank face. He fished out a handkerchief and pouted. On his face there was an obvious footprint.

“How long are you going to keep holding me?” Claire completely ignored Cliff’s emotional complaints, and instead glanced at Jean to speak coldly.

Jean hurriedly let go at once, helping Claire to her feet.

“If you dare lift my skirt again, I’ll slice you to pieces.” Claire’s ghastly tone brought the two petrified apprentice magicians at the door back to life. They both desperately rubbed their eyes, doubting that all they’ve seen today were hallucinations.

“Oh, my darling disciple, don’t be like that.” Cliff still didn’t change his bad habit and squinted pervertedly at Claire’s bosom. “Let me guess, today you’re wearing a round corset.”

The people who came back to their senses twitched their mouths. Although they knew Cliff was perverted, they never imagined he could be so brazen and shameless.

Claire’s cold gaze made Cliff a little uneasy. He coughed and became a little more serious. “Well, Claire, first follow me to my laboratory. I’ll give you my notebook.”

“Yes.” Claire nodded.

Cliff led Claire and Jean into the Magician Council just like that. He was so cheerful that he had totally forgotten about his other disciple, Mozart, who was standing at the entrance.

“Master...” Mozart finally called out to Cliff who was about to go in.

“Oh?” Only then Cliff turned around and saw Mozart. “Ah? Mozart, why are you here?”

This sentence made Mozart’s mouth tremble.

These two completely different treatments made everyone flabbergasted and wordless.

“Master, it was you who said you had time today and told me to come over.” Mozart answered carefully.

“Oh, well, I’m busy now. Come another day.” Cliff was now totally focused on Claire, there was no way he could have time to spend on

Mozart.

"Yes, Master." Mozart obediently nodded without any objection.

Everyone stared at Claire as she disappeared into the Magician Council's door.

Lashia looked at Claire's back and almost swallowed her teeth.

Chapter 24: Let Me See Your Loyalty

Lashia couldn't settle down her heart and couldn't believe what had just happened before her eyes. The legendary Sir Cliff acted so intimately with that idiot and even fawned over her! Hatred, jealousy, unwillingness, Lashia was swallowed up by these emotions in an instant.

"Master, what's going on? Why is that idiot so close with Sir Cliff?" Lashia gritted her teeth, pushing down her emotions. If Claire was in front of her right now, she might have jumped on her and bitten her a few times. She was supposed to be the talented genius girl! She was what the world revolved around! That moron had now climbed up on her head.

"I'm not sure either. But the thing I do know is, Master has already taken her as his disciple and treats her very dotingly." Mozart sighed lightly. He understood Lashia's feelings, but Claire becoming his Master's disciple was already uncontestable. He hoped this wouldn't deal too much of a blow to his proud and arrogant disciple.

"Impossible. She's a man-chaser, and so stupid and ignorant." Lashia's mood was extremely agitated. How could she accept this situation?! This idiot man-chaser she looked down on and hated the most is now her revered master's junior sister!!! What kind of bullshit joke was this, not even funny. This was the first time Lashia cursed so indecently in her heart.

"Yeah, Master, how is it possible? She must have seduced Sir Cliff." One of the other disciples said very certainly. His face was also full of wrath.

"That's right, master, you must figure out what really happened. Maybe that man-chasing Claire drugged Sir Cliff with a love potion." The other disciple added, undeterred.

"Shut up!" Nobody expected Mozart's face to change. He angrily reprimanded, "All of you shut up, you're not allowed to talk rubbish."

They all quieted down. This was the first time they had seen their Master so angry.

“Your jealousy has blinded you, making you lose all reason! Where did your self-restraint, your intellect go?” Mozart scolded angrily. “Do you think Claire, who hasn’t even become a true magician, can drug a wizard sage? Master is perverted, but have you ever heard of Master doing irrational things or become muddleheaded due to feminine charms? You’re not just falsely accusing Claire, but also dishonoring Master.”

They all froze and felt fear, not even daring to breathe too loudly. None of them could afford to dishonor Cliff. Mozart’s words pricked their heart like a needle. Yes, not to talk about Claire, but even their Master didn’t have the capabilities to drug Cliff. The truth really was merciless, that the legendary great Cliff really accepted Claire, the man-chaser, as a disciple.

Mozart looked his three ashen-faced disciples and sighed quietly. These three were all very talented, but they were too young and too easily jealous. With that temperament their road would be a bumpy one. Maybe he had pampered them too much. Looking at it now, not letting them experience any setbacks was the wrong teaching method.

“Master, I’m sorry.” Lashia apologized first. Her meekness was one of the biggest reasons that Mozart was so fond of her.

“Master, we’re sorry.” The other two disciples also quickly apologized.

“You are all too young. I hope you can become more mature, and not let your eyes, or here, be deceived by outside appearances.” Mozart said sincerely, pointing to his heart.

“Yes, Master.” They all nodded in response, looking a bit ashamed.

“Although I don’t know why Master would take Claire as a disciple, it is now the undeniable truth. She is now my junior sister1, and I expect you to have proper respect.” Mozart sighed, a little resigned. He knew that based on Lashia’s spoiled personality, she just might go pick a fight. He sighed again. “Lashia, do not do anything extreme, do you understand?” Mozart wasn’t worried about Lashia and Claire’s sisterly relationship, but that Cliff might get angry. Cliff was a very protective person, and from his attitude today towards Claire he could tell that Cliff liked Claire very much. If his precious Claire was hurt, no one could bear his wrath.

“Yes.” On the surface, they all promised, but Mozart couldn’t know their true thoughts. Lashia also agreed obediently, but inside her heart, jealousy and hate grew crazily like weeds.

“Come on, one day we will know why Master has taken her as his disciple. Right now what we need to do is to continue our learning.” Mozart led them on. The three exchanged glances, and followed behind.

In the Magician Council, Claire observed the interior.

She was on the first floor right now. It was like a big plaza with a few windows around. These were where magicians could apply for assessments. In the middle, there was a huge, round platform. Looking up, the ceiling above the round platform was empty. It was actually a huge elevator that went straight to the top.

Getting onto the elevator, Cliff casually started chanting, and the round platform steadily ascended. When they slowly reached the second floor, Claire was surprised to find that it consisted of shops closely lined together. Every shop had a shopkeeper, and judging by the style of their robes, they were all apprentice magicians. Why? Claire asked herself. Didn’t magicians all hate those greedy merchants? How would they themselves open shops?

Cliff seemed to see Claire’s confusion and laughingly explained, “These shops have all been created by magicians themselves, and are used to trade magical items, but not sell.”

So it was like this, Claire immediately understood. This was a great idea and made interactions between magicians easier.

On the third floor were personal laboratories of magicians, the higher up, the higher the status.

Naturally, the top floor was Cliff’s laboratory.

“Ahaha, Claire, look, how is my place?” Cliff, exactly like a child showing off, pointed at his huge laboratory and laughed, pleased.

“I don’t see anything special.” Claire indifferently responded. In fact, a magician’s laboratory was incomparably messy, with a certain order in the

mess. Perhaps only the owner would know where his supplies were.

"Wait." A notebook suddenly appeared in Cliff's hand and he handed it to Claire, "Here, these are my notes when I first became a magician. They should be very useful."

Claire accepted it and flipped through it, raising her eyebrows. Sure enough, the views in this notebook were very unique and to the point. Can't deny that this perverted old man is still very smart. As the only wizard sage in all of Amparkland, he did know his books.

"Presently, you're not ready to use too high level spells, I'll teach them to you when the time come. The world of magic is exquisite and wide. You can't be too patient on learning magic." Cliff said seriously. This happened to coincide with what Emery had said.

"Yes, I know, Master." Claire's "Master" made Cliff elated again.

"Next week is the princess's birthday, you must arrive early." Cliff suddenly changed the topic.

Claire was a bit puzzled. Based on Cliff's character, normally he wouldn't care about the outside world and wouldn't attend this kind of boring banquet, but now he brought up this topic himself. How could it not be weird? Then Claire saw Cliff's evil grin, and her intuition told her that nothing good would come out of this.

"Master, did anyone ever tell you your smile is very obscene?" Claire frowned at Cliff, who was still laughing evilly.

"Really? Really?" Cliff immediately became serious and asked frowning.

"What is your purpose?" Claire didn't trust her vulgar Master's words. The more serious he was, the more suspicious.

"It's nothing, haha, ahaha~" Cliff laughed so hard he couldn't close his mouth. "Haha, it's just that that old man will also go. Ahaha~~"

Claire looked at Cliff skeptically, curious about who the old man he was talking about was.

"Well well, darling disciple, wait for me to finish this experiment and

then I'll go find you. In Duke Hill's castle, right?" Cliff laughed, obviously in a really, really good mood.

"Yes." Claire nodded and didn't ask anything. In any case, she would find out which old guy it was that her master mentioned on that day.

"Remember, you must go early to the palace." Cliff mentioned again just in case. Even if the princess didn't invite Claire, Claire still would have gone as Cliff's disciple, a status to which no one could object.

"I know." Claire responded. Suddenly she remembered something. "Master, do you have any special wands or anything?"

"What kind do you want?" Cliff blinked as he asked.

"I want to give the princess a gift, but I haven't thought of anything suitable. She must already have many jewels and whatnot." Claire didn't show the slightest trace of modesty when revealing her intention.

Cliff glanced around, thought for a moment, and then suddenly a gorgeous wand appeared in his hand. It was exquisite, with many clear and beautiful jewels inlaid on it, reflecting the light perfectly, looking so pretty and useful. The antique designs on the wand made it look even more mysterious.

"This really isn't anything precious, but it's enough to cajole a young girl who likes pretty things." Cliff handed the wand to Claire.

Although Cliff said this, the wand was not a cheap thing. It was just that in Cliff's eyes, it wasn't much. After taking it, Claire frowned slightly. She was thinking about how to trick this perverted master into giving her some of his treasures.

"Yes. Good, I'll continue on with my stupid experiment." After sending Claire off, Cliff went up again and immersed himself in an experiment.

Claire and Jean left the Magician Council and went on the carriage. Claire leaned on the side of the carriage in the back with her eyes closed to rest.

After the carriage traveled for a while, Claire suddenly opened her eyes.

Claire looked towards Jean, a flash of coldness in her eyes. Jean's eyes were also icy.

The coachman wasn't going on the right path.

It wasn't the path back to the Hill castle! Coachmen had to go through a rigorous selection, and were absolutely loyal to the Hill clan. So who else could have commanded the coachman?

An imperceptible callous smile emerged on Claire's lips.

That over-pampered, silly girl, seems like the previous beating wasn't enough for her to learn her lesson.

Jean's eyes were completely cold. He slowly lifted his head towards Claire and said steadily, "Anything detrimental to you, anything in your way, I will eliminate without any hesitation."

Claire quietly laughed, "Even if it's the Hill Clan's second Miss?"

"Yes!" Jean said decisively. His handsome face was as cold as glaciers and his eyes were as frigid and deep as the night sky.

Claire smiled but didn't speak and quietly looked at Jean.

After a while, Claire opened her vermillion red lips.

"Good. Then let me see your resolution. Let me see your loyalty."

In the carriage, Claire's quiet voice was like a demon's faint sigh.

*

1. means younger/later disciple of one's master.

Chapter 25: Loyalty to a Devil

The carriage didn't stop and continued out of the city. It was very clear that although Claire was now doted on by the duke, she was still far lower in the servant's hearts compared to the talented Lashia. Between the two, the coachman had resolutely decided to follow Lashia's command. This would be something he would regret for a lifetime.

"I want her alive." Claire's faint voice sounded coldly in the carriage. This was her bottom line. It wasn't because that person was her supposed little sister, but because of their gentle mother, Katherine.

Jean emotionlessly nodded, the depths of his eyes cold.

The carriage went out the city to a forest.

Not long after, it stopped.

Jean came off the carriage and extended his hand out. Claire indifferently accepted it. Then Jean carefully helped her out of the carriage.

The coachman looked around. The second Miss had commanded him to bring the carriage here, but he couldn't see her. Then should he follow her command to leave? In any case, listening to the second Miss's command was the right decision. The first Miss would never match up to the second, and if she heard that it was second Miss's command she also wouldn't dare to refute. After thinking through all this the coachman was about to whip the horses to leave.

But the very next moment, a cold voice sounded quietly right next to his ear. "Where are you thinking of going?" Jean's eyes didn't have the slightest trace of warmth.

The coachman was frightened. This voice didn't have any emotion in it, and froze all the blood in his body. The next moment, the aura of death enveloped him. Excruciating pain came from his wrists, so painful he almost couldn't breathe.

The tendons in his wrists snapped. Jean gracefully withdrew his sword,

not a single drop of blood on it. But both of the coachman's tendons had been broken! Fresh blood spilled out and the coachman mournfully howled. The miserable sound that reverberated in the forest was ear-piercing.

Jean stood there quietly, like a god of death. He coldly looked at the coachman who continuously whimpered in pain.

"Who ordered you to bring us here?" Claire laughed. Her laugh was as beautiful as sunlight as she asked this question gently, already knowing the answer.

The coachman was terrified. Although the girl was smiling, it felt colder than a thousand year old glacier.

"You neglected your duty." Jean coldly looked at the man on the ground and was about to pull out his sword.

Before Jean could plunge the sword down, the coachman already started to scream his heart and lungs out, "Second Miss, save me, second Miss, it's you who ordered me to bring the carriage here. Second Miss..."

Claire laughed and calmly stood aside, like a beautiful but poisonous poppy. She leisurely waited for that person to appear.

The hidden Lashia felt a chill. It was the first time, the first time she had seen that warrior, Jean, who was always indifferent towards Claire, look ruthless and cruel. What did this foretell? That the warrior was now wholeheartedly working for that idiot? How is it possible?! Before when I bullied that idiot, Jean would always turn a blind eye, but right now that warrior's manner was completely different.

"Stop!" Looking at Jean about to impale the coachman through his chest, Lashia emerged from her hiding place to shout angrily. Afterall, it was because of her orders that the coachman was in this kind of a predicament.

Claire slightly raised her brow, and showed a sliver of a smile while watching the girl emerge from the shadows. This girl who had been over pampered so much she was out of control actually had a sense of

humanity and responsibility.

Lashia hatefully looked at the blonde haired girl who was standing aside with a slight smile. Her carefree manner was like a stabbing pain to Lashia's eye.

"Why did the Sir Cliff accept you as a disciple? Why?! Lashia angrily asked, trying her best to suppress her rage.

Claire indifferently laughed. "Why do I need to answer you?"

"Why? How is it possible? How could the great Cliff accept you as a disciple? You're nothing, you only know how to chase after men, act shamefully, be ignorant and incompetent. What else can you do? You even don't care for your mother who loves you so dearly! For what reason did Cliff accept you as a disciple?" Lashia finally exploded and vented out all of her anger. "You're only an idiotic man-chaser! Only the disgrace of the Hill family!"

Claire quietly sighed. Everything Lashia said was true! The Claire from before really was only able to chase after men, bringing disgrace everywhere she went. And like Lashia said, the previous Claire didn't even care for her devoted mother. Claire looked at the sky, her heart somewhat turmoiled. The Claire from before really made people disgusted. No wonder even as a guardian knight Jean treated the previous Claire that way. It was impossible to like a stupid, useless man-chasing idiot.

Claire looked at the child, who always had the world revolve around her, and suddenly felt a bit melancholy. This girl started shining and attracting attention from age five, and from then on had always been the biggest star in everyone's eyes, the hope and pride of the Hill family. Her whole world and belief was almost completely smashed by Claire today. Her ego, her pride, her brilliance, all became a joke today, an enormous joke.

"Maybe you will know later." Claire dully said. She had already changed her mind and dropped her original plan. She turned around and was about to walk back to the carriage.

"Stop right there!" Lashia had her fist clenched. "You better give me a reason or else don't even think of leaving!"

Claire stopped and her gaze drifted slowly onto Lashia. Suddenly she said quietly, “When you mature, maybe you will become an existence that surpasses Cliff.”

Lashia paused, staring at Claire’s back, speechless. For a split second she felt that blonde haired girl wasn’t Claire but a complete stranger who was a formidable wisewoman.

Only when Claire had entered the carriage and the sight of her back had disappeared did Lashia come back to her senses and vigorously shook her head, throwing the emotion she just had out of her head. She was somewhat resentful. How could she be led by the nose by that man-chaser?

“Stop right there! If you don’t tell me why today I will definitely not let you go.” Lashia rushed forward, already chanting a spell.

“I’m sorry, second Miss.” Jean’s black clothes fluttered and his gaze was cold. His movements seemed slow and graceful, but in a split second he was right in front of Lashia.

In that instant, a violet light burst forth. A great force came from the air and attacked Lashia in the front.

In that split second, Lashia screamed, her whole body feeling like it was about to split open. She hacked out fresh blood and flew backwards like a broken doll. Dark red blood carved into a dazzling arc in the air. A pain worse than death enveloped Lashia.

Bang. Lashia’s body slammed into the ground heavily. Dirt flew up as Lashia lay on the ground, unable to move. It happened so quickly that Lashia’s two senior disciples in their hiding spots didn’t even register what happened or catch Lashia. They should have felt glad that they didn’t catch her though, because even the ground below Lashia was devastatingly cracked open because of the force. Jean only left a little bit of Dou Qi on Lashia, which disappeared into the ground as Lashia hit. A magician’s greatest fear is close combat, that is the most life-threatening situation. Everyone present besides Claire, who was in the carriage, didn’t think that Jean would deal such a harsh blow! And to the Hill clan’s

second miss too!

"Jean, we're leaving." Claire's voice insipidly came from the carriage, carrying an indescribable emotion.

Jean coldly sheathed his sword. Without even a glance at Lashia's limp body on the ground, he sat in place of the coachman, and whipped the horses to leave.

The carriage traveled slowly.

"You're not afraid of Grandfather blaming you?" Claire's low voice traveled out of the carriage to Jean's ear. Her words didn't sound even the slightest bit concerned.

Chapter 26: Silver Hair, Violet Irises

"You, you're not afraid of Grandfather blaming you?" Claire's low voice traveled out of the carriage to Jean's ear. Her words didn't sound even the slightest bit concerned.

"My duty is to protect you." Jean's low voice floated into Claire's ears without hesitation.

Claire didn't say anything else. She leaned against the carriage wall and said emotionlessly, "Let's go home."

The next two days were strangely quiet. Lashia didn't come home, and Duke Gordon never mentioned this incident. Whether it was he didn't know or didn't want to bring it up would remain unknown.

Claire still studied Humanities and Geography in the mornings, and horsemanship in the afternoon. Camille would appear on time everyday in Claire's study. What puzzled Claire was that Camille's injury still seemed the same. No getting better. Who would wound this respected scholar so seriously? And why did Camille want to hide it?

Soon, it was the weekend. Princess Maurice's invitation had long since arrived. Duke Gordon, of course, received an invitation from the emperor.

Claire dressed up splendidly and got on the carriage with Gordon to go to this banquet.

"Duke Gordan arriving." After getting off the carriage and stepping on the red carpet, the chamberlain at the door had already seen them and yelled out.

When Gordan and Claire appeared in the hallway door, everyone naturally looked towards them. The emperor and many other people of high status were here at this banquet, so creating good relationships was a must. When everybody looked at the person standing next to Gordan, they all blinked. It wasn't Miss Lashia the genius but Claire! Duke Gordan had decreed before that this man-chaser was forbidden from attending anymore banquets at the palace, so why did he personally bring her here

today?

Today Claire was wearing a layered white dress with lace at the edges. It was the standard attire for an imperial banquet. At her waist there was a unique, huge pink rose that made Claire look even more charming. Although her cold expression confused some people, she also radiated a wordless charm that made people not help but glance at her.

The star of the show today, Maurice, saw Claire arriving and felt extremely happy. But she still walked over slowly and gracefully.

“Your highness, congratulations for becoming one year older.” Gordan held Maurice’s hand as he bent down to lightly kiss the back of it.

“Thank you, your grace. It is my pleasure for having you here.” Princess Maurice had a smile fit for the court, and politely replied to Duke Gordan.

Claire curtsied from aside.

“Ah, my dear disciple, you’re here. What took you so long?” A voice interrupted abruptly. No need to look to know who this vulgar voice belonged to. It was Cliff, the perverted old man.

“Master.” Claire answered indifferently to Cliff, who was running over. Cliff was wearing his large magician’s robe and scampering over excitedly.

Cliff’s sentence was like a bomb exploding in the crowd. Dear disciple? And then that man-chaser called Master?! Must be a coincidence. One of Cliff’s disciples must have come. Everyone strained their necks at the doorway, but there was no one coming in.

Duke Gordon’s mouth curved into an imperceptible smile. This was exactly what he wanted. Tonight’s banquet was a perfect time to let everyone know about this. Nothing could shock people more than seeing it for themselves.

“Oh, I’ve missed you dearly.” Cliff reached out to hug Claire, but Claire’s gaze turned cold and she stepped back. Duke Gordon coughed slightly, and Claire twitched her mouth but stopped moving. Cliff, elated, hugged Claire. Or at least what it looked like to the people. Nobody saw that under his large robe, Claire had pushed against Cliff’s chest, not letting

Cliff actually get near and hug her.

The whole hall boiled. Originally, the sole appearance of legendary Cliff at the banquet had astonished them. But this was even more shocking! Sir Cliff had called that male-chaser dear disciple, and hugged her so warmly.

Princess Maurice was also dumbstruck, not coming back to her senses.

Cliff withdrew his hands, but his eyes were fixed vulgarly on the fringe of Claire's dress.

"I've told you, if you ever dare to lift my dress again, I'll butcher you." Claire squeezed out a sentence between her teeth icily. Not to mention it was this kind of an occasion!

Cliff also knew this, so he started grinning and pulled Claire away to the other side, completely ignoring Duke Gordon and Princess Maurice. Claire glanced back and nodded apologetically to Princess Maurice.

But Duke Gordon didn't feel unhappy at all. Cliff was always like this, not even caring about nobles; he had the skill and power to be haughty. On the contrary, Duke Gordon was very happy. Everyone at today's banquet had fame and prestige, and now they all witnessed for themselves Claire becoming Cliff's disciple.

Princess Maurice was still frozen in place, watching blankly as Cliff pulled Claire away.

In a corner of the big hall, a pair of eyes watched everything darkly. "Lashia, don't watch anymore." A young man beside felt sorry for her, and whispered quietly.

Lashia didn't answer, but tightened her gaze on Claire. Her face was white as a sheet, because the damage Jean had done to her has not entirely healed, even though she went to a healer. Jean's Dou Qi was too strong; there was no way to cure it completely. The two young men beside Lashia were her seniors who had being with her that day. Other than ashamed of not catching Lashia, they were also puzzled, puzzled why Lashia didn't go home and tell this to Duke Gordon, to get the duke to punish that lawless and violent warrior. One of them had asked, but Lashia only laughed

coldly, “I’m not a child who whines to adults when they didn’t get candy.” Lashia watched Claire’s figure darkly, her thoughts unknown.

“Lashia, we will avenge you.” Her big brother senior frowned and stated angrily.

“No, don’t interfere.” Lashia’s voice suddenly became icy.

“Why? Do you think you could win over that warrior? That warrior was a Grand Swordsman!” The second senior brother asked worriedly. The situation on that day had been very unexpected. They didn’t think that warrior would attack, or that he was a Grand Swordsman! Magicians are most fearful of close combat or hidden arrows. To a magician who needs to chant tedious spells to attack, both of these could be fatal.

Lashia was silent. Her gaze became profound. She finally realized that something was off. Was that cold, indifferent blonde girl really her useless, man-chasing older sister? She was truly blinded by jealousy. What was so special about her that Jean became so loyal and made Cliff accept her as a disciple? She must find out this answer by herself.

Claire was pulled by Cliff to a balcony. There seemed to be a figure standing on the secluded balcony. There, it was very calm and quiet, and it seemed like nobody dared to come and bother. What kind of person would be there?

“Lawrence, you old foggy, come over and look. This is my newly accepted disciple. If you don’t believe my words, come and look yourself.” Cliff snorted coldly towards the person on the balcony.

As Claire looked at the person on the balcony, she was startled. That person had a dignified expression and was completely clothed in red, even his hat red. On his clothes, there was a small sun symbol, showing he was from the Temple of Light. A Red-robed Cardinal! Second only to the Pope. This time he had come to represent the Temple of Light at the princess’s birthday banquet. Although the divine and royal powers would forever clash with each other, they still had to show harmony on the surface.

Claire sized up the old man in front of her, while the old man did the same to her. Gradually, the old man’s eyes revealed many emotions,

including jealousy and amazement.

"You old bastard, you really stepped onto dinosaur shit1, getting such a disciple." That dignified-looking old man actually spit out those type of words, making Claire's mouth twitch. Coming from such an austere old man it really was strange. What's more, his rank was an esteemed Red-robed Cardinal. But this old man was very interesting and also a little cute. He didn't feel like one of those false hypocrites.

"Greetings, your eminence. For our first meeting, I am Claire Hill." Claire elegantly curtseyed, not acting overbearing nor subservient.

"Ah, what a well-behaved child. Completely different from this old thing. How about this, you dump the old man and accept me as your Master. I will absolutely..." Before Lawrence could finish speaking, Cliff had already grabbed onto his mouth angrily.

"Your dog mouth can never spit out elephant ivory2! Pah! Are you even human? Trying to steal my disciple right in front of my eyes?!" Cliff desperately pulled Lawrence's mouth to the sides, making it look like a silver carp's mouth.

"Or, or kar ritare, ill teecha er away." (TL: Your, your character, will teach her astray. The Chinese did this too.) Lawrence almost drooled, trying push Cliff away while refuting with inarticulate words.

Just when the two old men were scuffling around, not caring about their public image, another person walked onto the balcony.

This was a person that Claire had met before.

"Master." A cool voice sounded.

Claire turned around suddenly.

Silver hair, violet irises.

*

1. In China, it means super good luck (compared to dog shit).

2. In China, elephant ivory is considered a good thing, so Cliff is saying that Lawrence can't say anything good.

Chapter 27: Lingyun Leng

The breathtakingly beautiful person standing in front of Claire was the Holy Divine Prince with silver hair and violet irises.

"Master, Sir Cliff." The arriving person looked used to seeing the two fighting and respectfully addressed the two. His eyes flashed a strange light when he saw Claire.

"It's you." He said indifferently and quietly laughed.

"It's me." Claire also emotionlessly laughed.

"You guys know each other?" Lawrence asked after struggling away from Cliff's evil clutches. Cliff also looked at them in surprise.

"We met at Gale Gorge." The person with silver hair and violet eyes slightly bowed. "Hello, my name is Lingyun Leng."

"Claire Hill." Claire looked at the handsome man in front of her and puzzled over his name. Lingyun Leng? It didn't seem like a family name from this world.

"The Hill family's Miss?" Lingyun Leng smiled.

Claire emotionlessly laughed. "Looks like I'm pretty famous."

"Everything was a fabrication, including what you've heard or seen. Only what you see from here is the truth." Lingyun Leng tapped his chest lightly. Looks like he had also heard a lot about the Hill family's male-chaser. But his behavior was totally different from others.

Claire only smiled faintly and didn't say anything. Right now, it was complete chaos in Claire's head, so much so that her head felt like it would explode. It was no other than that guy, Walter. His enemy was right in front of him, how could Walter not be agitated? But when he was alive he wasn't his match, and of course now that he's dead, how could he be his match. He could only fume inside Claire's head.

"Revenge, I want revenge! It's this damnable guy! I want to cut him to shreds!" Walter howled. And he could only howl, not even daring to leak

his essence out.

Claire's head was going to explode, this wretched Walter, much too noisy! Kept on buzzing in her head.

"You, shut up! Can you win against him?" On the surface Claire didn't act abnormal at all, still lightly smiling like before. But in her mind she was talking with Walter and scolding that guy. Lingyun Leng definitely wasn't simple. Although he was always courteous and gracefully smiling, he didn't have a trace of warmth. His smile didn't even reach to the depths of his eyes.

Lingyun Leng was also evaluating Claire. This girl who kept on smiling definitely was not an idiotic man-chaser like the rumors at all. Although she was smiling, always gently smiling, her eyes were completely cold! Profoundly cold eyes, an extraordinary aura. This girl was Sir Cliff's disciple? As expected, not ordinary.

"Slaughter this guy, I want to slaughter him." Walter howled in Claire's mind, extremely excited.

"Howl one more time and I'll grind you to pieces and scatter your remains in the wind, and make you become fertilizer for plants." Claire sinisterly threatened Walter, who was still making trouble in her mind.

Walter grew silent. He understood that if he kept on making a racket for no reason, that little devil would really do it. He didn't want to become fertilizer and lose his chance at rebirth.

It was at this point that music sounded.

The emperor and empress had arrived.

Claire sized up the emperor and empress standing at the highest point. The emperor looked robust, with an austerity that made people respect him. The empress had taken good care of her health, looking like she was only thirty years old. Her graceful and lavish demeanor attracted the attention of many people. She didn't look like the mother of two children at all. The crown prince was born from the previous empress. The previous empress had died from difficulties in childbirth, and two years

later, the emperor married the current empress.

Naturally there were many elaborate ceremonies. From the start, princess Maurice's face had a gentle and amicable smile suitable for the court. But Claire understood this girl had probably been impatiently waiting for a while now. Her real personality was not as refined as she was now.

Just as they thought the message for congratulations was over, the emperor cleared his throat and said in a happy manner, "Tonight Sir Cliff has graced us with his presence. I have more good news to announce. Sir Cliff has accepted Duke Gordan's granddaughter as his disciple. From now on, the city Niya will be conferred to Claire's fief, along with the title Baron."

After this was said, the whole crowd was in an uproar. Great magicians being conferred titles and whatnot by the court was common, but Claire wasn't a true magician – she hadn't even passed the examination from the Magicians' Council yet. On the other hand, Claire completely had the right if not for the fact that she became Sir Cliff's disciple! Also, the emperor had skillfully said Duke Gordan's granddaughter, not just Claire Hill. This once again revealed Duke Gordan's unwaverable status.

After Claire stepped up to receive her title, city seal, and Baron insignia and thanked the emperor, the banquet finally officially started. Claire felt many people glaring daggers at her back. She quietly sighed to herself and retreated to a corner.

Duke Gordan was surrounded by people who were congratulating him.

Claire, bored, went back onto the balcony, watching all the people dancing in the Grand Hall.

"This is just a huge melting pot." Cliff's low voice suddenly appeared beside Claire.

"Master." Claire was a bit startled, because this time the usually vulgar expression of Cliff's face was replaced by a serious one.

"This is why I hate the court, hate the crown." Cliff said lightly as he

looked at the toadily smiling people surrounding Duke Gordan.

"So you only accepted the Duke title, not the fief." Lawrence, who was standing aside, interrupted.

Claire was slightly astonished. She didn't expect that Cliff had the title of a Duke.

"I don't want to join all those corrupt struggling. Infighting just doesn't suit me." Cliff shrugged, and once again put on that vulgar expression that looked like he should be hit in the face, eyes floating towards the chiffons on Claire's beautiful lace dress.

Lawrence quietly sighed in his heart. Sometimes he really envied this old fellow who lived carefreely. But his status would never allow him to do that, because the divine and royal powers always needed a mediator...

Lingyun Leng kept silent as he looked at the an indescribable flash of emotion in Lawrence's eyes. Lingyun Leng squinted. Nobody could tell what he was thinking.

This night, Duke Gordon was exceptionally happy, the whole time he was never idle. Originally, the leading role of tonight's banquet was supposed to me princess Maurice, but more people surrounded Duke Gordan. But the source of this situation leisurely leaned on the balcony, feeling the wind blow. No one would come to this balcony and bother these elites.

Then the melodious music started. On the dance floor in the middle of the hall, nobles started to dance lightly and gracefully. It was as dazzling as a butterfly. At this time, Lawrence and Lingyun Leng were beside the emperor, conversing and laughing. Cliff ran in to take advantage of those girls who looked at him with adoration.

"Pretense, disgusting, their smiles uglier than crying. These hypocrites." Walter's voice sounded resentfully in Claire's head. Dark magicians like Walter of course hated people from the Temple of Light the most.

Claire didn't speak, lightly sipping on the sweet wine in her glass.

Claire was left alone on the balcony, and just as she thought she could

pass this night quietly, an abrupt voice sounded, slightly rude.

"Claire, may I have the next dance?" Slight hints of disdain and resignation tinted the voice.

Claire lifted her head, facing a handsome noble young man. Although an almost unnoticeable smile hung on his face, the complicated emotions under his eyes couldn't be concealed. There were disdain, jealousy, and resignation.

Claire immediately understood. This young noble in front of her must have been ordered by his father to come dance with her to improve their relationships after all that had happened today. Humans are such changeable animals. Claire had a little memory of this young man; it seems like he was one of many handsome boys whom Claire harassed. He had never been nice to Claire, but Claire was perseverant.

The splendidly dressed noble saw that Claire didn't answer, so he got impatient and sharpened his tone, rudely saying, "Claire, dance with me. Haven't you always wanted to dance with me?"

Chapter 28: King's Gaze

Claire looked at the impatient handsome noble and sighed in her heart. The viewpoint of this body's previous owner... She really couldn't agree or appreciate it.

"This guy looks like he deserves a whipping." Walter's voice noisily sounded. Suddenly he asked suspiciously, "How could you fall for that arrogant wimpy brat? What does he mean by those words?" Even if Walter was beaten to death, he would never believe this little devil would take a liking to that youth.

Claire didn't speak. She couldn't tell Walter she really wasn't the Claire from before.

The handsome youth saw Claire not speaking and got more and more impatient. He felt envy and hatred. This man-chaser actually became the disciple of Sir Cliff. And although she still hasn't become a true magician, doesn't have any achievements, she was actually bestowed the title of Baron. Although Baron is the lowest title, it still is a title! Looking at the silent Claire, the handsome youth became more agitated and disdainful. So she was a starry eyed infatuation man-chaser1! Asking her to dance and she was so moved she couldn't say anything!

"Sorry, I don't know how to dance. Please find someone else." Claire answered coldly.

The handsome youth was stunned. Doesn't know how to dance? These words coming from the man-chaser Claire was a total joke. Everyone knew that incompetent man-chaser Claire also had a skill, which was dancing! But right now she actually said she couldn't dance?! What did she mean by that? Was this some kind of ploy? The handsome youth frowned. He understood his father's words. Knowing that Claire had chased him before, he wanted him to gain her favor and accompany her in order to create a good relationship with the Hill family. Lashia, who was so brilliant and talented, was a little hard to go after. But as for aiming for this man-chaser, there was a chance.

“Are you declining in order to reel me in?” The handsome youth laughed coldly, then he added before Claire could respond, “Then congratulations, you’ve succeeded. Come dance with me.” The handsome youth extended his hand.

Claire felt a little helpless, not because of the youth’s behavior, but because of the actions of the previous Claire. If a person like that suddenly changed her attitude, it was hard for anyone to accept it.

“ I think you misunderstood. Claire was waiting for me.” a calm voice came from behind the youth.

The handsome youth turned around, stunned to see the second prince smiling at him.

“Your highness.” The handsome youth quickly bowed but still felt an indescribable feeling. Did Claire turning over a new leaf even change the attitude of the second prince who she had been chasing before?

Nancy lightly nodded at the handsome youth, smiling graciously.

“Then I’ll be taking my leave, your highness.” The handsome youth slightly bowed and withdrew from the balcony.

Claire was still silent and didn’t say anything.

“What, you’re not going to thank me saving you from an awkward situation” Nancy laughed softly while making fun of Claire.

“The person who should thank you is him.” Claire quietly laughed, her voice with an unmatched coldness.

Of course Nancy knew what Claire meant. But Nancy didn’t mind Claire’s tone and only indifferently laughed. “May I have the honor of dancing with you?” After he said this, Nancy elegantly extended his hand towards Claire.

“No.” Claire didn’t give any face and coldly refused without even batting an eye.

Nancy wasn’t angered and instead laughed. He gently withdrew his hand, not offended the slightest by Claire’s blunt refusal.

“That night, it was I who stopped Jean. I wasn’t saying it for him, I was telling the truth. It was just that that night I wanted to figure out who you were.” Nancy approached Claire’s ear and murmured laughingly. To an outsider it looked like a pair of lovers whispering secrets. But the truth was completely different.

“Oh. So what?” Claire smiled while rocking the glass of wine in her hand. The coldness she emitted could make people shiver.

Nancy went mute. So what? That one, cold sentence completely stopped what he was going to say. So what if he stopped Jean or not? Then what was relevant? The most important thing was that this young girl in front of him was no longer a normal person, no longer a man-chaser, but sir Cliff’s disciple!

“If your Highness doesn’t have any more to say, I would like to be alone for a while.” Claire said lazily, leaning on the balcony railing. Her gaze floated towards the quiet garden.

Nancy paused for a moment before nodding his head. “If that’s so, I’ll be taking my leave.”

Claire nodded with not so much as a glance towards Nancy.

Finally the balcony was quiet again. Claire quietly sighed and drank from the glass of wine.

“This person is definitely not ordinary.” Walter’s voice sounded in Claire’s head.

“Really now?” Claire half-heartedly replied.

“His gaze was a king’s gaze.” Walter said, certain.

“Hah, when did you start sounding like those hypocrites?” Claire mocked. But really, she knew the situation very clearly. The contest for the throne had already started, but she had no intention of joining their battle. It was always like that in the royal family. From the moment you were born into it, the words familial affection were basically already a huge joke. As long as it didn’t affect who she cared about, she didn’t care about it.

“I’m didn’t! I understand a little bit of star reading.” Walter refuted stoutly.

“Oh really? Then, O, great star reader, why couldn’t you read that you would meet the overpowered Holy Divine Son that day? Why couldn’t you read that you weren’t his match?” Claire’s venomous tongue retorted even more unyielding.

“Well, well… I said I only understand a bit.” Walter withered.

The corner of Claire’s mouth lifted into an imperceptible smile. For some reason, it was interesting poking fun at Walter.

But Claire understood Walter actually knew a bit of star reading. The second prince Nancy had a big chance of becoming the next emperor because he had the hidden support of Duke Gordon. As for Duke Gordon, he must have his own reasons for supporting the prince secretly.

“Claire, what are you thinking? When can we leave? This place seems annoying.” Walter voice sounded in Claire’s head, “Also, your first Master says he was going to help me, so how is it going?”

“I’m debating on how to give you a bath, either frying or boiling.” Claire said coldly after hearing Walter’s last sentence. “If you want to receive anything, first ask yourself what you have given. Around here, before you demand, you must first contribute.”

Walter shivered. This little devil!!! Just now they were joking around, and he became careless and thought it would easier to talk to her. But in truth, her beautiful clothes couldn’t cover this little devil’s inherent maliciousness.

“But, but right now I don’t have any power, how can I help you?” Walter pouted, like he was hugely wronged.

“When we get back, tell me all about dark magic. Tell me every spell you know, so I can go home and study it.” This request was too greedy2, too much. But, that is if Claire was of the Dark nature. Walter curled his lip. Who cared if he told. Did Claire think it was a big deal? In any case, Claire can’t learn Dark magic because of her attribute and position, and based on

Claire's devil personality, she would not teach anyone any magic. In short, telling Claire about Dark magic was basically no loss to Walter.

"Okay okay, no problem, no problem at all." Walter promised in a rush, then added, "When can we leave this stupid place? The Light essence on that old man and Holy Divine Prince makes me nauseated." Even though Walter didn't have a body anymore, that dense and pure Light essence still made him very disgusted and uncomfortable.

"When the banquet ends." Claire answered casually. Walter was just about to sigh out loud, disappointed, when Claire slyly added, "But, I can take you to the garden for a walk, then leave when the banquet ends."

"Yay, Claire you are such a nice person." Walter couldn't help but exclaiming. Then he came back to his senses and convulsed. Devil! Big, big devil! Set a trap for him so he would call her nice. If she was a nice person, then there would be no nice people on the world.

In the garden, a cool breeze blew. Claire sat quietly on the bench, gazing at the starry night. Right above her, the brightest star was twinkling.

"A legendary person has been born, most likely in this country." Walter's voice suddenly floated into Claire's ear.

"Why do you say so?" Claire was confused.

"Star reading. Although I don't have any devices or power, I can still look at the stars." Walter stated confidently, "Look at that brightest star above your head, it wasn't there a few months ago. It appeared suddenly. Those bitches at the Temple of Light must be working their butts off now." Walter cursed scornfully.

"Explain it." Claire frowned. A strange feeling flashed in her heart, but was only there for an instant, and she didn't catch it.

*

1.花痴 has been used since chapter 1 multiple times and literally means "starry eyed infatuation," but also used to characterize when a girl chases after every handsome man she sees. Think of it as the female version of a skirt-chaser.

2.Translated form 狮**子大**张**口**，literal: like a lion opening his mouth.

Chapter 29: Hidden Crisis

Walter cleared his throat and started preaching. “Think about it, if this person really appears, would the Temple of Light not fear for their position? Would they not fear that this person might threaten their prestige? So they will definitely adopt measures to protect themselves. Based on the style of that bitchy Goddess of Light, she will definitely find the person before anyone else and subdue them to be one of her own. They will be extremely devoted to her and become one of her loyal lackeys in the mortal world.”

“And if they couldn’t be tamed?” Claire’s eyes became slits, a cold ray emitting from her dark green irises.

“Then of course they would eliminate her early on, cleanly and thoroughly.” Walter snorted and then spit out, “That bitch always did things this way.”

“The Goddess of Light did this to you before?” As soon as Claire asked the question, she felt it was a bit strange and sounded ambiguous. But from the hateful tone of Walter, there was something unusual.

“Before I started dark magic, I was the disciple of a healer. But that vile, ignoble man excluded and framed me, claiming my alchemy results as his own.” Walter’s mental ripples suddenly became violent. Apparently, he remembered some past memories and was extremely bothered.

Claire didn’t interrupt, only listening quietly to Walter furiously howl in a low voice. She could kind of guess what happened. Walter was very talented, so the Temple of Light took him in as their own, but others were jealous and excluded him. Becoming a despised dark magician must have had a lot to do with this.

Walter suddenly became silent.

Claire understood that Walter had calmed down and he didn’t want to talk about this anymore and she didn’t ask any further.

Everyone has the right to keep their own secrets.

So Claire stayed in the garden feeling the breeze, thinking about other matters until the banquet ended.

After the banquet ended, Claire and Duke Gordan left.

Duke Gordan leaned comfortably against the side of the carriage, his eyes closed in thought. Claire was also quiet. Suddenly Gordan opened his eyes and looked at Claire, “Claire, what do you plan on doing with your fief?”

“Grandfather, find someone to look after it for me. I haven’t finished my studies.” Claire answered.

“Yes, I was thinking the same thing. Give me the castellan stamp, and I’ll find a trustworthy person to take care of things. When you want to visit or manage things by yourself, you can always go anytime.” Of course, Duke Gordan wouldn’t take much notice of such a small city, and he definitely would not let these tedious issues affect Claire’s learning of advanced magic from Sir Cliff.

“Thank you, Grandfather.” Claire smiled.

“Study hard and learn from Master Cliff seriously. If one day you also become a wizard sage, then that day, the Hill clan’s banner of roses will truly fly forever.” There was a radiant look in Gordan’s eyes.

“I will work hard and not disappoint Grandfather.” Claire nodded and said conscientiously.

“I have faith in you. One day, you will become my pride, become the Hill clan’s pride, and even more so, Amparkland’s pride.” Gordan’s powerful words resonated, his eyes burning with expectancy. “Right now those people still view you the same way as before. I know there will be a day when you will give those people a huge surprise. One day, those people won’t associate Gordan’s granddaughter or Cliff’s disciple with your name. I am sure that when they hear the name Claire, it will strike their ears with a roar of thunder! You are yourself, you are Claire Hill!” Gordan stared intently at Claire, pouring out all the emotions in his heart.

Claire only smiled and didn’t say anything more, but inside she was

incomparably moved. Right now, this old man in front of her finally looked just like an ordinary old man with high hopes for his granddaughter. Claire was even a little confused. Just now, the old man had understood her even better than herself. How he had such perception, Claire wouldn't understand for a long time in the future.

But Gordan never thought that the scene that he was looking so forward to would come so quickly, so abruptly.

In the middle of summer break, Claire's life was fairly boring.

Meditation, then learning magic under Emery's guidance. Literature in the morning, equestrianship and fencing in the afternoon. Cliff had sent a few people to bring over precious items, but never showed up personally. The whole time he was busy with his experiment.

No one knew that every night when Claire returned to her bedroom, she would be riddled with scars.

"Claire, what good will come out of tormenting yourself like this?" Walter's voice sounded in Claire's head curiously, smacking his lips. Every night when Claire returned to her bedroom and finished showering, her ghastly scars would show. And every time, she would wipe on some of the magical medicine she had asked for from Cliff that could heal the wounds instantly. Cliff never inquired why Claire wanted the medicine either. As long as it was Claire who asked for something in her letters, he would definitely give it to her, if possible.

Claire remained silent, putting the medicine on her wounds like there wasn't any pain. Walter could only sensefeel it, but didn't dare to look. Even if he had ten times the audacity, he still wouldn't dare to look at Claire's body. But he continued to feel doubt. Did Claire really have to do this? Did she have to do it to this extent? Right now she had Duke Gordan's care, Cliff's support, and could have anything she wanted. Why did she treat herself this badly?

On the last ten days of summer break, something unusual happened.

The neighboring country, Lagark, sent a few of their own magician students to have an exchange with the Sunrise Institute's. On the surface

it was just an exchange, but everyone knew what it really meant. This competition was a show of strength. On this continent, Lagark was only second to Amparkland in terms of military, power, and strength. In recent years they had risen in prominence, and were looking for trouble, so of course this student exchange wasn't as simple as it seemed.

"We can't lose." Duke Gordan said solemnly, sitting at the table in his study, passing on the emperor's message.

"Your Grace, do you mean that we need to take special measures in the case of a necessary situation?" Emery asked in a low tone. He stood aside quietly, clothed in a black magician's cloak.

"Don't rule out that possibility. On that last competition, Lashia's win was very precarious, and only because something turned up suddenly on the other side. It's going to be hard to tell who wins this time." Duke Gordan was very serious. "Not only will the emperor watch this competition, but the Temple of Light will also be present. All this time, the Temple of Light has been building their main temple in our country, the most powerful one. But if we lose this time, there is no guarantee that the Temple of Light won't switch sides." All of the nobility in the capital would come and watch the competition, so there was no way they could afford to lose. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that this competition was closely related to the country's politics and economy. It was far more complicated than people would think..... So they had to win, even if it meant not playing fair!

"Oh, and keep Claire out of this competition. She is still too young, and I don't want her getting hurt." Duke Gordan added, frowning.

"Yes, your Grace." Of course Emery agreed happily. He, out of all the people, would not want anything to befall Claire.

But would things happen so smoothly and simply as they planned?

Chapter 30: A Shocking Start

Three days later, the ambassador and students from Lagark arrived at the capital and stayed in the capital's courier hostel, waiting for the "Grand Student Exchange" two days later.

On this sunny day, Claire leaned against the window sill, looking at the at birds outside in thought.

"Claire, what are you thinking about?" Walter's voice suddenly sounded out of thin air beside her. His transparent body hovered around in the room. After Walter told Claire what she wanted to know, as compensation, Emery found some dark attributed crystals that allowed Walter to regain his strength a little. He also used some strange magic, and now Walter could leave the Spiritual Stone a bit farther. He could also hide his aura so that unless he met someone as powerful as the Holy Divine Prince, it would be hard for anyone to discover him. Right now, Walter was much more useful to Claire than a magic puppet because he could find information more easily and accurately.

Claire turned around and saw Walter beside her. Right now, Walter's image was transparent, but clearly visible. Walter's appearance became more defined now that Emery had replenished some of his strength. His appearance and his obscene behavior were complete opposites. Walter... was pretty and delicate, yes, that's right. He was very pretty, with his soft, black hair, amber eyes, giving everyone the appearance of a scholarly, frail, beautiful boy. But that all changed once he opened his mouth. He constantly pried, wanting to know Claire's thoughts. The biggest reason that he was so keen on wanting to know what Claire was thinking was because he couldn't see through this little devil. The dark magician Walter had always prided himself on reading people's inner thoughts, and then used their weaknesses to achieve his goals. However, these tricks were completely useless on Claire. He couldn't see through Claire at all, let alone find her weaknesses.

Walter saw Claire silently watch him and felt a bit scared. This little devil was the most terrifying when she was silent, because you couldn't

tell what she was thinking at all. He felt like he was being stared at by a viper.

"This time's Grand Student Exchange between the Institutes doesn't seem to be so simple. I haven't seen Master Emery for a whole day and Grandfather also seems really worried." Claire said in a low tone, frowning slightly. She kept feeling that something was brewing, a bad feeling.

Walter grew silent. He couldn't help but acknowledge Claire's intuition was scarily accurate. It was always spot on.

"Yes, for this time's competition, your grandfather said they definitely cannot lose." After being quiet for a while, Walter finally told Claire what he had heard from concealing his aura and eavesdropping that day.

Definitely cannot lose?

"Also, your grandfather said that he won't let you participate in this competition because he's afraid you might get hurt." Walter added.

Claire froze for a second and then her eyes softened a bit, but so faintly that Walter didn't even notice.

The area designated for the competition was the outdoor sports field of the Sunrise Institute. On the uppermost of the audience stands, there were a few special seats, prepared for a few special people. With a red rug on the floor and a valuable wheatgrass cushion on the chair, it was obviously the most cool and comfortable seat during the summer. Soft velvet cushions were not appropriate at this time of the year. On the little table at the side, there was a silver platter full of different kinds of expensive fruits. A smooth, black silk covered the top of this stand, blocking and absorbing the sun's rays. Behind the seat, two maids stood with fans in their hands, ready to serve the person who would be sitting in this chair.

And although there were also seats that had coverings on the stands beside this one, there weren't any servants waiting to serve them or cushions made out of wheatgrass. These were the seats for the ministers and nobility. The rest of the stands were for the students from both countries.

The flag of Redbuds flew high in the sky, and a disciplined and well-dressed band stood behind the stands. The expression on their faces were serious, and even though the golden tassels on their shoulders fluttered in the wind, they stood perfectly still. The golden long horn was waiting for the emperor to make his appearance to announce the start of the competition. A solemn and serene atmosphere covered the whole field.

Because of Claire's background, she sat at the seat closest to the special stand. Jean and the other servants of the nobility stood at the very back of the stands. The two stands on the side were filled rapidly by nobility; some Claire knew, others she didn't. This was the first time that Claire discovered there were so many nobility in the capital. There were even more here than at the princess' banquet! Not all nobility could attend a banquet in the palace, but this competition was different; all nobility could come and watch.

The representatives of the two Institutes walked out. Of course, Lashia was among the representatives of the Sunrise Institute. This shining girl won a round of applause as soon as she appeared; she was the reason they won the competition last time. The last competition had three rounds, with one win on each side when the first two rounds ended. She fought the last match, and she won, along with winning the adoration and pursuit of many people.

The people cheered and flowers filled the sky, nearly drowning the stage.

"How boring." Walter's impatient voice sounded in Claire's head. "This time, the Sunrise Institute's opponents are not easy at all."

Claire coldly looked at the students on the other side and her gaze became profound. In this kind of environment, with these kinds of loud cheers, the other side was not even the slightest bit affected. Their expressions were exactly the same as before, and it wasn't just the contestants either; the other students present were also calm and collected. This time, it seemed like the other side had made preparations and wasn't going to be so easy to deal with.

Just as Claire was pondering, a deep and thick trombone blare sounded,

the sound reaching the skies.

The emperor has arrived!

The emperor was clothed in elaborate but formal clothes. He appeared before the people and got shouts and screams only by waving his hand slightly. The queen was also dressed beautifully, following quietly, noble and elegant. Behind the emperor was an elderly man in a snow white robe. The elder looked serious and dignified. Finally, someone started shouting. It's the pope! The exalted pope came in person to watch this! Why would this happen? It was only an exchange competition between students, how could it disturb the pope?!

"Whoa, that old bastard, can't believe he's not dead yet." Walter's mocking and disgusted voice sounded in Claire's head. Evidently, the pope whom all the people respected was like shit in Walter's heart.

But Claire's eyes slitted, and she started to feel a bit uneasy. For the student competitions before, at the most a red-robed Cardinal might visit, but this time the pope had come in person. Why?

From behind the pope came the ambassador of Lagark, a Duke. On the surface, his face looked like fat intestines, but those beady, little eyes that flashed for a moment told Claire that this person, though he looked like a pig, wasn't as simple as he seems!

Sitting on the platform were only a few people: the emperor and empress, the pope, Duke Gordan, and sir Cliff.

After they sat down, the deep sounding trombones stopped.

Suddenly, before everybody came back to their senses, there was the sound of multiple wings flapping in the sky. Then the sky darkened, and an unusual wind blew.

A group of orderly shadows suddenly appeared in the sky. Those black outfits, shiny boots, the golden tassels on their golden epaulets dancing in the wind, their overbearing aura, and the firm expression between their brows – all looked very striking. The mounts underneath them all had the body and claw of a lion, and the head and wings of an eagle.

The Griffins!!!

It's the Griffin Squad of Amparkland! Subjected directly under the emperor, it was a strong and legendary power that only obeyed the command of the emperor. It was the biggest asset of the royal family, the last stable defense, and now they had shockingly appeared in front of everybody.

The people below started shouting. The ambassador's expression changed instantly, and he stole a glance at the pope beside him. After seeing the pope expressionless, he let out a breath. After recovering, he looked towards the students of his country who sat on the bleachers beneath. Most of the students' expressions had changed and they lost their calm attitude from before. His heart, that had just calmed down, rose again. How could he not understand that the appearance of the Griffin Squad was the emperor's display of power? This time, the results would be hard to predict.

Claire watched the disciplined Griffin Squad that was in mid-air with great interest. The leader in the front looked somewhat similar to Claire. He was the second eldest brother of Claire, Eric Hill. The powerful Eric, like others, also favored and spoiled the talented and clever Lashia and hated the man-chaser Claire.

The Griffin Squad disappeared amidst the shouts of the people. There was no reason to keep showing off this mysterious and strong power when the emperor already obtained the effect he wanted.

"Claire~~~" Suddenly, a quiet, tiny voice pulled Claire back into reality.

Claire turned her head and saw Princess Maurice, who had a big smile on her face.

"Your Highness." Claire smiled and lightly nodded.

"I haven't had time to talk to you, but I really like your gift, I love it. Thank you." Princess Maurice was obviously very happy and thanked Claire multiple times in a low voice.

Claire smiled. "As long as your Highness likes it."

Just when the two were quietly exchanging greetings, the emperor announced the prizes for the winner of this competition. The whole field boiled again.

A grade nine beast core, a magic wand, and a sword. There was no need to explain the first prize. The magic wand was the precious heritage of a wizard sage, able to do three high level spells instantly and of different elements! The sword was called the Unrivaled Sword. Of course its quality was amazing, cutting through hair and fur alike, slicing through iron as if it was mud. But most importantly, this was a magic sword! With the added ability of Delay! If a person was wounded by this sword, it would make his actions slower. These prizes were really generous!

But Claire sensed something unusual.

“Claire, that magic wand isn’t bad, haha, and that grade nine beast core is nice too.” Walter chuckled obscenely in Claire’s head.

The competition had officially started, needing two out of three rounds to win.

Lashia was still the last contestant, going against the magician of the other side. The ironic thing was, the opponent of Lashia was the same youth that had lost to Lashia last time. The youth was lying lazily, without giving so much as a glance at Lashia. He had a head of dazzling red hair, impatience written all over his handsome features. He was rolling his eyes while listening to his mentor talking. Claire focused on the lips of the mentor and immediately felt awkward.

“Yixuan Feng, are you listening?! We lost last time because you ate too much junk food and got diarrhea! You didn’t eat strange things this time, right? Right? Right? Right?” The mentor was looking at his unconcerned disciple, almost worried to death. He desperately wanted a confirmation from the youth.

Yixuan Feng?! Claire frowned, this was another last name that didn’t seem to come from this continent. Why?

“Walter!” Claire called silently.

“What?” Walter answered immediately.

“Do you remember the last name of the Holy Divine Prince? Lingyun Leng and now one of the students from the other side, Yixuan Feng, why are their last names so strange?” Claire asked.

Chapter 31: [No Title]

“Oh, you’re talking about their last names, Leng and Feng. Their last names is different from most people. These kinds of last names are the most ancient names on this continent, considered very noble. How come you don’t know?” Walter absentmindedly answered and then suddenly became suspicious. As the first miss of the Hill family, it was strange she didn’t know.

Claire didn’t speak anymore. The previous Claire only remembered handsome men, jewels, and clothes, those kinds of things. Ancient last names, why were they similar to those from Oriental? Was there any connection between this continent and the place where she came from?

A burst of applause broke off Claire’s train of thought. The competition had started.

The first round would be magician against magician, the second round would be warrior against warrior, and the last round would be the genius Lashia against the red haired Yixuan Feng.

A fight between magicians is very elaborate and full of damage, but very slow, because they need time to chant those long spells. The longer the chant, the stronger and more powerful the spell, so naturally the chanting would take a long time. Around the stage there was a magic hood in order to make sure the nearby people wouldn’t get hurt. On each student there was a small triangle magic shield on their vitals in order to protect them. These were personally made by sir Cliff. Both countries didn’t want their future hope to be die here.

On the stage there were two magicians, one of the Fire attribute, the other Water. Both could suppress the other, so it would have to depend on their agility, application, and reaction speed.

Amparkland’s student was of the Water element. Claire saw the Water magician create a shield that was two people high, blocking the other’s fire attack. Just as the other frowned, the shield began to shake, and then a with a thunderous splash, it splattered onto the ground, water droplets

flying everywhere. The water shield had not actually blocked the strong fire attack. There was even a reflection of red on the water magician's face. The flame was already right in front of the water magician.

On the special stand, the ambassador slitted his eyes. They've won.

The emperor acted completely normally, his facial expression the same as before while he watched. This was the demeanor of a king: no fear, no movement.

"That idiot." Walter muttered in Claire's head. "Thinking that a shield breaking equates to a win." Walter mocked, looking at the fire magician's excited expression. During a fight, underestimating the enemy often leads to defeat.

The next moment, the water that was splashed on stage began snaking silently, making its way around the Fire magician. It instantly changed into innumerable sharp water arrows that attacked the Fire magician's back.

The outcome was set.

The Water magician was injured slightly, only his hair and clothes being burned a little, but the Fire magician was seriously injured. Because his vitals were covered with shields, the injuries would not be life threatening.

For the first round, Amparkland won.

The cheers and shouts reached the skies.

Claire glanced at the ambassador out of the corner of her eye. He was squinting his eyes but kept silent. On the special stand, only the queen looked happy. All the others were still expressionless.

"Claire, I keep feeling like there's something fishy. Don't you think he won much too easily?" Walter asked, puzzled.

Claire didn't say anything but silently agreed with Walter. This round was way too easy. Their adversaries were supposed to be the elites in their country, and couldn't possibly have made a stupid mistake like underestimating an opponent. But in reality, their opponent had underestimated his opponent and was defeated by water arrows.

The students of the Sunrise Institute welcomed the water magician like a hero when he came down from the stage. They crowded around him and some girls already started tidying his hair and passing him towels to wipe himself.

On the other side, although the Institute was silent there wasn't any dejection or criticism. Claire narrowed her eyes slightly. Why did it give her the illusion that they expected this? If so, then it would be very dangerous.

Of course, Claire's intuition was once again proven correct.

The next round was warrior vs warrior. The most powerful warrior of the Sunrise Institute almost died under the attack of his opponent. If not for the small triangle shields that sir Cliff added, Amparkland would have lost a brave warrior. This battle was a instakill. Everyone was stunned the moment the rival warrior released his violet Dou Qi. How could such a young student be a Grand Swordsman!

When the Sunrise Institute student, covered with blood, was lifted down the stage, all the other Sunrise Institute students glared hatefully at the person towering on the high-rise stage. His eyes were glowing a bloodthirsty red and a cold grin was plastered on his face. Then he did something that made others even more furious: he resheathed his sword, then lightly and flirtily flipped his not-messed-up-in-battle hair, and exited leisurely.

This action, of course, infuriated the students of the Sunrise Institute.

"Wenmo Shui, you are still so flirty. Can't you be more mature?" As soon as that exceptionally powerful warrior arrived at their resting bench, Yixuan Feng said disdainfully.

"My perfect hair destined me to flirt my whole life." The warrior called Wenmo Shui again reached out his hand, tidying his hair so that it was perfect.

The nearby people looked at the two with adoration. Those two both had ancient last names and extreme talent that surpassed most people. They were a perfect pair. A powerful magician and a valiant warrior whose

coordination was always so beautiful. ...Even when they were bickering.

"What a headache, you've created so much trouble. Now those people probably want to swallow you up whole, and in a moment, they'll vent all their anger on me." Yixuan Feng pouted. Although he claimed this, his expression was totally indifferent.

"Enough from you. Last time, you really lost face. In the crucial moment when you were about to finish off that arrogant girl, your stomach started hurting and you went to the restroom and lost. You're truly a classic joke. This year you must be begging to face her again." Wenmo said, looking scornfully at the complaining, but indifferent, Yixuan Feng.

"Yixuan Feng, this time you don't have any problems, right?" The nearby instructor was still a bit worried.

"Then you go up there." Yixuan Feng spat out indifferently and raised a brow at the worried instructor. The instructor immediately shut up. This wasn't a student he could deal with. He didn't care about the results of this competition. He and Wilmore Shui both did whatever they wanted, and they had the right to do so because of their backing and extraordinary strength.

Yixuan Feng stood up, yawned, cracked his neck, and slowly walked up.

Wenmo Shui walked towards his seat and they passed by each other. Wenmo Shui's voice was low so only they could hear. "You gonna slaughter that girl?"

"What do you think?" Yixuan Feng squinted at the high-rise stage for the competition, an icy glare shooting out from his slitted eyes.

"Haha." Wenmo Shui walked back, grinning. He was ready to watch this "splendid battle". He knew Yixuan Feng better than anyone else. This time, that little blonde girl would say goodbye to this world.

Claire knitted her brows slightly at the red-haired youth walking onstage. Killing intent. Even though it was hidden expertly, it still didn't pass under Claire's eyes unnoticed. Because killing intent was very familiar to Claire.

This youth, looks like he doesn’t actually want to compete.

He wants to kill Lashia!

Chapter 32: [No Title]

Claire started to get a headache. If that annoying girl was going to die, then let her die. It had nothing to do with her. But if Lashia died, the gentle Katherine would be heartbroken. Just thinking about the gentle Katherine made warmth emerge from her heart. For that gentle woman, Claire couldn't let that headstrong girl die.

Nobody noticed the killing intent of the guy called Yixuan Feng. His smile was like a flower as he walked slowly onto the stage while the Sunrise Institute's students looked on him with hostility. He looked like he was casually taking an afternoon stroll. With his air of indolence, no one could discover his killing intent.

The feelings that the youth Yixuan Feng and Lashia gave off were completely different. If this youth was a beast who concealed his true intents with a gentle smile, then Lashia would be an energetic little lamb1.

"Miss Lashia, it's a great pleasure to see you again." Yixuan Feng said with an elegant bow. The genial smile on his face was strikingly irritating in Lashia's eyes. This youth's peers had almost murdered the senior! How despicable and hateful! She must take this into account and beat the heck out of him. Last time it was because the opposing side had something suddenly pop up that they had won. But this time it would be different, because in this period of time she had studied and practiced magic incessantly, improving herself persistently. This time, she would use her own strength to crush her opponent.

"Don't speak nonsense." Lashia coldly humphed and stopped talking, beginning to chant a short incantation. Countless small lightning bolts shot towards Yixuan Feng. Lashia understood that this wouldn't be able to damage Yixuan Feng; this was only to confuse him in order to stall for time to chant a longer and more powerful spell.

A disdainful, cold smile appeared on Yixuan Feng's face. With a wave of his hand, a ray of glittering light dispersed outward, completely destroying the lightning bolts Lashia had created.

Claire frowned. Yixuan Feng's offhanded use of magic sent off warning bells in her head. Yixuan Feng was actually an Ice attributed magician, and his power and strength had already long surpassed Lashia.

"Yoho, your arrogant little sister is really out of luck now. They're on completely different levels." Walter's vulgar voice sounded in Claire's head. Many instances in the future would prove that Walter's foresight was so keen that it annoyed other people.

"How did you figure it out?" Claire mentally communicated with Walter.

"That person's aura is very similar to my own." Walter smacked his lips and laughed. "Don't misunderstand, he's not a dark magician. I'm saying that his way of thinking is the same as mine."

"A sinister, crafty person who likes to strike while hidden, likes to plot, and smiles while killing." Claire coldly said. This person, humph, definitely wasn't just a magician. The aura emitting from the core of his body was an assassin's. There's nothing more scary than an assassin proficient in magic. An assassin couldn't fight a magician or warrior head on, because that would be like trying to break a rock with a pebble. But when a magician is meditating or a warrior is resting, an assassin can silently take their lives. Being both an assassin and a magician, that youth was truly terrifying.

Walter's mouth twitched. Even though it was the truth, when it came from the little devil's mouth, it sounded so piercing.

"So, I think with his power, that guy can already insta-cast. I reckon he's scheming something against your little sister." Walter blinked and continued to say useless stuff that Claire already knew.

To save or not to save?

"Hurricane! Storm clouds! Lighting! Comply with the ancient contract and come to my side! – Thunderbolts descend!" Lashia's chanting was coming to an end. It would not feel good if anyone was struck by this spell. Ordinary people would certainly die, and normal magic shields wouldn't be able to withstand this type of attack either. Many on-looking magicians felt a tightening in their chests, wondering diffidently, that if it were them,

could they have blocked this terrorizing assault.

The rumbling of thunder became louder and louder, and the color drained from the faces of everyone. Mozart, the principle of Sunrise Institute, nodded his head, pleased. The recent growth Lashia had was very satisfying. The ambassador squinted at the Lashia on the stage without expression. Even though this young girl was powerful, she was not powerful enough to be of any threat to them, or they wouldn't have left her to grow until now. Cliff yawned, a little bored, and glanced towards the dress of the servant girl behind him.

The wind howled, storm clouds filled the sky, and thunder boomed. Soon, the stage became darker.

But Yixuan Feng looked unruffled. He just stood there elegantly, almost like he was waiting for Lashia to finish chanting her spell.

Claire watched the stage becoming darker and darker and her heart sank. In such a condition, there was no way to see clearly what happens onstage. At least for most people. Claire's sharp vision caught the faint but cold smile on Yixuan Feng's face.

It was the smile of death!

Yixuan Feng's fingers moved slightly and a tiny icicle appeared between his fingers. Because of the looming thunderbomb, he only released a transparent shield for others to see. Then Yixuan Feng also started chanting, and a dense forest of icicles of different sizes appeared before him, ready to counterattack. Only the tiny icicle hidden between his fingers was slightly different, clear-cut and sharp. There seemed to be a faint, strange aura about it, but Claire couldn't understand what it was.

The one thing that Claire did understand was what this cruel and cunning youth wanted to do. He was going to receive this blow from Lashia, then counterattack with his dense icicles, but then secretly shoot the tiny icicle from between his fingers into Lashia's chest! Although Cliff had added protective magic shields on Lashia's vitals, Claire wasn't positive that the youth couldn't forcefully break the shield and stab the icicle into Lashia's heart. In the last round, the competitor from Sunrise

Institute was almost beaten to death and the shields had cracked, and Claire was sure that that flirty guy didn't use all his strength. Then what about this Yixuan Feng? How scary was his power and strength? Most importantly, although both countries didn't want to lose their students in the competition and added the magic shields, if someone accidentally died during the fighting, there wouldn't be any investigation or trial. Accident, the word accident; it seems like this youth called Yixuan Feng was going to use this word to its fullest.

Suddenly, in a split second2, the two attacked.

Claire saw very clearly that Yixuan Feng was about to shoot out the special small icicle following closely behind a huge icicle that was aimed for Lashia's chest. Even if Lashia could block the normal large icicle, there was no way she could defend against the special small icicle hidden behind it.

The lightning moved, the icicle moved. Yixuan Feng had on a smile that was like the spring wind.

In that instant, Claire's gaze became profound and her pupils suddenly widened.

*

1.Basically, weak.

2. Literal translation would be "between fire and sparks", but it just means really fast.

Chapter 33: You! Come Out!

The whole stage was rumbling, the sound resonating into the horizon. The thunder and the sounds of the sharp icicles hitting the ground were ear-piercing.

As the dark clouds dispersed, the scene on stage shocked everyone.

Lashia was wearily supporting her body, trying her best to stay upright and gasping for breath. Just now for blocking that huge swarm of icicles, Lashia had set up a magic shield. But the impact from the group of icicles was too strong. More importantly, there was a distinctive hole in her left arm with blood flooding out! The blood had already stained her sleeve red and continued to flow down her arm. The dripping blood splashed onto the ground, creating a bizarre bloody flower design.

But right now Yixuan Feng's expression was unreadable as water! He knew better than anyone else that if it wasn't for a fierce spiritual attack, then that girl in front of him wouldn't be bleeding from her arm, but from her heart. Who was it?!

Lashia clenched her teeth, pain throbbing from her arm. There was freezing water in her blood because the icicles were melting. The more it melted, the more excruciating the pain. It felt like a million ants were gnawing on her bones and her whole skeleton was crumbling. Lashia almost thought she heard her bones cracking. Her sight became more and more fuzzy. She knew she had just been pulled out of death's door. The glint of shock and anger in the youth's eyes and the ray of light that shot towards her chest turned towards her arm suddenly and unnaturally let her understand that the youth in front of her wanted to kill her, but someone interfered. Originally this wound should be on her chest!

Who intervened against this cold-blooded youth, who saved her?

Lashia's eyesight became hazier and hazier. But she saw clearly the youth's eyes becoming more and more cold, and then that that youth's icy gaze faced a certain direction.

Before Lashia fainted, she followed the youth's gaze and saw Claire's

apathetic face!

The stadium became deathly silent, each and everyone stunned.

It was now that Cliff's retracted his gaze from that maid's skirt.

The result of the competition was self explanatory with the scene on stage. Lashia, who had already fainted, lost, and that youth who was still standing onstage indifferently, Yixuan Feng, had won.

Lagark's student all started cheering. Victory, they've won.

The Sunrise Institutes students were ashen-faced, still not back to their senses. Lashia, in the pool of blood on stage, might be dead. The spectating nobles were completely mute. Nobody thought the exchange would end like this, and nobody could could accept this result.

Lost, they really lost.

The genius Lashia lost, and so tragically too.

On the special stand, the ambassador narrowed his eyes, the thin crack emitting an acute light. Then he cast a glance at the pope beside him, but the pope had closed his eyes! The emperor wasn't smiling, but didn't have any other expressions either. Cliff raised a brow, seemingly pondering about something. The emperor slightly frowned, looking a bit worried.

Very soon, medics ran on stage and carried the unconscious Lashia away for treatment. The magician acting as the referee climbed on stage and was about to declare Yixuan Feng as the victor.

But Yixuan Feng ignored that magician, and instead, turned and stared with a burning gaze at one direction, his face revealing an intriguing smile. Then he casually lifted his hand, stopping the referee's announcement.

The referee paused, not understanding what this chilling youth wanted to do.

Wenmo Shui was still sitting on his chair but his butt was beginning to get restless, and he shifted around in his seat as he watched Yixuan Feng on stage. Only he knew that Yixuan Feng was getting serious. The dark

glint in the depths of his eyes proved that Yixuan Feng was excited, that he had found something that was interesting. What is it? What is it? Wenmo Shui also started to get excited.

"That round doesn't count." The first words out of Yixuan Feng's mouth created a huge uproar among the audience.

The students of the Sunrise Institute were furious, almost exploding. This is the most naked contempt, most direct insult!

But everyone from Lagark dropped open their mouths. Yixuan Feng's mentor wanted to cry. He knew that this problematic-youth was going to go crazy again. He's throwing away the victory they had in their hands! Yixuan Feng's mentor tugged at his hair, howling in his heart that one day all his hair would be destroyed because of Yixuan Feng. The gaze that the ambassador shot at him made him want to bang his head on the wall.

"You! Come out!" Yixuan Feng's finger rose slowly as he pointed, and spitted out a few icy words.

Everyone's gaze followed where Yixuan Feng pointed and they all froze.

That person resembled the defeated girl, Lashia. It was Claire!

"Come out. You know why I called you out." Yixuan Feng's expression was completely icy, as he looked chillingly at Claire and said, "You come and take her place. The round just now doesn't count."

His arrogant words made the people of Amparkland furious. This youth was way too arrogant, way too ignorant of the immensity of heaven and earth. How could he treat the two country's dignified competition like this?!

The ambassador's expression finally changed and was about to stand up to say something.

But now the pope opened his eyes slightly and quietly said to the emperor beside him,"Your Highness, let them compete. Don't oppress the children's vigor."

The ambassador opened his mouth wide, swallowing back all his words.

He didn't understand what on earth the pope was thinking. The pope actually promoted such a request that came out of the blue?!

The emperor also was stunned. Although the new situation was unexpected and ironic, the pope's response was totally inconceivable. All the audience on the stands also went stupid. What did the pope mean? Let Claire replace Lashia in this competition and redo the round? Was this to protect Amparkland's pride or did he mean something else? The competition that already ended was going to start again?

But the pope had already spoken. The emperor looked at Claire. He didn't want to rashly offend Cliff or the pope, but Claire nodded indifferently, so the emperor felt relieved. Claire had already agreed, so even if Cliff wanted to blame someone,there was really no one to blame. Also, with Cliff's personality, he wouldn't let Claire's life be threatened any time in the competition. If the situation becomes truly dangerous, Cliff would definitely ignore all rules and intervene to help.

The emperor nodded towards the referee, and the referee came back to his senses and said in a loud voice, "Third round of the competition, Claire versus Yixuan Feng."

The crowd boiled.

Absolutely, totally, boiled.

This completely ironic turn of events made everyone dumbfounded, then excited again.

It didn't matter if it was dramatic or crazy, at least now there was a thread of hope.

Would there be a chance to win? Would there be a chance to gain back their face?

Very quickly, there were two reactions.

Some said that Claire is a man-crazy idiot, that she will only lose Amparkland's face. Others said that Claire is already a disciple of the great Cliff, so maybe she stands a chance. Naturally, the former was the great majority! The nobles who knew Claire looked at her with

complicated expressions: despise, disdain, mocking, ridicule, hope... Princess Maurice looked at Claire's figure with worry. Duke Gordan's face darkened and darkened.

Claire slowly stood up.

The deep and low note of the long horn sounded.

Everybody's eyes were fixed on this blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl's figure.

Under the sunlight, Claire smiled faintly and slowly started walking to the center of the field.

The wind lightly blew, lifting Claire's long hair in the air, and in that instant, everyone saw an illusion: that the girl wasn't actually a man-chasing idiot like the rumors, but a shining, stunning, jewel.

Chapter 34: Shameless and Despicable and Dirty!

Countless numbers of gazes followed Claire as she slowly walked down the stand and onto the stage.

Princess Maurice worriedly watched Claire from behind, her heart palpitating. Lashia wasn't even that person's match, would Claire be able to defeat him? Or would Claire be able to come out unscathed?

"I'm afraid now we'll lose even more face, that idiotic Claire is totally incapable, how she became sir Cliff's disciple is still a total mystery. There must be something fishy about it." A low voice floated into Princess Maurice's ear.

"That's right. This time we will lose huge face. That worthless idiotic actually went up to accept the fight, who does she think she is?" Another low voice said.

The next moment, the two both froze as they saw Princess Maurice's ice cold and hateful look in their direction. They had never seen that gentle, forgiving princess have such an expression! The two immediately shut up and shrank down.

"It doesn't matter if Claire can win or not, at least she has the courage to stand up and fight for our country." Prince Nancy's indifferent voice was heard by the all the surrounding people. Their expressions became complicated, and they all shut up. Of course they understood what the second prince meant. Claire fearlessly got up to accept the fight, but they were making cynical remarks behind her back, so they were even lower than the man-chasing Claire.

As Claire slowly walked, Walter's noisy voice sounded in her head.

"Claire, you aren't really going right? Are you really going to fight?" Walter was scratching his ears with worry.

"Yes." Claire insipidly replied. From the moment she decided to intervene, she had already mentally prepped herself.

“That person is so strong, so strong he’s a freak. You can beat him?” When Walter heard Claire’s indifferent response, he felt a sliver of hope.

“No.” Claire honestly replied.

“Shit!!! And you’re still so unperturbed!?” Walter erupted like a volcano as he howled, feeling exasperated. Claire didn’t speak and then Walter suddenly remembered. “Then are you waiting for your Master, Cliff, to save you?” The moment he said it, he shook off the idea. This little devil, she would definitely not let something like that happen. If you wanted a reason, then there might not be any particular reason. This was Walter’s understanding of Claire.

Claire smiled like a flower, slowly walked up the stage, and arrived in front of Yixuan Feng.

“I don’t want to die.” Walter perspirated cold sweat. Right now he was just a spirit connected to a Spiritual Stone. The youth with terrifying strength could definitely kill Claire, and then as a stone, his future would be dark.

“You won’t die.” Claire coldly humphed.

“But you can’t beat him.” Walter shivered, his heart sinking.

Yixuan Feng coldly looked at the blond haired girl in front of him. He didn’t understand why that apart from excitement, he also felt a bit nervous. Although it was just a tiny bit, he truly felt nervous.

“I’m so sorry, just now I rashly broke the rules and intervened, but I can’t watch you kill my little sister.” Claire smiled while apologizing, but her words didn’t feel apologetic at all.

“Humph.” Yixuan Feng coldly humphed offhandedly, not caring at all that Claire saw through his plan. Yixuan Feng analyzed the girl in front of him. Although she resembled the previous girl, Lashia, they were two completely different people. Her gaze was frighteningly profound and she emitted a dangerous, murderous aura. There was no doubt, this girl was like him, a proficient assassin! If it was like that, he needed to be careful.

“Stop wasting your breath. Let’s start.” Yixuan Feng coldly laughed,

starting the battle. Even if the girl in front of him was a proficient assassin, so what? In this competition, assassins wouldn't have the slightest bit of advantage. Assassins could only assassinate in the dark unexpectedly to succeed, to be a threat. Right now, this magically weak girl had exposed herself in front of him. Spiritual attack, haha, would he fall for the same kind of attack again? But it was truly shocking that this girl actually knew how to Spiritually attack!

Although he felt slightly nervous, Yixuan Feng thought he would win easily. Also, he would make her pay the price for sneakily attacking, paying with her life!

Yixuan Feng chanted a primary spell creating a couple of icicles to test out Claire. Claire immediately released a fire shield.

Both seemed to be superficial.

But in a flash, both sides understood the other's strength more clearly.

Yixuan Feng's mouth curved into a cold smile. As expected, her magic power wasn't much. He could directly kill her if he pulled their distance apart and then used advanced magic. Yixuan Feng coldly humphed and quickly retreated back, pulling their distance apart. Then he quickly started chanting.

Everybody worriedly looked at the situation on stage. As they watched Yixuan Feng speedily chanting while Claire was still quietly standing there, everybody had different reactions.

The Sunrise Institute students all gritted their teeth, their expressions complex. Their hearts were conflicted. They completely didn't understand why the youth, Yixuan Feng, pointed at Claire and called her out to compete. If Claire won, they could get their honor back, win back their pride. But, if Claire, that incapable man-chaser won... Then where did that put them? What kind of a position would they be in?

The spectating nobles all stretched their necks forward with bated breath as they watched the scene on stage. Looking at this situation, many people put on the "I told you so" expression. Of course Claire went up there to lose face. How could she defeat the youth that had already

defeated Lashia?!

Yixuan Feng's started chanting faster and faster, because he felt an uneasy feeling welling up. This was an assassin's intuition. There was no doubt!

Yixuan Feng clearly saw Claire's face slowly reveal the sliver of a smile, a very icy and extremely dangerous smile.

"Yixuan Feng, you're actually very handsome. I was almost enchanted by you." A brilliant smile blossomed on Claire's beautiful face as she gently and "affectionately" moved toward Yixuan Feng. At that moment, she looked extremely fascinating and charming, enchanting everyone.

Yixuan Feng froze, not finishing the chant.

The next moment, a green aura burst forth from Claire, a radiance that was blinding. Then she swiftly raced to Yixuan Feng, who hadn't come back to his senses yet.

Dou Qi!!!

It was actually Dou Qi!

And it was an advanced warrior's green Dou Qi!

A magic warrior?

That idiotic male-chasing Claire was actually a magic warrior?

Knowing both magic and Dou Qi?!!

The whole field was boiling again like water, to the point that it was beyond comparison. Heavens, it was actually Dou Qi! Everyone knew what would happen if a magician let a warrior come close.

Many people opened their mouths and forgot to close them. Other people continuously pinched their arms, not relenting even when it bruised. And there were still others that felt their vision darken and the sky about to collapse. Duke Gordan started stupidly at the shining green radiance on the stage and forgot to think. Princess Maurice was extremely excited, blood rushing to her cheeks. But the second prince, Nancy, turned his head slightly, meeting the gaze of Jean. Jean lifted the corner of his

mouth into an almost imperceptible smile.

On the special stand, the emperor's eyes widened slightly, but there was no other expression on his face. Cliff frowned in deep thought. The face of the ambassador paled, his hands gripping the armrests of his chair. The pope looked at the stage out of his half-closed eyes, also silent. Only the queen looked happy.

But right now on the stage, Yixuan Feng was beginning to get worried. Never in his deepest thoughts did he think that this young girl was not only a magician and assassin, but also a warrior!!! He was agile enough to evade a warrior's attack for a while, but the stage was only so big, and he had just purposely retreated to increase the distance between them, so there was almost no room behind him. Even though he was a magician who had assassination skills, he still couldn't block the strong blows of a close combat warrior.

Walter was screaming his head off in Claire's head. Shameless, so shameless! There's no one more shameless than this little devil, no one more evil than her! Shameless enough to say something so ambiguous at the critical end of someone's chant to sway their focus! What Yixuan Feng, you're actually very handsome. I was almost enchanted by you. Pah! Was that possible? That the little devil would like some arrogant boy she met the first time? Sure enough, sure enough, when this little devil pretended to be cute, the other person would be struck a deadly blow! This shameless, despicable, vile, dirty little devil! Using such an insidious and vicious tactic.

Wenmo Shui understood Yixuan Feng's predicament perfectly. Hens flying and dogs jumping would totally describe the current situation. Yixuan Feng wanted to turn in circles to avoid the chase, but there was no more room for him to turn. Claire's attack was cunning and spiteful, each blow so strong and powerful that, even though she didn't have any weapons, her bare fists were making Yixuan Feng panicked. Wenmo Shui's squirming butt had left his seat while he stood up excitedly to watch the panicked Yixuan Feng, bursting with laughter inside. This was the first time he saw Yixuan Feng being chased around like a wet dog, and

it was much too entertaining.

Yixuan Feng suffered in silence bitterly. Every time Claire would accurately block off his retreating path and then deal a string of vicious attacks. Not only was there no time to chant a spell, even dodging with his nimble body was difficult. Every time he was hit, he grimaced. He had already lost his previously high spirits. This wretched woman, every hit was so accurate. Miscalculation, a huge miscalculation. This woman actually knew how to use Dou Qi.

“Don’t go too far!” Yixuan Feng panted as his sorry figure dodged Claire’s Dou Qi attack.

Claire’s expression was completely icy. She didn’t say anything, and instead blocked Yixuan Feng’s retreating path again.

A magician getting in a close combat with a warrior equated to certain death. Right now, the only reason Yixuan Feng was still fighting after such a long time was because he was proficient in assassination techniques. But his physical strength was quickly deteriorating, while Claire still looked the same, her hair still tidy.

Walter was still excited like crazy watching such an arrogant person being oppressed like this by Claire, but he still sighed about Claire’s arduous hard work. During that time, Claire was riddled with scars everyday because she was secretly learning Dou Qi with Jean. Those scars resulted from her commanded sparring rounds with Jean. Claire’s usage of and growth in Dou Qi really shocked Jean and Walter over and over.

The spectators’ enthusiasm reached the skies. Nobody had imagined such a turn of events.

What would the result be like?

Chapter 35: I didn't do it on purpose! I swear!

Everyone saw the scene on stage very clearly. Claire had pressured Feng Yixuan so much he couldn't escape anywhere, battered and exhausted.

Princess Maurice's face was completely flushed red. She clenched her fist, wanting to shout out Claire's name, but considering her status, she couldn't do that kind of thing and step out of line. Just as Princess Maurice was extremely excited and restraining herself with all her might, she heard a shout that came like a thunderclap.

"Claire!"

"Claire! Claire!"

"Claire!"

More and more voices sounded. Those spectating nobles were excited, as if on drugs, clenching their fists and yelling Claire's name out like their lives depended on it.

In this instant, Claire was their hero, their pride, a radiating pearl1.

The exchange's atmosphere was so moving it reached the skies, making people incessantly stirred.

Jean stood at the very back, calmly looking at the radiating girl on stage, his eyes revealing a peculiar mood. During that time, he had been completely won over by that girl. Her tenacity was extremely shocking. She repeatedly sparred over and over. She was extremely harsh to her opponent, but even harsher towards herself. Jean's Dou Qi was unordinary, brimming with tyranny. During that time, Claire would be riddled with scars with that kind of Dou Qi, but she never uttered a sound, never said that she gave up. What she said the most was "Again! Again! Again!!"

Now Lashia had finished receiving treatment and had woken up. Although she was very weak, she could already clearly see what had

transpired on stage very clearly. Her expression was very complicated, with solemnity from the bottom of her eyes. Nobody knew what she was thinking at the moment.

Yixuan Feng's instructor was about to collapse. He just knew this problematic youth was going to cause trouble, but he didn't think it would evolve into this kind of situation. With this problematic youth's strength, even if he caused trouble, it couldn't be so embarrassing. But today he had really met his fated nemesis. Wenmo Shui was so moved he almost blew a whistle. How could it be so ridiculous, Yixuan Feng, that scoundrel, actually had been beaten like a drowning dog today. Ahaha, it was way too funny. Lagark's students were both angry and anxious. Their victory was going to fly away like this and would be lost with such humiliation. The instructor pulled his hair frantically.

The spectator's voices surged, all echoing one voice: Claire, Claire!

Magic warrior!

Right now the girl on stage was a magic warrior. If it was an average person as magician, at best they would be an advanced magician, and similarly for Dou Qi they would at most an advanced warrior, not strange at all. It was inevitable that there were people who strived to learn both. Then both wouldn't be powerful; no matter if it was magic or Dou Qi, they wouldn't be able to reach the pinnacle. But what happened to that male-chasing Claire was completely different!

A few months before she was incapable, an idiotic male-chaser who didn't know magic or Dou Qi at all! Right now, she was actually a magic warrior. Although it was unknown what level her magic was like, Cliff had accepted her as a disciple so she couldn't be bad. And her Dou Qi had already shown that she had already reached the advanced warrior's level in the span of only a few short months!!!

A miracle, definitely a miracle!

She was the true genius of geniuses.

On stage, Yixuan Feng was bitter and incapable of speaking. He already didn't have the strength to dodge any more. How fierce this woman was!

Too fierce, it was the first time he had met a woman this fierce.

"You're good, you despicable, treacherous shrewish woman. I accept defeat." Suddenly Yixuan Feng surrendered, panting for air.

Claire didn't stop her attack, the sole of her foot flying over, making Yixuan Feng fall beautifully. Then Claire kicked, her foot stepping on Yixuan Feng's back as he rolled down.

"Crap, Claire, you didn't have to be so fierce, right? You even stepped on this guy's back, do you want to strain the two country's relations?" Walter ranted loudly in Claire's head.

Claire became embarrassed, completely embarrassed. Why would she do this on purpose? She didn't think this guy would be that useless, surrendering whenever he felt like it. It was because he rolled himself over that she just happened to step onto his back! Claire didn't even think to step on this guy's back.

Yixuan Feng just laid still on the floor and stuck out his tongue, rolled his eyes, didn't say anything, and didn't make any further actions.

Claire gracefully stepped on his back spine, temporarily forgetting to withdraw her foot.

Instantly, silence enveloped the entire stadium. Even a leaf falling to the ground would be heard clearly.

A long time, after a long time, after a long long time, still all was silent.....

"Uh..... This....." The referee trembled as he climbed up the stage, glancing at Yixuan Feng under Claire's foot, then glancing at the stunned Claire. He said weakly, "Now....."

"I lost." Yixuan Feng's mosquito-like buzzing sounded.

"What?" The referee was obviously still in a trance.

"**! I said I lost, you *** don't understand or what?" This time, Yixuan Feng wasn't buzzing like a mosquito anymore, but emitting a thunderous roar. Yet he still lay there, letting Claire step on him.

“I now declare Claire Hill as the winner.” The referee, who almost jumped out of his pants, hurriedly announced.

Claire was still feeling awkward as Walter’s mouth twitched. “Hey! Hey! Little devil, shouldn’t you withdraw your foot by now?”

Claire seemed to have awakened from a dream as she quickly withdrew her foot, and sent an apologetic look at Yixuan Feng, who was still laying on the floor, not moving. This time was really embarrassing. Although she wanted to win against him with underhanded means, she didn’t want to win while humiliating him so much. This way, not only would she strain the two country’s relations, she would also create a powerful enemy out of this freak. Before she became strong, she didn’t want create this kind of enemy.

The next moment, the originally silent stadium, thundered. There was an uproar!

“Claire!”

“Claire!!”

“Claire!!!”

……

The whole stadium went crazy, all the faces of the nobles were bright red, witnessing this miracle excitedly.

Won! The legendary man-crazy idiot Claire won! A person that even the genius Lashia couldn’t match was actually defeated by Claire! And the victory was so absolute, so glorious. Stepping on her opponent like that!

That arrogant expression, that sassy gesture, those gold locks waving in the wind, those profound emerald irises, they are all so charming, so mesmerizing, that one simply could not move one’s gaze off her.

As the ambassador watched the royal platform, nobody noticed the emperor’s expression relax. The ambassador’s complexion became as red as a pig’s liver. Intolerable bullying! That girl actually humiliated them like this! The pope slowly stood up and smiled while saying to the emperor,

“Your Highness, the result has already been decided, congratulations for gaining another talent. The Temple of Light has some business I need to attend to, I will be the first to take my leave.”

“If so, I won’t retain you.” The emperor his majesty stood up and said smiling.

The pope left, not giving the ambassador so much as a glance.

The ambassador’s gaze had stopped on Claire the whole time, not moving. Inside he only had one thought, he definitely couldn’t let this girl continue to mature! Definitely couldn’t!!!

The stadium’s atmosphere almost went out of control. Despite etiquette, the nobles stood up, cheering Claire’s name.

But right now, Claire was looking at the Yixuan Feng still splayed out on the floor, a little embarrassed. Yixuan Feng just laid there motionlessly, like a dead dog.

Shoot, this abnormal youth was probably having a breakdown because of her blows. Claire felt her head ache. Establishing such a valiant enemy so soon was not a wise decision. But, she really didn’t do it on purpose! She swore it wasn’t!

“Yo, now you’re in trouble. How will this arrogant person get his revenge on us? We must be careful, very careful.” Walter said worriedly. The word “we” showed that Walter had already tied himself and Claire on the same boat.

Wenmo Shui twitched his mouth, looking at the still lying down Yixuan Feng, a little concerned. This was the first time someone had dealt such a heavy blow to this jerk, Yixuan Feng. He was such an arrogant and conceited jerk but was actually insulted so inhumanly in front of so many people. Would he be able to bear it? Wenmo Shui started to be concerned about this abnormal person for the first time.

The result was now final.

Although it was theatrical, Claire won, and won so impressively!

Everyone had watched attentively and everyone was stunned.

Claire gave the still unmoving Yixuan Feng one last glance, and threw out a faint and quiet apology, “I didn’t do it on purpose! I swear!”

Walter almost cried. Little devil, what you just said, do you think it’s sincere? Are you trying to make matters worse or attempting to justify yourself? Walter instantly felt extremely conflicted, and his heart ached. He even felt his life-line shudder and his chrysanthemum tighten. He even thought of slamming into the wall.

This time if Yixuan Feng doesn’t come back to take revenge, he’ll change his last name to Claire’s!

*

1. Radiating pearl – hope.

Chapter 36: So Valiant, So Charming

As Claire stepped off the platform, Princess Maurice was already facing her on the platform, and behind her was a group of nobles immediately surrounding Claire. Their excitement was buzzing. The Sunrise Institute students didn't surround Claire; they just watched her from afar, feeling conflicted.

"Claire, you're amazing! When did you learn Dou Qi?!"

"Claire, you were excellent today!"

"Claire, you....."

While drowning in praises, Claire only smiled mildly, not saying a word.

Becoming famous in one fight.

As Claire left, Yixuan Feng still laid there, not moving. Wenmo Shui gulped, and then carefully walked forward.

"Yixuan?" Wenmo Shui inquired.

He was responded to with silence.

" Yixuan, are you okay? Don't scare me, if you die, then your T-rex Ma won't forgive me. She will literally peel a layer off my skin before burying me with you! Even if you want to die, you have to wait for your mom to come here, then die!" Wenmo Shui was tearing up, howling with grief.

As before, Yixuan Feng didn't say a word, silently laying there with an unclear expression.

"Yixuan, you can't die. Save your breath, I'll carry you back. Wait until we arrive home and then you can die." Wenmo Shui said as he scooped up the unmoving Yixuan Feng, carrying him on his shoulder, shuffling down the platform.

"I want to vomit... " Yixuan Feng finally choked out these few words, groaning as quietly as a mosquito. Really, he was shaken so much he was about to vomit.

"Ah! Yixuan, you're alright, very good, as long as you're alright it's okay."

Wenmo Shui happily set Yixuan Feng down and Yixuan Feng wobbled down. Wenmo Shui immediately supported him and was truly happy. Good, Yixuan Feng, that little rascal, could speak. This meant that he could bear that inhumane person's humiliation. Good, good, this rascal didn't completely collapse. Wenmo Shui supported the weak and dizzy Yixuan Feng on his shoulder as they left.

The Grand Exchange ended like that. A shocking beginning and a shocking ending. The ambassador's expression became extremely ugly. Naturally the emperor had to say some good words. From the ambassador's point of view, the ending award ceremony was very simple.

But the prize was nevertheless extremely controversial. The contestants who attended the competition didn't dare say that the prize should have been theirs, and no one even mentioned the prize. Although the dean went to bring the prize back, no one could accept it. Everyone could see what was going on during the competition. Without Claire, they would not only be defeated, but they would also bring shame to Amparkland.

Following tradition, the court held a banquet, firstly, to celebrate victory, and secondly, to send Lagark's students off.

In the afternoon, as Claire stole away to rest, sipping tea in the greenhouse, a servant came to report. The Sunrise Institute's principal had sent people to send over the rewards. Because he said he was busy, he couldn't personally come, so he sent an instructor to send the three rewards.

Claire looked at the three extraordinary items on the tray the servant was holding, quietly sipped her tea, and slowly stood up, walking to the tray that the magic sword was placed on. With one swipe, she threw the sword to Jean, who was behind her, and then mildly said, "Send the other people back. I'll only take what I deserve."

The servant became slightly frozen, looking at Claire's ice-cold expression, quickly lowering his head as he brought the silver tray out.

Jean accepted the sword and as he pulled it out a little, cold rays shot out. A good sword! Jean's face revealed a slight smile. He liked this present

very much.

“Pack this up. From now on, you are going to use this sword to protect me.” Claire sat back into the seat and remembered the awkward moment that happened that day. Her foot was stepping on the abnormal young man’s back. Once she thought of the young magician who was proficient in the art of assassination being humiliated by her in public, Claire began to feel headache. That was not her intention. Now, she can only think of plans to combat the coming storm.

“Mistress, are you worrying about that young man you had competed against today?” Jean putting back the sword to ask.

“If you were to lose to a woman who is much weaker than you because of her deceit and were stepped under her foot in front of everyone, would you feel good?” Claire asked irritably.

Jean was speechless. Yes, not only would a man that had been stepped on the back by a woman in public be out of control, anyone would be furious.

“Be careful during this time. That person is very proficient in the art of assassination.” Claire felt headache. When an assassin met an assassin, it seemed like neither one could benefit.

“Yes, mistress. I would always stay by your side to protect you.” Jean said extremely seriously.

And there was a party tonight... Claire closed her eyes and sighed. She didn’t want to go if possible.

“Now you know how troublesome it is. You really fueled the trouble; any men would be die vomiting blood because of your insult. I really pity that person. Tricked, defeated, and even stepped on the back. Oh yeah, it is going to be a delightful eternal performance. Now we are going to be pleased.” Walter said, completely opposite of what he was thinking. He was like a raven being steamed, bickering incessantly.

Claire did not say anything but pulled out the Spiritual stone and pinched forcefully on it.

Walter twitched and quieted.

The world was silent.

Jean saw Claire pinch the Spiritual stone then casually put the stone back, her expression was the same as before. Not knowing why, he felt cold. Suddenly he pitied Walter, and somewhat understood why Walter always called Claire a little demon.

The dinner party was held as usual and Claire appeared in a black formal dress and looked brilliant. At this night's party, she became the main character and naturally, Lashia was not present. The emperor went through the formal speech, and then the party began. Nobles surrounded Claire, and their talking made Claire's head ache. Many were those who Duke Gordan told her to befriend. But there were also some nobles that stood at a distance, and they all gazed in confusion at her side.

"Okay, everyone, Claire and I have appointment. If you do not mind, I have to borrow Claire for a moment." Princess Maurice appeared and smiled, keeping "harassments" away from Claire.

Claire's eyes flashed with gratitude. Princess Maurice and Claire withdrew to the balcony and then Claire let out a light sigh. If it wasn't for Duke Gordan waving her over, she would have definitely not paid attention to those boring aristocrats.

"Claire, you were really great today." Princess Maurice's eyes flashed with light, admiring Claire sincerely.

Claire bitterly laughed and shook her head. Really, in terms of brute force, she was far from being Yixuan Feng's match. It was just that she won this time using a hidden card. If Yixuan Feng knew she could use Dou Qi, he wouldn't have so brashly challenged her. But this night, she didn't seem to have seen that guy's presence.

"It's been said that Yixuan Feng has been muddleheaded this whole time, not sober. It's probably because he was shocked." Princess Maurice said with a proud smile. In her eyes, Claire was the hero that had completely defeated that guy!

Muddleheaded this whole time? Claire was a bit surprised. What was going on?

Yixuan Feng and Wenmo Shui both didn't attend the banquet. Yixuan Feng lay on the courier hostel's bed, not moving at all. Wenmo Shui was aside, guarding him while chewing chicken.

The ambassador was extremely worried about Yixuan Feng's situation, so he didn't force them to attend this humiliating sending-off banquet. Yixuan Feng's background wasn't something the ambassador could afford to offend.

"Humph! Do you want to die or are you already dead?" Wenmo Shui asked, his words blurry. After Wenmo Shui knew that Yixuan Feng could bear that strike, he wasn't polite anymore. He sat on a chair nearby with his foot stepping on Yixuan Feng's butt while chewing roasted chicken.

Yixuan Feng was silent, lying on there, still daydreaming.

"If you didn't die, then eat something. Wait until the banquet ends and we'll leave this night. I don't want to stay at this damned place at all." Wenmo Shui grumbled while chewing a roasted chicken wing.

"How beautiful, how valiant... " Yixuan Feng's tiny voice quietly sounded, seeming like he ignored the Wenmo Shui's stinky pig foot on his butt.

"What?" Wenmo Shui asked, confused, spitting out the bones in his mouth.

"How valiant, how enchanting she is... " This time Wenmo Shui heard Yixuan Feng clearly.

What?!!

Wenmo Shui instantly had an ominous premonition.

Chapter 37: Hidden Crisis

"What did you just say?" Wenmo Shui asked anxiously, dropping the roasted chicken.

"How enchanting, how valiant." Yixuan Feng slowly got up, his eyes blurred as he looked forward in a daze. It was as if the enchanting Claire was right in front of his eyes.

"Pft~" Wenmo Shui spit out the last piece of bone onto Yixuan Feng's face.

Yixuan Feng blankly wiped it off his face and giggled, "Wenmo, she's so enchanting."

Wenmo Shui opened his mouth wide, dumbstruck. As he saw that person giggling foolishly, the unease in his heart grew bigger and bigger. This was the first time he saw Yixuan Feng in love like this!

He's done for! This guy was actually in love!

This little bastard had always treated those women disdainfully as if they were beneath him. One time, he couldn't stand to watch a super affectionate younger female cousin to the point that he spit out tea from his mouth, not giving any face, causing his T-rex Ma to think there was something wrong with his body and secretly check. The result showed that all of Yixuan Feng's functions worked properly. It was just that he couldn't fall for those women.

Now, he had finally fallen for a girl.

But!!!

This girl won't do!

Because she was from Amparkland and the influential Duke Hill's granddaughter!

Currently, the relationship between Amparkland and Lagark seemed fine, but they all knew the relationship was in fact, quite strained. Turbulent waves swelled secretly. Lagark's current emperor was not

someone who was satisfied with what he had now.

So this woman absolutely won't do!

Also, the ambassador seemed to have his way of thinking.

Before Yixuan Feng could say anything, Wenmo Shui suddenly jumped up. He pulled the sheet and after a slight vibration, Wenmo Shui immediately tore it to shreds. Wenmo Shui wrapped up Yixuan Feng without a word, tightly and securely.

"Crap! You barbarian! What are you doing?" Yixuan Feng angrily yelled as he finally came back to his senses and saw Wenmo Shui tie him up. It was already useless to struggle.

"Don't even think about it. Tonight we will go back. That woman won't do, she is Amparkland's Duke Gordan's granddaughter." Wenmo Shui carefully wrapped him up from head to toe and then tightened it, hard.

"Are you looking to die?! Let me go! I want to find her right now." Yixuan Feng wriggled like an earthworm, but how could he be a match for the warrior, Wenmo Shui?

Wenmo Shui picked up Yixuan Feng with one swipe and lightly threw him onto the bed. Then, Yixuan Feng, who had been wrapped in circles, was wrapped up even more and continued on to wriggle.

"You barbarian actually dare to tie me up. I will make you... eugh, eugh, umph..." The last words didn't come out. Wenmo Shui had stuffed a wad of bed sheets into Yixuan Feng's mouth.

Wenmo Shui completely ignored Yixuan Feng, who was crazily wriggling on the bed, and instead, minded his own business as he started to pack up stuff. They needed to leave this place tonight. With the ambassador's personality, he probably wouldn't easily let the woman called Claire go. Double classed magic warrior! Even though right now her level wasn't that high, nobody could predict if it would be like this in the future. The ambassador wouldn't risk letting her grow.

Also, naturally, he couldn't let Yixuan Feng know this information. Wenmo Shui looked at the struggling person on the bed and made a

decision. They'll leave right now! They'll bring this guy back home and let his mom deal with him. As long as they went home, he didn't need to deal with it any more.

The moment the students and instructors that attended the banquet came back, they saw Wenmo Shui carrying a mummy-like Yixuan Feng onto the carriage. Yixuan Feng wriggled with all his might as Wenmo Shui faced the stupefied instructors and said, "We'll leave first. Teacher, this guy suffered too much. I was afraid he would be too depressed and try to commit suicide, so I took on a small measure." As he said this Wenmo Shui didn't look shameful at all, his expression and heart rate staying the same.

The instructor stood, dumbfounded, not knowing what to do or say. The other students also stood spellbound, watching this strange, comical scene.

The ambassador nodded and let them go. From the very start, the ambassador was afraid that Yixuan Feng had received too much of an impact and do something that would influence the somewhat peaceful relations of the two countries. Wenmo Shui bringing him away right now naturally was a good thing. The faster the better!

No one noticed that when Wenmo Shui said those words that the person on his shoulder, Yixuan Feng, started to wriggle even more. As Yixuan Feng continued creating muffled sounds the whole time he was carried onto the carriage. Only Wenmo Shui could figure out Yixuan Feng's muffled words. "Eugh, eugh, eugh, ah eugh eugh... eugh eugh... eugh... umph... umph, umph... (Wenmo Shui, you lowly person, I'll become your mortal enemy... slaughter you...) It was a pity these muffled sounds were smothered into the dark night.

The carriage left, carrying Yixuan Feng who had been wrapped up tightly and the languid looking Wenmo Shui, disappearing into the night. After showing customs their documents, the carriage left that night without a hitch.

And so, Yixuan Feng was unfairly brought away forcefully by Wenmo

Shui, leaving far away from his heart's valiant and enchanting Claire.

After the banquet was over, Claire and Duke Gordan left together on a carriage.

Duke Gordan had a red glow, his mood very good. In the moment he knew Claire was actually a double classed magic warrior, he became moved and then understood that clearly, Claire must have learned Dou Qi with Jean. This granddaughter was really too hard working. This time really made him incessantly surprised. It surprised him so much his heart almost jumped out of his throat.

In the dead of night, Claire laid on the bed with eyes closed, but wasn't deep asleep.

Currently in the study, there was a solemn and tense atmosphere.

"Sir, the youth who lost to the Miss, Yixuan Feng, and that valiant warrior, Wenmo Shui, already left the capital at night." A man clothed in tight garments reported to Duke Gordan in a low tone.

Duke Gordan frowned, then slowly nodded. In a low voice, he said, "Send more people to follow Claire. They must protect her. Although she displayed her strength when winning this competition, as a magic warrior, I'm afraid with that person's personality..."

Emery was silent, feeling worry in his heart incessantly. Today, Claire was truly extremely radiant. But just as a tall tree attracts the wind, famous people attract too much trouble. That careful and cruel ambassador who would kill a thousand innocents for one guilty was truly a threat to Claire. If the ambassador found out that Claire had become this strong only recently, he would do anything to eliminate her.

"Yes, your subordinate swears to protect Miss with his life." The tight clothed man thumped his chest while swearing to protect her.

"We are on guard; they won't succeed so easily. But we definitely can't be careless. Also, right now, Claire is a double classed magic warrior. Cliff over there..." Duke Gordan frowned. He was a unparalleled magician, but his disciple didn't learn only his magic. Then what would that person

think? Gordan's thoughts were endless.

"Sir, you do not need to worry. I believe Miss will definitely handle this business well." Emery consoled Duke Gordan in a low voice. He completely believed that Claire would definitely handle the situation well.

"Yes, that's true. If there's no problem, you may take your leave." Duke Gordan lightly waved, indicating for everyone to leave.

"Claire, somebody has come." Walter suddenly sounded quietly in Claire's mind. The footsteps outside were different from usual. It definitely wasn't a servant or that wooden faced knight. Also, Emery, that guy, usually came in through the window. Then who was it?

Claire didn't speak. Of course she had already sensed the sounds from outside the door. Jean didn't do anything, so he recognized the person, and he wouldn't do anything that could be detrimental to Claire now.

The person at the door seemed to be pacing back and forth, their footsteps very, very light. It seemed like they were hesitating.

The room was extremely quiet as the silver moonlight came in through the cracks of the window.

The person outside the door suddenly stopped and stood there quietly.

After a long time, words floated gently through the seams of the door. "Thank you. Thank you for saving me today."

The next moment, the footsteps hurriedly left, as if they were escaping.

The voice was Lashia.

"That little girl actually knows how to express thanks!" Walter's voice was as loud as if he discovered the New Continent as it howled in Claire's mind, "Remember, she walks with her nose pointed at the sky!"

"Sleep." Claire yawned and lied down on the bed to sleep, without any superfluous words.

Walter silently blinked, thinking something unknown.

In the middle of the Temple of Light.

In a dark room.

The green haired and strange eyed clairvoyant faced her crystal ball with a frown.

She still couldn't read the natal chart of the person the goddess wanted to find.

If it continued on like this, if we don't find that person faster, there will be trouble.

If the person was outside of her range...

Then the goddess will descend to purge!!!

Chapter 38: Magic Beast?

Life was peaceful at the moment. Claire didn't face Feng Yixuan's revenge, and so, Feng Yixuan disappeared.

"Strange, why did that little freak return without taking revenge? Perhaps he had a large hemorrhoid?" Walter was completely puzzled. He also rejoiced that at the time, he didn't say out loud that he swore that if the guy didn't come for his revenge, he would have the same last name as the little devil instead. Luckily, he didn't say it out loud. Fortunately, very fortunately, very good.

"What are you mumbling about?" Claire's cold voice suddenly sounded in Walter's conscious.

Walter almost cried out in surprise. It can't be, little devil can hear what he's thinking? It's not possible.

Walter forgot that Claire could infer things based on his Spiritual waves. For example, just now Walter's Spiritual undulations were a bit "vulgar." Naturally, this guy was definitely thinking of no good.

"Nothing, nothing. I was thinking that you're about to go to school." Walter giggled.

Claire coldly snorted. Of course Walter's words were not trustworthy at all.

"Are you still continuing today? Do you not feel pain? You do this everyday." Walter watched Claire's training clothes, and worried for Claire. She became riddled with scars sparring with that rigid faced knight, Jean.

"What feels better, pain or death?" Claire coldly asked.

Walter shivered. That was something that didn't need to be mentioned. With death, everything is gone, not to mention pain.

Claire picked up the sword and walked towards the back of the training field with Jean following from behind.

It was another fierce training day. Walter yawned sleepily. In any case, he wasn't the person getting hurt, who cares about that little devil fighting.

The sound of weapons resonated continuously. If it wasn't for the barrier Claire had put up around the training ground, who knows how many people would have been startled by this fierce battle.

Walter looked at Claire's arm and body, both already wounded, blood already soaked through her clothes. Just thinking about it made him sweat. This little devil was too fierce, too vicious. She treated herself unordinarily harsh. That deep and cold gaze, cruel and wild expression, made one unable to watch.

Jean frowned. Claire's attacks were completely different from the average warrior, crafty and ferocious, so even he, who was much stronger than Claire, had no choice but be careful when facing her.

Claire withdrew and Dou Qi burst forth as she brandished the sword at Jean.

Jean didn't dare to slack and prepared to block this one strike.

Who would have known that in the next moment, something unimaginable happened.

"Chirp chirp~~ chirp chirp!" A furry and unknown being abruptly landed directly onto Claire's face! A speed so fast that the naked eye was completely unable to discern what it was. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say it was faster than the speed of light. That's why everybody was unable to react in time.

"Miss!" Jean was extraordinarily worried.

Claire froze. This small unidentifiable figure, furry yet soft and warm, what was it? What kind of small animal was this? Wrong! Small animals were incapable of entering this barrier without them knowing. The Duke's castle had also not heard of this kind of small animal before!

What was it?

“Chirp chirp~ Chirp chirp~” The small furry guy carefully climbed on top of Claire’s head, grabbing her hair tightly and not letting go.

“What’s this?” Claire frowned.

“It, seems, seems to be a small animal.” Jean stared in shock when seeing this animal suddenly appear, staring blankly as it carefully climbed onto Claire’s head, but didn’t dare to go over and pull it off.

“What is this thing?” Claire extended her hand to grab the animal on her head. Who would have known that she couldn’t pull it off and instead, the small animal kept its tight grasp on Claire’s hair.

Walter looked in a daze and sized up the little animal who dared to give this authoritarian such a hard time. Furry little ears, furry head, furry paws, furry round body, black and round and big eyes rolling and turning, and a short small tail. It looked like small meatball! He had never seen this kind of small animal before. What was it? Although he didn’t know what it was, Walter’s heart had a feeling. This little guy was so cute! Yes, very, very cute! If as a man he thought it was very cute, then it was needless to say that this small animal would be ‘lethal’ to women.

Right now the biggest problem was, such a cute thing had just climbed on top of Claire’s, that little devil’s, head!

The combination of that little devil’s cold expression and the small animal’s cute shape were completely, absolutely and ironically, a most hilarious scene. He wanted to laugh, but he dared not to.

“Chirp chirp~~” That little animal looked down at Claire’s blonde hair, and without any superfluous movements, slid down Claire’s hair, all the way down to her shoulder.

“Miss! Careful!” Jean was incomparably nervous. This suddenly appearing little animal looked harmless on the surface, but who could promise it didn’t have any evil intentions. And it appeared in such a strange manner!

Claire frowned. What on earth was this animal? She hadn’t seen this in the Magic Beast Illustrated Handbook or the Shapeshifter Illustrated

Handbook.

"Chirp chirp~~" Tight when Claire wanted to extend a hand to grab the small animal, her neck suddenly itched. The little guy was actually opening its mouth lightly licking the wound on Claire's neck.

Just as everyone thought this little magic beast was harmless, Claire felt a burst of dizziness, almost unable to stand, and immediately stabbed the sword into the ground to steady herself.

"Claire?!" Walter cried out loud nervously.

"Miss!" Jean's heart panicked. What if that magic beast did something to Claire.

"Don't touch me, let me rest a bit." Claire's gaze really was a bit hazy. Damn, a strong binding force actually rushed out of the wound that that little thing licked! Furthermore, it attacked like a squall of a storm. Even though her spiritual force was very strong, right now she found it bit hard to withstand. If it was an average person, they would have already spewed out blood from all their orifices and died.

This small furball actually forced her into a contract! And it was a master-servant one.

Although Claire thought about searching for a magic beast or finding a more powerful shapeshifter to contract and become her helper, she didn't think she would form a contract this way. Also, she didn't know what this thing was! Because a person could only have a single contract with a magic beast, she would have to cancel her contract before contracting another. Right now, Claire's first contract was just taken by this unknown little meatball!

Walter and Jean both watched Claire, who stood there, nervously, motionless, their hearts extremely tense. But at the same time, both didn't dare to make or sound of move, fearing if making sounds or taking action would land Claire into a bigger predicament.

"My name, White Emperor." A solemn and dignified voice faintly came from the distance in Claire's mind, and then disappeared.

White Emperor?!!

Claire was dumbfounded. This sound, could it have come from this small hairball?

It can't be...

After who knows how long, Claire's finger finally twitched. At the same time, her body was already drenched with sweat. Resisting that powerful and supreme power just now had used up too much of her strength.

"Claire, you're alright? Wonderful, you're alright." Walter called emotionally.

"Miss, what on earth happened?" Jean frowned, looking at the little furball that crouched on Claire's shoulder.

"I and it formed a contract, and it's actually a master-servant contract." Claire brought the small fur ball off her shoulder, and the small furball intimately licked the wound on Claire's hand. Claire didn't say out loud, this contracted beast that looked very cute and harmless had forcefully and one sidedly formed a contract!

Jean and Walter stared dumbfoundedly. Formed a contract?! A master-servant contract?!

Claire had her own magic beast?

This little furry, meaty little guy? This cute, harmless, and useless small thing? It could be flicked off with a single finger.

Also, if other people knew that the miraculous and famous battler Claire had such a cute and harmless little magic beast, then...

Walter convulsed, fantasizing. The domineering Claire, face full with such a cold expression, yelled loudly, shocking everybody, capturing the gaze of everyone. Then, slowly, a small furry furball climbed on top of her head, waving its furry paws, and chirped. Pft, haha~~~ too funny.

"I will go ask Master what beast this is." Claire shook her head, still dizzy. She picked up White Emperor and went out of the barrier.

Claire found Emery inside his laboratory.

Emery's eyes widened as he sized up the small furball moving slowly in Claire's bosom for a long time. He waved his hand helplessly, unable to produce an answer.

"Claire, you should ask Master Cliff. He should know." Emery immediately thought of Cliff.

"Okay." Claire nodded, still thinking internally about that short tempered old man who still seemed to be angry, angry that she learned Dou Qi and didn't tell him. This time when going back, she could also coax him while she was at it. White Emperor slipped out of Claire's bosom to crouch on her shoulder. This ball of fur was extremely adorable.

"Also, Claire, don't tell anyone that you and this small thing formed a contract." Emery told her solemnly.

"Yeah." Claire nodded, understanding Emery naturally had his own considerations.

After changing clothes, Claire brought Jean out of the door onto the carriage, going to the Magician's Guild.

After going out of the Duke's castle, the carriage passed through a few streets. Claire, who was originally recuperating with her eyes closed as she leaned on the wall of the carriage, suddenly opened her eyes and faced Jean's chilly expression.

"It looks like they are very impetuous. Miss is finally going out the gates. They have been waiting for this and are itching to take action." Jean sneered, his gaze completely ice-cold.

Chapter 39: Black Hair, Black Irises

"Is it that freakish youth who lost to you?" Naturally, Walter also sensed something was wrong.

"Doesn't seem like it." Claire shook her head slightly.

"It's most likely assassins sent by that ambassador. His excessively cautious nature wouldn't let you continue to grow. That day, your fight scared that fat pig." Jean laughed quietly. It was unusual that words like these would come out of his mouth.

Claire sighed lightly. That day's victory was really a fluke. People like the pope probably understood why she won. That's why the pope didn't care at all. But that ambassador seemed to firmly believe that she really had that strength and power. Alas, just as expected... She felt a bit wronged.

As Walter heard Claire's quiet sigh, he naturally understood what Claire was thinking and wanted to laugh again. But just like before, he didn't dare to.

"But it seems like you don't need to do anything." Claire squinted, sensing the activity outside. It was two groups of people, the group in the back had already targeting the somewhat impatient group in front. Claire immediately understood that it was definitely people sent by Grandfather to protect her. Grandfather had already anticipated this kind of situation.

"Yes, so we should continue to go." Jean sensed the movements outside and smiled. Those people are waiting, waiting until they got to a secluded area to make to move. But, once they arrived at such a place, who knows who will attack who.

And like so, the carriage proceeded uneventfully to the door of the Magic Guild. When the apprentice magician at the door saw who got off, he immediately came up and welcomed them. Claire Hill, this great name, resounded through the capital overnight.

Claire and Jean were led by the apprentice magician to the huge magic elevator and went directly to Cliff's lab on the top floor. The apprentice

magician bowed and then took the elevator back down.

Claire knocked on the door. “Master.”

“Not here.” The clear voice of Cliff came from the inside with a little rage.

Walter tried to hold in his laughter; this old man was really very childish. He was clearly inside, yet he still said he wasn’t. It was very obvious he was still angry about the matter of Claire learning Dou Qi and not telling him. This was normal, for regardless if it was warriors learning magic or magicians learning Dou Qi, their master would definitely feel humiliated and furious.

“Master, I apologize. I will agree to any request you want.” Claire said this sentence slowly and clearly, smiling lightly.

“Really?!” The next moment, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Cliff’s grinning face popped out.

Walter twitched. This little devil, oh yeah, little devil... She actually dared to say this kind of resolute words, then... Walter looked at Cliff somewhat sympathetically. The poor guy, he will definitely, absolutely be tricked! Completely, absolutely! He swore **!**

“Really!” Claire nodded and said assuredly, “Whatever makes Master not angry. I am learning Dou Qi only for self-defense. If I’m in an emergency situation and I don’t have enough time to chant any spells, I can still escape.”

Cliff pursed his lips, pouting, and didn’t say anything.

“I encountered an assassin on the way here. With my identity, I’m afraid I’ll often encounter such situations in the future, Master. Master’s teaching of magic is the real deal. I only use Dou Qi to escape. Master, do I still have the heart to use spells when someone already pierced my chest?” Claire took a breath, asking in a fake, pitiful way.

Cliff grabbed his hair and bitterly rubbed. He said angrily, “Who wants to kill you? If they dare to touch you, I will go place a forbidden spell on his entire family and blow them up!”

Jean and Walter both twitched their mouths. Blow up a whole family with a forbidden spell? They were afraid that he would not blow up just a clan, but an entire city.

“Then you’re not angry anymore, Master?” Claire laughed.

“If you do what you just promised, then I won’t get angry.” Cliff said after he moved out of the way to let them in.

“Yes, but only one request.” There was an imperceivable flash of craftiness in Claire’s eyes.

“Very well, one request, one request.” Cliff’s eyes fell on Claire’s beautiful lace skirt, looking all over.

Walter and Jean immediately understood what the old perverted wolf wanted to do. He wanted to do something he had never succeeded at: lifting Claire’s skirt!!!

“Then, then… I want to lift your skirt, and you are not allowed to kick my face.” Cliff said, embarrassed.

“Okay.” To Jean and Walter’s astonishment, Claire actually agreed to the request.

In the next moment, Walter confirmed again with certainty, absolute certainty, that little devil was a little devil! Never mess with her, and don’t try to take the slightest bit advantage of her.

Cliff lifted Claire’s skirt with great excitement, then Cliff’s smile froze. Claire was wearing sturdy pants used for training!!! The pants were wrapped tightly around Claire’s legs, completely airtight.

Claire calmly pulled her skirt down, saying softly to a dumbfounded Cliff, “Master, I met your request. Are you not angry now?”

Cliff face was ashen as his mouth twitched, “Yes, yes…”

Walter had already flipped from laughing. As expected, this perverted old man would be tricked. But Claire, this little devil, was so clever, actually guessing beforehand accurately that Cliff would bring up this kind of shameless request and even thought of a countermeasure. Jean

also stifled a laugh from behind.

"Master, I wanted you to look at this." Claire took White Emperor out of her bosom. "What kind of magic beast is this?"

"What is this?" Cliff looked at the small furball in Claire's hands in amazement. "Since when did you like this kind of cute pet?"

"Master doesn't recognize it?" Claire was puzzled. If even the wizard sage Cliff didn't know, then there was really no way of knowing the identity of this little thing.

Cliff frowned and looked seriously at the little thing in Claire's arms, peering at it over and over, and then shook his head. "I've never seen nor heard of it before."

Claire frowned slightly and looked down at White Emperor in her embrace. This little guy appeared in a strange manner, and his contract was contracted boldly and forcefully. No matter how she looked at it, she could only sense this little guy was just a cute small animal and didn't seemed like a magic beast powerful enough to force a contract.

"Claire! When my experiments are done, you must come with me to cultivate and follow me closely." Cliff snorted, still feeling so wronged and cheated.

"Yes, okay, but Master, you seem to have been doing these experiments for a long time?" Claire asked, puzzled, and put the matter of White Emperor aside for the time being.

"Materials are rare and hard to find." Cliff frowned and sighed, "Right, since you came today, I'll teach you some spells while you are here. Remember it yourself." After Cliff finished speaking, he stretched out his hand, and just like that, a soft light entered Claire's mind and a few unfamiliar spells entered Claire's consciousness.

"All right. If there are no problems, you can leave now. Once I am finished on my end, I will go find you." Cliff said as he waved.

"Yes." Claire nodded, backing out of the room with White Emperor in her arms.

The moment Claire got on her carriage in front of the entrance of the Magician Council, she saw another carriage stop. The emblem on the carriage was very distinct; it was the emblem of the Temple of Light.

What was the Temple of Light doing here?

Claire looked out the window and came to realization when she saw Lawrence exiting the carriage energetically. So it was Master's old friend. But usually, the Temple of Light and the Magician Council never interfered in each other's affairs and the two of them only fought in private to avoid attention. Why would Lawson appear here today?

"Miss, it's a bit strange." Jean also felt something was off.

"If those hypocrites from the Temple of Light appear here boldly, does that mean it's almost the time for the prophecy?" Walter's voice sounded.

"What prophecy?" Claire asked quietly.

"Just some stupid nonsense, a prophecy from a thousand years ago. Something about a double-black woman appearing, overturning the Light." Walter replied indifferently, "There has never been a woman with both black irises and black hair, so it's just nonsense. Let's go."

Claire nodded. "Let's go the the capital's library. I want to go see if there's any illustrated handbooks for beasts that I haven't read yet and what type of being this little creature really is." Claire looked down at the White Emperor who was currently lying quietly in her arms.

The library of the capital, with large, tall white jade doors and a grand statue of a book in the entrance, symbolized wisdom.

Claire had come here often before, but not for reading, and instead, to look for handsome men.

When Claire's figure appeared in the library doorway, there was a small commotion. All the young girls and boys looked at her, gossiping quietly.

The phrase Claire heard the most was "Miracle Claire".

"Since when did I have such a title?" Claire frowned slightly.

"From when you displayed both magic and Dou Qi and defeated that

youth, the whole capital has been calling Miss Miracle Claire." Jean answered quietly. The sister of genius Lashia, Miracle Claire.

Boring, Claire cursed in her heart and walked towards the miscellaneous section.

A few unfriendly gazes followed Claire closely.

Chapter 40: Duel

Naturally, Claire also sensed those unfriendly gazes.

“Those are students from the Sunrise Institute.” Jean whispered near Claire’s ear in a low voice. “It’s most likely people who didn’t pass the preliminary round for the competition and are not satisfied with Miss’s win.”

Claire glanced over from the corners of her eyes. Two youths and a young girl were coldly watching her, but when their eyes met they hurriedly looked away.

“So what if they aren’t satisfied, they didn’t even have the qualifications to be chosen, even worse than your peacock little sister.” Walter disdainfully said. Lashia always walked with her nose pointed at the sky, was that not a peacock?

“Those three are all warriors.” Jean frowned looking at those three whom had grouped together and seemed like they were discussing something.

Claire ignored them, put White Emperor on her shoulder, and started searching through the illustrated handbooks: The Complete Magic Beasts illustrated handbook, The Complete Shapeshifters illustrated handbook, and also the Complete Phantoms illustrated handbook.

Carrying the thick, heavy books was really uncomfortable, so Claire handed all the reference books for Jean to carry and found the nearest table to sit down and started flipping through one.

Standing behind Claire, Jean watched the three people who had been unfriendly the whole time walk over. The leading young girl had on her back an unusually shaped broadsword and walked towards Claire with a cold expression. The two youths behind also had unfriendly expressions. From time to time their gazes drifted towards the magic sword at Jean’s waist. That was the competition’s prize. After Claire received it, they didn’t expect that she had actually bestowed it to her guardian knight!

“Claire Hill, I, Alice Roman, will now challenge you to duel!” The young girl’s words powerfully resonated and were exceptionally solemn as she coldly watched Claire.

When Jean heard this family name he frowned slightly. Was it the daughter of the Roman family? The Roman clan was an aristocratic family in the capital and had many people with courtly positions.

Duel?!

There was an uproar among the people nearby and the quiet library was suddenly noisy. For a duel, if the other side was afraid and didn’t accept then it would be extremely humiliating. But, this young girl was obviously a high level warrior. Although Claire was a magic warrior, her cultivation wasn’t that high. Wasn’t this girl’s behavior a little over the top?

The surrounding people started gossiping, but most people wanted to see Claire’s reaction.

“No time.” Claire insipidly said, flipped the illustrated handbook on the table and didn’t even give so much of a glance at the young girl. Her indifferent attitude shocked everyone.

The nearby people watched Claire in amazement and shock. Did she know such a refusal was the greatest insult to the other person? In situations like this, the other person might try to kill her, even at the risk of their life. And such a an uncaring and casual rejection. Was she treating a duel like an invitation for a meal?

As expected, the young girl called Alice had already turned red in the face. She fiercely clenched her teeth, her heart already flooded with rage. This arrogant male-chaser, thinking of herself as unparalleled after just learning a bit of Dou Qi. If the person who faced Feng Yixuan was her, then that person would have had an even worse loss! Because that day Claire had shown that she was only at the advanced warrior level! If Claire was replaced by her, then that Feng Yixuan would have been beaten up even more unsightly!

“Do all people from the Hill family have no backbone or real strength? Is that why you don’t accept my challenge?” Alice mocked, sneering as she

tried her best to control her anger.

"At least people from the Hill family are civilized and won't be like a vixen, shouting and yelling in a quiet library." Before Claire spoke, a cold voice floated over.

Another uproar resulted, and looking behind, the crowd saw a cold-faced Lashia icily watching this side. The words just now were said by Lashia. So Lashia had always been in the library, and she saw everything from the moment Claire entered.

Alice' face greened and paled. Just now her behavior really was uncivilized. The capital's library was always a place where capable people gathered. The people who could be borrow books here were not commoners and her actions just now really weren't appropriate. Naturally, when she came back to her senses, she regretted them. But she still wouldn't acknowledge her mistake.

"Genius Lashia, didn't you also lose very badly. Not only did you almost lose your life, but you almost dishonored our country." This Alice had disliked Lashia for a long time. What genius magician, magician engaging in close combat with a warrior was the equivalent of certain death.

Lashia's expression changed as she was about to explode.

Claire's cold voice, although low and gentle, interrupted timely. "How can person who didn't even pass the preliminary round bark in here? Are you feeling that it's a pity that we didn't humiliate our country in the end or are you upset that you weren't the one onstage humiliating our country?" Claire's tongue started becoming poisonous. Claire never had any good feelings towards these arrogant aristocrats.

"You!!!" Alice was furious, abruptly pulling out the sword on her back and pointed it at Claire.

The library's mood instantly became tense.

"Haha." Claire slowly stood up, a peerlessly brilliant smile radiating from her face, in that instant captivating everyone. But the words Claire said was a different matter. "Little vixen, let's go, I accept your dual, let's

go out. I don't want to bother the people here who are reading." That gentle tone of voice and seductive smile charmed everyone completely, making them lose their senses and overlook her malicious words.

Truly malicious, Walter thought. Women, don't mess with them. This was really a gentle knife. This feeling was too "amazing," like he was going to be butchered but was still helping her clean the knife. So, Walter concluded insightfully, it's most terrifying when that little devil smiles.

Claire slowly got up and walked towards the entrance. When she passed by Lashia, a sliver of worry flashed in Lashia's eyes as she said two words in a quiet and low voice. "Elder sister..."

Claire looked back slightly, nodded at Lashia, and then walked out.

Lashia stared blankly, then an imperceptible smile appeared on her face, gentle and faint.

Claire walked in front with Jean following from behind.

Alice sheathed the sword onto her back and followed with a face full of anger. The rage in her eyes reached the skies as she hatefully watched Claire, itching to dismember Claire's body into a thousand pieces. This hateful male-chaser actually called her in that way.

Lashia also followed from behind. The people at Lashia's sides were her followers. At the very back was a large mass of people. They all originally came to the library to look up information, but when they heard Claire accepted a duel, they all eagerly ran out to see the excitement.

Once they saw clearly the person Claire accepted a duel against, they all became shocked. It was Alice Roman. Alice was the Sunrise Institute's third ranked warrior. At thirteen years of age she is already at the level of a grand warrior, truly making people shocked. Meanwhile, Claire was a magician who had only used advanced warrior level Dou Qi, and her level as a magician had never been tested before.

Which family would win this contest?

Quickly, the plaza in front of the library was surrounded by an impenetrable crowd and the number of people continued to grow.

“I’m delighted you accepted my duel.” Alice sneered, fuming with rage. The pleased expression in her eyes deepened, as if in the next moment, victory was hers.

“Let’s start.” Claire only insipidly said.

“Wait.” Alice actually said profoundly, “Isn’t it too boring this way, let’s make a bet.”

“Oh?” Claire raised her brow slightly.

“If I win, I want the sword your knight has! If I lose, I’ll give this sword to you.” Alice pulled out the strange sword on her back and fiercely struck it into the ground. Immediately a thin crack appeared on the slate plaza’s ground.

She wanted Jean’s magic sword?

Chapter 41: There's Actually Someone More Shameless Than Me

She wanted Jean's magic sword? Claire frowned, coldness flashing in her eyes. She had already given that sword to Jean and didn't really have control over it anymore. Also, she didn't have any interest in the rude girl's weapon.

"I believe Miss will win another magic sword." Jean's voice quietly sounded from behind Claire. His meaning was clear; Jean agreed to put his weapon at stake, and he firmly believed that Claire would definitely win.

That sword was also a magic sword? Now Claire noticed the sword that Alice had stuck into the ground. Sure enough, there was a faint magic undulation. It was a good sword.

"Here, Miss." Jean went up and handed Claire the sword from his waist. The opponent had a weapon, so naturally Claire couldn't be empty-handed. Claire accepted the sword and turned to look at Alice.

"Good enough." Claire smiled brilliantly like a cherry blossom, nodding her head lightly. "Then let's start."

"Hmph! Brat who doesn't know what's good for them!" Alice sneered, lifted up the sword from the ground, started to gather her energy, and prepared to instantly close in onto Claire and deliver a fatal blow. Secretly, she had already decided to beat this man-chaser up until she squirmed on the ground, make her lose all of the Hill clan's face, step high over her, and make Claire beg her for mercy in front of everyone here!

"Give that little vixen a Spiritual attack, making her immobile, and then kick her face, and then step on her back, and then shave off all her hair!" Walter clamoured in Claire's mind. Walter also loathed this arrogant and brainless noble lady. Aristocrats truly overestimated themselves. The little devil was also an aristocrat, but she didn't seem to show it off that much.

Claire kept silent. Without a word, she brandished the sword and directly dashed towards Alice. Exuberant at seeing this, Alice immediately

raised her sword and rushed forward. Walter started howling, “Crap! Little devil, aren’t you the most devious person in the world? Why aren’t you tricking this vixen today? Don’t tell me you actually want to fight her head on?”

Alice was incessantly ecstatic. As expected, this idiotic man-chaser doesn’t think at all, actually wanting to do close combat with her! Just relying on her strength as an advanced warrior to have close combat with her?! That really was a pipe dream!

With a low grunt, teal Dou Qi burst out of Alice’s entire body and she fiercely chopped towards Claire. She was confident that Claire would absolutely not be able to withstand this extremely powerful strike, and definitely be groveling on the ground by the power of her attack.

But Claire didn’t release any Dou Qi, directly facing the attack. Just as a smile appeared on Alice’s face, Claire made a strange, nimble dodge and disappeared right in front of Alice. Instantly, Alice’s pupils widened. What did it mean if the opponent disappeared right in front of a warrior? A warrior was best at fighting head on!

The next moment, an ice-cold, hollow slash sound came from behind Alice. Instantly, Alice came back to her senses and brought her sword behind. The fierce, resonating sound of the clash of the swords made the back of Alice’s head break out in sweat. If this attack hit her, then...

But what would shock her had only started. Claire’s malicious, crafty, and unusual attacks made her extremely uncomfortable. How is this a battle? How is this a battle between warriors? This male-chaser was actually this malicious, her every attack was directed towards her vitals or a gap in her defense, making her weary and unable to cope. If it continued this way, Alice gradually wouldn’t even have the strength to attack any more and only be able to defend.

The high intensity and weariness from blocking the blows made Alice’s physical strength rapidly drop. Because if she was careless just once, Claire’s sword would hit her vitals.

The more everyone who had circled around watched, the more shocked

they were. Claire, that formerly idiotic male-chaser, what kind of sword skill was she using right now?! It was so eerie and nimble. The grand warrior Alice was forced to withdraw, panting for breath. The Dou Qi that had originally been radiating bright teal was now slowly fading. But!! From beginning to end, Claire hadn't even used Dou Qi, only simply using sword skills to attack!

Jean squinted while watching the duel, also incessantly puzzled. The sword skill Claire used was very strong, very incredible. Claire personally said that she was using softness to conquer strength, using the power of the opponent to attack the opponent instead. Up until now, Jean was still unable to understand much. How on earth Claire learned this mysterious sword skill had always been a mystery.

"Hmph!" Claire coldly snorted, green Dou Qi bursting out of her entire body, fiercely striking directly at Alice. Alice hurriedly raised her sword to block, but right now she was already unable to intercept this strike from Claire that had been brimming with power.

After the weapons interlocked, there was a ringing sound, followed by the sound of a sword falling to the ground.

Silence.

The sword from Alice's hand had been struck flying and landed not far from the two. Claire's face was ice cold as she brandished her sword and pointed at Alice's neck.

A cold wind blew, lifting Claire's golden hair, shining like the sun.

Alice's eyes were dead and ashen.

The surroundings were silent.

"So people from the Roman family are like this? Having no strength but still insisting on challenging?" Lashia's cold voice came. This girl held onto grudges fiercely. She had remembered the words that Alice had said in the library a moment ago very clearly. Now she repeated the exact words back at Alice.

Alice hatefully looked up towards Lashia, her eyes lighting up with

unresigned, angry fire, but wasn't able to say a word.

"Let's go." Claire picked up the sword that was formerly Alice's from the ground.

"But, elder sister, isn't it too many if your knight uses two swords?" Lashia said on purpose, giggling as she walked over, disdainfully looking at the powerless Alice who was kneeling on the ground.

Walter clicked his tongue. That damnable peacock, calling out "elder sister" now so intimately. Before, she had walked with her nose pointed at the sky! Jean raised his brow slightly but didn't say anything. It didn't need to be mentioned how much Lashia loathed Claire before. Now, this little girl's tone of voice had a faint hint of pride, pride for Claire. She really was a naive little girl. Once she decided on something she would believe in it no matter what.

"Then you can have it, you can give it to any warrior friend you like." After handing back Jean his sword, Claire looked at the other magic sword that was strangely shaped, and without a thought, gave it to Lashia.

Alice's eyes widened, rigidly staring at the magic sword in Lashia's hands that was originally hers. That was one of the Roman family's heirlooms! Very precious! But now she actually lost it! How could she go back and explain? Her father and grandfather would definitely fly into a rage.

Lashia happily waved the magic sword in her hand around. "Thanks, elder sister."

Claire smiled faintly, and turned back to walk towards the main entrance of the library. She still hadn't completely finished searching through illustrated handbooks. There was an impenetrable crowd but when Claire walked over, they let a path open. The conversations submerged Alice. Everyone's gaze followed Claire until she disappeared into the library's main gate.

As an advanced warrior, Claire had defeated the grand warrior, Alice, and used Dou Qi only at the very end. Some people cried out in surprise at Claire's astonishing strength, while others were disdainful that Claire constantly dodged and wasted Alice's strength to win. But no matter what,

Claire had won this duel and even won the magic sword heirloom of the Roman clan.

Claire's name resounded in the capital again.

Naturally, Lashia's current attitude to Claire was completely different. After she found out the reason why Claire had come to the library, she voluntarily tried to help Claire search through the illustrated handbooks. But after working for the whole afternoon, they still couldn't figure out what kind of magic beast White Emperor was.

At dusk, Claire and Lashia returned home, but saw a luxurious carriage stopped at the doors. The insignia on the carriage was the Roman clan's insignia!

"Could it be that because that idiotic Alice couldn't beat Elder Sister, she came over here to tattle?" Lashia said, looking at the carriage disdainfully. Now that little girl was so affectionate, calling her Elder Sister, completely forgetting how difficult she had made things for Claire. Walter rolled his eyes, sighing in his heart that as expected, women are the most fickle beings.

"It shouldn't be." Claire said, insipidly. That Alice's personality would never do this kind of idiotic thing.

"Then let's go in and see for ourselves." Lashia took the lead, walking through the main gate.

In the grand hall, Duke Gordan smiled, looking at another old man and discussing. Alice had her head down, standing silently aside.

"Sir Gordan, I'm truly sorry. The two children were playing around with a gamble, but our family's child is also insensible, actually losing the Balrog flame magic sword. You also know that it is our clan's heirloom. Really, sigh..." That old man smiled, looking like he was very embarrassed.

When Walter heard this, he couldn't contain himself. There's actually someone more shameless than me!!! Wait, no, Walter immediately added to himself, it should be said there's actually someone more shameless than the little devil!

These words sounded even more appetizing than roasted chicken: two children playfully betting and losing a sword. So? So now he wanted to come and get the sword back?!

Chapter 42: Actually This is the Most Shameful

"The small shameless person brought a big shameless person and wants this sword back!" Once Lashia heard this she became furious, suppressing her anger as she faced the nearby cold-faced Claire.

"Indeed it's shameless." Claire said insipidly. She didn't really want to deal with clans' clash of interests; it was enough to let Grandfather deal with those. But if they thought Claire was easy to bully, then they were gravely mistaken.

"Jean, come over here." A thin, cold smile emerged from the corner of Claire's mouth. She turned towards Jean who was behind her and beckoned with her finger.

"Miss?" Although Jean had an inquiring tone of voice, inwardly, he knew crystal clearly that every time a smile surfaced on Miss's face, someone was out of luck.

"Do this... like this... yes, right, just like that." After Claire quietly finished explaining, Jean's brow raised. Currently, he really wanted to laugh, but it would be better if he suppressed it so the people inside the grand hall wouldn't hear. Walter didn't have to worry about this, so he started laughing an earth-shaking wahaha in Claire's head. Too devious, later he must write a book and call it Eighteen Deceiving Strategies of a Little Devil.

"Lashia, come with me, let's go to the training area." Claire turned and faced Lashia.

Lashia smiled like a flower while she was inwardly feeling peeved why she hadn't thought of this great method.

Claire and Lashia didn't go through the grand hall and instead went around from the back, directly going to the training grounds.

Once the two people were gone, Jean's expression changed into grief and indignation. Alright, Jean couldn't help but admit, this expression really

made him feel a bit uncomfortable. At the entrance, he practiced for two full minutes, and finally, he had an expression barely qualifying as extreme grief and indignation.

And like so, Jean entered the grand hall, rushing right to the Duke Gordon who was sitting at the top of the hall, and reported with grief and indignation, worry written all over his face, “Your Grace, something happened! First miss and second miss...”

“What? What happened? What happened to Claire and Lashia?” Duke Gordon stood up in fright and surprise. If it was about anyone else, Gordon would have rebuked his servant’s emotional attitude. But Gordon had never seen Jean look so grieved and worried. Even if he just used his butt to think, he knew that something big must have happened! Claire’s place in Gordon’s heart had become very important; he could never let anything happen to her. Lashia was arrogant, but still very strong, and could not be hurt either! Did the conflict between the two sisters escalate and result in something big?

“Your Grace, today, first Miss ran into someone who challenged her, inviting her to a duel while insulting the Hill family as much as possible. First Miss was furious and accepted the duel. Although she won, first Miss was still angry that someone would insult the Hill family like that, and she blamed it on herself, that she was not powerful enough. So now she is practicing like crazy with second Miss, fighting in the training ground. Practicing like this without limit, your servant is afraid that first Miss’s body won’t be able to handle all this.” Jean’s emotions and tone were very complex, sometimes slow and sometimes fast, sometimes grieved and sometimes worried. He had never said so many words with such emotion and intensity. If Walter was here, he would have exclaimed that the honest handsome knight has been brought astray by little devil Claire.

“What!!!” Duke Gordon’s expression became serious and he stood up suddenly, rushing to the backyard without caring about Sir Roman anymore. Jean also hurried after Duke Gordon.

Sir Roman twitched his mouth, his face dark. After hearing Jean’s words, he had understood that he could never get that sword back again. He also

had a feeling that he was tricked! He had not paid enough attention to this man-crazy miss. He had wanted to gain the initiative, reducing the situation as small as possible, and then get the family heirloom back by sending a few gifts. Even if afterwards Duke Gordon knew the details, he wouldn't be so stingy as to revisit this matter. But now, everything was doomed, totally doomed. Not just getting the sword back, Duke Gordon might even get to the bottom of it in his fury.

"Grandfather, that..." Alice said somewhat angrily. How could she not understand this was Claire's scheme!

"Hold your tongue!" Sir Roman angrily reprimanded. "Go back with me. From now on, never provoke someone from the Hill clan!" Sir Roman got up and left with Alice, not even saying goodbye. They would just visit their home another time to apologize. Immediately, Alice's face paled.

The whole time in the carriage, Alice held her head low, not uttering a sound. Sir Roman watched Alice with her head down and his expression became complicated. He lightly sighed and quietly said, "Are you blaming Grandfather?"

"No, Grandfather, I don't have any intent of blaming Grandfather." Alice looked up and fearfully said.

"Alice, you are the Roman family's future hope, but you are too impulsive. Do you understand why Grandfather criticized you?" Sir Roman asked profoundly.

"I shouldn't have provoked someone from the Hill family." Alice quietly said and slowly faced down.

"No!" Sir Roman unexpectedly refuted resolutely.

"Then?" Confused, Alice looked up at the old man in front of her and asked.

"I scolded you because you shouldn't have provoked someone we currently can't provoke." Sir Roman's gaze became a bit icy.

Instantly, Alice's gaze lit up, immediately understanding Grandfather's meaning. The Hill clan was someone their Roman clan couldn't provoke,

so she had made a mistake and provoked someone who she couldn't afford to provoke. But, one day... there would definitely be a day she could provoke someone from the Hill clan!

Sir Roman watched in relief as Alice's expression changed, understanding that this granddaughter had already comprehended his meaning. He lightly stroked Alice's head and said, "You need to work hard, continuously strengthen yourself, surpass me, and the day will come."

"Yes, I will, Grandfather." Alice nodded seriously, strengthening her resolution. Yes, there would definitely be a day where she would step on that idiotic Claire, step on the Hill clan! Once she thought of that huge goal, all of the blood in Alice's body surged.

Sir Roman slowly closed his eyes, a sliver of a cold smile appearing from the corner of his lips. Amparkland would definitely not let the rose flag wave forever!

The Hill castle's rear court's training ground at the moment.

Duke Gordan saw a scene that made him trepid, his two darling granddaughters seemed to be suicidal as they released magic to fight. Dust swirled in the sky along with a gale that messed up their hair.

"Quickly stop! Stop!" Duke Gordan hurriedly shouted, extremely worried. He never thought that these two suicidal kids would be as incompatible as water and fire. If anyone was wounded, then it would be so disastrous.

It was only then that Claire and Lashia stopped and unanimously looked towards the side of Duke Gordan. Yes, very good, that shameless old man wasn't there.

"Oh, Grandfather, that Sir Roman left?" Lashia skipped over and cheerfully asked.

"What?" Duke Gordan first froze, and then his mouth gaped open. Naturally, he wasn't mediocre, immediately understanding everything from Lashia's words and Claire's cold expression.

"Wow, you guys!" Duke Gordan started laughing and then turned again towards Jean who had been standing behind him. "Jean, I didn't think you

would also..."

"I was pressured by the first Miss." Jean blamed without changing his expression. Of course Duke Gordan wouldn't blame Claire, but Jean didn't know if he would immediately blame him.

"Grandfather, that old man is truly very shameless. Clearly it was because that Alice had insulted our Hill family that elder sister agreed to the duel, and also it was she who made the bet." Lashia angrily said, looking wronged.

"Haha... As I expected. But just now you guys hadn't come back and I didn't see the battle, so I still needed to deal with it on the surface." Duke Gordan smiled like a sly old fox. "Now it's good; he already left. Where's the sword? Let me see."

"Over here, here." Lashia jogged over and picked up the magic sword at the side, then handed it to Duke Gordan.

"A good sword, as expected, a good sword." Duke Gordan looked at the sword and praised.

"Elder sister gave it to me." Lashia proudly said.

"As a magician, why would you use a sword? Pass it to the higher ups, pass it to the higher ups." Duke Gordan murmured and then grabbed the sword, not letting go. What a joke. It was another family's heirloom; how could it be bad?

Walter curled his lip. It turns out the most shameless person was this old man!

"Ah! That was sent to me by Elder Sister, don't wanna." Lashia shouted and then wanted to snatch the sword in Gordan's hand.

"As a magician, why would you use a sword?" Old man Gordan just stuck onto that phrase and didn't let go.

Claire watched the two quarreling people, amused, and then finally said, "Alright, Lashia, later I'll send you suitable things you can use, you should give this to Grandfather."

After hearing this, Lashia pouted, watching the immeasurably satisfied Gordan holding the sword, and said unwillingly, “Alright, really now, Grandfather.”

Magic swords are very rare. Gordan hugged this fire magic sword smugly, preparing to reward it to his subordinate. His mood was exceptionally good watching these two sisters’ relationship that was so good right now, sweeter than eating honey, and he had also obtained this magic sword. Magic swords were very rare and precious. This time they had taken the luck of that insensible child of the Roman family, obtaining a weapon this good.

A few days later, the Sunrise Institute started school again.

When Lashia and Claire rode the carriage together and appeared at the school entrance, people’s eyes almost dropped onto the ground.

The two sisters as incompatible as fire and water actually appeared together and even in such a harmonious scene!

These two beautiful figures naturally attracted attention, especially Claire, who had recently been in the limelight.

In fact, just as they passed through the school’s forest, they met a male pig.

Chapter 43: Second Master Wants to Kill First Master!

Blocking Claire and Lashia was an aristocrat youth. If his expression wasn't so pale and unusual, along with his erratic gaze, he could count as a pretty boy. Right now, he was staring at Claire without the slightest restraint.

"What are you doing? Do you have a problem?" Lashia frowned looking at the youth and asked harshly.

"Two beautiful misses, good morning." The pale youth bowed courteously and then gave a smile he thought to be enchanting.

Lashia's mouth twitched. Watching the artificially friendly youth, she held back her impulse of wanting to spit.

Claire frowned. This person... she had a slight impression of. It seemed like a person Claire had pestered before and chased after very hard. He was called something like Si something De, she forgot his name already. But Claire did indeed have an impression of this face that was as pale as a pig's butt.

"Miss Claire, I want to invite you to eat lunch with me. Would you give me the honor?" Male pig smiled, filled with self-confidence. Keep in mind that before, Claire had constantly pestered him. Male pig's gaze kept on wantonly drift to Claire. It was really out of his expectations that Claire, who had at the time been so ordinary and idiotic, would actually become so brilliant. The fight from before that made her famous and the duel on that day in the library both left a deep impression on him. He really didn't think, didn't think that that idiotic male-chaser would also have a day when she attracted attention. Her radiance really made it a bit hard for people's gazes move away. Truthfully, if he looked closely, she was very pretty, it was just that before, that idiocy and male-chasing tendency made people's stomach churn. But now, it was completely different.

"Not available." Claire coldly refused, watching that unbridled gaze.

“What?” Male pig became extremely rigid. He completely didn’t expect his invitation that he was full of confidence of would receive these two cold words in response. He estimated that even if Claire was now different from before, perhaps have some misgivings and not accept while jumping wildly in joy, she would still smile like a flower and accept. But now she would directly refuse like this and not give any face?! Was it some kind of ploy to win his heart? It was definitely that!

Lashia frowned and said impatiently, “Do you not understand the human language? Elder Sister’s said she’s not available.”

But male pig didn’t care for Lashia’s attitude; the arrogant Lashia was always like this. And really, Claire’s sister had already said that; was she really going to continue on acting?

“I think miss Claire only feels it’s too embarrassing to accept immediately. Miss Lashia, can you give us some space for privacy?” Male pig’s pale face revealed what he thought to be an enchanting smile.

“No time.” Claire insipidly said and then was about to go forward.

Lashia coldly snorted, disdainfully glanced at that male pig, and then followed behind Claire, preparing to leave together.

Male pig froze, then became a bit angry. That idiot, not even giving face! When would she stop acting?

“Wait.” Male pig raised his voice and said.

Claire turned a deaf ear and just left.

Male pig became a bit anxious, quickly chased and caught up and barred Claire’s way. He started laughing coldly. “Stop acting, didn’t you always long to be together with me?” After he said this, male pig was about to grab Claire’s hand. Male pig’s eyes only saw the cold-faced Claire. This kind of Claire made his heart beat incessantly. Men are just this kind of creature; something easily obtainable would never be considered rare and vice versa.

Claire watched that pervert reach over and slightly frowned.

The next moment, an extremely tragic cry echoed from the forest into the skies, scaring all the birds in the forest to fly away.

Claire's face was ice-cold as male pig grasped his own right wrist, incessantly bawling. The crisp cracking sound just now was so clear-cut! It snapped, it snapped, his wrist bone had snapped! Male pig's tears flew violently, and his nose nearly flew with them. He watched the cold-faced Claire fearfully. From when she had snapped off his wrist to now, she still hadn't changed her expression!

"Idiot! My elder sister said she's not available! If you do that again, I'll snap off your other hand!" Originally, Lashia had started gathering up her energy, preparing to attack with magic, but looks like it wasn't needed anymore.

"You... You... Ah! Ah! My hand, ah!" Male pig's tears were still flying violently.

"If you still don't find a healer, your hand will be gone." Claire's quiet voice was as tranquil and clear as a death god.

Male pig seemed like he had woken up from a dream as he ran out the forest panicking, hating that his parents had only given him two legs.

Male pig was an example...

So afterwards, Claire's campus life went very smoothly, and never again was there a narcissistic so-called pretty boy that came to harass her.

Just as Claire thought she could have a period of peace, something big happened.

An epidemic broke out in Niya City, Claire's fiefdom!

In the Hill castle's study.

Duke Gordan's serious face looked at the documents on the table, his brows already knit tight.

Claire stood aside quietly, waiting.

"Claire, this time the situation is extremely serious. The epidemic in Niya city is still expanding, furthermore, this time the epidemic arrived

very strangely. The public is also a bit restless. Although I don't want to go there and take any risks, but as Niya city's city lord, you need to go. Do you understand?" Duke Gordan's expression was a bit solemn and worried. Based on his desires, he would definitely not want Claire to go to that kind of dangerous place. If she was infected by the plague, then the consequences go without saying. But Claire was the city lord and a member of the Hill family.

"I understand, Grandfather. When do we go?" Claire solemnly asked.

"Go back to your room and see this data. Tonight we go out. The Temple of Light also sent people to assist you. I hope can control this epidemic. Disaster relief supplies will be sent from the capital tomorrow. You will first leave tonight."

"I understand. Grandfather, you don't need to worry. Nothing will happen to me." Claire consoled Duke Gordan after receiving the data.

"You must be extremely, extremely careful and return safely, okay?" Duke Gordan exhorted again worriedly.

"Yes. Grandfather, don't worry." Claire revealed a smile.

It was at this moment that an enormous explosion sounded, which the two heard.

Duke Gordan abruptly got up, looking completely astonished, because the sound was from inside the castle grounds. It seemed to be Emery's house!

Claire also looked doubtfully out the window and saw the rolling black smoke. It seemed like something had exploded. But Claire perceived intense magic undulations in the air. Evidently, this explosion was created by magic!

"Sir, something bad has happened, something bad has happened! Cliff and Emery have started fighting. Cliff wants to kill Emery!" The servant started to shout, not even knocking on the door before he pushing it open abruptly. Everyone knew that Emery was Duke Gordan's right hand man, and Cliff was a legend. No matter which of the two was harmed, small

characters like them wouldn't be able to deal with or even think the consequences.

What? Second master wants to kill first master?

Claire's expression changed. Without a word, she hurriedly rushed out of the study to Emery's house. Duke Gordan followed closely from behind.

Emery was definitely not the wizard sage Cliff's match!

What was going on?

Chapter 44: Two Good Brothers

Once Claire rapidly rushed to the front of Emery's house, she was shocked by the scene in front of her. How was there still a house? Emery's laboratory and bedroom were already razed to the ground, in ruins. White Emperor laid on Claire's head, pulling on her hair. His eyes widened as he saw this scene and he started chirping. (Normally White Emperor is always either crouching on Claire's shoulder or lying flat on her head. His presence felt almost nonexistent.)

Emery's sorry figure was standing amidst the ruins, multiple wounds on his body, the blood already dying Emery's right sleeve red and still dripping continuously. Cliff hovered in mid-air, his face full of killing intent as he stared at Emery below him.

"Master, are you alright?" Claire rushed to Emery's side swiftly, supported his tottering body, and then asked worriedly, "What's going on?"

"Cough, cough..." Emery coughed, a line of bright blood flowed down, leaving a bloodstain. He quietly said, "It's fine. For the time being, it's alright. Today Cliff rushed over here and said it turns out that I was your master, so today I had to die."

Immediately, Claire understood what was going on.

Cliff, that short tempered old man, was unwilling to be a second master, so he wanted to kill Emery so that he would become Claire's only master.

"What kind of benevolence or capabilities do you have to be Claire's master? I was wondering what kind of person could become Claire's master, a small character like you is also suitable?" Cliff said angrily, floating in mid-air and watching Emery with killing intent.

Emery suppressed the raging Qi and blood in his mind and said quietly, "Yes, I also always felt I wasn't suitable..."

"Then you should go die." A cold light flashed in Cliff's eyes as he was about to make a move.

“Stop!” Claire blocked in front of Emery and said to Cliff angrily, “Master Emery is my enlightenment teacher.1 Nobody can replace his help and care to me.”

“Everything he can teach, I also can teach, and things he can’t teach, I can still teach! What qualifications does he have to be your master? He must die today!” Cliff roared, so emotional his face had already reddened.

“Cliff!” Claire glowered, directly calling out Cliff’s name angrily. “I’m telling you, Master Emery’s help and care, nobody can replace! If today you dare to harm him again, I will do everything I can to kill you. I definitely won’t let you off!”

The wind blew hysterically, dust covering the whole sky.

A sombre yet awkward atmosphere arose.

Duke Gordan stood aside, staring dumbstruck. He never thought Claire would actually say those kinds of rebellious words. Now what could be done? The opponent wasn’t something their Hill family could offend, a huge figure.

Emery was already so moved he couldn’t say anything and just stared starstruck at the girl in front of him, his throat already choked with emotions, the corner of his eyes also warm. It seemed like some kind of fluid was going to come gushing out.

Cliff’s face reddened even more. His body started to shake, lips opened wide. He wanted to say something, but not a single word came out.

Claire had actually said these kinds of resolute words at him for a low-class magician!

Do everything I can to kill you. I definitely won’t let you off!

The mood had reached an extreme rigidity. Duke Gordan breathed out deeply, finished. This time they were really finished. When had Cliff been threatened like this before?

Walter’s teeth chattered, completely down in the pits, completely undescribable. Claire didn’t want to live anymore, but he did, he still

wanted to feel sunshine in a new body! What did not wanting to live count as to the old freak floating in mid-air?

Claire stared at Cliff. Cliff floated in mid-air and also fiercely watched Claire.

The atmosphere was on the verge of erupting.

Duke Gordan fiercely shook off a handful of sweat.

A light smile appeared on Emery's face, a knowing and worried smile. He had already made a decision in his heart. This life, with a disciple like Claire, how could there be any regrets?

Emery opened his mouth and was about to say something, but Claire stared at Cliff and gently said,

"With that same reasoning, Master, in my heart you can't be replaced. If there was someone who wanted to harm you, I would also risk my life to protect you and definitely not left off the person who harmed you. I swear, I definitely won't let them off." Claire's gentle yet unmatched resolute voice sounded in the air, sounded in Cliff's heart.

The surroundings was silent, so quiet you could seem to hear everyone's breaths.

Suddenly, Cliff resembled a child as he started crying waa waa, landing on his butt as he descended to the ground, kicking his two legs and started making a racket. "Why am I second Master? Why do I need to be second master? I want to be first master, I want to be first master..."

Awkward, everyone felt thoroughly awkward.

Duke Gordan was in even more disarray, struck by this lightning. This legendary wizard sage, he resembled a little kid so much.

A knowing smile appeared on Claire's face. Everybody says old yet little, old yet little; this phrase was completely correct. Many times Cliff acted completely like a kid. But, no matter what, the situation had finally passed.

"You!" Cliff angrily looked up at the battered Emery and snarled, "I'll be first master, you'll be second master, if you agree then I'll compensate for

your laboratory. I'll also give you many magic items, and I'll also teach you a few spells! Quickly agree! You must agree! Just like this!"

"Not possible, first Master is first Master." Claire refused.

But Emery's voice came from behind Claire."Claire, it's fine. What would it be like if the second Master taught the first Master? I understand your kind intentions. Just let Cliff be your first Master. I can't continuously stay by your side and instruct you because I still need to assist sir Duke. Cliff is without any restraints, so he can stay by your side and give you the best guidance. You have me in your heart and that makes me happier than anything."

Claire turned in surprise and saw that indeed, Emery had a blessed and content smile.

"With this kind of disciple, I'll die with no regrets." Both of Emery's eyes started becoming a bit hazy. He had never thought he had the qualifications of being Claire's master, but Claire had always thought of him as number one. For him, without any hesitation, she offended the wizard sage Cliff today. With a disciple like Claire, what else could he ask for?

"Master?" Claire really was a bit shocked.

"Good, we'll decide on this, from now on Cliff is Claire's first master." It was now that Duke Gordan quickly spoke to resolve the situation. Who knows how many of his cells already already died. Finally he gained control of the situation, so naturally he would immediately jump out and say some words to ease the mood.

"Good, haha, we'll decide on this, from now on I am first Master!" Cliff shamelessly said, immediately sat up, turning from sad to happy as he jumped over and patted Emery's shoulder. "From now on you are my little brother, if someone dares to bully you, just come to me."

As Emery's wound was patted, the pain made him frown. Upon seeing this, Cliff immediately got out medicine for treating wounds from his interspatial ring. Without an explanation, Cliff started wiping the medicine on Emery. The wound started healing at a speed visible to the

naked eye.

Claire and Duke Gordan watched flabbergasted at the dramatic scene in front of them, unable to say a word.

They were completely unable to connect the two who seemed like good brothers to the life or death battle that had just happened.

“Does it still hurt? Ahaha, my Claire had been taken care of by you before, from now on I will properly teach her. Ahaha, from now on we are a family, right?” Cliff happily said. Duke Gordan was still here, but Claire had already become part of his family.

Emery nodded gratefully.

The two’s harmonious and blissful appearance...

Claire quietly sighed. No matter what,it was fine as long as the situation had been resolved.

Also, tonight they were going to travel to Niya city.

And the person the Temple of Light had sent was the violet eyed, silver haired Divine Prince – Lingyun Leng.

*

1. He was the first one to teach her magic, so he was her “enlightenment” teacher.

Chapter 45: It's Not Just the Plague

Once she heard Claire was going to go to Niya City, Lashia also wanted to ask for a break from school and go with her. But Claire and Duke Gordan stopped her because the plague was truly too dangerous; they didn't want Lashia to also be in danger at all. Of course Cliff and Jean would go.

That night, the person sent by the Temple of Light arrived on schedule to the Hill castle and went with Claire to Niya City. Duke Gordan specially prepared a cozy and spacious carriage that could carry up to six people. With soft cushions, the carriage also had thick carpets and everything needed was available because this time, the people who accompanied and left with Claire were all unordinary people; the Temple of Light's Divine Prince and Cliff, the wizard sage.

After the four got in the carriage, Cliff leaned on the side of the back and started to nap. Jean also sat at the back, silent.

"Many thanks for Divine Prince's assistance this time." Claire elegantly and politely thanked. She had experienced Lingyun Leng's healing magic, but the plague didn't seem to be able to be healed? This time, the problem seemed pretty annoying.

"It is what our Temple should do." Lingyun lightly smiled and replied.

Next, it was silent.

The mood in the carriage became more and more sombre.

"Chirp chirp~~" White Emperor dug out of Claire's embrace, swaying as he crawled up Claire's shoulder, then onto her head. After that, he started to tug on her hair unyieldingly.

Claire stayed silent and didn't make a move. Lingyun Leng was a bit shocked looking at the furry meatball on Claire's head. What was it? Claire's pet? No matter how he looked at it, Claire didn't seem to be a person who would raise this kind of adorable pet.

"Chirp Chip!!!" White Emperor seemed a bit angry Claire ignored him.

His two paws grabbed Claire's hair and gave a fierce tug.

"Alright, alright. You can eat this." Claire begrudgingly got out a basket of food from the backseat, then a silver plate and a piece of roasted meat. She put the cold roasted meat in the silver platter and chanted a spell, creating a little fireball to heat up the roasted meat. White Emperor happily chirped. With a tumble, he flipped into the plate and his two claws hugged the roasted meat and he started nibbling it.

"What kind of magic beast is this?" Lingyun Leng asked, a bit curious.

"Don't know." Claire shrugged, answering honestly as she watched White Emperor, who was currently crouched in the plate, eating with relish. White Emperor wasn't a carnivore or vegetarian, but an omnivore. As long as it tasted good, he liked it, no matter if it was meat, vegetables, or fruit. It was just that he liked roasted meat out of all meat, that was all.

Then it was silent again.

It was silent the whole journey. Claire didn't really want any relation with the Temple of Light, only because to Claire, the Temple of Light was a group of charlatans.

"Claire, this guy is so pretentious. It really makes people annoyed and want to rip off his face and look at what's beneath that mask." Walter made a racket in Claire's mind.

"Quieter, I want to rest. We also need to hurry to reach Niya City early in the morning tomorrow. There should be many things that need to be dealt with." Claire closed her eyes and leaned against the side of the back of the carriage.

"Humph, humph." Walter snorted resentfully. Divine Prince, humph, he's just that bitchy Light goddess's hunting dog. Just wait, there will be a day when he will take revenge!

Niya City was already completely blocked off. Once Claire arrived before Niya City, she saw the city gates tightly closed and many simple tents set up outside the city gates. These were people who wanted to enter, but were banned. They all had family or friends inside the city and wished that

they could go in very much, but the epidemic had already spread. Naturally, in order to prevent more infections, they had forbidden people to enter or leave.

Once they knew that the person inside the carriage was the Niya City's Castellan, a large disturbance arose.

"Castellan, please let us go in. My wife and children are inside, I want to know how they are right now."

"Castellan, my father is still inside. Please let us go in."

"Castellan..."

Pleading voices arose in succession as people gradually started surrounding the carriage, making it unable to go forward.

It was at this time that the city gates opened. A troop of soldiers in a single file line ran out and started drive away the commoners, letting out a path to let the carriage enter the city. Next, they started driving away commoners who wanted to take this opportunity to enter the city. Although it was a bit cruel, they all still acted very appropriately and didn't wound anyone. They were able to adopt these measures in a serious situation like this. Evidently, the people Duke Gordan had sent to help Claire deal with Niya City were not to be trifled with.

Immediately a voice sounded from over the city gates. "Everybody, please don't be impatient, the Castellan has already come personally, this matter will be resolved very quickly. Please wait for good news, everybody. Forbidding everyone from being able to enter or leave is also for your safety. Also, the Temple of Light's Divine Prince has also arrived, everybody, please be at ease. Good news will arrive very quickly."

Once again, the city gates closed. The people were nervous, but not panicky.

A strange smell pervaded the air in Niya City. The rotting smell was mixed with the smell of incense. Claire lifted the curtains to see the situation outside. There was nobody in the streets and all the doors had been tightly shut. The strange odor was probably caused by burned

incense in order to hide the rotting stink of corpses.

That being said, the corpses of people who had died from the plague weren't cremated?

The epidemic would only spread more this way!

The carriage entered the castle. As Claire waited for people to come off the carriage, someone was there to welcome them.

"Miss Claire, your subordinate has been looking forward to meet for a long time." A refined young man approached and respectfully bowed. "Your subordinate is the one Duke Gordan sent to assist you deal with this situation, Heath."

"Thank you for your hard work." Claire's expression was solemn. She didn't enter the room and issued a stream of orders immediately instead. "People who have died from the plague, immediately cremate them. Every door needs to be opened to ventilate in order to get rid of the plague. When the soldiers are carrying out these orders, they must wear masks. Bring me to see the people who have been infected by the plague, I want to see their symptoms." Claire had seen very clearly that the soldiers who had previously welcomed her into the city gates hadn't taken any preventative measures. That was very dangerous.

"Castellan?" Now Heath had changed his address. A bit surprised, he asked, "You want to go see right now?"

Exceptionally serious, Claire ordered, "Carry out my orders immediately. Cremate those corpses right now. Incense can only mask the odor, nothing else. Bring me right now to see the people who have been infected by the plague. Right now! Do you understand what right now means?"

Heath was scared into shock, then came back to his senses and turned to give out orders.

Soon, a couple of soldiers jogged with masks on, as they scattered to all directions from the center of the city.

As Lingyun Leng watched Claire's exceptionally serious expression and heard the orders Claire ordered, a light flashed from the depths of his

eyes, then disappeared in a wink.

Once Claire saw the situation of the people who had been infected by the plague, doubt surfaced in her heart. This plague wasn't the small pox or the bubonic plague of medieval times. The symptom of the people who had been infected by the plague was that their skin would darken and then darker and darker, until they rotted! The disease spread through human saliva and blood.

A cold light flashed through Lingyun Leng's eyes. He had already made a decision.

This wasn't a plague!

"Claire, this isn't the plague. This is poison from the dark element. Even though it's very, very little, it is actually emitting a dark aura. There's a dark magician messing around in this city! And their level is not low, otherwise there's no way magicians from the entire Niya City didn't discover it." Walter's voice sounded in Claire's mind, certain.

Chapter 46: Necromancer

The infected people were situated in a wide and spacious room. Each and every sick person was lying on the ground with low groans. The air inside the room was thick with the rotting smell. Even though they had already opened the window the ventilate, it was still extremely stinky.

“You’re sure?” Claire looked at the sick people lying on the ground and frowned. Although she asked this, Claire was very clear that regarding the Dark element, Walter was more qualified than anyone else here to say anything. He was a genius Dark magician afterall.

“I’m sure.” Walter’s voice was a bit serious. “But this kind of malicious magic hasn’t been used by anyone for a long time. Not only is this person a Dark magician, they’re also a necromancer.”

“What?” Claire was a bit surprised. Necromancers were exceptionally malicious. Although many people loathed Dark magicians and the Magician Council also sent people to eliminate them, every magician had right and duty to kill necromancers regardless of anything, because necromancers were truly too evil. They used human lives to develop their magic power.

“It isn’t a plague.” Lingyun Leng’s cold voice was heard by Claire.

“Haha, little guy, not bad, you could actually tell this wasn’t a plague.” Cliff raised a brow and laughed.

“Tch! Good my ass! Then you go and ask him if this isn’t a plague, what is it specifically?” Walter disdainfully clicked his tongue.

“Sir, this is caused by a Dark magician, but as for the specifics, I do not know.” Lingyun Leng modestly and honestly said.

“That’s already not bad. You knowing that this wasn’t a plague was already pretty good. Not even one of Niya City’s magicians discovered it.” Cliff complimented Lingyun Leng, but his last words were blaming the magicians of Niya City. Niya City also had a branch of the Magician Council.

“This magic has already disappeared for a long time.” Walter continued in Claire’s mind, “It infects people with death aura, and then spreads throughout the entire body, slowly rotting until they die. The people will receive intense suffering. The necromancer will absorb the suffering of the ghosts of the people who died unfairly to expand their strength. But this is on a pretty big scale, actually making a move against a city.” After saying this, Walter sighed.

Just as Claire was shocked, Cliff also starting talking. “It’s a necromancer, a hundred years ago I met one before.”

A hundred years? Claire was stunned. How old was Master this year?

“I didn’t think that I would meet one today, and actually in a city.” Cliff sighed softly. “The only way to eliminate this so-called plague is to find that necromancer and completely extinguish him.”

“This old man actually has some skills.” Walter humphed. Even though he was in a very bad mood, internally, he accepted it. The wizard sage Cliff truly did have his awesome aspects.

“Necromancer!” Lingyun Leng’s expression changed. He knew better than anyone else what necromancer meant; death, the most painful death.

They found the origin, but the whereabouts of the necromancer would be hard to find. They all hid in the most dark, most concealed place and then peeked at this world.

“Ahhh!!” Suddenly, they heard a mournful cry followed by a deathly silence that was a bit restless.

“What’s going on?” Cliff turned towards it.

Claire became taciturn. Her gaze landed on the sick people closest to her. Their visible skin had already turned dark black and they were currently slowly rotting. They were receiving inhumane suffering. Just then, the mournful shrieks were from people who were unable to bear this suffering and committed suicide.

Lingyun Leng slowly closed his eyes, already chanting a spell. Bright, white light was emitted from Lingyun Leng, forming into a huge shield

that enveloped the infected people of the room. The gentle light shined on the infected people. Gradually, the groans subsided. But that pitch-black skin and rotting body weren't alleviated. It could only make people not feel the pain and wasn't able to heal them.

"It's no use, little one, it can only lessen their pain, that's all. If you want to completely resolve it, you must find the original perpetrator." Cliff said, somewhat solemn.

"I know." Lingyun Leng softly said, but didn't stop his actions.

Claire turned and saw there was actually something somewhat ineffable in the depths of the violet eyes on Lingyun Leng's handsome face.

Strange...Claire was a bit puzzled because the feeling that Lingyun Leng gave her was that he was a rigid person, indifferent to the bones. Also, Lingyun Leng definitely did not have that kind of sympathetic disposition. But right now, everything Lingyun Leng did completely contradicted what Claire knew.

"Aiya, actually thinking of himself as a Divine Prince when he had his own personal reason to join the Temple of Light and become a healer." Looking at Walter made him unhappy, so he continued to throw shade.

"What reason?" Claire asked, confused.

"He has a younger sister who is physically weak and constantly sick, that's why he would join the Temple of Light and become a healer, and later, the Divine Prince. Right now his little sister is using medicine from the Temple of Light to extend her life, that's why he would work so strenuously for the Temple of Life." Walter disdainfully said, "You thought he really pities humans from the bottom of his heart?"

In a flash, Claire finally understood why with that kind of indifferent personality Leng Lingyun would become a healer. It turns out everything was for his little sister.

"Master, now I'll be troubling you." Claire quietly said to Cliff, looking at the room that was completely filled with infected people.

Naturally, Cliff understood what Claire meant. He thumped his chest.

“Don’t worry, I’ll immediately mobilize the magicians from this city’s Magician Council to help investigate and find the tracks of that necromancer.”

“The opponent is no ordinary person, after they find it, make sure they definitely don’t act blindly.” Claire warned.

“Yes. I’ll first go to the Magician Council.” Cliff energetically walked out.

“Jean, let’s go, we’ll also go look.” Claire softly breathed out, glancing at the room filled completely with sick people.

“Yes.” Jean followed Claire from behind, his head lowered.

“Divine Prince, I’ll be troubling you to take care of this side.” Claire politely said.

“It’s something I should to do.” Leng Lingyun smiled lightly.

Claire went out the door with Jean. She sighed quietly. She always felt stifled when interacting with Leng Lingyun.

Niya City was desolate. The commoners all closed their doors tightly, not taking a single step outside.

“Walter, do you have any method to block this Dark aura from expanding?” Claire and Jean walked in the empty street, feeling many ill gazes shot from the cracks of doors or windows.

“There is, but it’s very troublesome. Dark aura can’t enter anything with Light aura. How would these commoners have a Light physique? Weak people who often get sick and women and children who are always weak are the first to get infected.” Walter said bluntly.

There are very few people with a Light physique so the people who haven’t been infected yet are physically strong. If it continues like this, all the people in this city will be infected. The top priority was to find the necromancer.

“But there is a method to block the spreading.” Walter started vulgarly smiled. “Who here has the thickest Light aura?”

Of course the answer was Leng Lingyun.

“Call that guy to baptise all the people here who haven’t been infected yet and get each and every one to receive his Light aura. Haha, that way you can temporarily block it.” Walter said, harboring ill intentions. Niya City still has that many people, haha, it’ll tire this violet eyed silver haired pretty boy to death, ahaha. The more Walter thought about it, the happier he was.

“That will be his own decision. If he’s willing to baptise, then naturally it will be good, but if he’s not willing, we can’t do anything about it.” Claire said insipidly.

Claire and Jean patrolled the city, but weren’t able to discover any anomalies.

“Can you sense where the Dark aura is thickest?” Claire asked and turned towards the overcast sky.

“I can’t feel anything for the time being.” Walter honestly answered.

Niya City was desolately peaceful, the streets lonely and empty.

Once they went back to the castle, Leng Lingyun was already back, sitting in the main hall, resting.

“Miss Claire, you came back.” Once Leng Lingyun saw Claire, he immediately got up. “I was waiting for you, I have a request.”

“Oh?” Claire was a bit surprised. Leng Lingyun actually was asking for a request.

“Please, Miss Claire, use your status as the Castellan to summon all the people in the city to the gather in the public square. I discovered those Dark aura seem to hate Light aura very much, so I want to give them a baptism to make them not be infected with Dark aura any more.” After Leng Lingyun said this kind of request, Claire was a bit stunned. She hadn’t spoken yet but Leng Lingyun had already said this kind of request.

“But there are so many people in the city...” Claire was a bit hesitant. If it was really like what Walter said, then it was really possible that Leng Lingyun wouldn’t sleep for a few days and nights.

“The pope sent me to assist you, you don’t need to have any misgivings. I have the quickest method to block the Dark aura from spreading.

“Good, then I will immediately call people to do this.” Claire didn’t decline anymore. Before they found that necromancer, they couldn’t let take anyone else’s life.

“Wahaha, tire this pretty boy to death. Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah yeah~~” Walter’s schadenfreude voice sounded in Claire’s mind.

Claire expressionlessly reached into the bag and pinched the Spiritual stone, hard.

“Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah~~~—-” Walter was like a machine that ran out of power, his yeah pitch stretching very long and then gradually lowered until there was no sound.

Chapter 47: Ominous Feeling

Soon, the people of the city gathered in the public square for the Castellan in a large mass. Heath was very smart, telling the whole truth and then he told everyone Claire had already invited the nemeses of the Dark magician – magicians from the Temple of Light – and even the Temple of Light's Divine Prince had personally come. As long as they just received a Light baptism, they wouldn't be receive any more of the Dark aura's negative effects.

The popularity of the Temple of Light was extraordinarily useful; people assembled together in the public square very quickly. They all looked expectantly at the silver haired Divine Prince standing on stage. Violet eyes and silver hair had already become a symbol, a symbol of peace and the Temple of Light.

The people below talked back on forth, becoming more and more restless.

It was at this time that suddenly a voice came from the stage.

"Everyone, don't be fearful. I believe everybody also understands that this so-called epidemic is just a Dark magician stirring up trouble from behind the scenes. We will quickly find out the perpetrator and also purify the air. His highness, the Divine Prince, will immediately baptize everything. Every difficulty will pass. Soon, everyone can reunite with their dear ones outside the city. Before then, I hope everybody obeys the soldier's plans. I swear on the Hill family's name this matter will definitely be resolved. Also, my Master sir Cliff and the Magician Council will also assist. Everybody, please be at ease, we will pass this crisis together." Claire stood on the stage, her expression grave as she declared. Cliff used a small magic that transferred Claire's voice everywhere so that everybody could hear.

Gradually, everybody calmed down, their expressions also becoming serene.

That's right, with the Divine Prince from the Temple of Light and the

wizard sage, sir Cliff, what could they be afraid of?

Just like what the Castellan said, they would definitely be able to ride out this crisis.

Claire looked at the people below, who had calmed down. She sighed softly and then turned towards Lingyun Leng. “Divine Prince, now what?”

“Just leave it to me.” Lingyun Leng said insipidly. He took a few steps forward, closed his eyes and gradually raised his head. His raised both of his hands slowly and started chanting a long and tedious spell.

The white light slowly expanded, Lingyun Leng’s chanting not yet stopped.

The white light slanted down from the sky, becoming a huge shield, enshrouding the entire public plaza.

“Crap! This fierce guy! He actually wants to baptise them all! Although his magic power is very strong, this action is truly harsh on himself, harsh on himself!” Walter cried in surprise.

Claire didn’t say anything and only frowned. Who knew what she was thinking.

The white light slowly shined on everybody. Everyone felt not only their body feel warm, but also their hearts. It was an indescribable feeling of comfort.

The white light was still continuously shining down diagonally and Lingyun Leng’s chant still hadn’t stopped. But his complexion was already gradually paling.

Walter was so happy he wanted to just start jumping up and down. Pretty boy, continue, continue, the earlier you die and reincarnate, ahaha, don’t stop, continue. But Walter only dared to say these in his heart. He didn’t dare to let Claire hear again. Right now his whole body was sore incessantly, Claire’s life-threatening pinch was truly life-threatening!

Cliff raised his brow slightly and his mouth twitched. No wonder that old thing bragged to him whenever they me. His disciple truly wasn’t

simple. This public square could be said to have over ten thousand people, and he was actually baptizing them like this. Hmph, no big deal, there would be a day when his own darling disciple could also do this. No! His darling disciple will definitely surpass him.

Claire watched Lingyun Leng's face that was becoming paler and paler and knit her brows slightly.

Wasn't this too much for him?

But as she thought about it, she became relieved. This man with an ice-cold personality, doing this for the only soft soft spot in his heart wasn't strange. Every person had a weak spot, someone or something they cared for the most.

After a long time, Lingyun Leng finally stopped his chant. The white light slowly dispersed. Cold sweat had already perspired from Lingyun Leng's forehead. Once he stopped chanting, Lingyun Leng started wobbling. Standing beside him, Claire hurriedly reached out to support him.

"I'm fine." Lingyun Leng turned towards Claire and revealed a faint smile and calmly moved away his arm. Claire felt that clearly, when she had supported Lingyun Leng, his body had become rigid. It was very obvious that he also wasn't used to touching other people.

Claire turned to Jean and said, "Jean, from now on, protect and follow the Divine Prince closely, until his magic power is recovered." Next, she looked coldly at Lingyun Leng and said, "Don't refuse, I hope the Temple of Light's Divine Prince doesn't have a mishap in my fief. I can't afford to carry the blame."

The words Lingyun Leng was about to say to refuse were blocked by Claire's words.

"May everybody stop worrying, you can return to our former lives today. The Castellan and Cliff will definitely capture that necromancer quickly and also give everyone peace." Heath quickly declared to everyone in the public square.

The popular sentiment had been stabilized, their former lives also restored.

What they needed to do now was capture that necromancer.

“Claire, remember, this necromancer is definitely not simple. If you discover his tracks, you definitely can’t be careless and act on your own. You must immediately contact me, do you understand?” Cliff was exceptionally serious.

“Alright, Master, I understand, I will act within the limits.” Claire promised.

Cliff’s worry wasn’t without reason. Right now Claire’s guardian knight went to protect the Divine Prince. If Claire encountered danger, she wouldn’t have a shield anymore.

“Master, don’t worry, I also have the treasure you sent me.” Claire smiled, shaking the bracelet on her wrist.

“Yes, in any case, you can’t act on your own. Let’s all go back to eat and rest now. It’s been busy for so long, everybody must be all be tired.” Cliff yawned.

At last, Niya City had resumed its former peace, but the city gates were still sealed off. Before they found and killed that necromancer, the ban could still not be removed.

Night, a peaceful Niya City.

Claire lied on the bed with clothes on, pondering while looking at the curtains. White Emperor laid on Claire’s chest and slept peacefully.

“Claire!” Suddenly Walter coldly shouted. “Dark aura! Very dense! I felt it.”

“Where?” Claire frowned and immediately asked.

“Underneath your bed!” Walter was exceptionally certain. “I’m definitely not wrong!”

“Underneath my bed?” Claire froze.

“I didn’t mean that, it’s deep from below the location of your bed! There’s a secret chamber below!” Walter’s tone began to become hurried. “He’s moving rapidly! Quick, he’s currently moving towards the west. Outside the window! Look, look quickly, that black smoke!”

Claire immediately sat up and rushed towards the window. At night, a normal person wouldn’t be able to see anything, but Claire had already trained to be able to see clearly at night. Sure enough, a faint black smoke was moving rapidly. White Emperor swiftly crawled onto Claire’s head, tightly grabbing onto Claire’s hair.

To an assassin, the night was their paradise. The night was their greatest protection. Claire squinted slightly, watching the black smoke speedily leave in the darkness, a cold light arose in her eyes.

Claire pulled out a small bird puppet and released it in the air, letting the small bird puppet to find Cliff. Claire flipped out the window, chasing after the rapidly leaving black smoke, and disappeared into the night.

Walter was also a bit confused. Although this Dark aura was very dense, he didn’t seem to have enough to disperse Dark aura throughout the entire city, because he wasn’t strong enough!

Perhaps there wasn’t just one necromancer?!

Walter frowned and an ominous feeling arose.

Chapter 48: Yixuan Feng Appears

Claire moved deftly in the darkness, chasing after that black smoke towards outside of the city gates. That black smoke flew all to the bottom of the city wall, into a well there. Claire held her breath and quietly followed. Before her eyes it was completely dark. This was a dried up well. At the mouth of the well, there was a wooden ladder. Claire crouched down, looked up at the night sky, estimating that the magic puppet should be guiding her Master over there by now. After thinking about it, Claire hid her aura and slowly climbed down the ladder.

"Hey, hey, Claire, wait first. Wait until your Master arrives and then go down together. I keep on feeling an ominous wind blowing." Walter shuddered a bit.

"It's not just a feeling, there really is wind!" Claire frowned and looked down the dried well. From below, a slight, cold wind blew. Where did it lead to?

Claire slowly climbed down, all the way to the bottom of the well.

The black smoke was already gone.

The four walls of the bottom of the well were completely intact.

Where did that black smoke disappear to?

Claire sized up the four walls, closed her eyes, and gently put her hand on the well wall. Walter was amazed as he felt Claire pass through.

Once Claire opened her eyes again, there was a deep tunnel right before her eyes.

"An illusion technique?" Walter said in amazement. That well wall couldn't have looked any more ordinary, who would have thought it was just an illusion created by somebody. This well wall was originally empty, with a deep tunnel behind it.

Claire didn't speak anymore, and only followed the route of the tunnel forward. White Emperor grabbed Claire's hair tightly and also stared forward.

The further in they walked, the more extreme the cold wind got.

“What’s the situation up front?” Claire asked Walter.

“The Dark aura is just up ahead. It’s much less dense than before, and probably went a bit far.” Walter replied.

Once Claire came out of the tunnel, she was shocked. Right now she was already completely outside the city! It was the small forest outside of the city.

“Bone pagoda!” Walter suddenly cried out in a low voice, completely surprised. A bone pagoda was extremely evil building, completely made of bones. Resentment and corpse’s Qi were very favorable for a necromancer’s cultivation.

Claire looked up. As expected, she saw the faint outline of a white spire in the forest, about five to six meters, ghastly white and made out of bones.

“It’s completely made out of bones. Strange, why didn’t we discover it when we were entering the city? Even if we didn’t discover it, the magicians from inside the city should also be able to discover this conspicuous building.” Walter was completely puzzled.

“Because it can move!” Claire snorted.

“What?!” Walter’s response was full of shock and fear. There was only one person out of all the Dark magicians and necromancers with a mobile pagoda! It was that terrifying, inhuman freak!

“Clare, are you sure the pagoda can move?!” Walter’s voice was already shaking a little.

“Yes, I just saw that pagoda move. That explains why nobody discovered the bone pagoda is here.” Claire solemnly said, certain.

“Claire, go quick, let’s go quick! Quickly!” Walter’s voice was completely fearful and impatient.

Claire understood that if Walter reacted like this, he definitely had his reasons. Without an explanation, Claire immediately got out the

invisibility cloak that Cliff gave her and hid her body, preparing to return the way she came.

"It's that Dark grand magician's, Benimo's bone pagoda! Only he could have a mobile bone pagoda! No wonder! No wonder they could infect a whole city's people with Dark aura!" Walter's voice shuddered a bit. Grand magician! A level right below wizard sage. If a Dark grand magician fought against a normal grand magician, the person to lose would definitely be the normal grand magician. Because this Benimo's heart was very evil, the magic he used was even more terrifying and malicious. His death magic could engulf the average person in the blink of an eye and turn them into a pile of bones.

Claire was shocked. She had heard of Benimo before. On the Magician Council's kill list, he was ranked number two. Every time he safely escaped and seriously damaged people of the Magician Council. He was an extremely dangerous and cruel kind of character. She never thought he would actually appear here.

"Oh, there's an adorable rabbit here." Just as Claire was preparing to stealthily retreat, an ice cold voice with a trace of ridicule sounded out of nowhere. The surroundings were completely vacant, but Claire clearly heard that voice.

Her invisible body was also discovered? Claire was amazed. Just how strong was the other person?!

Claire alertly sensed the surrounding's air flow.

"You blockhead, what were you doing, not even knowing you had been followed!" That indifferent voice had a sliver of oppressiveness.

"Master, sorry. I didn't pay attention." A voice came far away. Next, that black spoke quickly floated over. After a puff sound, that black smoke turned into a bony, thin young man. Those pair of deep-set eyes emotionlessly looked forward. The skin on his neck looked like it were about to collapse. Below his tall nose were pale lips.

"How annoying, not only did people from the Temple of Light come, you were also followed by this person. Quickly dispose of her and then we'll

switch places." The indifferent voice urged.

"Yes, Master. But..." That thin and terrifying man stammered looking at the blank space in front of him with a bit of embarrassment. With his cultivation, naturally he wasn't able to see the invisible Claire.

"You're really trash, not progressing at all." That indifferent voice snorted. The next moment, a stifling aura enveloped Claire. Suddenly, she felt like she was being choked by someone, unable to breath, her body feeling extremely heavy, not able to move at all.

"Claire, ahhhhh, Claire, withstand it, you're master should arrive soon." Walter's fearful and worried voice carried a sob in Claire's mind.

Claire wasn't able to make a sound, feeling like her throat was being gripped very tightly. Gradually, Claire's body appeared in front of the young necromancer.

"Quickly deal with it so we can leave." The cold voice voice sounded from far away, the white bone pagoda gradually starting to move.

"Yes, master, I'll immediately follow." The young necromancer replied and then turned to look at Claire, who had appeared in front of him. His face twitched, and he started laughing terrifyingly. Those deep set and vacant eyes sized up Claire. Slowly, he walked to up Claire and bent down slightly to look at Claire's face.

"Your looks are not bad. This skin looks very smooth and tender, if I peel it off, afterwards I can make a pillow and sleep on it everyday, it will definitely feel good. And also your golden hair," he clicked his tongue "I'll cut it off and make it into a brush..." The young necromancer said to himself, giving a sly smile.

Claire coldly looked at the abnormal young man, still continuously trying to break free from that necromancer's restraints. But no matter how much Claire tried, those restraints didn't have the slightest sign of loosening.

"Claire, ahhhhh, what do we do. How come Cliff, that old man, still hasn't come?" Walter yelped like an ant being roasted.

Claire wasn't able to make a sound, nor a move.

The young necromancer gave a strange smile, reached out his bone-thin hand, slowly towards Claire's face.

It was at this time that half of the moon appeared from behind the clouds.

Claire looked at the young necromancer in front of her. The next moment, she became shocked.

The necromancer's hand stopped midway, stopping two centimeters away from Claire's face. An eerie smile hung on his face, but he was frozen in place.

Immediately after, blood splurted out of the necromancer's neck mid air into a gorgeous arc.

The necromancer was still in the same posture as before, his hand reached out, a vile smile hung on his face, as he slowly tilted over.

Under the moonlight, a fiery red haired handsome young man faced Claire with a devilish smile.

Yixuan Feng?

How did he appear here?

Chapter 49: White Emperor's True Body, Dark Mark

Under the moonlight, Yixuan Feng's fiery red hair was especially dazzling along with his burning gaze and demonic smile.

"Ahhhhh! My god! Don't tell me that abnormal guy wants to take advantage of this bad situation and wants to take revenge personally, not allowing you to die from someone else? This damnable freak, his age is so young but he's already this abnormal. Over, it's hopeless! Today, I'm really finished." Walter started wailing, his spirits so sunken, he was about to collapse. Before the crisis had been resolved, a new problem had appeared.

Claire silently watched Yixuan Feng who had suddenly appeared in front of her, but she wasn't frantic at all, because there was no killing intent in Yixuan Feng's eyes.

Claire also sighed. As expected, Yixuan Feng's assassination skills were exceptional, actually appearing this silently and killing off that necromancer. Meanwhile, she was restrained, still trying to think of a way to break freak of her constraints, and didn't really focus on details in the surroundings, so she didn't discover Yixuan Feng's arrival.

Walter felt Claire wasn't panicked at all and became more alarmed. "Oh, Claire, now aren't you regretting, at the time you shouldn't have stepped on their back. Now we're in luck, I reckon they've vowed to chase you to the ends of earth if it means they can kill you. Retribution has come, yes? It's come as expected?" Walter cried, incomparably miserable.

Claire watched the face of the handsome young man enlarge as he slowly approached her. Claire's heart suddenly tightened a bit. Why did she feel that guy's gaze was a bit strange? A bit passionate? A misperception?

Walter was still shouting noisily.

White Emperor crawled out from Claire's back. From when they were

entered the dried up well, this guy had laid closely to Claire's back and didn't move. Now he crawled onto Claire's heard, grabbing Claire's hair, staring with his large, round eyes at Yixuan Feng.

"I've come back, my woman." Yixuan Feng approached Claire, lifted Claire's long hair gently, and kissed it.

Claire became petrified. Walter was petrified to the point that he couldn't be any more rigid.

I've come back, my woman.

I've come back, my woman, I've come back, my woman...

Echo, echo...

It echoed endlessly in Claire's and Walter's mind.

Suddenly, Walter felt like a gale started blowing.

Suddenly, he felt everything in the world was fabricated, everything wasn't real.

Everything was fake!!!

Yes, everything was fake.

Yixuan Feng watched Claire with rapt attention, and then frowned, a little unhappy as he said, "Oh damn, I can't undo this restraint!!! Which scum did this to you?"

Claire was unable to speak, nor able to move. She only staring at Yixuan Feng. Her heart was incessantly confused. Why would Yixuan Feng appear here and save her? Didn't he go back to his country? Why he appear so timely here? And saying those kinds of shocking words.

"Whatever, let's first go back to the city." After saying this, Yixuan Feng reached out, preparing to carry Claire.

Claire's eyes suddenly widened.

Because behind Yixuan Feng in mid air, a person appeared soundlessly. The person wore a long and wide cloak, but Claire clearly saw their exposed hand already had no flesh! It was only skin and bones, their joints

protruding out, nails sharp and slender. His deep eyes were completely filled with anger. That was because his gaze fell onto the corpse behind Yixuan Feng. That corpse had already slowly lost its warmth, and the blood all over the ground had already gradually congealed.

Yixuan Feng felt Claire acting strange and abruptly turned around, facing the person floating in mid air.

"You damnable bastard!" Floating in mid air, Benimo's anger had reached the skies. It was with much difficulty that he had taken a liking to someone and accepted them as a disciple to run errands as a servant, but today he had actually been killed by someone! And he was killed by such a weak fellow! He had been momentarily careless and a bit far away, and had actually not discovered a person had come close. His only disciple had been killed by an assassin silently!

Yixuan Feng frowned slightly. Looking at the person floating in mid air, his expression slowly became serious, because he had felt that person's cultivation. He definitely wasn't that person's match! It was this person who had restrained Claire? No wonder he couldn't undo it.

"I will cut off your flesh piece by piece and saturate your bones with strong acid. I won't let you die, and make you see yourself your body slowly being destroyed. In the end, your soul will be imprisoned for all eternity, and make you forever suffer." Benimo slowly said, viciously and sinisterly. With a slight wave of his hand, Yixuan Feng immediately was unable to move.

Feeling the same as Claire, Yixuan Feng only felt the surrounding air all become exceptionally heavily, and like his throat was being choked, unable to make a sound.

"First I'll finish you off, then I'll slowly enjoy him." Benimo eerily turned to look at Claire and said, then he released a ball of black death Qi.

Feng Yixuan's eyes widened. That death Qi could turn someone immediately decay into bones!

Yixuan Feng wanted to speak, wanted to curse at the freakish, damnable old man, but besides his eyes shooting out hatred yet also having a

worried gaze, he wasn't able to do anything. Now Yixuan Feng detested he was so weak! Not only was he unable to protect himself, he couldn't even save Claire.

"Ahhh! I'll * his whole family. I still haven't gained a body yet! Now I'm going to say goodbye to this world forever. He couldn't have used any other magic, but he's actually using decaying death Qi! This scum! Now it's over, not even dust will be left." Walter cursed with indignation, then his tone changed. "Claire, truthfully... Truthfully..."

Yixuan Feng madly tried to use magic to overcome the his body's restraints, but like before, there wasn't any results. He looked helplessly at that ball of black death aura slowly approaching Claire.

Claire frowned, not saying a word. She was sensing the current position of the small magic bird puppet. Soon, very soon, Master was about to arrive.

It it was Master, he could definitely easily defeat this terrifying and dangerous person.

Watching the black death Qi that approached her face, Claire's heart sunk.

Was there enough time?

It seemed like there wasn't enough...

Claire closed her eyes slowly, sighing lightly in her heart.

Everything was settled...

It was at this time that White Emperor, who was laying on Claire's head, suddenly stood up, looked at the floating in mid air Benimo and called out, "Chirp chirp!"

The next moment, something unexpected happened.

"Chiiirp." With one sound, a ray of invisible, terrifying supreme power attacked Benimo, directly going through Benimo's entire body.

In a flash, the black death Qi assembled next to Claire's face dispersed, and then disappeared without a trace.

Benimo's body viciously hit the big tree behind him. A clear-cut sound resonated. Nobody knew that with this one attack, all of the bones in Benimo's body had shattered into shards and all his organs shook into mincemeat. Blood splurted out of Benimo's mouth, and splashed out over and over and over...

It was like all of his blood had been spit out.

Continuously spraying...

Still spraying...

Splurting that still hadn't stopped...

And then, he died.

He really died.

White Emperor instakilled Benimo.

That's right, he had been instakilled like so. The person who had been ranked second most dangerous on the Magician Council's hit list had been instakilled like this. There wasn't even a struggle, wasn't even a cry. He didn't even have time to say goodbye to the world. He died so gorgeously.

Claire slowly opened her eyes and stared blanking at the scene in front of her.

A person floated in front of her.

Hair like snow, eyes like the moon.

Snow white clothes, without any color or designs. The snow-like hair lightly fluttered. His delicate and matchless face held a trace of disdain. He turned and stared at Claire.

Those beautiful eyes were like a vortex, like it was able to attract someone in deeply.

Claire started at the devastatingly handsome man who was so beautiful he could make one unable to breathe. Was this White Emperor's true body?

“My contracter, grow up quickly.” That solemn and dignified voice sounded again in Claire’s mind.

A ray of white light flashed and the handsome white clothed young man disappeared. A furry ball of meat floated in mid air. “Chirp chirp -” White Emperor weakly called out twice in a low voice, then closed his eyes and slowly dropped down.

As Claire hurriedly reached out to catch, she was surprised to discover she could move. That stifling and oppressive feeling already disappeared.

“Chirp chirp – ” White Emperor started snoring and fell asleep in Claire’s hands.

“What is that?” Yixuan Feng was also able to move. He walked over, frowning while looking at the little ball of meat in Claire’s hand, and was incessantly surprised. Just then that flashy pretty boy was this meat ball? It was actually that showy. What kind of thing was this? Magic Beast? Shapeshifter or [insert fantasy beast or whatever it was we used i forgot]? It could actually transform into a human form?! And it could instakill someone he couldn’t beat? It was too humiliating!

Claire lightly stroked White Emperor, and carefully put White Emperor into the bag she was carrying, then turned to Yixuan Feng and said, “Thank you for saving me. Why did you appear here?”

“Protecting my woman is my obligation. Ahahaha.” Yixuan Feng opened his mouth and started madly laughing. After that, he felt a bit resentful. F*ck! In the end, it was actually that furball who did the rescuing! It really felt uncomfortable! This damned furball snatched the limelight!

Claire frowned slightly. What was Yixuan Feng piping about? What did he mean?

“It can’t be, this little guy actually that supreme?” Walter’s incredulous voice sounded in Claire’s mind. He was still relieved to be alive, patting his chest. “After he had been defeated by you, he had actually fallen for you. Although I’ve heard that there are some people in this world who are they weird, I never thought I there would be a day I would see that. That said, Claire, what kind of thing is this? It’s actually so powerful, it can

transform into a human form? Now it's sleeping like the dead. Maybe it used up all of its power just now?" Walter voiced out all of his ideas.

"Didn't you go back to your country?" Claire ignored Walter and instead, she frowned looking at Yixuan Feng who was in front of her and doubtfully asked.

"Haha, I just came back." Yixuan Feng immediately changed the topic from himself. "That's right, Claire, what is your magic beast? It actually can transform into a human form and instakill that f*cking awesome person. Now it turned back into a furball as it's sleeping. Can it not maintain its human form?" Yixuan Feng glanced around guiltily. There's no way he would tell Claire how difficult it was to climb over the wall. Just as he climbed over, he actually met Wenmo Shui, that scum, who listened to his old Ma's command and guarding. And then~ naturally, he took revenge and then stealthily slipped out of the country's borders. Whenever he thought of Wenmo Shui frozen into a lump of ice over there, Yixuan Feng would secretly feel good. The best thing was, he effortlessly created a sharp icicle, sticking Wenmo Shui's lump of ice into the air. The sharp part of the icicle aimed at Wenmo Shui's anus. If Weno Shui's ice melted, hmph! That would be as perfect as flowers blooming. The two's power was always evenly matched. Every time they fought, it all depended on the circumstances. Who ever was in a better situation would be the one with the advantage. That day was their 701st battle and also the 351st time Yixuan Feng had won.

After being silent for a little while, Claire insipidly said, "I don't know what kind of Magic beast he is. When he transformed into a human form today, it was also the first time, I also didn't know. But, can you help me keep it it a secret?"

"Of course, haha!" Yixuan Feng happily said, then turned to look at Benimo, who had died not far away, underneath the tree, and said unhappily, "Who is this? Now he's dead thoroughly, right?"

"He's a necromancer, the grand wizard Benimo, an extremely dangerous person." Claire solemnly said, looking at the already cold corpse and frowned.

Damn his great grandfather! No wonder I couldn't undo his restraints, he's actually a necromancer. Yixuan Feng cursed in his heart. But how did Claire provoke a person this strong?

It was at this time that there was finally some movements in the Darkness. Claire's magic puppet bird called out and flew out. Closely trailing from behind, Cliff pried a branch away with a crashing sound, looking worried as he appeared before Claire.

"Claire!" Cliff anxiously rushed to Claire, and then vigilantly examined Claire. There's no wounds, not bad, not bad. Cliff let out a sigh of relief. It was then that he turned and glimpsed Yixuan Feng, who had been standing aside.

"Ah, red haired kid." Cliff still had an impression of Yixuan Feng, and blurted out straightforwardly, "Aren't you the red haired kid who got stepped on by my disciple that day? What are you doing here? Revenge? I'll kill you!" After he said this, Cliff was about to make his move.

"Master!" Claire blocked. "It's not that, Master, just then Yixuan feng saved me."

"Ah?" Cliff widened his eyes and looked at Yixuan Feng with confusion, his gaze completely filled with distrust.

"Master, it's true. This person was Benimo's disciple. Just then, when he wanted to harm me, he was killed by Yixuan Feng. The corpse over there is Benimo." Claire pointed at the corpse below the tree and said to Cliff.

"What? Benimo?" Cliff frowned, his expression changing slightly. Of course he know who Benimo was. That crafty and sly Benimo, they had never crossed paths before. His nose was even better than a dog's, every time he would hide far away. Now he had actually died? Who killed him? There was no way Claire could kill him with her strength right now.

"Who killed him? You?" Cliff turned and looked at Yixuan Feng, then shook his head, "That's impossible. Claire, who killed Benimo?" Cliff immediately asked Claire.

Claire hesitated, thinking whether or not to tell the true facts and details

of what had just happened.

And then, in a flash, a mishap happened.

“Darker than Darkness, an existence more chaotic than primal chaos, my god, I sincerely...” A sinister and familiar voice suddenly sounded amidst the night. It was actually the dead Benimo’s voice! This voice was currently hurriedly chanting a spell!

“Quick! Quickly block this voice!” Walter suddenly cried out in fear. As a Dark magician, he knew better than anyone what this chant meant.

Claire looked up at the sky, but where was anything appearing? The air fluttered, quiet.

Cliff’s expression also changed. He knew this ceremony was a summoning ceremony! Although Benimo had died, he used some kind method to enable his spirit to take a breath and not disappear immediately, summoning something to take revenge against the person who had just killed him.

Yixuan Feng alertly watched the surroundings, preparing for action. He suddenly felt a flash of strong unease. This was an assassin’s innate feeling, a frightening intuition. Yixuan Feng was a bit surprised because he had never felt this kind of feeling before, a feeling that made his hair stand on end.

Cliff pulled out a wand and raised it, aiming somewhere at the sky and chanted. A ray of light directly attacked the air.

A miserable cry mournfully sounded.

But then there was insane laughing. “It’s already over, haha, you group of ants, I will make you pay. Even if I turn to ashes, I will still make you pay. Hahahaha...” The crazy laugh slowly subsided, then disappeared. Evidently, Benimos soul had already been destroyed by Cliff. But everybody heard very clearly Benimo’s insane last words.

Benimo’s soul had already been destroyed by Cliff, but Cliff was exceptionally serious. His eyes even flashed fear and unease.

“Claire, go quickly, quickly leave this place...” Cliff immediately made a sensible decision.

But everything was over.

Immediately, the surroundings darkened and the moon of the night sky disappeared. Darkness swooped over, and everything was engulfed by darkness, one by one. If you reached out your hand, you wouldn’t be able to see your five fingers.

Even though Claire and Yixuan Feng were proficient assassins and trained their eyes to be able to see in the dark, currently they couldn’t see anything.

They were unable to move. This time, the sudden attacking feeling was even more scary than Benimo restraining them just then, more unbearable.

Cold sweat emerged from Cliff’s forehead as his heart slowly sunk lower and lower.

Right now Walter was exceptionally silent, not saying a word.

But Claire could clearly feel Walter’s spiritual undulations pulsing stronger than ever.

The surroundings were completely engulfed by Darkness. Suddenly, a vortex appeared in front of the three, like it had ripped the night sky apart, and was gradually expanding more and more.

A dim, blood-red light slowly emitted from the vortex.

A never before felt pressure attacked out of nowhere, making them unable to breath, so oppressive their legs started to weaken.

The cold sweat from Cliff’s forehead already converged into a line, his underclothes already completely soaked from the cold sweat. On this continent there were few people as strong as him. As long as those people didn’t join hands against him, then he could contend against them.

But...

There was no way for a human to contend against a god!

“Who was it? Who was it that disturbed my sleep? Where are the offerings?” An oppressive and sinister voice slowly sounded from the blood-red vortex. Then an indescribably terrifying power pressed down again. That sinister voice made them shudder, made their souls shudder. It leaked out an incomparable power, a strength they had not way of contending with.

Pfft~~” Both Claire’s and Yixuan Feng’s Qi were smothered at the same time. Unable to bear this kind of tyrannical and terrifying pressure, they spit out blood.

Cliff’s complexion paled.

Benimo had actually summoned the god of Darkness!!!

But he didn’t prepare any offering!

The despicable and sinister Benimo had prepared to set them up, summoning the god of Darkness but not preparing any offerings. Then the god of Darkness would angrily crush them, so much that not even their ashes would be left behind. It wasn’t just them, perhaps the Niya city behind them would also be sacrificed!

God’s pressure, this was a god’s pressure!

Yixuan Feng and Claire could not stand stably any more and fell to the floor with a plop. Cliff also wasn’t able to to bear this terrifying pressure. His two feet trembled as he was about to kneel onto the ground.

What was this? Yixuan Feng laid on the ground and hatefully looked at the figure amidst the blood-red light. What supreme person, fundamentally, it wasn’t human!

Claire frowned, but she wasn’t able to move.

“Claire, goodbye forever. This is the god of Darkness we believe in. Benimo actually summoned him, but there isn’t any offering. He will take out his anger on us, and destroy us so much that not even dregs will be left behind.” Walter’s voice right now was actually very serene. The god of Darkness was brutal, temperamental, and extremely greedy. Every time he is summoned needs a lot of time and energy to prepare a large amount of

offerings. If the offerings don't satisfy the god of Darkness, the summoner would have brought destruction. That's why you can count the number of times the god of Darkness has been summoned on one hand. Walter knows that for several thousands of years, it has only happened a few times. Even for that time when a king summoned him, the offering was three thousand virgin souls."

It's a god?! It's a god from this world?

Claire looked in amazement at the pair of slender and pitch-black eyes amidst the blood-red glow. That was the god of Darkness?

Cliff started struggling. At least he had to let Claire safely escape. But he had no way of breaking away from this kind of dreadful pressure.

"Who summoned me? Where are the offerings?" The malicious voice sounded again in a deep voice.

"There's not way to escape?" Claire asked Walter in her mind.

"There is no way humans can contend with a god." Walter's voice was unusually peaceful. Dying because of the god of death was completely fair.

Then Walter didn't say any more and quieted down, peacefully welcoming the arrival of death.

"On, the offering is here?" Then, that dim and malicious voice said these words.

Cliff was shocked, because he saw a ball of Dark red mist that revolved around Claire, moving up and down, like it was sizing up Claire.

"Very good." That deep and evil voice was filled with satisfaction. "I'm going to accept this offering. But who was it that summoned me? Was it you?"

The next moment, Cliff could move and talk. The god of Darkness removed the pressure on them. Yixuan Feng moved his limbs, alertly watching the Dark red mist circling around Claire.

"Don't act without thinking, this is the god of Darkness." Cliff's warning sounded in Yixuan Feng's head. Yixuan Feng was incessantly shocked.

Looking at the mass of mist he wasn't able to say a word. It was actually the god of Darkness! Sure enough, it wasn't a human. No wonder he was so insanely strong.

"Venerable god, the person who summoned you wasn't us, they have already passed away, and she also isn't the offering." Cliff cautiously and solemnly answered.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. More importantly, I'm really satisfied with this offering. When the time comes, I'll be taking it." The deep and malicious voice said, completely ignoring the last words Cliff said.

Cliff was shocked, still not understanding what those words meant. The Dark red mist flew onto Claire's hand and instantly disappeared. Then, the black, formless vortex also gradually disappeared, along with the Darkness. The forest from before appeared and the night sky's moon appeared once more.

The god of Darkness had already left.

It just left like that?

Walter already forgot to reflect on it. The series of events that happened today already thoroughly made him dumbstruck. They were on the verge of death multiple times, but had safely passed them by.

"Are you alright?" Yixuan Feng couldn't help but grab Claire's hand with one swipe and start examining it. Before, that strange mass of Dark red mist disappeared onto Claire's hand.

Claire looked at the back of her hand, not saying a word.

Cliff hurriedly rushed over. Looking at the back of Claire's hand, he was also shocked.

"What kind of strange thing is this?" Yixuan Feng angrily roared, looking at the back of Claire's hand.

On the back of Claire's hand was a design of a circle of six black stars! It seemed like it had grown from Claire's skin, as if it was natural.

"The god of Darkness's ma, mark..." Walter stuttered after seeing the

pattern. “I, I’ve only heard of it, but I’ve never encountered it before! Because it’s only an ancient legend.”

“What do you mean?” Claire frowned, looking at the pattern on the back of her hand.

“The god of Darkness will, will mark what he thinks is his own treasure. The, the mark is this circling black six star design.” Walter still hadn’t untangled his tongue. The average magic formation was a circle of five stars, gold or silver. For Dark magic, it was a circle of five black stars. There were none that had six. But today, the legendary imprint had appeared on Claire’s hand.

Walter didn’t understand. Why was the god of Darkness so satisfied with Claire? Claire was just a little devil. There were many more people who were more evil than her, why did the god of Darkness take a liking to her? He couldn’t understand, couldn’t think it through.

It was after a long time that Walter finally understood in a flash.

Auxiliary mark? Claire’s head was about to burst. What did the god of Darkness mean? It still wasn’t the time yet, when the time comes he could come to take his offering? Was he going to take her life?

“What kind of weird thing is this!” Yixuan Feng was extremely furious. You didn’t even need to think to know this thing wasn’t something good. Yixuan Feng used his finger to wipe the mark on the back of Claire’s hand, but wasn’t able to wipe it off.

Cliff’s face was as dark as ash.

He also knew what this was. The god of Darkness had actually chosen Claire as an offering! Right now he wouldn’t threaten Claire’s life, but... But what about in the future?!

There would definitely be a day when the god of Darkness would come to take Claire’s life. He had no way of protecting Claire, no way of protecting his darling disciple.

Hate! This was the first time Cliff hated that he didn’t have enough. Wizard sage, he had already been a wizard sage for so many years, but had

been stuck at a bottleneck the whole time, unable to break through into a sorcerer. If he advanced into a sorcerer, maybe there would be the possibility that he could be able to fight with the god of Darkness for a bit. That was only a possibility!

"Master, don't worry. Perhaps the situation isn't that dire." Claire quietly said, taking back her hand from Yixuan Feng's piggy one. The moment Claire saw Cliff's expression, she understood her Master also knew what the mark's origin.

"Claire..." Cliff's gaze was filled with confliction.

"Master, I control my own fate." Claire suddenly gave a bright and confident smile.

Cliff watched Claire's smile in a daze and suddenly, an incomparable resolute power welled up in his heart. That's right, the situation hadn't gone to that extent yet, why was he so pessimistic? He would definitely work hard to break through and become a sorcerer, definitely protect Claire.

Yixuan Feng looked in confusion at the old man's expression mysteriously change, like an artist's palette changing color. Just then he was looking so emotional and serious, now he was in glowing spirits.

"Master, Benimo's bone pagoda is still over there." Claire pointed into the distance at the white spire and said.

"That's right, who killed Benimo?" Cliff suddenly thought of this problem.

Claire didn't hide it again, and instead, told all the details.

"What? It's that little furball?" Cliff exclaimed in surprise. "Let me see, quickly let me see."

Claire pulled out the still deeply sleeping White Emperor out of her back and carefully held him to let Cliff examine them.

Cliff stroked his chin and carefully examined. Under the moonlight, White Emperor's sleeping posture was charmingly innocent, his two furry

paws hugging his head as he was in a deep sleep.

Cliff lightly shook his head, still unable to know what on earth this little guy was. But he was sure this little thing was definitely unordinary! It could transform into a human form, so it definitely wasn't a magic beast, but a high class Shapeshifter or Phantom! But whether it was a Shapeshifter or a Phantom, he didn't know.

"This little guy, right now he doesn't have any magic undulations. Probably, he can only erupt in power occasionally, and then needs to rest for a while, and can't maintain its human form." Cliff analyzed while looking at White Emperor in Claire's hand.

"Should be." Claire nodded.

"Red haired guy, how did you appear here?" Cliff turned to Yixuan Feng and said as his train of thought suddenly skipped over.

"I came back to find my woman, is that not allowed?!" Yixuan Feng stuck out his chest and self-righteously said.

"Oh? Chasing after girls?" Once Cliff heard that, his gaze became vulgar. He reached out and grabbed Yixuan Feng's shoulder. "Come, come, little bro, come over here and let's have a chat."

Claire's mouth twitched. Looking at vulgar Cliff and Yixuan Feng with their arms around their shoulders chatting while walked towards the bone pagoda, she was speechless.

Walter clicked his tongue. "Looks like that little freak really suits that old perverted wolf's tastes." Walter disdainfully said. Then Walter's tone changed into worry. "Claire, what are we going to do?"

Claire smiled faintly. Walter's use of the word we made Claire feel a tiny bit of warmth. She quietly said, "Everything will turn out for the best. Don't worry, the situation will definitely be resolved. Before the god of darkness comes to find me, I will become strong. Do I seem like a naive person who will wait to be slaughtered?"

"That's true, you definitely aren't." Walter immediately nodded, but he was still worried. The opponent was a god, not a human, not some kind of

ordinary person.

Claire stroked the deeply sleeping White Emperor and then cautiously put him back into the bag.

Cliff and Yixuan Feng plundered the bone pagoda until there was nothing left, then casually destroyed it. When the two people appeared in front of Claire again, their mood was already fairly good. Just watching it made Walter feel disdain.

And like so, the situation was resolved.

Niya city's epidemic was because of the Dark magician Benimo's doing, but to the brilliant and outstanding wizard sage Cliff, Benimo didn't count as much, and was killed by Cliff. Cliff's disciple, miss Claire Hill, and also Niya City's city lord, aptly discovered the evil Benimo's tracks and helped Sir Cliff extinguish them. From then on, the epidemic was gone.

This version of the story spread everywhere in Niya city, from small alleys to big streets. Everybody was praising the city lord and sir Cliff, and of course, the Divine Prince, who had spent magic power to baptize them.

In the garden, Claire looked at the Yixuan Feng who was sitting on the chair, leisurely drinking tea, and laughing and chatting with Cliff. Her mouth twitched, then straightforwardly asked, "You, what are you planning to do?"

"Stay by your side, protect you, create a relationship, then marry you at home." Yixuan Feng's words were straightforwardness itself. Hearing it, Cliff beamed with joy and continuously patting Yixuan Feng's shoulder and praised over and over.

Looking at Yixuan Feng with his self-righteous expression and the vulgarly laughing Cliff, suddenly Claire felt cold sweat from the back of her head.

These two were both people who didn't follow common sense, now that they were ganged up together, they were even more insensible. Amparkland's and Yixuan Feng's home country's relationship were extremely sensitive, and now Yixuan Feng actually wanted to stay here. No

matter how you looked at it, it was improper. Would Yixuan Feng's family allow him to stay here in such danger?

"Yixuan Feng, I'm extremely grateful you saved me. Whenever you need me to help, I will definitely do my utmost to help, but you staying here doesn't seem proper." Claire said seriously.

"You will repay me?" Yixuan Feng raised a brow.

"Besides giving my heart to you." Naturally, Claire understood what this guy meant to say, immediately blocking the words Yixuan Feng was about to say.

"Then forget about it. Just owe me." Yixuan Feng scratched his hair, then thought for a moment. "That's right, an outstanding, elegant, handsome, and confident person like me is a bit too eye-catching."

"That's easy to deal with. Come, come, little guy, I'll do something. I can dye your hair, and also change your pupil color. This way nobody can recognize you. I'll change it to whatever you want me to." Cliff said while laughing.

The two left with their arms around their shoulders without any shame.

Claire was speechless. Whose Master was he? Was he helping her, or was he helping Yixuan Feng?

Yixuan Feng's originally red hair was dyed black, and his originally black eyes were dyed red. Now he wasn't so conspicuous. Then what made Claire helpless was that Yixuan Feng started to follow her around closely. He came whenever called, sticking to her to protect her, protecting his future wife.

During the day today, the servants in the main hall were hurriedly bustling around.

Claire sat on the chair looking at the pile of thank you gifts in the main hall and started to have a headache. How would she deal with these things?

Also, how was she going to deal with the handsome black haired youth

sitting beside he? This guy kept on staying by her, and kept on staring at her.

It was at this time that the Divine Prince Lingyun Leng walked in. Behind him was the expressionless Jean. Sure enough, he was closely following Lingyun Leng to protect him.

“Divine Prince, how is your body right now?” Once Claire saw Lingyun Leng’s arrive, she got up to greet him.

“Much better. Miss Claire, congratulations, truly. The epidemic has been dealt with.” Lingyun Leng smiled and said insipidly said.

“It’s all thanks to the influence of your highness and my Master, if it wasn’t for you all, how could the the epidemic be so quickly controlled and dealt with?” Claire thanked modestly.

“No, this was all miss Claire’s own hard work.” Lingyun Leng also politely replied.

Aren’t you tired? Tch! This damned pretty boy. Walter fidgeted and clicked his tongue. That smile was too fake, too fake. And little devil is truly an awesome person. To this kind of person, she could also give a fake smile.

Yixuan Feng still sat indifferent, coldly looking at this so-called Divine Prince.

Lingyun Leng’s gaze fell onto Yixuan Feng. His eyes flashed with surprise, and then his expression went back to normal.

The gaze of the two locked. Suddenly, the atmosphere suddenly became complex, but then it disappeared, gradually becoming calm.

The next thing to do was restore Niya city’s economy. Claire started pondering, thinking of the many things she had to do next.

Then, Heath, the representative of Niya City, quickly walked in. After seeing Claire, he gave a slight bow, then said, “Reporting to the city lord, the Divine Princess has arrived...”

The Temple of Light’s Divine Princess? The woman who rumors said

was as beautiful and benevolent as an angel? She had a big influence on the masses, and was adored by many commoners, and was the dream lover of even more nobles. But these people could only think about it secretly. The noble and pure Divine Princess wasn't someone who could be profaned.

What was this kind of noble person doing in the small Niya city?

Didn't the Pope only send the Divine Prince to aide with containing the epidemic?

Before Heath finished speaking, footsteps sounded at the door.

A lovely figure appeared at the door...

Chapter 50: Watch Me Beat You into a Pig Head

Before Heath finished speaking, footsteps sounded at the door.

A lovely figure appeared at the door...

Lingyun Leng frowned slightly, coldly glancing towards the door.

Claire looked toward the door. A snow-white gown and the pattern on the fringe of her dress showed her high position in the Temple of Light. The figure in the doorway walked over slowly. She had beautiful, curly hazel-hair, a pair of pretty, black eyes under two arched brows, her thin lips below a perfect nose curving into a faint smile. She walked over gently and elegantly while smiling. As expected, she was an elegant, beautiful lady.

She was the current Holy Divine Princess of the Temple of Light – Xueqing Liu, also someone who had an ancient last name, and she was skilled in Light magic.

“Greetings, your highness. Welcome to the city of Niya. I am the castellan of Niya, Claire Hill.” Claire approached politely and greeted.

“Greetings, your excellency. I come on orders from the pope to assist you, but it seems like there’s no need for that now.” The Divine Princess Xueqing Liu answered politely, smiling.

“No, no, it’s thanks to his highness the Holy Divine Prince and thanks to the assistance from the Temple of Light that we were able to get the plague under control so quickly.” Claire replied politely and also smiled.

Walter rolled his eyes and added sourly, “Claire, do you want to vomit?”

When Claire praised the Divine Prince, a flash of shyness and pride appeared in depths of Xueqing Liu’s eyes. Although it was only an instant, Claire caught it and immediately understood what was going on. This Divine Princess was pretending to come to assist, but was really chasing after her love.

“Lingyun, are you okay? I heard that you gave many people a baptism at once and used up all your magic.” Xueqing Liu saw Lingyun Leng, who was standing behind Claire, and asked worriedly.

“I’m fine.” Lingyun Leng replied indifferently, “The plague is now over. Divine Princess, you should return early.”

One called Lingyun warmly, the other addressed the Divine Princess coldly.

A typical hot face on a cold butt. Oh, no, it should be a hot face on an icy butt.

“Look who I brought with me.” Xueqing Liu didn’t mind Lingyun Leng’s cold attitude, and instead still smiled and talked gently.

Lingyun Leng lifted his eyes toward the doors, but saw the tiny figure that was always on his mind.

“Brother -” A sweet and crisp voice floated over.

“Xuanxuan?!” The expression on Lingyun Leng’s face immediately softened, and he hurried over to the door.

“Xuanxuan’s health had improved a lot recently. I heard that the plague was under control and Xuanxuan also wanted to see you, so I asked permission to bring her over to find you.” Xueqing Liu smiled and also walked towards them.

“Thank you.” Lingyun Leng gathered the tiny Xuanxuan into his arms and turned around to thank Xueqing Liu. This time, his tone was sincere.

Xueqing Liu smiled a soft and satisfied smile.

Claire gave Heath a meaningful glance, and Heath left. Claire also turned towards the backyard, and Yixuan Feng immediately got up to follow behind Claire closely. Jean also left silently, leaving them to themselves.

“Claire, what are we having for lunch? The boiled egg for breakfast was really good. The cook said you taught him how to make it, is there anything even better?” Yixuan Feng followed behind Claire and asked

noisily.

This made Claire remember that this fellow seemed to love eating. During his first competition with Lashia, he had gotten a stomachache from eating and had to go to the restroom, forfeiting and losing the competition.

“Yes.” Claire answered, her voice muffled.

“What is it? What is it?” Yixuan Feng became excited and started pestering Claire.

“First help me deal with some documents in the study concerning the Trade Association.” Claire threw out one sentence and then walked ahead to the study. She would definitely not waste a gift from heaven. This guy, Yixuan Feng, his family happened to be opposite from most aristocratic families. His mother was a senior minister in the royal court of Lagark, favored by the emperor and respected by all other officials. His mother had a fiery temper and a boastful personality, while Yixuan Feng’s father was gentle and cultured, the chairman of Lagark’s biggest trade association. Simply put, he was a crazy cash printer. And Yixuan Feng inherited both of their merits: intrepid, with a clever brain. He would not lose even one copper coin while trading if he could help it. These were all information that Claire had found out later.

In the study, Claire sat in front of the desk, flipping through the mountain-high pile of documents. Claire’s right hand already wore a delicate, silvery-white lace glove, prepared for her by Yixuan Feng. When she got up in the morning, Yixuan Feng was squatting in front of her door, holding a bag as high as half a person. It was filled with gloves of all shapes, colors, and sizes, for Claire to cover up her black Mark. How he got so many gloves in one night was beyond comprehension.

“Claire, these sales tax can be reduced, these cannot. This one can be reduced by twenty percent. By doing this, not only can you encourage their enthusiasm, you can also collect a fair sum of money. And most importantly, they will still shed tears of gratitude.” Yixuan Feng pointed out to Claire on the documents in his hand.

Claire looked closely. Sure enough, the taxes reduced were very tiny, but very obvious.

"Yes, you'll get something good to eat for lunch." Claire picked up the quill and quickly scribbled a recipe on a piece of paper. "Take this to the kitchen and tell them to make this for lunch."

"Okay, hehe." Yixuan Feng took the recipe and happily went out the door. He thought gleefully in his heart that in the future when Claire became his wife, he would have good stuff to eat everyday.

"Claire, it's so boring." Walter complained, bored to death. He didn't dare to go out for strolls anymore. After all, right now, not only was that wretched Holy Divine Prince in this mansion, but the Holy Divine Princess also came. If they noticed his aura, he was done for.

Claire flipped through the mountain-high pile of documents quickly, stamping the ones approved and throwing the ones not approved aside. After a long time, when Claire felt her eyes getting dry, did she get up and decide to take a walk.

The back garden of the mansion for the castellan was filled with golden sunflowers. Nobody knew which previous castellan had such an unique interest, but this garden was not planted with rich and colorful flowers and instead, full of sunflowers. Currently, they were all blooming, shiny and golden.

Claire looked up, but suddenly saw that there was a tiny figure amidst the high sunflowers. Silver hair?

At that moment, the tiny figure seemed to have sensed something, turning around and meeting Claire's gaze. Violet irises, a face that was a little pale, and delicate lips. The clear eyes let Claire understood that this was a very pure child, not tainted in any way, so she has been protected very carefully. It's Lingyun Leng's younger sister! Because the two's facial features were somewhat similar.

But the little girl froze while looking at Claire and just stood there staring at Claire.

Claire didn't speak, turning around to leave. She was not good at conversing with such innocent people.

"Wait, big sister." But that crisp and sweet voice from behind made her stop.

Claire stopped her steps, turning around slowly and saw the young girl running over hurriedly, almost tripping.

"Slow down!" Claire knew that this child in front of her was sickly and running so fast would not be good for her health. Claire bent down a little, catching the little girl who was running over.

"Big sister, my name is Xuanxuan Leng ~" The girl with silver hair and violet irises looked at Claire with big eyes and introduced herself earnestly, "I am five years old this year. I'm very happy to meet Big sister."

Claire felt a little awkward. Why did this child seem so mature?

"Oh, hello, Xuanxuan. I'm Claire." Claire was little uncomfortable; she really didn't know how to talk to a person who was as clear as crystal.

"Big sister, I like you, you are a good person." Xuanxuan Leng said unexpectedly, a brilliant smile blossoming on her pretty face.

Claire felt even more awkward, squatting before Xuanxuan Leng, not knowing what to say.

Walter roared with laughter. A good person? The little devil was a good person? Such a ridiculous joke. Heavens, there was actually someone who said the little devil was a good person, too funny!

"Xuanxuan?" Right then, a worried voice rang out. It was Lingyun Leng's voice.

"Brother, I'm over here." Xuanxuan Leng turned around and called out behind her.

Claire heard footsteps of two people which meant the gentle and elegant Divine Princess was also there, so all the more reason she should leave. She didn't want to be caught between a hot face and cold butt.

Claire stood up to leave, but a pulling from the edge of her clothes

stopped her. Claire looked down and saw Xuanxuan Leng's small hand clinging tightly to the edge of her clothes.

"Xuanxuan, I won't bother you anymore, be obedient. I'm leaving." Claire was a bit conflicted.

"Big sister, don't go. Play with Xuanxuan for a while?" Xuanxuan Leng flashed her big, clear eyes and looked pleadingly at Claire. People couldn't refuse that pathetic yet cute expression.

Of course, normal people couldn't refuse, but Claire knew that tangling up with people from the Temple of Light had no benefits whatsoever. Claire patted Xuanxuan Leng's head gently. "Be a good girl, Xuanxuan. Her highness the Divine Princess will be with you... "

Before she finished her sentence, Lingyun Leng and Xueqing Liu already appeared before them.

When the two saw Xuanxuan Leng clinging tightly to Claire's clothes so much that it was pulled out of shape, they were both very astonished, because apart from them, Xuanxuan would not get close to anyone and never talked to strangers. But now she was completely hanging onto Claire, so of course they were surprised.

"Your highness the Divine Prince, your highness the Divine Princess." Claire's smile was a bit strained.

"Your excellency... " Xueqing Liu's expression changed slightly, looking at Xuanxuan Leng's hand that was grabbing Claire's clothes.

"Xuanxuan, what are you doing? Didn't you tell us to wait for you there a little bit longer?" Lingyun Leng walked up and reached out to hold Xuanxuan Leng.

But Xuanxuan Leng did something Lingyun Leng completely didn't expect. Xuanxuan Leng held on to Claire's leg, staring at Lingyun Leng. "Brother, I just want to play with this big sister."

Claire opened her mouth wide, looking down at the Xuanxuan Leng clinging tightly to her thigh and was speechless.

Lingyun Leng's expression was a little embarrassed. This was the first time he saw his obedient sister do something so out of bounds.

Xueqing Liu smiled, but a deep look flashed through her eyes. Xueqing Liu walked over gracefully and said softly, "Your excellency, if you aren't busy, could you play with Xuanxuan for a while? This child is often alone, too lonely. Today she finally met someone she is willing to get close with... "

When Xueqing Liu spoke about this, a sliver of guilt and tenderness flashed in Lingyun Leng's eyes. It was because he couldn't always be with Xuanxuan so Xuanxuan would feel lonely.

"Lingyun, as long as Xuanxuan is happy, it's fine, right?" Xueqing Liu asked, gentle and caring.

Lingyun Leng raised his head to look at Claire, his tone a little embarrassed but with a hint of pleading. "Your excellency, I know you are very busy, but can you look after Xuanxuan for a while for me?" Lingyun Leng also felt very strange. Why was Xuanxuan, who never talked to strangers, so intimate with Claire, who she had never met before? But, just like Xueqing Liu had said, as long as Xuanxuan was happy, nothing else mattered.

"This... " Claire was a bit conflicted. It would be strange if she knew how to keep children happy!

"Heck, this Divine Princess isn't simple, not simple!" Walter exclaimed in Claire's head. "She knows how to hit that man's soft spot. Clever, I admire her."

No one noticed that when Walter talked, Xuanxuan Leng's glance moved over to Claire's pocket. Astonishment appeared in her eyes and then disappeared immediately.

"Big sister, big sister~ " Xuanxuan Leng tugged on Claire's clothes and said obediently, "Big sister, I won't make trouble for you, I'll be good."

"Then I'll be troubling you, you excellency." Lingyun Leng said embarrassedly to Claire, then looked at Xuanxuan Leng dotingly.

“Xuanxuan, be good. Don’t make things difficult for the castellan, understand?”

Claire’s mouth twitched, silently fuming. What the hell, you are making things difficult for me now!

“Big sister, let’s go over there.” Xuanxuan Leng grabbed Claire’s hand and pulled her away enthusiastically.

Lingyun Leng stood in place, watching the disappearing figures of the the two, still puzzled.

Xueqing Liu, still graceful and smiling, walked up to Lingyun Leng. “Lingyun, let’s go rest for awhile. Xuanxuan will be fine in the company of her excellency.”

“Okay.” Lingyun Leng answered faintly and turned around to go inside with Xueqing Liu.

Xuanxuan Leng pulled Claire towards the deepest part of the back garden, grinning from ear to ear as she looked at the sunflowers enthusiastically.

Claire followed behind Xuanxuan Leng robotically.

The surrounding air was cool and comfortable, a slight wind making everything refreshed.

Then, to the astonishment of both Lingyun Leng and Xueqing Liu, Xuanxuan Leng became glued to Claire. They sat together for meals and when Claire was working, she would sit at the side and read, waiting obediently. She even wanted to go with Claire when Claire went out to patrol. Only after a lot of comforting and pampering did she finally agree to stay at the mansion.

Claire got on the carriage, extremely conflicted. She finally got rid of Xuanxuan Leng. When Cliff heard she was going out to patrol, he immediately jumped on the carriage too, because he could go watch the beautiful ladies on the streets.

“Claire, that kebab we had for lunch was really good.” Yixuan Feng, who

was sitting in the back, remarked dreamily, still savoring the flavor.

Claire pressed on her temples with her fingers and rubbed them hard. What luck she had these days. Not only did this guy hang around her, even that child, Xuanxuan, also stuck to her.

Just when Claire's head was aching, a huge bang came from the roof of the carriage. Something heavy had landed on top.

The carriage started rocking crazily and some passersby shouted.

The next moment, a sharp sword sliced through the carriage top with a whooshing sound, the cold blade passing by Yixuan Feng's face fiercely.

Assassins?!

The carriage had already made an emergency stop, the horses pulling the carriage neighing loudly.

But Yixuan Feng, looking like he was taking pleasure in someone's misfortune, reached out and tapped the sword. He started chuckling merrily, "Wenmo, how's your chrythansemum?" Of course Yixuan Feng recognized this sword, it was Wenmo Shui's sword.

It was better if he didn't ask, but now that he did, the sword started vibrating violently and was pulled out. The next moment, a streak of vicious Dou Qi sliced over horizontally with a loud boom, shaving off the whole carriage roof, exposing the people inside to all the passersby.

"Ha, so you did chase after me." Yixuan Feng laughed like it was no big deal.

"You son of a b*tch, doing such a thing to me!" Wenmo Shui lifted up his sword and pointed it at Yixuan Feng, snarling furiously.

"What did I do?" Yixuan Feng faced the sky, looking innocent.

"I'm going to butcher you!" Wenmo Shui swung his sword around and was about to rush over, but Claire noticed that Wenmo Shui was walking a bit strangely. Why was his butt twisting?

But at this moment, a hard wind blew, messing up Wenmo Shui's hair and his clothes. One moment, Wenmo Shui was running over furiously

with his sword. The next moment, he had stuck his sword into the ground and was calmly combing his hair with his hand until it was neat like before and then carefully straightened out his clothes. Then, he pulled out his sword calmly, and suddenly changed his expression back to being murderous and roared. “Yixuan Feng, I’m going to butcher you today!”

This dramatic scene made both Claire’s and Cliff’s mouth twitch.

“Sure enough, freaks can only be friends with freaks.” Walter sighed.

“You think I’m afraid you?! Heck, come on then! Watch me beat you into a pig head!” Yixuan Feng jumped off the carriage, ready to fight.

“First pay for my carriage, otherwise I’ll tell my master to chop you all into pieces today.” Seeing that the situation was on the verge of exploding, Claire’s sinister and icy voice sounded.

The sun was burning overhead, shining directly into the carriage. The sun was most cruel right after noon, and Claire couldn’t open her eyes under the sun. Most importantly, the roof of the castellan’s carriage was thrown off in public! Did she have any dignity left?!

All the passersby had already left, and the street suddenly became quiet.

Cliff stood up, took out his magic wand, and with a solemn face, coughed twice slightly. He glared at Wenmo Shui. “Kid, hand over the money, or I’ll shave your head! Do you think I can’t do it right now?” Only then did Cliff stand up to talk. Before, he had sensed that although the person jumped on the carriage aggressively, there was no killing intent.

“No!” Wenmo Shui howled, reaching out to cover his head. He knew who this old man was. It was the wizard sage of Amparkland, a man with a weird personality who never followed rules. He might really shave off his extremely soft, very stylish hair.

“Then give me the money.” Cliff jumped off the carriage, walked toward Wenmo Shui and held out his hand.

Wenmo twitched his mouth and took out his money bag, about to fish out some money.

But Cliff grabbed the bag of money, weighed it in his hand, then walked back towards the carriage in a happy mood, all the while muttering that it always feels the best when spending other people's money.

Wenmo Shui stared at the bag of money helplessly, wanting to say something, but not daring to. For his hair.

"Claire, this should be enough money for the carriage, right?" Cliff took out a piece of gold paper, handed it to Clare, and then peered merrily into the money bag, muttering, "You go on your patrol, I'm going to that tailor shop over on East Street. I've heard that the seamstress there is not only talented and kind, but also gentle and caring. I'm going to get myself a few clothes made." It was very obvious that this perverted old man was faking going to buy clothes and actually wanted to harass pretty girls for. Letting a beautiful seamstress measure you body up and down was a great enjoyment.

"Hahahaha ~~~" Yixuan Feng burst out laughing, laughing until his stomach hurt.

"Do not fight in my city, or I will make you all into pig heads." Claire threw down this sentence breezily, stepped out of the broken carriage calmly, and started to walk forward. Of course she could be so arrogant with Cliff as her backing!

Yixuan Feng immediately followed from behind. Wenmo Shui rubbed his nose self-consciously. He had no money right now and he couldn't beat Yixuan Feng here, so what should he do?

After hesitating for two seconds, Wenmo Shui sheathed his sword, and followed after them, his gait a little strange.

"I'm telling you, don't even think that I'll follow you home. Did Ma made you come to bring me back?" Yixuan Feng humphed coldly at the Wenmo Shui who catched up with them.

"No, your Ma didn't tell me to chase you back." Wenmo Shui answered truthfully.

"Then what are you here to do?" Yixuan Feng asked, puzzled. "My Ma's

not one to give up so easily."

"Your Ma said to let you stay here until the war breaks out, and then you'll have to use your abilities to make it back safely. It'll serve you right if you die here, and she'll just pretend she never had a stupid and incapable son like you. And if you can, bring back a wife." Wenmo Shui shrugged his shoulders, repeating exactly what that female T-rex had said.

But Yixuan Feng exclaimed happily, "Yes! Ma's the best."

Hearing all this, Claire twitched her mouth. What kind of a mother was this? This was called a mother? No wonder Yixuan Feng grew up to be such a freak.

"Um, beautiful lady." At this moment, Wenmo Shui opened his mouth to talk to Claire shamelessly.

Claire gave a sideways glance at Wenmo Shui, replying quietly, "What?"

"I'm have absolutely no money right now, so, you see, can I work for you?" Wenmo Shui's smile was a little flattering. Of course, this was not the only reason Wenmo Shui wanted to stay beside Claire; there were some other reasons he could not tell right now.

"Fine, one gold coin per month, plus food and lodging." Claire said coldly, "All you need to do is to listen to my commands." Claire didn't know why this powerful Wenmo Shui wanted to stay, but since he was already at her door, it would be wasteful not to take advantage of it. Coincidentally, Claire could use him in these two days.

"What?" Wenmo Shui shrieked again. "So cheap?"

"What the heck are you complaining about, I'm working for free." Yixuan Feng spat on the ground, disdainful at Wenmo Shui's greed, annoyed.

"That's because you're lustful, you're being stupid as h*ll, you brought this upon yourself, but I... " Wenmo Shui started chattering.

"I'm going to rip your mouth off of you, you never could spit out ivory." Yixuan Feng started cursing angrily.

“And you could spit out ivory? Spit some out for me to see.” Wenmo Shui retorted.

Claire paid no attention to the two youths fighting behind her, instead, thought while she walked.

The nobility of Niya had sent out a joint invitation, wishing that Claire would attend their specially-prepared banquet.

Them welcoming and giving a reception for a visitor was fake. Really, they were going to probe and to display their strength.

Every new castellan would meet such a problem. The local nobility want to earn the greatest profit for themselves, and there are inevitably some castellans who had suddenly gotten some kind of new idea and want to implement some new laws that would hurt their profits, so they had to prevent this from early on. This plague damaged Niya seriously, and although the capital sent relief supplies, it could only solve a portion of the problem. The nobles controlled a lot of trade unions and shops, so they were afraid that Claire might hinder them in selling daily supplies at high prices.

At night, Cliff came to look for Claire in the study.

Cliff set up a magic barrier, blocking any magic sense. After making sure that no one could hear their conversation, he sat down with a serious expression.

“Master? Did something happen?” Claire saw Cliff’s serious face and knew that things weren’t that simple.

But Cliff said, “Claire, there is a way to undo the mark on your hand.”

Claire froze. There was a way to undo the Mark of the god of Darkness?! Who could do this?

“The god of Sprites.” Cliff said with a bit of difficulty, “This mark, it can only unlocked by the god of Darkness or the god of Sprites.”

Claire paused. Another god?

“Sprites like to live in solitude and dislike humans. But sprites are all

kind and pure and their god is too. If we could get their god to descend and undo your mark for you... " Cliff frowned, the rest of his sentence unfinished. Evidently, he also thought that this was a bit unlikely. Not to mention, they couldn't even enter the Forest of Sprites. Even if they did, sprites would never let humans close to their temple and would definitely not summon the Sprite god.

"Master." Claire chuckled softly. "I know your kind intentions, but some things cannot be wished for. In the meantime, I will work hard and make myself stronger. Even if the day does come that I'm not able to resist anymore and leave you, please don't be sad. You must live on safely."

"Claire- " Cliff's voice was choked by a few sobs, "Don't talk like this. When I was young, I rescued a sprite. After you finish this business in Niya, we'll go the the Forest of Sprites and test our luck to try and find him."

"Yes, Master." Claire nodded, smiling. Although there was very little hope, Cliff's kind intentions had moved Claire greatly.

"Sleep early and don't tire yourself too much." Cliff urged.

"Yes, Master, I will end this business as soon as possible. After dealing with those nobles two days later I will hand all matters over to Heath and then we can leave." Claire smiled and nodded.

"Okay, I'm going to bed. Old bones can't withstand such excitements." Cliff yawned.

"Master, you should probably first wipe off that lip print on your cheek." When Cliff walked out the room, Claire's chuckling voice came from behind. Cliff immediately wiped his face with hand extremely awkwardly. This was left by that pretty little seamstress from before who adored him.

The plague was under control so the Divine Prince and Princess bid their farewells. Xuanxuan Leng clinged to Claire's clothes, unwilling to part.

"Xuanxuan, be good, your brother and the Divine Princess are waiting for you." Claire picked up tiny Xuanxuan resignedly, about to put her on the carriage.

“Big sister, you must come visit me. If you don’t, I will make Brother bring me to see you.” Xuanxuan Leng hugged Claire’s neck tightly, reluctant to let go.

“Okay, okay, fine.” Claire answered perfunctorily.

“Don’t treat me lightly. You must come visit me.” Xuanxuan Leng said solemnly, holding tight onto Claire’s neck. Suddenly, she lowered her voice so that only the two of them could hear. “Big sister, in the future, please take good care of my brother.” Nobody noticed, that a spark of light glowed in the depths of Xuanxuan Leng’s violet irises.

What? Claire was surprised and then confused. What was that sentence supposed to mean?

“Okay, Xuanxuan, it’s time to go.” Lingyun Leng said dotingly but resignedly, walking over and picking up Xuanxuan Leng.

“Goodbye, big sister.” Xuanxuan Leng snuggled into Lingyun Leng’s arms, her head poking out smiling.

Lingyun Leng carried Xuanxuan Leng to the carriage, then turned around and looked apologetically at Claire. “I’m very sorry, bringing you trouble these days. I don’t know what’s with this child. She never talks to strangers but is so kind to you.” This was the longest Lingyun Leng had ever spoken since he and Claire met.

Claire faltered slightly. She kept thinking that something was off, but she couldn’t think of what it actually was.

The Divine Princess also came to say goodbye.

Then, the carriage rolled away slowly from the castle, disappearing from everyone’s sight. Jean silently made his way to stand behind Claire like before. The only problem that annoyed him was that his place seemed to be a little crowded. There were two other fellows who were following Claire closely from behind.

The carriage left. Lingyun Leng held Xuanxuan Leng. Xuanxuan Leng snuggled in Lingyun Leng’s arms and fell asleep.

Xueqing Liu looked at the gentle and loving expression on Lingyun Leng's face, extremely conflicted. She wished so much, wished that he could have that expression on for her. But except for his sister, he never expressed such emotions in front of other people. Although he smiled at everyone, Xueqing Lu knew that that wasn't a real smile. How she envied this child Xuanxuan Leng who was able to receive his love.

Xuanxuan Leng's eyes were closed. A faint smile appearing on her lips, as if she was having a good dream.

Lingyun Leng looked down at the smile on Xuanxuan Leng's lips and also smiling faintly, which made Xueqing Liu almost go into a daze.

Nobody knew what Xuanxuan Leng dreamed about, and nobody knew that the rumor was half truth half fake, the rumor that the violet irises of the Divine Prince could see into the future. The rare violet irises could indeed see into the future, but not Lingyun Leng's irises, instead Xuanxuan Leng's!

Xuanxuan Leng could see into the future!

The price for seeing into the future was Xuanxuan Leng's sickly health. From the first time Xuanxuan Leng saw Claire, she knew that the fate of Claire and the fate of her most beloved brother were intertwined tightly together!!!

The next day, along with Heath, Jean, Yixuan Feng, and Wenmo Shui, Claire set off for the banquet the nobles prepared for her.

The banquet was set up in one of the nobles' house in Niya.

When Claire's carriage arrived, the servant announced the arrival of the castellan in a loud and clear voice to notify the nobles inside that the star of today's show had finally arrived.

Claire wore a nice-fitting, pale green gown and made a dazzling appearance in the doorway. More eye-catching were the three handsome men behind her, each with their own style and charm, immediately attracting a lot of envious looks from young aristocratic girls and ladies. Some even guessed maliciously that these were boytoys Claire bought

with money. Although Claire had become immensely popular, she still didn't change her man-crazy attitude.

Claire felt the ill gazes from the crowd in the hall and chuckled coldly in her heart. These parasites, they must have had prepared for this, ready to squeeze her like a soft persimmon.

What a pity. It was very unfortunate that even though she wasn't a bad person, she could never be described as a good person either.

So if these people prepared a "big gift", then she wouldn't be modest and would take the initiative to gain the upper hand.

A brilliant and dazzling smile blossomed on Claire's gorgeous face once more.

*

1.One is ignored by the other. The butt part is because butts are seen as stinky, meanwhile the face is seen as the most important part of the human body.

2.anus. No doubt you've seen this in other translations. Now you know 😬.

3.Ivory is sth. considered very valuable in Asian culture, often signifying wealth, nobility, and power.

4."Soft persimmon" is the literal translation, it means someone who is weak and easy to be manipulated.

Chapter 51: Walter Gets Stolen

Walter started shivering. He knew that whenever the little devil smiled like this, someone would pay. Walter felt a little sympathy for the people in the hall.

“Your excellency, you have finally arrived. We have been waiting for a long time.” From the middle of the hall, an elaborately dressed middle-aged man was walking over slowly. His face was abnormally white, his steps unstable, obviously a man who indulged in women and drinking. Although his words were polite, there wasn’t a single trace of respect in them. In their eyes, this young girl was only a male-chaser, becoming the castellan only through the prominence of her family. So what if she was from the Hill clan? The emperor was far away currently. How could they not straighten out this young and inexperienced child? Threaten her first, then offer a few benefits. But they couldn’t overdo it, because the master of the little girl was Sir Cliff. Fortunately Sir Cliff didn’t come, or things would get a little tricky.

Claire watched the middle-aged man walking towards her while smiling the whole time, making the middle-aged man happy internally. He was glad that the child was indeed easy to straighten out.

But Claire saw the contempt in his eyes clearly.

“Your excellency, your servant is Flinn Menda. The qualities your excellency exhibited during this plague... ” The middle-aged man called Flinn was the head of all the nobles in Niya. He put what he thought was a charming smile on his face, continuously praising. First flatter, then coerce, and finally, lay out conditions: this the way they usually did things.

But soon, his charming smile froze on his face.

Because Claire raised her hand quietly to stop what he was going to say.

This was very rude behaviour.

All the nobles in the hall were stunned. Although Claire was the castellan, she was only the lowest baron. And she made such a rude

gesture? No castellan had ever dared to be so rude to them nobles.

"Does your excellency have something to say?" Flinn asked, frowning, suppressing his anger.

"Everyone knows that the plague had just ended, and there are still a lot of matters to settle. I need help from you; I'm sure that each and every one of you are kind-hearted and generous." Claire spoke, smiling at the doorway.

When Claire gave such a speech, the expression on the faces of Flinn and the rest of the nobles changed. Claire's meaning was very clear: she would not let them increase the prices on goods.

"Your excellency... "Flinn squeezed out a smile, wanting to say something.

But Claire didn't even glance at him. Instead, she raised her head to speak to the crowd. "I know that you invited me here today to prove your loyalty to the country. I'm sure that you have already agreed to lower all daily supplies sold by the trade union by twenty percent to help the people of Niya city. Another thing: I will be soon be leaving on a trip with my master Cliff, and while I'm gone, Heath will still take over my role as a castellan. I have faith that all of you will help Heath diligently, returning Niya to its prosperity."

As soon as Claire finished speaking, the whole hall boiled.

The crowd was gossiping among themselves, and Flinn's expression was extremely ugly. He didn't think that this little girl would take the initiative, first giving them such a big responsibility, then saying her decision.

"Your excellency, you should also know that the founding of our trade union wasn't easy. During this plague, we also experienced serious losses... " Flinn's face was green as he complained.

"Are you saying that the castellan's words have no authority? Is loyalty worth a penny? Are you trying to say that not only are you unwilling to lower prices, but you plan to increase the prices and make money out of the crisis? And exploit harshly the already poor and grievous people?"

Yixuan Feng now spoke fiercely, glaring and cursing at Flinn. He pointed at the elaborate decorations in the hall.

"This is what you call experiencing serious losses? Whoa, look at this crystal chandelier, market price five thousand gold coins. And this table set is from the Feng Family Trade Union, huh? At least two thousand gold coins. And this rug is a foreign import and costs at least eight thousand gold coins!"

Flinn opened his mouth wide, completely astonished. Who was this black haired red eyed youth? So rude and arrogant! The castellan also didn't do anything about it. And the prices he listed for each item were so precise.

"You! Who are you? Speaking so rudely!" Flinn came back to his senses and started thundering. Although this black haired youth was dressed nicely, his language was rude and Flinn had not heard of any other nobles accompanying the castellan, so this youth probably didn't have any background. Perhaps, he could be the weak link in their party and Flinn might get a chance to correct his mistake.

"He's my assistant." Claire smiled and answered, for she knew that Yixuan Feng, that crazy boy, would definitely say, 'I'm your castellan's future husband'. Then Claire's expression became dark. She asked coldly, "But wasn't everything he said correct?"

"Yes... " Flinn answered absent-minded, then came back to his senses and shouted, "Absolutely not. Our loyalty to the country is open for everyone to see."

"Then, Baron Flinn, you have agreed to lower prices by twenty percent?" Once again, Claire put on a brilliant smile.

"Well, this, I agree, but the other trade unions... " Flinn was riding on a tiger and unable to get off, so he pretended to be awkward. He looked at the other nobles in the hall and continued, "Your excellency, as you have also seen, my family is richer and still able to maintain itself despite the losses suffered from the plague, but my colleagues... " It doesn't matter if he lowered the prices. If need be, he could just close his shop and take his

goods to his relatives' shops and still make a lot of money.

"That's right, your excellency, Baron Flinn is able to maintain, but it's hard for us." A fat man immediately walked over and interrupted.

"You could lose some weight." Wenmo Shui humphed coldly, extremely annoyed by looking at the parasites in the room. These people wanted to make money out of the crisis, but pretended to be so pitiful.

"Who are you? You're interrupting my talk with the castellan." Once he heard Wenmo Shui jab at his sore spot, the fat man used this as an excuse to explode in anger.

The hall became noisy as more people started blaming Wenmo Shui. There was finally a weak point on the castellan's side; how could they let it go? He was only a servant of the castellan. A lowly peasant being so rude to a noble would only end up hanged.

But Wenmo Shui only humphed and looked indifferently to the side.

"Your excellency, you also saw it. Your servant was so rude to me. A peasant insulted the authority of us nobles. I ask for you to punish him harshly! Hang him right now." The stupid fat man exclaimed indignantly, his spit flying everywhere.

Claire glanced at Wenmo Shui and suddenly lowered her voice so that only they could hear. "Wenmo Shui, his spit flew onto your hair."

The next moment, Wenmo Shui's face became very red, an indication that he was about to fly into a rage.

With a "whoosh", Wenmo Shui had pulled out his sword, his violet DouQi radiant. A magnificent ray of DouQi slashed towards that fat noble.

A deep crack appeared on the red-carpeted floor, reaching all the way until the fat noble's feet. If it went forward just a tiny bit, the fat guy would probably be dead.

The hall was deathly silent.

Everyone looked at the scene in front of them, stunned.

That handsome youth was actually a grand swordsman! And such a

dangerous person too, using force for no reason at all! Without any respect to people or place! If he used just a bit more strength, that aristocrat would be dead!

The fat man finally realized what happened and his fat legs started shaking uncontrollably.

“You, you… ” The fat man couldn’t even get a whole sentence out, only pointing at Wenmo Shui with a trembling finger. He was extremely afraid. Why is such a dangerous person with the castellan?

The aristocratic women and girls who were attracted by Wenmo Shui before were now frightened, and they decided not to hook up with Wenmo Shui after the banquet as they planned to.

“Aiya, hehe, I’m so sorry. My guards are just like this, unable to control themselves when they see someone unrespectful towards me.” Claire smiled like flower. “And as for the hanging this nobleman here mentioned, I’m afraid that’s a little hard to do. No one in Niya is his match.” Was there any sincerity in this apology? Was there? Was there? It was very obviously that not only wasn’t there any sincerity, it was full of pleasure.

The hall was deathly silent.

Everyone’s expression was ugly. Most people wanted to criticize her, but because of Claire’s strong backing, Cliff, they couldn’t say anything too harsh.

Flinn knitted his brows tightly, thinking about how to get the upper hand back.

“Ahem, ahem~~ ” Suddenly, Claire straightened her expression and coughed slightly, and said pretentiously, “Wenmo Shui, how could you do that, treating this noble like this?”

When everyone heard that, their expressions became lighter. So the castellan still had to rebuke her guard on the surface.

Flinn’s face also relaxed a bit. So this little child wasn’t too uncooperative and knew when to stop.

“Oh, it’s my fault.” Wenmo Shui pouted and answered unwillingly.

“Yes, it’s your fault. Next time you come across such a situation, don’t give any mercy; just slice him into half.” Claire’s smile was brilliant and charming, but her words were dark.

As soon as Claire finished speaking, the expressions of all the people in the hall changed greatly. Disbelief was in every eye. They couldn’t believe that a pretty, sunny little girl would say something like this.

“Yes, yes.” Wenmo Shui nodded and laughed evilly.

“If you do that next time, I’ll increase your wage.” Claire’s casual words were like tons of stones on the nobles’ hearts. They were so casual, not caring about their status as aristocrats or their lives.

Everyone stared at Claire. Right now, all they were thinking was how frightening Claire’s smile looked.

“Haha, I’m very willing to do so.” Hearing this, Wenmo Shui laughed gleefully. In truth, one gold coin per month was way too little.

“Then what about me, will I get wages if I kill him now?” Yixuan Feng interrupted hurriedly. After all, he was working for free.

“Maybe next time. It’ll depend on which one of you is faster.” Claire replied insipidly.

Jean watched this silently, a light flashing through his eyes as he looked at Claire.

The casual conversation between the three infuriated and frightened the nobles in the hall. Nobody dared to interrupt. Even their families didn’t have the power to defeat the grand swordsman.

Flinn’s gaze was furious. This little child was pushing it too far! Who did she think she was?! He would find a way to report to the emperor of her unrespectfulness and reckless attitude. Just wait and see!

It wouldn’t end like this!

“You all know that I’m busy these days, so I won’t stay long. I will tell the emperor of your sacrifice for Niya and your loyalty to the country and

make sure he rewards you. Please enjoy your rewards. I'm going to take my leave." Claire smiled gracefully, nodded towards the people, and then turned around and left.

The beautiful men also turned around and followed behind Claire elegantly, leaving many red-faced nobles.

And like so, they walked out the door. Jean handed Claire a jacket for protection from the sun. Claire put it on, and instead of getting on the carriage, she strolled around on the streets. Everything Claire needed was in the pockets of the jacket, including the still asleep White Emperor.

Niya had finally returned to it's usual prosperity. Many people came up and greeted Clarie when they saw her, gratitude written all over their faces. At first they didn't trust her, but now they worshipped her.

Suddenly, a little girl in a flower-print dress rushed up to Claire with a bouquet of flowers. She raised up the flowers and smiled. "Big sister, this is for you."

Claire looked at the innocent smile of the little girl and was stunned. From the depths of her eyes was pure gratitude and happiness.

"Big sister made Mother well again, so big sister is a good person." The little girl held up the flowers stubbornly, as if she wouldn't put them down if Claire didn't accept them.

"Mary, what are you doing?" The rebuking voice of an adult sounded in the distance and then a young man dressed like a commoner ran up hurriedly, his expression terrified. He looked at Claire and explained, "Your excellency, I'm sorry, the child is still young and disobedient."

A smile slowly appeared on Claire's face as she bent down and accepted the flowers from the little girl. She patted the little girl's head and said, "Thank you, the flowers are beautiful."

The young man was shocked. Born a noble, yet the castellan was so approachable?

"Big sister, you will always protect us, right?" The little girl asked happily when she saw that Claire accepted the flowers.

“Mary!” The young man’s expression changed, rebuking the little girl as he picked her up. He apologized immediately to Claire. “Your excellency, I’m sorry, I’m really sorry... ”

“Yes, I will. I will always protect everyone. Always.” Claire smiled and looked at the little girl, promising.

“Yay! Yeah!” The little girl cheered, holding her father’s neck and smiling.

Claire smiled as she looked at the young man and said, “No need to be so cautious. Your child is very adorable. If there are any problems in the future, just go to the castle and find the proxy castellan. He will help you.”

“Thank you, castellan, thank you, castellan.” The young man hastily thanked over and over.

Walter asked wickedly, “Claire, since when were you so kind?” After Walter finished asking, he waited for Claire’s life threatening pinch, but even after a long time, there was no response.

Claire was silent, not saying a word.

Kind?

Really?

Why was this word so ridiculous?

Seeing Claire’s silence, Walter started to become add more fuel. “Claire, what kind of style are you doing today? Just then you were laughing, telling someone to kill someone and dismember their dead body, now you’re adorably and kindly deceiving that man’s little girl. Was it something you ate or drank...” Walter chattered on without end.

Claire was silent. She went forward slowly, like she was pondering over something.

At that moment, a small youngster walked over and brushed past them.

Once Claire came back to her senses, she discovered that Walter’s voice was going farther and farther away!

What was going on?

“Claire, damn you, you idiot, I’ve been stolen! Just then when that guy brushed past you guys, they stole from your bag! If you still don’t quickly come over here and save me...” Walter furiously shouted.

What?! Claire’s expression changed. The youth who had just brushed past them? They actually stole from her. Claire promptly felt her bag and sure enough, found her wallet and the spiritual stone gone. White Emperor was still sleeping peacefully and everything else was still there. It was just that the money and the spiritual stone was gone.

“What is it, Claire?” Yixuan Feng asked with a tilted head. He discovered that something was wrong with Claire.

“We’ve been stolen from.” Claire said quietly.

Everybody’s expressions changed. They all subconsciously felt their bags. Only Wenmo Shui’s expression was unperturbed, because he didn’t have a wallet or anything else valuable.

Jean’s expression also changed. There was actually someone who could stealthily steal money from him!

Yixuan Feng was so pissed his teeth ached. There was actually some blind guy who dared to steal from him! When he found that little thief, he would definitely beat him up so much that even his own mother wouldn’t be able to recognize him!

Claire coldly turned to lead and said coldly, “Follow me.”

If it was just the wallet, then perhaps Claire really wouldn’t have any method to capture that thief.

Even though stealing anything was bad, how could a person be stolen?!

Walter was actually stolen away!

It was an outstanding robber. Very obviously, a very outstanding robber.

Claire emotionlessly followed Walter’s instructions, going past two streets, chasing all the way to a faraway alley. The alley was very secluded with no signs of life. At the very end, a door appeared at the right.

Tottering on the verge of collapse over the door was a sign that indicated it was a hotel.

Claire pushed the door open, a person asleep at the front desk. When they heard the sound of the door being open, they raised their head and saw Claire's group, preparing to say something. But Claire snapped her finger and a small fireball flew in front of the businessman. It swayed as it circled twice and then disappeared.

The businessman's mouth opened wide, not a word coming out. Magician! A magician actually came to such a classless little inn like his!

"We're looking for someone. No matter what sounds you hear in a moment, don't bother. We will compensate twice the amount for damages." Yixuan Feng was practically gnashing his teeth as he said these words hatefully.

Claire didn't say a word and went straight upstairs.

Walter was making a racket incessantly. "Claire, how are you this stupid? Huh? I, a living person, was actually able to be stolen away. You didn't even notice when they touched your bag?"

Claire had a dark expression the whole way as she went to the room Walter directed her to. Wasn't this first time she had been stolen from?

"Wenmo Shui, you're in charge of the window. Jean, watch the door." Claire was really a bit angry. She had actually been stolen from without noticing!

"How did you know it was here?" Yixuan Feng look doubtfully at the door.

"I set up a spell on my wallet." Claire explained halfheartedly.

Yixuan Feng immediately realized and fiercely kicked the door open. Wenmo Shui was like lightning as he raced to the window madly, blocking the escape route of the person inside. And Jean guarded at the doorway.

Yixuan Feng smiled evilly, his fist tightened so much, there was the sound of cracked knuckles. If he didn't beat up the robber inside the room

so much that their head would be filled with bruises, then he wouldn't be called Yixuan Feng.

After the door was kicked open, sure enough, the first reaction of the person inside the room was to run towards the window, but the window was already guarded by Wenmo Shui. The door was also guarded by another warrior.

"Where will you run?" Yixuan started laughing evilly.

Claire sized up the young robber in the room. Plain clothes, slim body, brown hair, long bangs that even blocked the brows. A pair of jet-black, large eyes watched them alertly.

"If I give you the items, let me go." The young robber said immediately. Naturally, he understood the situation. Originally, they had thought they were fat sheep. Who would have thought they were all strong experts? It was a real miscalculation. The young robber quickly brought out all the wallets and put them on the table. Naturally, there was also Claire's spiritual stone. All the items were brought out, untouched.

Claire was silent as she approached, grabbing her wallet and spiritual stone and putting it into her bag.

"We can let you go. Just wait for me to beat you up so much that nobody can recognize and then it'll be fine." Yixuan Feng pushed up his sleeves, preparing to start.

But Claire blocked Yixuan Feng and walked up to the young robber. The young robber faced Claire's eyes and stepped back, feeling a little uneasy. This woman gave him an indescribable pressure.

"What's your name?" Claire asked the thin and weak looking youngster.

The youngster bit their lip, not saying anything.

Suddenly, Claire started laughing coldly. "If you don't respond, I'll let them strip you bare and then tie you up and send you to the prison. There won't even be a trial because I am this city's castellan."

The youngster looked at the cold light in Claire's eyes, and their heart

couldn't help trembling, saying quietly, "I'm called Summer Ai Luo."

Everybody in the room twitched their mouth when they heard Claire's threat. What kind of threat was this? Strip away their clothes? It was fine to just send them to prison, why strip them?

"Very good, Summer. Talk. Why do you need to steal?" Claire said insipidly. She pulled up a chair and sat down, then indicated at Jean to close the door.

"I'm a robber." Now Summer's voice didn't have any timidness. Instead, they stuck their chest out, speaking boldly. Their meaning was, I'm a robber, it's proper for me to steal. But Claire noticed that when Summer said this, there was a trace of pride.

"What about the other things you stole? Will you bring them out or will I let them search your body?" Claire coldly stared at Summer as she said these words.

"Holy shit, Claire, you want to do villainous things to another villain?" Walter cried out in surprise.

Claire didn't say anything, silent. Nonsense. They had all tasted this robber's skill; if the items he stole didn't have anything good, it would be strange. Also, the robber had been tightly pulling at the bag in their hand the whole time.

Summer angrily look at Claire, gnashed their teeth, and handed over the bag in their hand in the end.

Claire grabbed the bag with one swipe, not caring for formalities. Then she started looking inside. There were jewels, jewels, necklaces, etc., all unordinary items.

"Claire, do you like these? Go home with me. I'll give you as much as you want." Yixuan Feng crouched down, looking at Claire look through the items, laughing.

But Claire didn't even look at those treasure left on the side. These were all useless items. In the very depths of the bag was a book. Claire was about to start flipping through, but the words on the cover caught her eye.

It was Chinese! Really, truly Chinese!

Treasured Lotus Style Cultivation.

The four words in fangsong font were imprinted clearly on the front cover.

“Where did you steal this from?” Claire asked while frowning at Summer.

“I don’t know. I’ve stolen from so many people, how could I know which person this is from?” Summer snorted, replying disdainfully.

“Oh. Well then, Yixuan Feng, strip him naked and tie him up, then take him away.” Claire instructed insipidly and stood up.

“I’ll talk, I’ll talk!” Summer was alarmed incessantly, continuously waving hastily, saying, “I stole this from another robber.”

“In other words, you don’t understand the words on the cover?” Claire asked while waving the book.

“I didn’t know what kind of strange thing it was so I was preparing to throw it away.” This time, Summer replied cooperatively.

Claire didn’t speak anymore and instead flipped through the book. With a rough skim, Claire’s eyes actually widened.

This was a rare cultivation book!

“Bring him away.” Claire put away the book and then lead the way.

“Hey, hey, what do you mean. I already gave the items to you and you even took something you wanted, isn’t it time for you to let me go?” Summer angrily raised a fist. Summer had thought subconsciously that because he was so cooperative, after they were done, they would definitely let him go.

“When did I promise to let you go?” Claire turned and gave a brilliant smile.

“You!” Summer dared to be angry, but didn’t dare to speak. He only stared hatefully at Claire.

And just like this, in front of the three handsome men's suspicious gazes, Claire brought Summer back to the castle.

Entering the room, Claire hinted at everyone to wait outside the door while she and the robber, Summer, have a one on one chat.

Yixuan Feng felt so conflicted, his heart extremely disturbed. Perhaps Claire fell for this pretty boy? This pretty boy that could be easily blown away by a gust of wind?

Yixuan Feng felt so conflicted he almost scratched the walls. Wenmo Shui felt joy looking at Yixuan Feng's misfortune. Jean didn't have any expression on his face. There was only a sliver of suspicion in his eyes.

Inside the study, Claire set up a magic barrier, preventing anyone from hearing their conversation. Only then did she sit down.

Summer watched Claire hatefully. Right now he was the equivalent of a sheep waiting for slaughter. He couldn't fight and win against Claire and couldn't escape either. There were still three even stronger people guarding outside.

"What on earth do you want to do?" Summer asked angrily. "I'm tell you, I stole that book from another robber. I don't know what the words on the cover mean either."

"I don't mean to ask you about your relationship to this book." Claire smiled. She leaned back in her chair leisurely as she watched Summer.

"Then what on earth do you want to do?" Summer asked furiously.

"Claire, you haven't really taken a liking to this pretty boy, right? Look at him, so skinny, like what? A gust of wind would knock him over. At least find a strong man who's able to suppress you." After saying the last bit, Walter felt regret. Sure enough, the next moment, the life threatening pinch came.

"Summer Ai Luo. Someone from the grand Ai Luo robber family. A self proclaimed robber, but you still haven't passed the clan's exam I'm afraid, right?" Claire tapped her fingers on the table indifferently, smiling gently.

Summer froze, then watched Claire alertly.

“Your exam is really harsh, it’s actually stealing a dragon’s tooth.” Claire smiled.

“How do you know?” Summer blurted out, them came to his senses, quickly covering his mouth.

“Isn’t it a bit too hard for a little girl to travel alone and single handedly steal a dragon’s tooth?” Claire propped up her chin, languidly looking at the people below as she said this sentence.

Summer’s expression immediately changed greatly, eyes wide as she* stared straight at Claire.

(TL: All the previous male pronouns were male in the Chinese. At first I attempted to make them gender neutral but it sounded super awkward.)

“Do you want to know how I figured it out?” Claire smiled while looking at Summer.

Summer was silent, but her eyes revealed anticipation. Of course she wanted to know. To this day, nobody had figured out she was female, so how did this girl figure it out the first time they had met?

Claire smiled brightly, looked at Summer, and then stated quietly with her vermillion lips, “I’m not telling you.”

“You!” Summer’s expression changed from anticipation to annoyance. If was to the point that she even had the impulse to rush up and beat this annoying person up, but she couldn’t beat her. Sigh... Summer felt extremely conflicted.

“Why don’t you come with me? I will help you steal dragon teeth.” Claire displayed a charming smile, persuading with a low voice.

“W, why would you say these kinds of words? What qualifications do you have to make me follow you?” Summer snorted, speaking disdainfully.

“First, I’m stronger than you. Currently, I could beat you up so much that your whole face bruises until you agree. Second, the three men guarding outside are stronger than you and can also make your whole face bruise.

Third, my Master, Cliff, can beat you up so much that even flowers wouldn't bloom in your presence and immediately wither." Claire elaborated indifferently. Then she said one last sentence. "Of course, if you agree, then not only will we not beat you up, we'll help you successfully steal dragon teeth and let you pass your exam, let you become a true part of the Ai Luo clan, let you become the Ai Luo clan's pride." With one jab, Claire had completely grasped Summer's weakness. The Ai Luo clan was the world's largest and oldest robber clan, but becoming a true part of the Ai Luo clan required passing a test.

Summer frowned, then relaxed, then frowned again, and then relaxed again. Of course she had heard of Cliff's name and knew what kind of person he was. It was just that she never thought today she would bump into Cliff's recently acquired disciple. She was Claire Hill!

And like so, Summer knit her brows and then smoothed them out many times, so much that just by watching, Walter felt conflicted. Summer finally said slowly, "What kind of price do I need to pay?"

Chapter 52: Suffering a Dragon's Attack

"I haven't thought of it for the time being, but don't worry, I definitely won't make you cross your bottom line." Claire said solemnly, her expression serious.

"Really?" Summer frowned slightly and watched Claire alertly.

"Really." Claire nodded. "I promise. Every person has their own limit, I also do, that's why I understand very clearly. Attacking the limit is intolerable."

Summer watched Claire's burning gaze, not saying a word for a while.

"You dressed up like a boy to protect yourself and prevent a little trouble, that's all. Now you can do whatever, because we will protect you well. Whoever looks disfavorable to you, just go up and beat them up, leave the rest for us to settle." Claire said with a brow raised.

"Ah? Really?" Summer became happy. Although she disguised herself as a boy, her delicate and pretty appearance still caused a lot of trouble. There were some nobles who didn't just keep girls as pets and also wanted to lay a hand on pretty boys. She made a dangerous escape each time. She hated those perverts, but she didn't have the power to fight back. Now that she heard what Claire said, naturally she became happy.

Walter curled his lip, very speechless. Claire, that little devil, really knew how to hit their weak spot: beat with a stick, then offering a carrot, as if if they didn't join her gang, then they would be done for. Only, he really didn't expect this thin and weak youngster to actually be a girl. Not only that, they were actually someone from the Ai Luo family, the number one ranked thief family in the world. They dared to steal anything and they were able to steal anything. Rumors say that historically, the most outstanding thief had even stolen something from the Temple of Light after infiltrating into their main temple, and even cut off a lock of hair from the Pope! Nobody was willing to provoke this kind of terrifying family. Who knew if one day you would awake to find a part of your body gone. But it was very hard to formally become a part of the, family and

required passing an extremely difficult exam.

“Really. From now on, you can return to dressing like a girl.” Claire smiled and seriously nodded as she promised. Which normal girl didn’t like beauty? Which was willing to dress themselves as incomparably sloppy?

(TL: me)

“Good, that’s what you said. You can’t force me to do what I don’t want to do.” Summer happily said. “Whenever you need me, just tell me. I will try my best for anything within my limits.”

“Deal.” Claire smiled brilliantly.

“From today on, Summer is one of us.” Claire gave everyone solemn introductions. “Summer, this is Wenmo Shui, this is Yixuan Feng, and this is my knight, Jean. May everyone please get along well from now on.”

“You’re actually a woman?” Wenmo Shui frowned as he circled around Summer and sized her up.

“Haha, very good, very good.” Yixuan Feng smiled so wide his eyes were crescent moons. So it was like this, haha, very good. It’s a woman, not a pretty boy.”

“What are you looking at?” Summer was very uncomfortable with Wenmo Shui’s gaze and said angrily, “Do you think I can’t steal all your clothes at night and make you walk out of your door naked?”

“It’s not like I’m stupid, if you steal everything, at worst, I’ll just not walk out the door.” Wenmo Shui started fighting with Summer.

“The you can choose any room from the castellan castle. After two days, we’ll leave this place. I want to go to the Sprite Forest, and on the way we’ll go through Dragon Valley. When the time comes, I’ll come up with a way to do what I agreed with you.” Claire explained to Summer.

“Alright.” Summer didn’t pay attention to Wenmo Shui anymore and turned to agree with Claire’s words.

“Oh, where did this little beauty come from?” Cliff’s voice came from the

main hall, directly followed by him running in like the wind in.

“Master, this is a new person to join us, Summer Ai Luo, she...” Before Claire finished speaking, Summer called out in surprise, because Cliff, that old perverted wolf, lifted up Summer’s skirt with one swipe.

“Master!” Claire said angrily, unhappy.

“Claire, this person is really Sir Cliff?” Summer held down her skirt, and hid behind Claire with lingering fears with her head poking out to look at the vulgarly laughing perverted old wolf. She had long before heard that everything was good about Cliff except that he was very perverted, but she never would have thought he would actually make this kind of unacceptable action to a person he had just met.

Claire looked at Cliff’s vulgar smile and unhappily said, “Master, I’m warning you, you’re not allowed to make a move against Summer, or else I’ll slaughter you.”

Cliff curled his lip and didn’t speak any more.

From that point on, with Cliff around, Summer definitely wouldn’t wear a skirt any more.

Yixuan Feng and Wenmo Shui were both stupefied. This was their first time they had seen this side of Sir Cliff.

And like so, the day passed with much ruckus.

Night descended, all living beings silent.

Claire leaned on the bedpost, flipping through the book she had gotten from Summer.

“Claire, what is this? You can understand the words on it?” Walter was extremely puzzled. The words on it didn’t seem similar to the words everyone knew.

“A little.” Claire said perfunctorily.

Treasured Lotus Style Cultivation, a mysterious way of cultivation.

In total there were ten levels.

But Claire felt it was weird because it only had the first level for cultivating and the rest were all repeats, all repeating the contents of the first level. Only after flipping to the very last page did Claire realize what was going on. It was because only after learning the first level and then infusing the pages with lotus power would the contents of the second level appear, and so on so forth.

After Claire set up a magic shield, she sat in the lotus position and started cultivating following the method on the book.

Walter was extremely puzzled, not understanding why Claire would suddenly do these unusual actions, because this wasn't meditation at all.

Claire just kept maintaining this position for two hours. Under the incredulous gaze of Walter, a small golden lotus appeared on Claire's forehead. But once Walter want to look more carefully, the golden lotus disappeared instantly.

But now Claire had entered a mysterious kind of realm. An indescribable happy Qi entered into all four of her limbs, and suddenly, she could feel everything around her clear as crystal. Even with her eyes closed, she could still feel everything around her very clearly. It was a strange feeling she had never felt before, being able to sense all the objects in the surrounding based on the the movement of air.

Only after a long time did Claire slowly open her eyes.

Claire's gaze returned to the book, a light smile emerging on her face.

She seemed to have picked up a treasure this time.

Claire laid back down, looking at the nearby White Emperor. White Emperor just continued to be in a deep sleep. It seemed like last time when he transformed into a human form and insta-killed that Benjamin, it used up a lot of strength. Now, he kept on sleeping deeply to slowly recover.

Walter already lost interest and fell asleep. Although a spirit didn't need to sleep, Walter forcefully closed his eyes to sleep. Using his words, it was only this way that he could feel he was a normal person.

“White Emperor…” Claire gently stroked White Emperor’s furry body, her eyes revealing a complex expression.

White Emperor’s last words from the time when he insta-killed Benimo were deeply imprinted into her memory.

My contractor, quickly mature.

Claire clenched her fist tight.

Strong, she must become strong!

Claire’s eyes became cold. Looking at White Emperor, her gaze became colder and colder, but unwilling and wronged even more so!

Because White Emperor’s and Claire’s contract was actually a master-servant contract.

However, the master wasn’t Claire, but White Emperor!!!

White Emperor was Claire’s master!

Only if Claire continuously became strong and surpassed White Emperor would she be able to reverse the contract.

It would be then that Claire could become White Emperor’s master!

She definitely needed to become strong, and reverse the contract to become White Emperor’s master! Claire breathed out a deep breath, slowly closing her eyes.

Two days later, Claire had roughly finished dealing with all the matters and then gave Heath the right to act on behalf of the castellan. With Niya city’s residence seeing her off, Claire’s carriage left Niya city.

“You’re actually very popular.” Summer said sourly. Summer and Claire, along with Jean, were in the carriage. Currently her head was sticking out the window, looking at the group of Niya city’s inhabitants behind the carriage.

Claire was silent, not saying a word.

If they wanted to go through the Spirit Forest, they would have to pass through Youwusali, a relatively behind-the-times, barbaric country, then

pass through a hazy swamp and Dragon Valley in order to reach Sprite Forest. They had already obtained border passes. Many days prior, once Duke Gordan received Cliff's message that he would bring Claire to go learn from experience, he immediately sent out people to find the fastest way to get passes.

Once they were far from the city, Cliff made everyone switch into the most ordinary clothes. They sold the carriage and all rode on horses, disguising themselves as a small group of adventurers. This way they would save themselves a lot of trouble.

Early on, Cliff had told Claire that on the journey, Claire and them would deal with whatever they met themselves. Only if there was a life-threatening danger would he make a move and save him. Only this way could they achieve the results of learning from experience.

His words made very good sense.

Claire also felt that doing it that way was good.

But could someone tell her why there was a dragon here? Wasn't it that they had to go Dragon Valley – the place where dragons lived – to see dragons?

Why was it that the moment they entered the ravine filled with thick fog, they would suffer from a dragon's attack?

There was a gigantic three-headed black dragon, one head spit fireballs, one spit water arrows, and there was one that could actually blow out wind blades.

Bizarre!

What kind of dragon was this?

"Daddy me's mood right now is really bad! I'll slaughter you guys!" This dragon actually could spit out human words!!!

Claire set up a fire shield, blocking the water arrows the giant dragon had spit out. Summer was behind Claire. Looking at the mad giant dragon, she stuttered, "Claire, I did want to steal teeth, but aren't there too many

mouths?”

You don’t say! A normal dragon would have one head and one mouth, but this dragon actually had three heads and three mouths, wasn’t it too many?

Cliff stood far away, observing the other side’s situation from high up.

Yixuan Feng and Claire set up magic shields, blocking the waves of mad attacks from the giant dragon. Their hearts were incomparably depressed. What was going on? They had never heard of a dragon here, only a few lower level magic beasts. Before they entered the ravine and were resting in a village, the villagers all warned them repeatedly that recently, this ravine was always filled with thick fog, and from time to time, produce the sound of angry roars. Many low level magic beasts ran away from this ravine. The villagers all said that a high level magic beast had arrived, so nobody went into the depths of the ravine to hunt or gather herbs and all worked at the ravine’s valley. They definitely wouldn’t take even one step into the inside that emitted fog in the morning. Once they heard these outsiders actually wanted, they naturally advised them repeatedly with kind intentions.

Claire and them thanked them for their kind intentions, but they had to enter the ravine, because going through the ravine was the fastest path. If they turned back and took a detour, they would be delayed by perhaps ten days. Naturally, they weren’t willing to waste that time. It was just a high level magic beast, their group of people could handle it easily.

But could someone tell them what was going on?

Why was there a gigantic three-headed dragon amidst this thick fog?

The giant dragon seemed to be very angry, continuously roaring, attacking them with all its might. Claire and Yixuan Feng felt more and more strained as they guarded.

But soon, they discovered something off. From the very beginning that dragon stood at the same place while attacking, not going forward at all. Also, the dragon race was supposed to be very powerful, able to oppress humans. The pressure this dragon gave them was very little. At the very

beginning, his attack was easily blocked by Claire's and Yixuan Feng's magic shield, something somewhat outrageous.

"Retreat back!" Claire and Yixuan Feng called out in a low voice at the same time. The small group of people retreated quickly, directly to Cliff's side. Cliff leisurely sat down below a tree, then saw everybody's sorry figures. It was then that he slowly said, "You finally found out that the dragon is imprisoned there."

Everyone was at a loss for words, all looking straight at Cliff and not saying anything.

This old fox; he had long before discovered a clue, but he sat here to watch the ruckus.

Everyone turned back to look at the black dragon amidst the fog. Sure enough, that black dragon was still there, not chasing over and all the fireballs, water arrows, and wind blades he produced also could only attack on the ground not far away from them.

Cliff stood up lazily, pulled out a wand, and then started chanting a spell. In that instant, a huge gale blew fiercely towards the colossal dragon. The next moment, the thick fog dispersed and the giant dragon's body appeared.

Around the giant black dragon on the ground in four directions were four pillars, half the height of a person. On all the pillars there was a shiny ball of light. In the middle of all the balls of light were a chain of light. The four cables of light bounded the giant dragon firmly.

Chapter 53: [No Title]

Everyone saw the black dragon's huge body and was shocked. The giant dragon was black from head to toe, his dark scales sparkling under the sunlight. As warriors, the first thing Jean and Wenmo Shui thought was that if those scales were used as guarding items, then they would basically be high level products. Behind him were two huge wings, the three heads with hateful expressions.

"You lowly humans, come here to receive death." That huge black dragon furiously thundered, so much so that the leaves on the trees started to shake slightly.

"Are you an idiot? If we came whenever you told us to, that would be so embarrassing." Summer snorted at the giant dragon and made a face.

"You damnable human scum, I'll shred you to pieces!" The giant dragon roared, doing his utmost to twist his body, but still couldn't leave the place at all.

Cliff looked at the giant dragon and his expression slightly changed.

"How could someone from the royal dragon family be here? How could he be trapped here?" Cliff thought out loud.

"What? This guy is also a prince?" Summer snorted and grimaced, looking at the battered and trapped giant dragon.

Claire frowned looking at the incessantly angry black dragon, but she was thinking of other matters.

"Holy crap, this is how a prince behaves?" Wenmo Shui directly spit. Rough, vulgar, and ugly, this giant dragon was the dragon race's prince? Someone come and immediately knock him unconscious. He simply didn't believe this kind of guy was a prince of the dragon race. What he wanted the most right now was to be able to get rid of this giant dragon and peel of his scales for a guarding items. Armor, gloves, knee brace, aiya, thinking of it made his mouth water. If it also soaked in dragon blood, then the set of guarding tools would be to f*cking awesome.

How was the dragon race's prince trapped here?

The dragon's sense of honor was unusually strong. What they detested the most was those earth dragons and demi-dragons who had been reduced to being human's mounts, disgracing the dragons' honor. And as the dragon race's prince, he must have an unimaginable amount of ego.

But right now he was trapped in this little ravine.

The dragon race's prince!

The dragon race's prince!!

It was the dragon race's prince!

The sentence echoed continuously in Claire's mind.

This guy's value wasn't something normal.

Think about it, if a human received a dragon's help...

It looked like this guy had an unordinary amount of ego. If they gained his favor, he would do his utmost to repay them.

But there was a prerequisite.

With this guy's hysterical personality, if they saved him, he would definitely eat everybody here, not leaving even dregs behind.

"This guy is under a very strong imprisonment. His strength has been weakened so much that it's not even one tenths of his original strength, that's why the power those elemental balls could bind him." Cliff said while shaking his head, looking at the balls of light that ensnared the black dragon. "Those power of those balls of light can maintain for at least two hundred years."

"In other words, he will be trapped here for two hundred years?" Claire looked at the black dragon who was still roaring from a distance, her voice not high or low as it spread, controlling her volume so that it was just enough for the black dragon to hear.

"He must have committed an offense and trapped here as punishment." Yixuan Feng said while stroking his chin.

“Pah! Daddy me was set up! Shut your bird beak, what rubbish are you talking about!” When the black dragon heard everybody’s words, he started roaring more angrily.

“Then you’re really an idiot, actually being set up by someone.” Claire snorted disdainfully.

“That’s right, an idiot! Idiot!” Summer made a face at the black dragon.

The black dragon became even more furious and roared, struggling with all his strength. “I’ll shred you guys into pieces.”

“This is the second you said that! I’m still standing here perfectly fine.” Summer curled her lip, smiling complacently.

The black dragon was practically about to be driven mad. His eyes were about to burn. Damnable human scum! Actually daring to act so out of line in front of him. Lowly ants! The black dragon wanted to struggle free from his restraints, but wasn’t able to move at all.

“The trapped prince will miserably be trapped in this dark ravine for two hundred years, and then when the punishment is over, will arrive back at the Dragon Valley and discover that the dragon who trapped him will already be sitting on the throne and rightfully issues the order to kill him.” Claire shrugged, saying these words with an indifferent expression.

“That’s really a poignant story.” Yixuan Feng sighed.

Everybody had on a incomparably grieved expression.

Walter was laughing so hard his mouth was about to break.

Claire, this bad person, actually getting happy from other people’s misfortune. These group of bad people, each had on a remorseful expression, but the smile in their eyes could be covered up.

“Damnable humans, I’ll slaughter you guys.” As the black dragon’s weak point had been touched, he became even more berserk. He roared with all his might, his three heads spitting out three magic elements, attacking at the ground before him. He could only attack to that distance.

Claire suddenly changed the topic, turning to look at the black dragon

and said, exceptionally solemn, “The noble dragon prince shouldn’t be stuck in this dark place without sunlight for two hundred years. No, even if it’s two days, it shouldn’t happen.”

The black dragon fell silent.

“Being continuously stuck in this kind of place would be really uncomfortable and it would be impossible to be happy. Even low level magic beasts can circle around and watch your highness from a distance, not to mention humans.” Yixuan Feng sighed deeply. Yixuan Feng had interacted with Claire these past few days and already understood her very well. Whenever Claire had this kind of tone, she would have a plan. What he needed to do was add on to the situation. It would be fine if he just fanned the fire.

“Yes, that’s right. It’s not two days, not two months, not two years, but two hundred years.” Summer, that girl, also added fuel to the fire.

Silent, the black dragon had fallen silent.

After a long time, the black dragon’s gaze was finally not angry anymore. He said in a low voice, “What do you need?”

A faint curve appeared from the corner of Claire’s mouth.

“One of your teeth and three wishes. Fulfill three of my wishes under the condition that you can do it.” Claire said seriously.

“Human, you’re being greedy. One wish.” The black dragon snorted.

“Two.” Claire frowned and said with much difficulty, “It can’t be any less. It’s a trade of two hundred years for two wishes and one tooth, that’s all.” From the very beginning, Claire didn’t think the black dragon would be generous. Naturally, she had to raise the price a little bit, then lower it later. It would already be very profitable to get one more than her expectation of one wish.

“Alright. Human, do you have a method to remove these restraints?” The black dragon said in a low voice.

“I can’t.” Claire shrugged and replied straightforwardly.

The moment she finished speaking, the black dragon started to roar furiously, “Lowly human, you actually dare to play around with me. I will make you pay the price!!!”

The black dragon roared angrily, flapping his two giant wings, stirring up a gale. Although he really wanted to rip apart the hateful human in front of him, he didn’t have any way to move forward the whole time.

“Just look at you, so rude and impulsive. No wonder you were tricked and trapped.” Claire said unhurriedly. “Just because I can’t undo it doesn’t mean someone from our group can’t undo it.”

The black dragon stopped what he was doing, waiting and watching Claire.

The atmosphere was very strange.

Walter twitched a bit. This little devil, could she be any more evil?

Summer, on the other hand, was unconcerned. From the very start, she had already been slowly become accustomed to Claire’s evilness. Now, on the contrary, she didn’t feel Claire was so evil any more. This way of bullying actually seemed very fun.

“Human, you’re very cunning. What’s your name?” Strangely, the black dragon wasn’t angry, and instead, asked this question quietly.

“Claire Hill.” Claire replied, feeling a bit strange in her heart. This fiery guy actually didn’t get angry when she tricked him? Very strange, very unusual.

“Claire, I’ll agree with your request, but I want a condition.” The black dragon said quietly, rumbling like muffled thunder.

Setting the initial price? This black dragon was actually this shameless?

“If you agree with my condition, then our deal will be met.” The black dragon said in his muffled voice.

“Say it and I’ll consider it first.” Of course Claire wouldn’t agree to anything rashly.

“Let me stay with you, I want to learn humanity’s despicable craftiness

and shamelessness. You are an exceptionally worthy subject to study." The black dragon said, exceptionally conscientiously. "I want to seize back what is mine. Perhaps what you said is right, I'm too impulsive and that's why I was entrapped. I want to learn with you and then go back and face the person who trapped me."

After hearing the black dragon's speech, Claire didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Was this complimenting her or sarcasm?

But everyone behind Claire couldn't hold back, to the point that they all convulsed with laughter. As Cliff laughed, even his brows couldn't help rocking the whole time. Summer covered her stomach as she laughed heartily. Wenmo Shui was even more exaggerated, crouching on the ground, slapping the ground over and over, laughing so much he was about to have a spasm. Only Jean and Yixuan Feng could bear it a little, not laughing so exaggeratedly.

"You can, but we need to agree on three things. First, you cannot revert back to your true form whenever you want to; you can't transform back to your true form unless I allow it. Second, you need to control your fiery, impulsive nature. You can't attack humans whenever you want to and need my permission to do so. I haven't thought of the third one at this point, I'll say it when I think of it." Claire said to the black dragon after thinking.

"Ok, no problem. Now can you help me undo these restrictions?" The black dragon asked.

"Master." Claire turned to look at Cliff who was still bursting in laughter, frowning.

"Oh. Ok, ok." Cliff stopped smiling with great difficulty, then fished out a crystal. He smacked his lips then turned to the black dragon, saying, "Venerable prince. I, on the other hand, don't really believe your words, so this memory crystal will record me saving you. If you break your promise after I save you and kill us, then this memory stone will immediately send this recording to an old friend of mine and the matter of a venerable dragon biting the hand that feeds it will spread widely across the

continent." The consequences didn't need to be described. Dragons had very large self-esteems as the strongest creatures. If the matter of a dragon betraying their benefactor was widely renowned by humans and they were looked down by lowly humans, then it would be their greatest humiliation.

Chapter 54: [No Title]

This old fox! The black dragon cursed. Actually, he had that plan at the start: if these people saved him, he would immediately dismember these lowly humans into a thousand pieces, but just then, he had already changed his mind. Humans had always been the most despicable, shameless, and cunning creatures. Following and learning from her these things and going back to deal with his elder brother was a pretty good idea.

Claire squinted. Cliff's thinking and hers matched up. But, now that she looked at it, this black dragon definitely wouldn't kill them now.

Cliff casted a spell on the crystal and then handed it to Claire. He pulled out his wand and raised it fiercely, starting to chant many incantations. The wand emitted a light beam at the black dragon's head and then turned into four light beams that rained down, directly attacking the four balls of light that binded the dragon.

Slowly, the four balls of light started trembling then vibrated more and more intensely. Small beads of sweat appeared on Cliff's forehead, but Cliff didn't stop what he had been chanting, and instead, started chanting faster.

The black dragon let out a long roar and then, using his two front claws, directly grabbed the light beams and pulled fiercely.

The loud crackling continued on as the harsh, white light enshrouded the black dragon. The black dragon's wings slapped, raising a wave of qi, blowing so much that everybody were almost unable to open their eyes.

The next moment, the four pillars were already destroyed by the black dragon. As the white light dissipated, the black dragon stretched his body, obtaining freedom!

"Roar~~~~~!" The black dragon hissed at the sky for a while, venting his innermost resentment and the feeling of ease after obtaining freedom.

Cliff opened his eyes slowly and wiped the concentrated beads of sweat

on his forehead. Claire hurriedly supported Cliff for him to sit down.

The black dragon looked at the other sound profoundly. With a poof, a white light flashed over. The black dragon had turned into a human figure. Black hair, black eyes, clothes completely black. His handsome face held a trace of wildness with more savageness from the depths of his eyes.

“Claire, teeth, teeth.” Summer reminded Claire quietly.

“If you get the teeth now, then won’t you go back and complete your test? Then won’t I be losing out? You’ll just disappear.” Claire turned and said to Summer. This crafty girl, Claire knew her nature very clearly.

“Aiya, don’t speak so ruthlessly. After I go back and turn in the tooth and finish my exam, I’ll come back immediately. I’ll accompany you all the way to the Sprite Forest. I still haven’t repaid you yet.” Summer immediately pledged.

“Then, your highness, I’ve thought of my third request.” Claire ignored Summer and turned towards the black dragon.

“My name is Ben Berna Alexa Betlabu Etfeid……*” The black haired black eyed black dragon started saying his name as if he were chanting a prayer. He spoke for a long time without any indications of stopping. Dragons’ names were all this long?”

*a bunch of english sounding stuff

“I’ll just call you Ben.” Claire blocked Ben’s words. “Give this girl the tooth you promised and then send her back to the Ai Luo clan household and then after she completes the exam, bring her back and meet up with us. We will camp here and wait for you guys. One day and night should be enough. If this girl doesn’t come back, then trample on their clan’s household until even dregs aren’t left.”

After hearing this, Summer’s expression changed greatly. In reality, she did have this idea of returning and not coming back ever again. Claire, this guy, was really too dangerous. Her woman’s sixth sense made Summer feel like as long as she stayed with Claire, danger would come knocking on the door. In the far, far future, Summer would confirm over and over that her

woman's sixth sense was abnormally accurate!

"I refuse." A look of disdain appeared on Ben's face. "There's no way I'll let a lowly human sit on my back."

Summer started smiling, but then when she heard Claire's next words, her smile froze.

"I didn't say to let her ride you. You can suspend her on your tail or grab her with your claws." Claire interrupted Ben impatiently.

"Oh, that's fine." This time, Ben nodded cooperatively.

"Cl..... Claire..... Please don't..... " Summer looked at Ben, who had suddenly assumed his true appearance, her voice trembling as she asked. Grabbed by those ghastly claws and then flying high up in mid air? No!!!

"Let's go." Of course Ben wouldn't care about those. He extended his claws and grabbed Summer's small body and beat his wings to soar high up. While Summer cried out fearfully, Ben's figure slowly disappeared in the sky.

Everybody looked up to gaze into the distance. It was only until the figure disappeared from their sight that they retracted their gazes.

"Claire, do you think he'll come back? I keep feeling like that black dragon isn't that trustworthy." Feng Yixuan asked a bit worriedly.

"Will he treat that thief unfairly? What if he flies to some body of water or mountain range and throw the thief to their death or drown them?" Shui Wenmo asked, frowning.

"He won't." Claire replied quietly, yet certain. It seemed like Ben knew his own temperament very clearly, too impulsive and fiery and without any shrewdness, which was how he had been trapped. Now he had finally learned to be a little smart when he had obtained his freedom, so naturally, he wouldn't let this opportunity go.

Yes, he actually wanting to learn from her how to be despicable, shameless, and crafty. It was something that would make one speechless. Claire stroked her chin.

“Then we’ll be camping here today. Boy, go and find some tree branches. Boy with the sword, find some wild game. The poker faced one, yes, that’s right, I’m talking about you, stop looking. Erect the tent.” Cliff sat down leisurely and instructed everybody, then patted the spot next to him. “Come, darling disciple, let’s sit here and rest for a while.”

Feng Yixuan went to get tree branches, Shui Wenmo went to go hunting with his sword, and Jean started to build the tent.

“Master, have you gone to the Sprite Forest before?” Claire asked.

“I have. I sent a sprite home. That sprite was very curious on how the human world was like and wanted to meet humans.” Cliff looked up ahead. Suddenly, his gaze started to become a little listless, like he had seen something from the far, far past.

Claire quieted down, waiting for Cliff’s next words, because she saw a faint trace of grief from the depths of Cliff’s eyes. The sprite that Cliff had saved was definitely a woman! Definitely.

“That sprite was very beautiful, very gentle. As pure as a sheet of white paper. She was curious about how the outside world was like so she secretly slipped away from the Sprite Forest, passed through the Dragon Valley and then arrived at the bustling world of humans.” Cliff said softly, as if he was afraid of alarming the person in his heart.

“Your master and that sprite definitely committed adultery.” Walter’s voice sounded vulgarly in Claire’s mind.

Out of Walter’s expectations, Claire actually made a sound of approval, agreeing with Walter’s idea.

“But mankind’s greed and ugly craving was far from what she could imagine, so she was captured by humans and locked away. They were planning on offering her to a very perverted and muddleheaded emperor... ” Cliff’s expression started to become a bit furious.

But after he had spoken to this point, Cliff didn’t speak any more, becoming silent. A faint trace of grief appeared on his face.

“No need to speak. Your master was definitely a hero saving a damsel in

distress and then fell in love at first sight. But it's impossible for humans and sprites to intermarry. Sprites have lifespans many times longer than humans. Furthermore, the sprites race will definitely not permit a human to dirty their pure and noble blood, so this is only a tragic tale..." Walter interrupted and said excitedly, to the point that his spit practically flew.

Claire also had surmised this.

Right at this moment, a miserable shriek came from the depths of the forest. Next, there was the sound of Shui Wenmo's angry yell.

Something had happened!!!

Claire stood up abruptly, heading to the direction where the sounds had come from.

"Holy shit, who's calling so mournfully? Perhaps Shui Wenmo bumped into a beauty, wanted to xxoo them, they didn't consent and committed suicide, and then... " Walter elaborated on his imagination, talking annoyingly.

"Shut up." Claire shut Walter up moodily, hurriedly rushing over to where the sounds had come from.

"F*ck! F*ck!! F*ck!!!" Walter suddenly shouted tensely. "Claire, it's Light aura. Dammit, it's dogs from the Temple of Light. There's so many, at least five people! No, there's still one more."

What? People from the Temple of Light? How could they appear here?

"Claire." Just at this moment, Feng Yixuan's voice came from behind. Feng Yixuan had also hurriedly headed over. Soon, Jean also came from another direction, quickly meeting up with the two.

"It's people from the Temple of Light." Claire said quietly.

"How do know?" Feng Yixuan asked in surprise.

"Because the people in front of us all have white armor and the insignia of the Temple of Light." Claire said moodily.

"Ah?" Feng Yixuan looked up. Sure enough, he saw five holy knights clad in white armor attacking Shui Wenmo with their swords and Shui Wenmo

was resisting them with a bit of difficulty, not allowing the holy knights to pass him. Claire looked past Shui Wenmo and was astonished to see another holy knight. But his white armor was already extremely dirty, covered in mud and bloodstains. In his embrace was girl who was completely pale faced and completely covered in blood! The girl was hugging the knight tightly, her face filled with concern, because the knight was on the brink of fainting. Evidently, they had already gone through a harsh battle.

What was going on?

Why were Shui Wenmo and the Temple of Light going against each other?

"F*ck! Five against one! Scum!" Feng Yixuan howled angrily. Of course he wouldn't care about some Temple of Light; In his eyes, there were only five scum using numbers to go unfairly against his brother. Feng Yixuan's movements were the very definition of nimble and cruel. Immediately, he called out for several frightening icicles to fly over. Before the holy knights reacted, another wave of icicles flew over.

"Jean. Is your loyalty to me greater than your belief in the Temple of Light religion?" Claire suddenly asked Jean profoundly.

"Miss, you are my religion." Jean smiled faintly, answering quietly.

(TL: I sense a comment battle. Also, I'm pretty far in, but I don't think they ever mentioned his age. I personally think he's about the same age as Claire.)

Chapter 55: Getting Rid of Holy Knights

"Then that's good." Claire snorted coldly. "Listen carefully: don't even leave one alive." Since they were going to make a move anyway, with the way the Temple of Light worked, they definitely wouldn't allow anyone to challenge their authority. Since they were going to provoke them, then they would have to deal with them properly: eliminate them from the roots, definitely not allowing them to get the chance to turn the tables. Not even a little.

"Yes." Jean consented lightly. Icy coldness emanated from his eyes. He pulled out the sword with a whoosh and then added on a layer of Dou Qi.

"Who are you guys? Do you guys know how great of a sin it is to block the Temple of Light from arresting traitors?" One of the holy knights yelled out in a hurry as he saw another two strong people join the fight.

"After we kill you, we'll burn your corpses until not even dust remains and melt your armors. Who could know they were people from the temple of light?" Claire's cold voice made the holy knights tremble with fear. This girl, what she said was definitely true. She definitely planned on doing it. Such a young age yet actually such a cruel heart?!

"Don't let them run away." Claire warned.

"They can't." Feng Yixuan snorted, already cruelly waving his hand for more to go over.

Claire walked next to the holy knight who Shui Wenmo had been protecting, crouched down slowly, and was actually stunned to see the girl in the embrace of the holy knight was black haired and black eyed! Perhaps this girl was the person who could topple the Temple of Light? The person who was predicted to come once in a millennium? That's why this girl was chased to be killed?

But Walter's voice sounded at this moment. "Claire, don't thinking blindly. This girl isn't the person from the prophecy. Look at the depths of her eyes, there's a trace of blue. Although it's very faint, it's truly there. This should be how the Temple of Light kills a thousand innocents to not

let one go. This is one face of the Temple of Light's methods. Today, their luck was very good, bumping into us."

Claire looked closely. Sure enough, she saw a trace of blue in the girl's eyes.

"Also, this girl's destiny is very average." Walter said confidently. He understood the stars a little.

Claire picked up the about-to-faint holy knight's sword and turned to also join the fight.

The fight became four versus five.

Once Cliff had walked over slowly and heedlessly, he saw a scene that almost made his heart jump to his throat.

Claire and a few guys were pursuing and attacking a few knights from the Temple of Light extremely viciously, only hitting vitals, so much so that it looked like they wouldn't stop until they killed them.

But their opponents were not holy knights from the Temple of Light for nothing. Confronted with Feng Yixuan and them's vicious attacks, they neutralized them one by one. Meanwhile, Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo's flawless coordination gave them a headache incessantly.

Claire and Jean also coordinated very well from sparring, also making their opponents fight strenuously.

Cliff stared at the scene in front of him, not coming back to his senses.

"You guys, what are you doing?" Cliff frowned as he asked.

"Sir Cliff?!" The lead holy knight recognized Cliff in a flash and then acted as if he had seen a savior, crying out hurriedly.

"He's not Cliff." Claire said angrily, a slash of Dou Qi slicing past, closely following an attacking fire ball.

Cliff frowned, confused at the state of affairs.

"Master, these beasts wanted to violate that girl and we stopped them. They even wanted to lay a hand on me, saying they happened to light a

child my age, even saying that this kind of small body felt the best to violate." Claire's face didn't redden nor heartbeat quicken as she casually made a bunch of lies. These kind of shameless and vulgar words made the holy knights all stare blankly and faces flush red.

"What?!" Cliff immediately became angry dramatically, pulling out his wand as he was about to fight.

"It's not like that, Sir Cliff, please listen to our explanation. We are the Temple of Light's most faithful knights, how could we do this kind of thing, we... ah!!!" There was no ending to the "we", only a mournful cry.

Claire expressionlessly stuck out her tongue. In reality, she knew very clearly that this kind of botched lie would have no way of tricking Cliff. But the circumstances had already turned into this. Cliff had no choice but to join them, because he understood the way of the Temple of Light better than anyone else. Claire's words were only to give him an excuse to not stop them from killing.

If Cliff made a move, then who could fight back?

Soon, the holy knights fell.

"Master. Uh, then you go rest first. We'll come in a while." Claire smiled gently. The bloody spectacle on the ground was not suitable for the elderly to see.

Cliff faced the sky. "Yes, today's weather is pretty good. I'll go first and roast meat while waiting for you guys." After he finished speaking, he picked up the few hares Shui Wenmo had just dropped on the ground and turned and left immediately. It would be best if he didn't see the execution of the people from the Temple of Light and pretend he didn't see anything. After all, they were people on Lawrence's side.

"Jean, support them up. Treat them a bit." Claire said, looking at the wounded holy knight and the girl completely covered in blood.

"Thank you, thank you." The girl completely covered in blood look at the emotionally, thanking. She didn't have any wounds on her body; all the blood on her body was the holy knight's.

“Yes, miss.” Jean bent down and grabbed the heavily wounded holy knight, leaving as Cliff did.

The holy knights who were currently unable to struggle all angrily and incredulously watched Cliff’s figure disappear. That was Sir Cliff, no doubt about it. Then the blonde haired girl was his disciple, Claire Hill! The rumored male-chaser who had suddenly started to straighten out. They actually dared to brazenly make a move on people from the Temple of Light?!

“Pile them up, I’ll burn them.” Claire said to Shui Wenmo and Feng Yixuan as a cold light appeared in her eyes.

“What are you going to do? The goddess of Light’s all seeing vision will record all your sin down. You will be punished...” The leading holy knight rebuked angrily.

Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo turned a deaf ear, rapidly making their moves. Shui Wenmo first went forward and slashed one after the other, slitting their throats. The holy knights all died with their eyes open wide.

“Pah! Goddess of Light’s all seeing vision. More like dog vision.” Walter hatefully spat.

Shui Wenmo quickly and nimbly piled up the corpses.

Claire chanted and started the set the corpses on fire. Slowly, the corpses gradually turned to ashes, but the armor melted very slowly. They all had some kind of boost effect from magic. As Claire frowned, pondering how to melt these armor as fast as possible, a strange Qi flowed in her body. In front of Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo’s stunned gazes, Claire’s flames gradually turned gold colored. The armor instantly melted, turning into a pool of molten iron, flowing slowly off into the distance.

“Check again for anything that could expose their identities?” Claire stopped her flame, walking forward to inspect if there was anything on the ground.

“We just need to leave.” Shui Wenmo drew his sword, chopping the ground with a low grunt. Then, a large dent appeared in the ground.

Without another word, Shui Wenmo burst with Dou Qi again, raised the ground that been burned, and flipped it over into the huge dent, burying all traces.

Only after the three inspected the surroundings carefully again and were completely sure did they prepare to go back.

"Claire....." Suddenly, Shui Wenmo stopped, quietly calling Claire's name.

"Yes?" Claire turned and looked towards Shui Wenmo, not understanding.

"Thank you." Shui Wenmo's thank you was very quiet, but very clear.

Claire immediately understood what Shui Wenmo meant. Yes, if it wasn't for Shui Wenmo, they wouldn't have been dragged into this conflict, wouldn't have gotten involved with the Temple of Light's matters, and wouldn't have become the formidable Temple of Light's enemy even more so.

"What are you thanking for? I don't know what you're talking about. Nothing happened here." Claire smiled, turning to leave.

A faint smile appeared on the corner of Shui Wenmo's mouth.

But Feng Yixuan fiercely grabbed Shui Wenmo's neck and spoke in a voice only loud enough for the two to here. "I'm warning you, Claire is mine. If you dare to fight with me..."

"F*ck! Even if this world was destroyed, I still wouldn't have a fraction of those kinds of thoughts toward your wife." Shui Wenmo snorted.

"Hmph, at least you have tact." Feng Yixuan released Shui Wenmo's neck.

The two walked to the camp with their arms around their shoulders.

The holy knight and girl completely covered in blood were still a riddle. They believed that what they said would explain what on earth was going on.

When they arrived back at the camp, the holy knight had already been

treated with Cliff's medicine, looking a lot better.

Seeing Claire and them arrive back, the girl completely covered in blood hurriedly stood up to welcome them.

"Sit down. How is his condition right now? And what was going on?" Claire waved, indicating for the girl the sit down.

"Because of that stupid prophecy, the Temple of Light sent people to kill her. A sincere and innocent girl, a weak girl without any strength." The nearby holy knight who was still a bit weak said somewhat hatefully. "How could this kind of girl topple the Temple of Light? Her eyes are clearer than spring water!" After the holy knight finished speaking, he turned to look at the nearby, worried girl. The girl shook her head lightly, unable to bear it. "I, I don't deserve venerable sir at all."

"What venerable sir, I'm already someone the Temple of Light will chase and kill, I'm already a fallen knight." The knight laughed calmly and extended his hand, tightly holding the girl's hand. "Didn't I say this a long time ago? We'll die together."

"Haha, how corny~~" Walter shivered.

"Claire, I also want to die with you." The next moment, Feng Yixuan gripped Claire's hand fiercely, looking at Claire exceptionally seriously as he said those kinds of words.

Everyone froze.

Chapter 56: [No Title]

Feng Yixuan grasped Claire's hand tightly, staring at Claire with wide eyes. The next moment, Feng Yixuan covered his eye and crouched down, groaning.

"Next time you dare to do this, I'll hit your other eye." Claire said icily, retracting her fist.

"Ouch, I was telling the truth." Feng Yixuan stood up and dropped his hand with a mournful expression, revealing a panda eye. This was Claire's masterpiece from just then. During the moment when everybody still hadn't come back to their senses, Claire's hand was even faster than her thoughts. Pulling her hand out of Feng Yixuan's tight grasp, she punched Feng Yixuan's eye socket.

While Feng Yixuan grimaced with pain, Shui Wenmo watched gleefully at Feng Yixuan's sorry figure, taking delight at his misfortune.

"What are you laughing about!" Feng Yixuan vented his heart's rage onto Shui Wenmo, an icicle flying over.

But Shui Wenmo was already on guard for a while, pulling out his sword to block and then nimbly deflecting it. The two started fighting noisily again.

Claire sat down, looked at the girl who was completely covered in blood, thought for a moment, turned around and pulled out a set of her own clean clothes and a set of Jean's clothes from her travel bag, and threw them at the two people.

"What are you guys planning on doing next?" Claire asked insipidly.

"Live while hiding our identities and go to and settle in Yowusali. Find a desolate village and live there for the rest of our lives." The fallen knight answered like so.

Yowusali was the most backward country in the entire continent where the Temple of Light's influence was the least deep.

"The Temple of Light won't let you guys go." Claire said coldly.

“Yes, I understand. I know the dark side of the Temple of Light that common people don’t know, naturally, they won’t let me go. But even though it’s like this, I’m still not going to wait for them to capture me. I will use all my power to protect her.” The fallen knight looked deeply at the girl sitting beside him. The girl looked deeply at the fallen knight. The two’s hearts were communicated without words.

“They really are a bitter fated couple.” Walter shrugged and said to Claire.

“Thank you, benefactors, for saving us today. Thank you.” The fallen knight struggled to get up and bow. “If it weren’t for you, I’m afraid we would have died mysteriously.”

Claire stopped him. “No need to bow. First, take care of your wounds.”

“I can’t trouble my benefactors any more. We will cross the border as soon as possible to Yowusali.” The fallen knight said seriously. He understood very deeply that if the holy knights who were chasing after them didn’t return to report, the Temple of Light would soon make new moves.

“Little girl, come, come.” Cliff beckoned at the girl. “Come, I’ll change your hair and eye color. It should stay for ten years and save a lot of trouble. Take care of yourselves.”

“Really?” The girl brightened, because her hair color and eye color had always hurt the people around her and she had been betrayed many times. Now that she heard her hair and eye color could be changed for so long, of course she was exceptionally happy.

“I can. Of course the medicine I make can last for about ten years.” Cliff said haughtily.

“Thank you, thank you, sir.” The girl happily thanked hurriedly.

The fallen knight looked at Cliff. He believed everything said by the holy knights. This elder was definitely the wizard sage Cliff. That was why he could easily overpower the five holy knights. But this was already not important.

Jean silently roasted the wild fare, not giving so much as a glance. Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo were still fighting fiercely. Cliff was dying the girl's hair, the fallen knight watching them gratefully.

Claire sat down underneath a tree. Looking at the tree trunk, she looked up at the night sky that was getting darker and darker. Lightly touching her right hand's glove, Claire frowned slightly. There were still many annoying matters: white emperor who was still in deep sleep and the dark mark on the back of her hand.

Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo went farther and farther away, fighting in the middle of the forest. When they were out of Claire and them's sight, the two stopped. The two crouched down at the same time. Shui Wenmo said, "Was that my hallucination?"

"At first, I also thought I was hallucinating, but it definitely wasn't." Feng Yixuan said certainly.

"Right, Claire's flame actually turned gold! What is going on?" Shui Wenmo stroked his chin suspiciously. "I've never seen a flame that color. Although it was only for a split second, it definitely changed color."

"How do I know. We'll just inspect it carefully in the future." After he finished speaking, Feng Yixuan rapidly hit Shui Wenmo's head and ran.

"Holy shit, you actually took advantage of the situation to hit me." Shui Wenmo lept up and started attacking fiercely.

Feng Yixuan counterattacked and the two started fighting fiercely again as they made their way back to the encampment.

At night, after everyone finished eating, Feng Yixuan gave his tent to the fallen knight and girl and squeezed into Shui Wenmo's tent. Claire was lying down calmly in her own tent, looking at the magic lamp hanging from above, thinking back to the Treasured Lotus Style's mental cultivation method.

After thinking back over and over, Claire became more and more awake, unable to sleep. So she simply sat in the lotus position and started cultivating the Treasured Lotus Style's mental cultivation method.

An indescribable fluidity encompassed Claire's whole body. Heat flowed through her four limbs and bones, wandering slowly. The slow flow of the heat became faster and faster. The moment Qi infused with her dantian, suddenly, something seemed to emerge in Claire's mind.

Suddenly, Claire opened her eyes. She had already finished learning the first level of the Treasured Lotus Style! A light smile appeared on Claire's lips. This metal cultivation book, even if people from this world could read it, they wouldn't be able to learn it, because probably nobody from this world knew the acupuncture points written in the book.

With a slight flick of her finger, a small, golden fireball appeared. It appeared instantly without any incantations.

"Claire, you, you didn't seem to have chanted anything. Don't tell me you can already instacast low level magic? It can't be." Walter's amazed voice sounded. At this age and the high level of it, how could Claire instacast?

"Also, why is your flame golden? Today, when you were destroying the corpses, it seemed like your flame was a bit golden. At first, I thought I was hallucinating." Walter's voice was filled with confusion.

"You'll know in the future." Claire said perfunctorily. It would be hard to explain. How could she tell Walter that her soul was actually from another world and the language wasn't the same and the strange book she had gotten from the little thief was a really awesome, rare mental cultivation book?

Walter whispered. "You can't say right now? What is going on? Why is the flame you release golden? It seems a bit stronger than other flames. It could even melt those armor so quickly."

"Quiet!" Suddenly, Claire's expression changed drastically because a pain that was as if she was on fire suddenly came from her back.

"Ah?" Walter was frightened. Seeing Claire's drastic change in expression, he thought he had annoyed Claire and immediately shut up, but quickly discovered something was off. Slowly, cold sweat appeared on Claire's forehead. It seemed like she was experiencing something really

painful.

"Claire, what's wrong with you? Is it something urgent? Was it that tonight when you ate Jean, that jerk's, hare it wasn't roasted properly so your stomach hurts?" Walter asked worriedly.

"My back, there's something growing!" Claire squeezed out with clenched teeth.

"What?" Walter was super shocked. Something was growing?! Was she joking? What was going on? Was it that Claire didn't learn properly and forming things randomly?

"Look and tell me what's going on!" Claire turned, rapidly lifting her clothes, exposing her back. The unbearably hot feeling from her back became more and more intense. Something was continuously spreading, spreading.....

Walter reflexively closed his eyes. He had the reflex developed as a habit now; whenever Claire undressed, he would immediately obediently close his eyes or fade away.

"What is it?" Claire asked angrily.

"I, I don't know. I didn't look." Walter replied, trembling. "I don't dare to look. You said before that if I dared to look at your body, you would slaughter me."

"I'm letting you look right now!" Claire rebuked angrily. "It's just looking at my back! If you don't look right now, I'll slaughter you immediately." She didn't have a large mirror right now. If she did, then would she need to let Walter see what was going on?

Slowly, Walter opened his eyes, looking at the bright skin of Claire's back. When he saw it clearly, it was as if his whole body was struck by lightning, unable to think.

On Claire's back, a golden lotus bud was blooming. From Claire's waist, it grew all the way to Claire's shoulder, golden bright, emitting an indescribable beauty, directly stunning the soul. The golden, huge lotus grew in Claire's pure white skin as if it was completely natural. In total,

there were twelve petals, but out of the twelve, only one had blossomed and the other eleven were tightly folded.

Walter watched dumbfoundedly, profoundly stunned by the devilishly beauty. He forgot the think, forgot to speak. There was actually something as beautiful as this in the world?!

“Walter!” Claire shouted angrily, pulling Walter back to reality.

“Ah, what? Claire, what?” Walter made a mouth-wiping movement. If he had saliva, it would have already dripped onto the ground.

Currently, Claire already didn’t feel any more pain and put her clothes down, asking angrily, “What on earth did you see? What’s on my back?”

“A, a golden lotus. There are twelve petals. One flower petal has blossomed, but the other eleven haven’t. So, so pretty. I’ve never seen anything so pretty before.” Walter was still deeply stunned. “But, Claire, how did a lotus grow on your back?”

Claire was silent, but her mind was working very fast. Golden lotus? Just when she completed the first level of the Treasured Lotus Style, it had appeared on her back.

Chapter 57: Feng Yixuan Takes Advantage of Claire?

Golden lotus!

It was definitely created by this mysterious mental cultivation.

A flower petal had opened up within her skin, showing that she had finished learning the first level. In a similar fashion, every level learned would unfold a petal. But the book had written that the mysterious Treasured Lotus Style way of cultivating only had ten levels. If each petal represents one level, why were there twelve petals on her back? What did it mean?

“Walter, you didn’t see wrong, there were twelve petals?” Claire asked, frowning.

“Hehe, let me see again, it’s better if I confirm.” Walter chuckled vulgarly. He still wanted to see the devilishly beautiful scene again.

“Go rest.” Claire pulled out the spiritual stone and gave a pinch, making him faint. Before Walter could even cry out, he had passed out.

Claire lifted up her clothes, wanting to turn around and see her own back. But how could anyone see their own back? So Claire was at a loss, wanting to look, but unable to. How on earth did the golden lotus look like?

Just at this moment, the tent flap was suddenly lifted open, the entrance showing Feng Yixuan’s face as he was holding a roasted rabbit.

Their eyes met and the two became petrified.

Claire had lifted up her clothes, which only had underwear underneath.....

Feng Yixuan just faced the clothes-raised Claire.....

The next moment,

An extremely brutal thing happened.

“Ahhhhh” Feng Yixuan’s mournful cry resonated into the night sky, lasting for a while.

When everybody faced Claire’s tent, they only saw Feng Yixuan’s face was completely bruised as Claire was stepping on him. Feng Yixuan’s hand was still raising the well-roasted rabbit, not letting any dust stick to the roasted rabbit.

“It’s nothing, I just have some personal business with Feng Yixuan, that’s all. Sorry to bother everybody.” Claire said to the everyone standing at the entrance in a nonchalant manner, smiling sweetly.

Personal business? This personal business could make someone’s entire face be bruised and then stepped on?

Shui Wenmo emitted a flash of craftiness from his eyes. He extended his hand out, blocking everyone, saying while chuckling, “Let’s go, let’s go. Since it’s their personal matter, then we shouldn’t bother them.” The vague words made one’s imagination soar.

Everyone understood in a flash, turning to go back to their tents.

Jean looked at Claire’s expression, looking like he was thinking about something, but also turned and left. He had understood the look of repressed anger in Claire’s eyes.

When the surroundings quieted down, Claire used her foot that was stepping on Feng Yixuan to grind him a little, and said a bit hatefully, “Talk, what did you see just then?”

“Your underwear is so sexy, it’s actually purple.” Feng Yixuan recklessly replied honestly.

Greeting him was a foot that stepped on his back with much strength. Claire said angrily, “Let me ask one more time, what did you just see?”

“I, I didn’t see anything.” This time, Feng Yixuan learned from experience, changing to this response. But the slight trace of perversion in his eyes gave him away.

Just then when Claire had been lifting her clothes, she had been facing

the tent entrance directly, so Feng Yixuan didn't see Claire's back. But he did see Claire's purple lace underwear.

"You don't knock when entering? You actually dare to open the tent flap without my permission?" Claire said angrily, still a bit resentful.

"I was wrong, I won't do it next time." Feng Yixuan said with a sullen expression. "It's all because of that stupid knight's roasted rabbit, it tastes so bad. That's why I roasted another one and wanted to secretly give it to you."

Only then did Claire notice that the Feng Yixuan she was stepping on was clinging to a shiny roasted rabbit, raising it high, not letting any dirt from the ground stick to the rabbit.

Claire retracted her foot. "Get up."

Only then did Feng Yixuan crawl up.

"From now on, you can only enter after getting my permission." Claire's expression lessened slightly, but still a little angry as she spoke.

"Yes, yes, ok. Of course I will." Feng Yixuan gave the rabbit to Claire, swearing solemnly.

"Alright, you can go back." Claire accepted the rabbit, Feng Yixuan turning to leave. Claire looked at Feng Yixuan's figure and said quietly, "Thank you."

"Hehe, it's something I should do." When he heard this, Feng Yixuan became happy. He smugly touched all the bruises on his face as he left, thinking to himself that the beating was worth it. Besides seeing such a good scene, he also gotten Claire's touching thanks.

Claire looked at the rabbit that had been roasted brilliantly, the heat controlled perfectly. She really never expected that the Feng Yixuan who came from an exceptional household and environment had such a skill.

But it had been really dangerous just then. Fortunately she hadn't faced her back towards the tent's entrance, otherwise Feng Yixuan would have seen the golden lotus, and who knows how the situation would have been

like.

Claire looked at the glove on her right hand and sighed lightly. It was really too mysterious now, her hand had been marked by that abnormal god of Darkness and her back had grown a golden lotus. If the twelve petals all opened up, then would the golden lotus disappear? She hoped so. Claire bit the roasted rabbit gloomily, thinking angrily.

In the early morning, the fallen knight and the girl were going to leave. The fallen knight's wounds were treated by Cliff's medicine and much better, and the girl's hair had been dyed a common brown, eyes dyed gray, average to the point she couldn't be more average.

"We cannot implicate our benefactors. Our goals are pretty small and we won't be too eye-catching. From this point on, we will take our leave." The fallen knight solemnly bowed deeply, the nearby girl also stooping to bow. Currently, the two had changed into the clothes that Claire had sent them. They had already cast away the armor and sword that could expose them, becoming an extremely common pair of travelers.

"Be careful on your way." Claire pulled out her wallet and took out a few golden banknotes and then poured out some golden coins, giving them to the fallen knight. "Hold onto these. Buy land in a remote village and settle there. Don't deline, you guys have no money."

"This....." The fallen knight hesitated.

"Thank you, benefactor. We will forever remember your kindness in our hearts. If we have the chance to repay you, we will definitely try our hardest." The nearby girl stopped holding back, accepting it and giving thanks.

After sending away the fallen knight and girl, everybody once again started waiting boredly for the black dragon, Ben, and the small thief, Summer, to return.

Walter was pondering continuously. What on earth was Claire's personality like? He suddenly discovered he didn't understand. The vicious and mercilessness when Claire was dealing with the holy knights and the care Claire had given to the fallen knight and girl were completely

different. Was Claire's heart good or bad? Why did he feel that Claire was a contradiction? Both wicked and kindhearted? Pah! What kind of messed up combination was this? Walter spit to himself.

Suddenly, Walter quivered for a moment, something flashing in his mind.

Contradiction? Both wicked and kindhearted. This kind of soul was the most beautiful thing to the god of Darkness. Perhaps it was because of this that the god of Darkness had claimed Claire as an offering? And when he said the it was not time yet for the offering, was he waiting for Claire's soul to grow more?

The most perfect combination wicked and kindhearted! This kind of beautiful soul would be hard to come by in several thousand years.

Walter was frightening by his own conjecture. Was it like this or not? He could only calculate one step at a time. He would definitely understand the situation in the future.

While Cliff was watching over her, Claire started meditate, sitting on the ground.

When noon hadn't arrived yet, a fierce gale came from mid air, alerting everyone. The black dragon Ben had come back with the little thief Summer in his claws. After Ben descended, he transformed back into a human form with a puff. One hand was grabbing the already passed out Summer. Summer was foaming at the mouth, pale in complexion.

"Did the matter finish smoothly? What's with her?" Claire looked at Ben, who was calm as water.

"So dirty. This lowly human is actually afraid of heights, vomiting everywhere." Although Ben said such loathing words, he still didn't drop Summer onto the ground. When Summer was vomiting due to her fear of heights, the people who were actually unlucky were the people below, on the ground. Thinking of this, everyone shuddered. A bit too cruel.....

"Was it completed?" Claire asked.

"Done, it's all done. At first, those old things kept on being noisy at her,

saying that it wasn't possible that she had stolen teeth from from the dragon race's prince. I extended dragon pressure, pressuring them all to be obedient. I said, actually daring to steal my teeth, go die." Ben spit. "Then those lowly old things finished evaluating her."

Was it possible? Black dragon Ben had learned to be smart this quickly?

"So only that happened? You didn't take revenge afterwards? It just ended unsettled?" Claire kept on feeling that something was off.

"Haha, of course, I just made then bring out the little thief and then let them go. That's why I just brought back this lowly little thief." Ben laughed loudly, then lowered his head to look at Summer, who he was holding onto, pulled her up, and shook her, hard. "Wake up."

Summer made a few retching sounds, slowly opening her eyes. When she saw Claire, suddenly, an exceptionally warm and affectionate look appeared in her gaze. While sobbing, she said, "Claire, tell him to let me go. This evil hearted guy, after he knew about my fear of heights, he flew around in circles, otherwise we would have arrived much earlier. I've vomited out everything I ate last night, ugh....." Now, Summer suddenly thought that the vicious Claire was currently so pleasant to the eye, so comforting.

Claire looked at Ben. Ben guiltily looked up towards the sky, pretending he couldn't see Claire's gaze.

She had never thought that this guy's personality was so nasty. Claire had a bit of headache looking at Summer, who was being shook by Ben, saying to Ben, "Alright, let Summer go."

Ben loosened his grip and Summer plopped onto the ground. She got up and ran to Claire's side before she rubbed her sore butt, hugging Claire and not letting go.

"Go change clothes first." Claire pinched her nose, resisting the wave of strange smell coming from Summer.

"Ah?" Summer smelled herself and then spit and vomited.

Chapter 58: [No Title]

“That one is my tent. There are clothes inside.” Claire pointed at her own tent and said to Summer.

“Oh, ok.” Disappearing like a wisp of smoke, Summer ran into the tent to change clothes.

Now everybody was there and they could set off.

“Ben, you must remember what you promised me before. You can’t turn back into your real form whenever you want to, no attack any humans whenever you want to.” Claire warned again.

“Got it, got it, don’t worry.” Ben nodded offhandedly, as his gaze actually turned towards Claire’s tent. Why wasn’t that little thief done with changing yet?

The party set off once more, traveling towards the country border.

Yowusali was the Ceylonese continent’s weakest country. Due to it’s special topography, the national land was basically all marshlands and mountains, so in the already small amount of land it had, a half of it was pretty barren and infertile, which was why no other countries were willing to waste many troops or energy to invade this country.

After the guard at the border town lazily inspected Claire and them’s pass, they traveled together and then started to doze off.

“So tiring, Claire. Can we have a hot bath tonight?” Summer stretched her body, watching Claire expectantly.

“Yes, we’ll find a pretty good inn, rest, and then travel tomorrow.” Claire was also a bit tired. Also, she wanted to find a quiet and safe place to study the second level of the Treasured Lotus Style.

“Wow, Claire, you’re awesome.” Summer jumped up and down, looking completely satisfied. Even if it was in the middle of summer, cold baths were still uncomfortable.

After they found the border city’s best inn and Claire paid for a room for

each person, she instructed the boss to send food and hot water to each room.

Now it was finally quiet for a while. Claire locked door after entering the room and laid on the bed with her clothes on.

“Walter, first go check to see if that black dragon Ben is staying obediently.” After Claire sent Walter away, she took out the Treasure Lotus Style book, flipped though a few pages, concentrating Lotus power as she followed the method written on the last page, slowly pouring it into the book.

Claire was shocked to see the words were like they were alive, like they had life as they started to writhe about, turning into other words. Soon, the contents of the book were changed! The first level’s contents were gone, the entire book’s words all changed into the contents of the second level.

Claire started to read the contents of the book with rapt attention.

But just at this moment, a ruckus started outside in the corridor.

“Get the hell out, get out, all of you. Take three times your rent’s worth and get out. My family’s young master has book this place.” A rude voice sounded in the corridor, followed by the sounds of doors getting kicked open.

As Claire heard the sound of a door kicked open, her expression suddenly changed a little, because that direction was black dragon Ben’s room!

With black dragon Ben’s fiery, rude personality, who knew if he would destroy the entire inn!

Claire immediately stood up, opened the door, and hurriedly walked out.

Walter experienced Schadenfreude as he floated back. “Oh yes, Claire, there’s going to be a good show.”

Claire hurriedly dashed to black dragon Ben’s room. At the doorway, a person dressed like a chamberlain was currently bellowing with a foul mouth, “Get the hell out, I’m talking to you, black haired lowly scum, get

the hell out quickly. Take your money and get lost, don't delay my young master's rest."

In the corridor, there were chamberlains at every other door, all kicked doors open and yelling at the people inside the room to get out.

Claire and Walter both prepared mentally, waiting for black dragon Ben's explosion. But the next moment was as peaceful as ever, black dragon Ben's room extremely quiet.

Claire froze for a moment, then hurriedly rushed over. Standing at the doorway, she saw black dragon Ben obediently sitting on the bed, but his flushed red face showed the anger that he was currently enduring fiercely to suppress.

"All of you, get the hell out quickly. Go to the entrance, get your money, and then get the hell out." The chamberlain said, all foul mouthed, going to to another room to kick the door open.

After black dragon Ben saw Claire, he squeezed out a few words coldly. "Claire, didn't I do pretty well? I really f*cking admire myself, I actually resisted."

Claire felt almost embarrassed. This ill-mannered guy who was uncultured when speaking was actually the dragon race's prince... that's right, he was the prince, the prince...

"Yes, you did very well. You have taken your first step towards revenge very well." Claire nodded praisingly. "Resist everything."

"I must resist." Black dragon Ben spit out profoundly, then closed his eyes. With the sound of a crack, Claire's mouth twitched, because Ben's bed's four legs were pressed deeply into the floor. It was obvious how sullen Ben was right now. A trifling lowly human actually dared to tell him to get out. If it wasn't for the agreement he had in advance with Claire, he would have long since eaten these people, then destroyed the inn.

"Very good. Continue, continue." Claire nodded, then turned.

Now Feng Yixuan, Jean, etc. also opened their doors, all looking to see what kind of people were hollering about. Only Cliff didn't open his doors.

He knew Claire and them would settle the situation.

A string of footsteps came from the corridor's staircase, followed by a feminine voice full of dissatisfaction. "Such a disgusting place, do I really have to live in such a place? Is it that I can't go to a better place?"

"Young master, this is already the best inn of the city. Please endure a bit, sir. Your servants have already driven away those lowly commoners for you." A voice consoled.

Next, appearing in everybody's line of sight was a gorgeously dressed young man, face full of freckles, but also completely smeared with the powder that noblemen used, his face so white, it was like a pig's skin. A group of chamberlains followed him from behind.

"So stinky." Shui Wenmo rubbed his eyes, watching the other side in a bad mood.

Feng Yixuan hopped over to Claire's side, laughing. "Claire, are you hungry? Let's go on a date, oh, no, let's have a midnight snack." Feng Yixuan changed his words seeing Claire's cold gaze.

"Oh? There are actually such good-looking commoners here?" When the pig skin young master saw Claire, his eyes brightened. Such a little beauty, her age is also young, playing with this kind of figure was the best.

"Go ask who brought them, set a price for this young master. Just in time for me to enjoy tonight." The pig skin young master looked at Claire pervertedly, saying to the nearby chamberlains, "Who would have thought this poor place actually had such goods."

"Yes, young master." The nearby chamberlain immediately ran over, running to Claire. They looked at Claire, then at the nearby Feng Yixuan.

"You, ignorant commoner, how much is this little girl worth? Name a price, our young master has taken a liking to her. It is her good fortune to serve and attend to the young master's needs. Perhaps the young master will pamper her for a few days." The chamberlain said to Feng Yixuan rudely, watching him arrogantly, not knowing that the god of death was about to descend.

Before Claire could even speak, Feng Yixuan went on a rampage.

"Die!" Feng Yixuan's gaze was suddenly cruel, without any warmth. With a roar, without giving the other side any chance of reacting, an icicle attacked fiercely. The sharp icicle ran through the chamberlain's body.

The chamberlain fell over. Blood, blood was everywhere. The blood spewed everywhere.

A terrifying bloodstain appeared on the floor underneath the chamberlain's body as blood flowed.

Currently, Feng Yixuan was like a demon from hell, emitting a terrifying aura. For a split second, everyone in the corridor suddenly had an illusion that hell had come and the youth emitting the frightening aura from his entire body was the legendary, evil, terrifying devil king!

Instantly, the corridor was deathly silent.

And so, Feng Yixuan had taken the chamberlain's life without any warning. The cold light shooting from his eyes made everybody in the corridor freeze.

"Holy, say it then do it, wow, not even saying anything first." Shui Wenmo said.

Jean's expression actually changed a little.

That youth had instantly turned so frightening, so tyrannical, only because that chamberlain had said such words! Towards Claire he……

Jean grasped his sword hilt tightly. Everybody only focused on the chamberlain being killed by such magnificent magic, and nobody noticed the corpse that had fallen onto the ground, the heart already shattered by Dou Qi.

Jean and Feng Yixuan had made their moves at the same time!

"Magician!"

"It's a magician!"

"Someone's been killed!"

“Somebody come, someone’s been killed.....”

In a moment, the whole corridor became an uproar. Terrifying shouts resonated throughout the entire inn.

The pig skin young master’s leg somewhat trembled. Although he had ordered many people to be killed, it was the first time he had seen such a mad killing, first time he had seen such a terrifying person, killing without any warning. The blood on the floor was still flowing continuously, slowly flowing towards the stairs.

“What are you shouting about, don’t we also have magicians? Go! Get rid of him!” After all, the pig skin young master had already done many evil deeds and also met many resisters. He adapted quickly, facing the people behind him and angrily shouting, “Go, kill him. Don’t harm the girl. She’ll compensate for tonight.”

Ignorant fool. Walter rolled his eyes.

Feng Yixuan didn’t utter a sound, pulling out a dagger from his boots, not using magic anymore. Instead, he nimbly past through the people rushing at him, flourishing his dagger lightly. Cold light flashed. With every flourish, a person’s throat would be lightly sliced open. Then, blood spewed like fountains in the corridor, rising and falling in succession.

It was basically the dance of a god of death. Gorgeous, yet bringing the dense and dreadful aura of death.

Feng Yixuan’s eyes flashed red, exceptionally frightening.

“Go and block him, block him.” The pig skin young master finally started to feel fear, finally realizing he had provoked someone he couldn’t afford to provoke.

The two magicians behind the pig skin young master immediately emitted magnificent magic. With a slight wave of his hand, Feng Yixuan set up a magic shield, easily blocking the other side’s attack.

Shui Wenmo leaned on the wall, yawning as he watched Feng Yixuan’s one man show, but on the inside, he felt apprehensive. Before, when people had insulted and humiliated his family, Feng Yixuan hadn’t been

this moved. Today, it was like he had eaten some kind of expired aphrodisiac, he was working so hard. Claire being insulted made him this angry?

Chapter 59: Claire's Shamelessness Leading Astray

"Claire, why's he so angry?" Black dragon Ben was confused, standing at Claire's said, asking because he didn't understand at all.

Claire was silent.

Jean's expression changed, a profound look arising in his eyes.

Why was he so angry.... He was so angry for Claire, because he clearly showed that he liked Claire. This wasn't strange.

But why? Jean's hand quietly covered his chest. Why was it that just then, when he heard that chamberlain say those words, an inexplicable anger surged here, and became larger and larger?

Why? Why was it that the moment he heard those words, killing intent immediately arose in his heart? Jean tightened his grip on his sword.

Claire watched Feng Yixuan take their lives like a god of death, and for a moment, her heart became completely blank. What was this feeling?

"Landy! Go up. If I die, you won't get a single penny. My grandfather will even blame you." The pig skin young master retreated like his life depended on it, then suddenly shouted towards the lower floor.

The next instant, an intense stream of water winded around the pig skin young master and rushed up, then turned into a dense forest of water arrows, filling the corridor and attacking within it.

Claire frowned, using all her strength to construct a magic shield, because the magic undulation the other side had was unordinarily intense! Their strength was definitely not weak.

Mournful cries rose and fell in succession in the corridor, because the water arrows were actually attacking indiscriminately. Besides going past the pig skin young master and not attacking him, everybody in the corridor became targets for the attack.

In the blink of an eye, after the mournful cries disappeared in the

corridor, blood flowed like a river. The entire corridor had been dyed red. The pig skin young master's chamberlains had all died. And the other guests of the inn who had come out of their rooms all died by being run through by water arrows. Every corpse was riddled with holes!

Such a malicious method! Not even letting their own men go!

Feng Yixuan went back to Claire's side, coldly watching the entrance of the corridor's stairs.

"Oh man, so many people died." Black dragon Ben said nonchalantly while shaking his head, making his way to Claire's side while watching the corpses that covered the entire floor.

Then he looked at Claire expectantly, saying, "Can I make my move now? Can I eat that magician?"

Black dragon Ben was pointing at the magician who had slowly made his way up the stairs.

"He's mine." Feng Yixuan said coldly.

"I'm very poor, I don't have any money. That's why I'll kill you guys. I'll have money then." The magician who had made his way up the stairs said such words slowly and woodenly, without any tone or any warmth. "That's why, you should all die today. For my money."

"Careful." Claire said softly, frowning.

This magician was definitely someone unordinary. Claire started to become a little worried, because just then, not only did she use all her strength to construct the magic shield, she had to secretly use Lotus power to block this magician's water arrow attack.

Black dragon Ben twitched his mouth helplessly. So annoying, without Claire's consent, he couldn't do anything. Annoying, annoying, annoying.... In any case, looks like nothing tonight was related to him, might as well go back to his room and sleep.

Just when black dragon Ben was about to turn and leave, Claire suddenly said, "Ben" quietly, stopping him.

“What?” Black dragon Ben yawned, completely bored.

“Now I’ll teach you your first lesson. You don’t need to fight fairly. One against many is the so called group fight. It’s fine to fight with all you’ve got.” Claire said sinisterly. “Also, just then I told you to resist. You don’t need to resist now. When you need to, you can go back on your word. That’s the second lesson I’m teaching you today, you’re really profiting tonight.”

Jean’s face froze, the little thief’s mouth twitched, Shui Wenmo opened his mouth wide, Feng Yixuan had an expression of being overwhelmed. Walter just fainted.

The next moment, the group fight started.

Part 2: The crisis strikes

Black dragon Ben gave a strange cry, spitting out a fierce fire ball. Instantly, the water and blood flowing in the corridor were evaporated. The other magician calmly and unhurriedly set up a water shield, but was pushed back by black dragon Ben’s strange strength, but the water shield didn’t break.

“F*ck your great grandfather!” Black dragon Ben cursed without care for his status. He had only used a third of his strength, but never thought that the other side would be able to resist this attack of his.

Once again, the magician made his way up, but greeting him was an even more fierce, even more shameless attack. Jean and Shui Wenmo already ran up to give a barrage of attacks. Feng Yixuan was even more shameless, continuously releasing majestic magic. Claire yawned, leaning on the wall and spectating. Ben dragon Ben looked up and down, like he was seeing if there was enough room.

“Stop looking, you’re not allowed to transform!” Claire knew what plan black dragon Ben was making. This despicable, uncultured black dragon wanted to transform and wreck the place.

Black dragon Ben scratched his head, very depressed.

“Quickly go and dispose of him, then run.” Claire directed black dragon

Ben.

“What do you mean by run?” Black dragon Ben asked while frowning, not understanding.

“You’re really profiting tonight, I’ll teach you your third lesson. When you’ve done an evil deed, quickly leave scene of the crime far away, the faster the better, the farther the better.” Claire taught exceptionally seriously.

“You mean in a moment after we get rid of that person, we’ll quickly go far away from this place?” Black dragon Ben immediately understood.

“Not bad, let’s go.” Claire waved her hand, indicating for black dragon Ben to join the “group battle”.

Soon, the strong magician was beaten up to the point that he had no strength left to retaliate.

He started wailing loudly, “I don’t want money any more, you guys win. No need to say goodbye.” After shouting out these shameless words, the strong magician pulled out a scroll, ripped it, and disappeared,

Spatial teleportation scroll?!

Everybody was a little shocked. They never would have thought this kind of person who was hired actually had such a precious magic item.

Since the “group battle”’s opponent was gone, everybody stopped.

“We’re withdrawing from here. The faster, the better, the farther, the better.” Black dragon Ben said seriously to everybody, carrying out Claire’s valuable lesson.

“Let’s go.” Now Cliff lazily opened his door.

“Let’s go, let’s go. Let’s escape through the window.” Feng Yixuan pointed at a door, indicating for everyone to leave from the window of that room.

Everybody left through the window one after another. Feng Yixuan lifted his brow and stealthily went down the stairs like a demon. When he found the pig skin young master who was quivering in a corner, his dagger

lightly slashed. After he finished silencing him, he quickly returned to meet up with Claire and them.

"I didn't get to have a warm bath, boohoo, there wasn't enough time to take a bath." The little thief had a sullen expression as everybody madly rushed in the night, hurrying towards the city gates.

"I can turn back to my original form and spit out some spit for you to wash." Black dragon Ben said, deadpan serious.

"It's also warm." Feng Yixuan added with a vulgar smile.

"Pah! You uncultured, disgusting black dragon! And you're a prince!" Summer couldn't hold back her rage.

Strangely, Ben didn't attack back and instead, stopped talking, running with everyone else.

Walter sighed bitterly. These people who had stayed with Claire for a while were actually led astray.

The group sneakily crossed over the city walls, madly running and disappearing into the night. If their identities were discovered, there would definitely be a dispute between countries.

Naturally, in the end, the group slept outdoors.

Everybody was tired out by running madly the whole way. They carelessly put up tents, then slept.

Just when they had slept for a little, a gale of wind came, blowing their tents so hard the tents swayed. Then, the sound of many roars came from the distance sporadically.

"How noisy! Who could sleep? I'll go slaughter them." Black dragon Ben got up angrily, walking towards the depths of the woods.

"Magic beasts?" Naturally, everybody was awakened, all hearing the distant roars.

"It's a wind attributed leopard and an earth attributed snake." Black dragon Ben scratched his ears, about to go towards the source of the sounds.

Claire didn't say a word and only went too, following black dragon Ben stealthily.

Cliff crawled out his tent, set up a magic barrier, yawned, then crawled back to continue sleeping.

Summer also went back and continued sleeping.

"So sleepy. Claire, Ben went to slaughter the magic beasts, what are you going for?" Feng Yixuan yawned, looked at the tents, then looked at Claire's figure, debating whether or not to follow or continue sleeping. Perhaps Claire was going to get beast cores? With Claire's personality, that was something definitely plausible.

"Sure, go. I'll be sleeping first." Shui Wenmo kicked Feng Yixuan's butt, kicking Feng Yixuan out the tent.

Feng Yixuan rubbed his eyes that were about to close and followed Claire with Jean.

It was only when they reached the place the magic beasts were roaring did they see what was going on clearly. A black wind leopard was currently fighting a gigantic earth snake. The leopard seemed to have used up a lot of strength, while the snake was was actually getting more brave as the fight went on. It was constantly touching the ground using its tail and making earth spikes, shooting them at the wind leopard.

"They're actually both seventh grade beasts and also mature." Feng Yixuan said with surprise, looking at the wind leopard and big snake. This place actually had such high level beasts, something really incomprehensible.

"So annoying. Are they going to let me sleep or not?" Black dragon Ben grumbled with a low voice, hearing the roars of the two magic beasts. Just when he was about to use dragon pressure to intimidate the two magic beasts and then slaughter them, Claire said, "Wait."

"What?" Black dragon Ben asked, not understanding.

"Just shield me, I'll get rid of that snake. The wind leopard will be mine." A sliver of a smile appeared from the corner of Claire's mouth.

“What are you going to do with that little cat?” Ben asked suspiciously.

“You’ll understand tomorrow.” Claire didn’t explain and instead ran up, attacking the big snake while maintaining a distance.

The next moment would be accurately called inhuman oppression.

The giant snake had been broken into segments, magic core extracted, dead with a dismembered corpse.

The wind leopard froze. When if came back to its senses, the first thing it did was run, wanting to run far away from the dangerous being.

Chapter 60: [No Title]

“Capture him.” Claire ordered Ben.

Ben squinted his eyes, nonchalantly releasing a tiny,tiny bit of dragon’s might. Instantly, the surrounding quieted down, the small bugs that made chirps and clicks during the night completely deathly silent. The wind leopard lied on his stomach, his two front paws covering his head, his body trembling slightly.

“From now on, you are my magic beast. If you don’t listen, I’ll let them cut you up and turn you into stew. Understood?” Claire walked forward, crouched down, and said these words to the wind leopard slowly. The seventh grade beast wind leopard’s intelligence was already very high, it completely understood Claire’s words.

The wind leopard reached out its head hesitantly, looking at the dismembered corpse of the big snake, then looking at the evil-looking black dragon Ben, then cautiously nodded its head. It knew very clearly that the black clothed black haired person wasn’t human, a being far above him. Also, the big snake that had put it had a disadvantage was already split into many pieces quietly lying on the ground.

“Claire, what do you want to do with this magic beast? It can’t be that you want to contract it as your magic beast.” Feng Yixuan was completely confused. Although it was a mature magic beast, it was only a wind leopard.

“A mount.” Claire squinted, looking and touching the wind leopard’s soft fur. Sitting on this was basically, haha, extremely comfortable. There were many paths that horses could not take that the wind leopard was most suitable for.

“Oh.” Feng Yixuan suddenly realized.

Just when everybody was planning on going back to their tests, a strange, intense cyclonic gale blew, blowing so hard everyone had a hard time opening their eyes and the surrounding trees were blown crooked.

Next, a formidable pressure descended and the wind leopard started trembling in fear. It lied down, hugging its head with its front paws, whimpering. It was even more scared of this than the pressure black dragon Ben had just given it.

A terrifying being was approaching!

Although this pressure was very terrifying and made one's heart shudder, compared to the god of Darkness's pressure that Claire and Feng Yixuan had experienced, it was nothing.

Ben's face was full of hatred as he looked towards the night sky, his expression exceptionally grave.

"Ben, who is it? Do you recognize them?" Claire looked up towards the night sky. When she saw the being approaching them, Claire's expression changed slowly.

A giant golden dragon!

It was actually a golden dragon, the sign of the dragon race's king!

"When the shackles were undone, I had thought you had escaped by yourself. Who would have thought you were helped by lowly humans, you nitwit. You've trampled the honor of dragons to the ground. Royal father has already left, so you won't be as lucky as before. You should peacefully die." The golden dragon's voice rumbled, madly and maliciously laughing.

Ben's expression turned extremely ugly.

Claire's expression also changed. This golden dragon was the dragon king! Nobody here was his match, not even Cliff or black dragon Ben!

"Having these lowly ants die with you is befitting of your lowly status, hahahaha...." The golden dragon laughed heartily.

Feng Yixuan slowly clenched his fist.

All the people here added up weren't the golden dragon's match, was it time to undo the seal?

The golden dragon started flapping his incomparably giant golden wings and flew, looking down disdainfully at black dragon Ben. "You lowly scum,

royal father would protect you at times like this, let's see who will protect you now!"

Claire watched the crazed golden dragon in midair solemnly, her heart somewhat sinking. Dragon, this kind of being, was a being from from legends. An average dragon could easily wipe out an entire city. The dragon in front of her was definitely not average. He was the dragon king, a golden dragon! His strength didn't need to be mentioned. She knew enough from seeing Ben's expression.

"The only royal successor is me. What qualifications do you, lowly scum, have to fight with me? I'll annihilate you today." The golden dragon roared, spitting out dragon aura. The dragon aura filled with destructive power attacked. Sand and stones flew, trees were uprooted.

Black dragon Ben gave an angry roar, instantly returning to his original form, forcefully blocking the dragon aura.

The two giant dragons started wrestling in midair. The two harbored some kind of unknown enmity, not even using magic, directly fighting with their flesh. Their roars echoed into the horizon, but soon, Ben was put into a state of disadvantage.

"Claire..... should we seize this opportunity to escape?" Walter asked, trembling. This guy would always be interested in only saving his neck.

Claire didn't speak.

There was no way to escape. Black dragon Ben wasn't the match of the dragon who inherited golden power. Where could they run to? Even if she used the spatial teleportation scroll the Emery gave her now, only she would be able to escape. She couldn't leave the others behind.

Cliff had sensed something was wrong, hurrying over with Summer and Shui Wenmo.

"Idiots, what did you come here for? Go away quickly." Ben roared, seeing from midair the people who had hurried over.

"Haha, scum, you actually want to protect these lowly ants? Is it perhaps because you are all the same, lowly, that you would do such stupid acts?"

The golden dragon sneered loudly, then spit out a fire ball to attack Ben. Ben immediately spit out a water ball, but when the water ball hit the golden dragon's fire ball, it instantly evaporated. Next, the fire smashed hard into Ben's body with a loud hiss.

"Scum!" The golden dragon seemed to harbor great hatred for Ben, not killing him, but slapping Ben down with his claw, then hatefully stepping on Ben viciously.

"Scum, you actually care about these ants?" The golden dragon stared at Claire's group with his big eyes, then started laughing heartily. "Then I'll kill them all one by one, let you enjoy this kind of feeling."

"Stop, this is our internal grudge, don't involve those humans." Ben struggled, trying to get up from underneath the golden dragon's foot.

"What a joke!" The golden dragon stepped Ben violently, glowering, a sinister smile appearing at his lips. "First, I'll crush these lowly ants into dust, then send you to hell."

"Claire, you guys should go quickly. I'll block him." Cliff pulled out his wand, his expression grave. From the depths of his eyes was a calmness in the face of death.

"Master, if we go, we go together, die, we die together. No need to speak." Claire said resolutely. Abandoning master and escaping alone was definitely impossible. This adorable old man had already paid so much for her, she definitely couldn't let him also pay with his life.

"You're still young, master is old." Cliff berated worriedly. "Go quickly, master can still block him for a while."

"Haha, idiots. Even these trash want to block me?" The golden dragon laughed sinisterly. His tail suddenly swung over, sweeping towards everybody.

Cliff's expression changed. He immediately set up a magic shield, blocking the golden dragon's attack. The golden dragon's tail stopped. His complexion darkened, as if being blocked by Cliff was extremely losing face. With an angry whistle, a giant fireball spout over.

Claire had already knew the golden dragon's fireball's might. They were unable to beat the fireball, something that had even wounded black dragon Ben. Feng Yixuan immediately kneeled down on one knee, hands on the ground, and concentrated. A thick ice wall quickly rose from the ground.

Cliff's eyes revealed surprise. This youth actually had such skill and such high adaptability. And it was instantaneous, without any incantation! Was this his actual strength?

There was a disdainful look in the golden dragon's eyes. He wanted to block his fireball with this kind of ice wall? What a joke!

But the next moment, the golden dragon wasn't able to keep on mocking. The fireball was blocked by the ice wall. The ice wall was melted slowly by the fireball. Although the ice wall had melted, quite a bit of the fireball had disappeared, and the remaining flame was easily blocked by Cliff.

"Damnable ants! All of you, die." Evidently, blocking the gold dragon's fireball made him feel very humiliated. They had neutralized his attack twice in a row. His pride wouldn't allow what he thought of as lowly ants to trample him.

The giant dragon roared madly, his dragon pressure continuously expanding, expanding.....

Everybody felt the dragon pressure continuously swell madly, their expressions becoming more and more heavy.

Feng Yixuan gritted his teeth and clapped his hands together, joining them at his chest.

"You're mad!" The nearby Shui Wenmo grabbing Feng Yixuan's hand, stopping what he was doing. He shouted angrily, "You actually wanted to do that, do you want your life? Currently, your body cannot withstand such power."

"If I don't do this, we'll all die!" Feng Yixuan tried to pull his hand back, but Shui Wenmo didn't let it go, grabbing it tightly.

“Don’t use it until the very last moment. Use if after I die.” Shui Whenmo let go of Feng Yixuan’s hand and pulled out his sword. With a roar, his whole body burst forth with dazzling purple Dou Qi.

(TL: here’s where the glossary can help)

Alertly, Jean slowly pulled out his sword. Looking at Claire, he said quietly, “Miss, go first. It is my responsibility to protect you. Bring them away first.”

“You can’t stop him.” Cliff said succinctly, frowning.

Jean didn’t answer, glanced at Claire profoundly, then turned and coldly eyed the golden dragon, saying icily, “Feng Yixuan, please safely bring Claire away.”

Under everybody’s astonished gazes, with a low grunt, Jean’s entire body emitted silver Dou Qi!

That’s right, they hadn’t seen wrong, it was actually silver Dou Qi!

Only swordsages had silver Dou Qi!

Jean was actually already swordsage rank!

He had hidden his strength the whole time, making everybody think he was only a grand warrior. Nobody had thought that he was only one step away from the pinnacle, godly swordsage.

And now, he wanted to sacrifice his life for time.

To be accurate, it was to buy time for Claire.

Chapter 61: Claire's Outbreak

"Go!" Jean turned to Feng Yixuan and shouted, then tapped the ground with his toe, shooting towards the golden dragon like an arrow.

"Claire, go soon! If we don't go, everybody will die here." Walter urged impatiently.

"Go! If we don't go now, it'll be too late." Shui Wenmo shouted, urging everyone.

Feng Yixuan frowned, staring at Jean who was fighting against the golden dragon, his eyes overflowing with unwillingness and humiliation. This man dashed up for the sake of stalling time for Claire! Swordsage! With such a young age, he had attained this kind of level, but was going to fall here. Only for Claire, only for his master? He could step forward bravely for Claire, he had the strength to obstruct for a moment. Why couldn't he? Hate! Utter hate! Why was he so weak, not even able to withstand the power of undoing the seal!

"Shui Wenmo, bring Feng Yixuan away." Claire watched Jean fight the golden dragon, the suddenly said these words to Shui Wenmo coldly.

Before Feng Yixuan came to his senses, a sharp pain came from the nape of his neck, and then he blacked out, weakly falling over. Shui Wenmo didn't say another word, lifted up Feng Yixuan, then pulled Summer, who had been stunned and still hadn't come to her senses, then madly dashed away.

"Claire, let's go too." Cliff hurriedly urged Claire. This wasn't the time to hesitate. Even though Jean is a swordsage, he's still not able to defeat the golden dragon and could only try his hardest to stall for time.

Claire watched the crazed golden dragon. Although he was fighting Jean, he hadn't shifted from his position once, his feet still stepping on Ben.

"Master, did you know? In the beginning, I had ill will towards Jean, unable to accept him, because he wasn't loyal. But now....." Claire smiled softly, her eyes tranquil and calm. "Master, forgive me. Go first. I cannot

throw Jean away."

Cliff's expression changed, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he chanted a small spell. Claire's body became rigid, unable to move. Cliff lifted the unable to move Claire with magic and started floating, rapidly escaping.

"Master!" Claire called out in alarm. Cliff was actually taking her away forcefully and throwing Jean away?!

"Claire, you can't die here, and you're not supposed to die here." Currently Cliff's voice was ice cold, indescribably callous.

Claire stared wide eyed at Jean as he slowly went off into the distance.

"Roar……" Suddenly, the golden dragon was in pain, painfully snarling. It turns out, Jean had wounded his tail. The tail had a harsh wound currently bleeding bright red blood.

"Damnable ant, be destroyed with this land." The golden dragon angrily snarled. Next, the golden dragon only fought with his claws, chanting a long spell unsteadily.

No good! Cliff's expression changed greatly. The spell's dense berserk, destructive aura and incomparably large magic undulation showed that the crazy golden dragon wanted to destroy the land. Not only the remote city, even more distant lands would be destroyed.

"Stop! What are you doing? Don't forget the promise the dragon god gave to the goddess of Light. Dragons cannot rashly destroy human territory." Ben felt the intense, wrathful aura, understanding what the gold dragon wanted to do, shouting loudly, appalled, hoping that it would stop his crazy actions. If it continued like this, it would bring sky-reaching trouble to the dragon race.

Cliff set Claire down, frantically undid Claire's restraints, and urged worriedly, "Claire, where is your spatial teleportation scroll? Quick, quickly go!"

Naturally, Claire had also sensed the blatantly swelling strong magic undulation with destructive aura.

As long as the golden dragon finished chanting, this area of land would soon become a wasteland, barren, all living beings instantly destroyed.

Jean also felt the danger, sharply attacking with his sword with Dou Qi at the golden dragon's mouth.

The golden dragon smiled disdainfully. With an abrupt wave of his claw, Jean was suddenly struck to the ground. The golden dragon directly pierced down, preparing to skewer Jean's heart.

Jean!

Jean!

Claire's eyes instantly widened.

An indescribable power suddenly poured out of her body fiercely.

Currently, Claire only had one thought in mind.

Jean cannot die!

It was as if time stopped, everything still.

All living things went silent, everything going still.

The golden dragon halted right when he was about to finish chanting, breaking the spell. The enormous power was not released. The golden dragon widened his eyes, staring at his own claw. His claw had stopped right before Jean's chest, unable to go any closer. An enormous power restrained him, making his body unable to move.

Time hadn't stopped. Instead, a formidable power restrained all the living things in the surrounding from moving.

Cliff froze, because he felt by his side Claire's body pouring out an indescribably formidable power, continuously pouring out.....

Power, boundless power.

It was a scorching power, making one exceptionally constrained, to the point that one would almost forget to think.

Claire's gaze misted over. Slowly, slowly, she rose in the air.

“Four legged reptile, go back to where you came from.” A cruel smile appeared on Claire’s lips. She raised her hand slowly. Instantly, a heaven-defying golden flame shot out. The beautiful, dazzling golden flame streaked across the night sky, attacking the golden dragon.

Only then did the golden dragon come back to his senses. With a cold humph, he disdainfully extended his front claw nonchalantly to block Claire’s flame. A mere human’s flame, one pinch could extinguish it. Just then was merely some kind of strange fluke, he actually became absentminded because of that tiny human’s indescribable power.

But the golden dragon cried out painfully. The golden flame had ran through the golden dragon’s claw, creating a hole.

“Lowly human, what did you do?” The golden dragon roared painfully and angrily. The claw wound was actually becoming bigger and bigger. Also, there was a scorching hot pain that became more and more intense.

“Do you really have granduer? You’re just a four legged reptile, that’s all.” Claire floated slowly to the golden dragon, looking at him face to face, a faint, icy cold smile appearing at her lips. “If you still don’t treat the wound, you’ll become a three legged reptile.” The chilling voice was like that of a demon from hell, profound and terrifying, like it could corrode the soul.

The golden dragon’s expression finally changed, because the pain he felt from his claw was becoming more and more scorching hot, and his wound was slowly expanding. Although he couldn’t believe a lowly human could harm him, his wound was really worsening.

“Lowly human, I’ll remember this debt. Wait for the most cruel revenge.” The golden dragon finally believed Claire’s treat, speaking hatefully, then flapped his wings, speedily disappearing into the night sky.

Claire gazed at the golden dragon as it left, then let out a long sigh. If the golden dragon really wanted to fight to the death, then Claire would definitely be the one defeated. This kind of cowardly dragon who only cared for his neck was actually the dragon race’s king, truly inconceivable.

“Claire……” Cliff quietly called Claire, who was floating in mid air.

Claire slowly came back to her senses, then descended down.

The next moment, she landed into a warm embrace. Jean had caught Claire in timely fashion.

“Claire, how are you?” Cliff immediately rushed over and asked.

“Miss, are you alright?” Jean’s expression was full of concern.

“What’s going on? Why is your flame golden? Why were you able to burn his body? Dragon’s bodies are the firmest. Why would he be wounded?” Ben turned back into a human and also ran over, asking suspiciously. What was scary about dragons was that not only were they able to do high level enchantments, their body was exceptionally sturdy. Normal swords were basically unable to create any injuries on them, let alone a golden dragon’s body. But Claire’s flame had actually burned it; how could they not be surprised?

But Claire didn’t say anything at this moment. Another burning sensation came from her back. This time, the second petal had bloomed!

Unexpectedly, at this critical juncture, she had comprehended the second level of the Treasured Lotus Style! That was how she was able to beat back the golden dragon!

She felt an even more terrifying crisis about to attack.

Also, this crisis was very distinctly only for her alone.

Tribulation lightning!

Damn! Why was it that with only the second level of the Treasured Lotus Style she was going to receive tribulation lightning?

Wasn’t it only when those bs godly cultivation methods were cultivated to a very high level that there would be tribulations? When people learned godly cultivation methods, they would go against heaven’s law and naturally would be receive punishment by heaven: passing tribulation, withstand heavenly lightning. With success, one would gain a godly amount of power. Failure would naturally result in the soul shattering and dispersing.

But that was only in the Orient!!!!!! What did it have to do with this realm?!

Claire was about to collapse. Wasn't this going against common sense too much?

With the second level she was going to undergo heavenly lightning, and it was in this world.

Claire struggled free from Jean's embrace and said hurriedly, "Master, set up the most sturdy barrier here, best to have many layers. Then immediately leave this place far away, quickly!"

"Ah?" Although Cliff was confused, he still listened to Claire's words, immediately setting up his most sturdy magic barrier around Claire.

"Go! Go far! Quickly!" Claire looked up at the sky worriedly. Close, close, the damn tribulation lightning was about to come.

Cliff, Jean, and Ben also faced the sky and were astonished to see the hazy night sky was starting to slowly darken. Big, big clouds were amassing there. Slowly, the black clouds covered a huge area. Rumbling came from within the clouds, lightning flashing.

Chapter 62: [No Title]

Was there going to be a downpour of rain?

But why was it only that way around them?

Other places were still bright like before.

Selective rain? There was something as ridiculous as that?

“First leave this place quickly. In a while, there will be lightning strikes. This lightning is no small matter; it’s not something the human body can resist.” Claire said to them solemnly. “This lightning is only directed towards me. If you leave, there will be no problem.”

“What?!” When they heard Claire’s words, their expressions changed greatly.

There was actually something like that?

“Miss! You even said that it’s something the human body can’t resist, how, how are you going to resist?” Jean became worried, wanting to rush to Claire’s side. But Cliff had already set up a sturdy barrier and even put up a couple of layers. Naturally, people outside weren’t able to reach Claire.

“I, I’ll immediately undo the barriers.” Cliff also became frantic.

“There’s no time, master. If you undo them right now, I will definitely die. If you don’t, I’ll still have a sliver of hope for living. Quickly get out of the way.” Claire immediately shouted at Cliff to stop.

“What’s going on? Claire, what on earth is going on?” Cliff was so frantic, his face was full of sweat, but he didn’t understand.

“I’ll tell you after, don’t bother me now.” Claire immediately sat in the lotus position, clapping her palms lightly before her chest, starting to use the second level of the Treasured Lotus Style.

“Let’s first withdraw.” Ben advised Cliff and Jean, seeing the rumbling dark clouds and the lightning and thunder within the layers.

The two weren’t willing to take even one step away.

Black dragon Ben instantly transformed back, grabbed one of them in each claw, then immediately retreated.

The rumbling sound of thunder resonated into the horizon. A lightning writhing about amidst the dark clouds, making one's heart alarmed and one tremble with fear, completely charged with berserk and dreadful power.

One, just one lightning bolt!

Claire clenched her teeth. She should be able to withstand it.

A shocking, dreadful, snow white lightning bolt streaked across the night sky, directly striking at Claire.

"Claire!"

"Miss!"

Cliff and Jean both frantically cried out.

It wasn't some small lightning from a magician, it was a natural lightning bolt from the sky!

Brimming with berserk and unsteady power.

The bolt of lightning lit the surroundings white.

As he watched the situation, Ben froze. His claws loosened, dropping Jean and Cliff.

They saw very clearly that all of Cliff's barriers were struck broken by the lightning bold, but didn't see it wound Claire.

Because they couldn't see Claire!

Claire was wrapped up tightly by a gigantic golden lotus. The giant golden lotus shined brightly, dazzling more so within the night, more beautiful than anything that could be imagined. It deeply shocked their souls, making one unable to move their gaze away.

The lightning bolt broke Cliff's barriers and attacked the golden petals, but was like a stone that had been thrown into the sea and sunk to the bottom: without any reaction.

The next moment, the dark clouds dissipated. The night sky was once again glittering with stars, as if the dark clouds and lightning just then was their hallucination.

The two humans and dragon just blankly stared at Claire, deeply engrossed by the golden lotus wrapped around Claire. Slowly, the golden golden lotus gradually opened its petals, showing Claire, who had was sitting inside. Everybody would remember this sight for a long time. The current Claire was so at peace and beautiful, attracting one's soul.

Claire gradually opened her eyes and slowly got up. Looking down and seeing the giant lotus beneath her feet, she inwardly cursed at the creator of the Treasured Lotus Style cultivation method. How sneaky. The golden lotus seemed to be specialized for the tribulation lightning. In other words, every time she comprehended, there would be tribulation lightning and the golden lotus would protect?

"Claire!" Cliff and Jean hurriedly rushed over, both looking very worried.

Just at this moment, the golden lotus suddenly shined millions of rays of light, completely submerging Claire. Slowly, the light dimmed down.

Everybody was in shock as they watched Claire close her eyes, hair blowing, her sleeves also flying fast. Her refined look stunned one's heart. An indescribable feeling of freedom emitted out of every fiber of her being. It was as if something from deep within her body was slowly sprouting, then blossoming.

Then the bright golden lotus slowly disappeared. The surroundings darkened.

"Claire!" Everyone hurried over.

Claire sighed quietly. How was she going to explain to them?

"Claire, you, you advanced?" Cliff watched Claire and suddenly shouted, pleasantly surprised. "You're actually now at the level of a wizard, before, you were only a grand magician."

What? Wizard?!

glossary here

The capital's temple of Light.

In front of the inscription of the goddess of Light, there was the green haired woman, the temple of Light's best prophet. She was currently kneeling, eyes closed, in front of the divine inscription.

A moment later, she slowly got up and opened her strange pair of eyes.

The goddess had just given out orders!

The person the goddess wanted to find was in Yowusali!

They needed to immediately send people there to find them!

Advanced? She advanced just like that?

Claire looked at her hands suspiciously, feeling something was different from before. There was some kind of power filling her body. But, she had so suddenly just like that? Did it have to do with the Treasured Lotus Style?

"Claire, what was that flower just now? Why would lightning strike?" Ben continued to ask, suspicious.

"That....." Claire was thinking of how to reply.

"Claire!" An impatient shout came from the distance. It was Feng Yixuan's voice.

Everyone turned to see Feng Yixuan madly dash over.

"Everything you saw just then was what I learned from the book from Summer." Claire replied briefly, not planning on hiding anything.

Learned it from that book? Jean was suspicious. The words on the book didn't seem to be from this continent, why was Claire able to understand them?Ben's expression was even more confused. Cliff, on the other hand, was thinking.

"Claire, are you alright?" Feng Yixuan rushed over, grabbing Claire's hand. He inspected her up and down. Seeing Claire was not the slightest bit wounded, he calmed down.

“What about that dragon? Why was there lightning just then?” Feng Yixuan frowned, sizing up the surroundings. The surroundings were a mess, many large crevices in the ground, and also many fractured trees and shattered stone.

“It ran away.” Claire pulled away her hand and said insipidly.

“It ran away?” Feng Yixuan’s mouth opened wide. Dragons were arrogant beings, why would one suddenly run away?

“He had some business, so he suddenly ran. It seemed like someone was calling him.” Claire said, her expression completely serious.

“Oh?” Feng Yixuan scratched his head. Then, a stab of pain came from the nape of his neck and he jumped up. “Shui Wenmo, that scum, he actually attacked me secretly again. If I don’t completely beat him up this time, he won’t know……”

“You can’t die here. Let him take you away.” Claire stopped Feng Yixuan.

Feng Yixuan froze and just stood there, facing away from Claire, suddenly quieting down. Nobody could see his expression.

From far away, Shui Wenmo and Summer also made their way over. They had hurried over after confirming they were safe.

As they came close, everybody saw that one of Shui Wenmo’s eyes had become a panda eye, evidently from Feng Yixuan.

“Where’s the dragon.” Summer asked suspiciously.

“There was some matter to deal with at Dragon Valley, he was suddenly summoned over.” Ben had understood Claire’s real meaning, lying without any indication of guilt.

“Wow! Our luck is so good.” Summer jumped up and down.

Ben had said these words, so naturally, there was some credibility.

But now they had already created a grudge with the golden dragon. Wanting to safely pass through Dragon Valley would be harder than hard, basically impossible, because offending the dragon race’s king equated to offending the entire dragon race. If they were discovered while passing

through Dragon Valley, with one dragon breath, they would turn to dust.

Was it good luck or bad luck?

“Let’s first leave this place. With something that big happening here, soon there will be people investigating.” Cliff said, looking at the disordered surroundings.

“Yes, let’s first pack up our things and leave.” Claire turned, looking for something.

“What are you looking for?” Jean asked.

“Aha, here. Little Wind,1 come over here.” Claire happily beckoned.

Feng Yixuan turned, baffled. Was Claire calling him? It couldn’t be.

The wind leopard that had been withdrawn in a corner slowly stood up, trembling as it walked over. This guy had not dared to run. Just then, he had seen everything, so much so that he didn’t dare to run. Imprinted deeply into his heart was that Claire was extremely frightening.

“Little Wind?” Feng Yixuan’s mouth twitched as he pointed towards the slowly walking over wind leopard, completely confused as he asked, “He’s Little Wind?”

“You gotta problem?” Claire rubbed the wind leopard’s soft fur, extremely satisfied.

“If you touch it and call out my name, I’ll be thinking of strange things.” Feng Yixuan chuckled.

Claire’s face darkened. While stroking the wind leopard, she said, “From now on your name is Little Leopard, understand?”

The pitiful wind leopard looked at the dominating Claire and then nodded heavily.

Now Claire relaxed. Everybody didn’t need to carry anything as everything went into Cliff’s interspatial ring. But the ring couldn’t carry anything living. The four horses couldn’t travel there and it would be up to them to walk there. But now it was different.

The wind leopard's tall body, soft fur, graceful body, and thick padded feet completely made it a top notch mount.

Currently, Claire was riding the wind leopard, face full of content. Claire had practically laid down, half of her body touching the wind leopard's back. Summer seemed to be afraid of furry animals, staying far away.

After leaving the place far behind, Claire yawned. The sky was already faintly glowing white. The ruckus had transpired the whole night, so they didn't get to sleep.

"Let's rest here. You guys should go back to where you came from. There's no way you can pass through Dragon Valley." Ben sat down and said insipidly. "You've offended that narrow minded, vicious and merciless guy who's sure to remember it. Now he's even inherited the royal golden power. Once his wound is better, he'll immediately think of a way for revenge. It's better to first think of how to deal with him."

*

1. Feng Yixuan's last name, Feng, means wind.

Chapter 63: Golden Dragon's Wrath

Cliff's expression flickered. He understood that everything Ben said was true.

But if they weren't able to cross Dragon Valley, then there was no way to reach Sprite Forest, not to mention the god of Sprites. Then there would be no way to undo the mark on Claire's hand.

"If we go now, we'll definitely die when we pass through Dragon Valley. If we don't go, there's still a chance." Claire said to Cliff insipidly.

Of course Cliff understood Claire's words. Before the god of Darkness descends, become strong, and use one's own strength to undo the mark, going against the god of Darkness. But, was it possible? Could they wait until then?

"Alright now, Master, don't think about it. The sky's starting to brighten, we should rest." Claire yawned. "Let's set up tents."

Cliff's expression was solemn. He silently grabbed something. His heart was exceptionally grave.

Go forward? Or withdraw.

The surroundings quieted down. Everybody went into their tents. As for if anybody was awake, no one knew.

This night, so much had gone on, they were tired to death. Only when it was the afternoon did everybody wake up.

After Claire woke up and got out her tent, she spotted Jean sitting in front of the bon fire, roasting meat.

"Miss, you woke up?" Jean stood up, with a faint hint of a smile.

"Yes. How does your body feel now?" Claire said quietly and sat down and motioned to Jean to also sit down. Yesterday, although the golden dragon only messed around with Jean and didn't kill him, Jean still suffered many injuries.

"Much better. As expected, the medicine sir Cliff refined is outstanding."

Jean replied.

"Oh, Claire. It sure is early." Feng Yixuan also went out of his tent, his voice emotionless, directly sitting in between the two.

"Yes, it is." Claire nodded.

"Better to go back to the capital as fast as possible." Jean suddenly said seriously. "Ben said yesterday that golden dragon will definitely not let the matter go. Gaining experience does not necessarily mean we need to go to Sprite Forest. We can choose other routes."

Feng Yixuan frowned, wanting to say something, but then suddenly remembered that the mark on the back of Claire's hand was only known by him and Cliff. Thinking of this, Feng Yixuan swallowed back his words.

"Yes, let's go back. Afterall, the capital is the Temple of Light's territory. If what Ben said was correct, the goddess of Light and the Dragon God have an agreement. Dragons cannot attack human cities." Claire nodded. If that golden dragon hadn't been scared off by her words, he still wouldn't have created a huge problem instead of running. This kind of dragon actually became the dragon king, what a disgrace to the dragon race. Looks like Ben's relationship with that dragon was very strong. Claire speculated. If Ben hadn't been trapped, perhaps he would have become the next king.

"Miss, are you hungry?" Jean rotated the roasting meat, asking quietly.

Before Claire could respond, Ben suddenly ran out of the tent like wind with a flustered expression, hastily shouting, "Quickly leave, quickly leave this place. That bastard came back!"

What?!

Everybody's expressions changed abruptly.

Who else could make Ben frantically urge them to go besides the cruel golden dragon?

Claire instantly stood up, turning to face the front.

In only an instant, a crazy wind struck from the front. Sand and stones

flew everywhere. Instantaneously, the front had become bare wasteland. The crazy squall brimming with destructiveness attacked everyone without warning.

Ben's complexion darkened as he rapidly rushed forward and instantly transformed back into his original form to block the gale brimming with destructive power for everyone.

The gale swept pass Ben. The nearby trees and boulders all weren't able to escape the destruction, instantly blown away. Crevices appeared on the ground, a ghastly sight.

With the sound of a splatter, all the tents behind everybody were bumped into by something. Next, those parts of the tests were slowly dyed red. Claire was shocked to look up and see more red, seeing Ben seep out blood. The crazy gale already cut Ben's strong body! What had splashed onto the tents was Ben's blood. This squall could actually cut Ben's body!

Cliff and then were all soon out of their tents. Seeing the scene in front of them, everybody's complexions all paled.

"Lowly human, I said before that I would make you pay the price. I will shred your corpse into a thousand pieces, your soul shall suffer for all eternity." The golden dragon's roar came from the distance, filled with hate and wrath.

Claire's expression also changed. The golden dragon was actually this quick to return? This quick to contain the wound on his claw?

This time, they weren't able to withstand the golden dragon's ire.

What could they do?

Soon, the golden dragon appeared within their line of sight. He widened his eyes sinisterly, snorting rudely, his eyes full of hatred and humiliation. Before, he had actually been scared off by that lowly human. At the time, why did he really believe that his claw would be destroyed?

"Lowly human, you actually dared to trick me. I will make you pay the necessary price." The golden dragon angrily thundered.

This shameless dragon, Claire coldly snorted. It was only because you were a coward that you were tricked.

“Claire, what do we do? What do we do now? Now this dragon is even more angry, he will definitely not be scared off again. He came using such strength, will he really kill us?” Walter asked, trembling.

“Dunno.” Claire said coldly. If the golden dragon used all his strength, then in truth, nobody here would be able to resist.

“Then we’re screwed, we’re screwed……” Walter repeated continuously, panicking. Suddenly, he thought of something, saying eagerly, “Claire, White Emperor, has White emperor woken up? Didn’t he instakill that magician last time? Wake him quick quickly, make him go against the golden dragon.”

Claire was silent, not saying a word, because White Emperor was still sleeping. From the connection from the contract, Claire knew White Emperor would still not wake up at this moment. He was still recovering.

“Ah, I knew it, I knew nothing good would come out of staying with Claire. This time, I’m really screwed.” Summer said mournfully, looking miserable.

“Don’t give up until the bitter end.” Shui Wenmo said solemnly.

The golden dragon came closer and closer. Once he saw Ben standing in front of everyone, his expression became more and more sinister. Fuming with rage, he said, “You really fell beyond redemption, actually accompanying these lowly humans, how humiliating for the dragon race!”

“Way better than a bastard who used evil means to become the king.” Ben gritted his teeth and retorted.

“Haha……” The golden dragon disdainfully started laughing wildly. “Blame your own stupidity. Go to hell.” The golden dragon stepped back a little, rapidly chanting a spell.

A glaring light beam suddenly shot out. Ben’s expression changed and he dodged. But the light beam seemed like it was alive, turning with Ben and then attacked.

With a loud sound, the light beam went through Ben's body, then continuously grew long, winding a few times around Ben's body, then suddenly tightening, binding Ben tightly.

Everybody recognized that the light beam was the same kind as the one that had restricted Ben when they first met him.

"You scum, stay here obediently. I'll deal with you in a moment. I want you to see with your own eyes the end of these humans you wanted to protect." The golden dragon cruelly laughed, looking down at the humans below him.

Claire clenched her fist tightly. Saying something like the person you're looking for is me, let them go, would only amuse this cruel dragon. With his personality, all the humans here would die.

He wouldn't let anyone go!

Claire didn't hesitate, instantly starting to use the Treasured Lotus Style. Immediately, her body emitted a faint golden hue.

As expected, when the golden dragon saw it, he was driven mad.

It was only because this colored flame had wounded him, throwing his heart into chaos, making him mistakenly believe he was going to be wounded greatly, that he had humiliatingly ran away.

The humiliation must be exterminated thoroughly!

"Die!" The golden dragon grinned evilly, flapping his wings, spitting a strong dragon aura over.

Cliff hurriedly set up a barrier. Feng Yixuan also set up a barrier to help.

The surrounding dust flew, blurring everybody's sight.

"Careful!" Ben's weak voice sounded, making everybody alarmed.

Once the dust settled, everybody's expression changed differently. A glaring light beam was already attacking and right before Claire's eyes. As expected, the golden dragon was very crafty, first spitting out dragon aura to confuse everybody, then shooting out a light beam.

The light beam was just about to go through Claire's body. And Claire was a human and couldn't resist this kind of attack that Ben could.

A malicious grin appeared on the golden dragon's face. This light beam would go through and melt that lowly human, slowly melting the body with the soul. Then it would dissipate amidst the slow, eternal suffering.

Nobody could stop it, nobody could save her!

Haha, ignorantly lowly human, this is the price to pay for hurting me! The golden dragon laughed heartily, waiting for Claire's miserable death, waiting for the lowly humans' despair.

Feng Yixuan's complexion instantly paled. He was about to rush up and block Claire without any hesitation. Jean also moved. Their goal was the same, blocking for Claire. Cliff set up multiple magic shields with one breath, but the light beam easily pierced through the magic shields and the magic shields instantly disintegrated.

Claire closed her eyes. The Treasured Lotus Style was churning crazil within her body.

Golden lotus. At this moment, she needed to summon the golden lotus that could block the heavenly lightning and block the light beam with the golden lotus.

Quickly come out, golden lotus. You whimsical guy, actually not coming out at this crucial moment.

"Pah, there's going to be someone who'll save you, what do I need to come out for? Waste of time." A lofty, rude voice suddenly sounded in Claire's mind, then instantly disappeared.

Before Claire could come back to her senses and ask who is this, what was that supposed to mean,

a familiar, terrifying repressing feeling suddenly appeared.

The insane smile the golden dragon had suddenly froze. A feeling of repression that even he couldn't resist appeared, throwing his heart into chaos incessantly. A differently feeling slowly appeared. And the light

beam that was going to run through and melt Claire's body and soul stopped right in front of Claire's chest, not moving forward at all.

Everybody was dumbstruck. Only Cliff and Feng Yixuan understood what was going on with the familiar pressure.

The terrifying pressure descended as the surrounds were gradually swallowed up by darkness. It was obviously day time, but the surroundings were a mass of darkness, pitch black.

A vortex appeared within the darkness. Then, blood red light appeared within the vortex.

A mocking smile appeared on Claire's lips.

Who would have thought, it was actually him who came to save me!

It was the god of Darkness!

Chapter 64: The Timely Appearance of the God of Darkness

Claire smiled mockingly. Really, she would have never thought that at the very last moment, it was actually the god of Darkness who came to save her!

The golden dragon started to shudder slightly. The fear in his heart was continuously expanding, expanding……

This pressure was a deity.

Why would a deity descend here?

Also, it was the most evil, most cruel god, the god of Darkness!

Naturally, he didn't think that the god of Darkness descended to find a miniscule, insignificant dragon king like him for some small talk.

The golden dragon started to go weak at the knees. He wanted to run, but it was as if roots had grown from the bottom of his feet; he was unable to move even the slightest bit.

The strong pressure made everybody exceptionally uncomfortable.

And the most weak, Summer, was blue in the face and had already fainted.

"Withdraw your pressure, I feel uncomfortable!" Claire used all her strength to squeeze out these words.

The golden dragon's heart started to palpitate. What was this lowly human doing? So impolite to the god of darkness! Perhaps she wanted to fall into the endless Darkness and suffer for all eternity. Who didn't know the god of Darkness ways of doing things, who were unaware? Angering him would make one wish they weren't even born. Out of all the gods, the most terrifying was the god of Darkness.

But, the next moment, the golden dragon's mind basically exploded. In the next instant, pressure was gone, but not the pressure for him. The pressure towards the lowly humans were removed! The surrounding

Darkness had become much more faint. But the golden dragon still beared with the terrifying pressure.

Why? What was going on?

Why would the god of Darkness listen to a trifling lowly human's words?

How was it possible?!

"You four legged reptile, you actually had the delusion of destroying my offering." Claire was familiar with the deep and evil voice that slowly sounded. The angry tone made one's heart tremble.

Offering? The golden dragon looked at Claire fearfully. This human was the god of Darkness's offering??

How could it be?

Everybody besides Feng Yixuan and Cliff also had huge changes in expression. Offering? What did that mean? What offering? Just then, the person the golden dragon wanted to kill was Claire, perhaps Claire was the god of Darkness's offering?! Such a thing was possible?

After the god of Darkness undid the pressure on Claire and them, Shui Wenmo quickly went down to Summer's side, who had already spit blood and passed out, and crouched down, worriedly carrying Summer, resting Summer against his chest.

"It's fine, she'll wake up in a moment." Cliff went up and inspected Summer.

Claire exhaled, sat down, and cocked her head, waiting for a good show. In any case, she was safe for sure, very safe.

"Venerable god of Darkness, I, I didn't know she was venerable one's offering. I, I definitely didn't mean to destroy venerable one's offering, I swear." The golden dragon attempted to resist the pressure, stuttering as he spoke. He watched Claire's relaxed movements incredulously, she actually dared to sit there.

"Stupid four legged reptile, didn't the Dragon God teach you any manners?" The sinister voice was incomparably unfeeling, making the

golden dragon's heart palpitate sporadically.

"Venerable god of Darkness, I, I really didn't know she was venerable one's offering. If I knew, I definitely wouldn't have done it. Please believe me, please forgive my stupid actions." The golden dragon said cautiously, trembling. He understood the god of Darkness's temperament very clearly. Perhaps he would give face to the Dragon God and let him live. But, if he angered the god of Darkness, he wouldn't care for it. If the god of Darkness really killed him, the Dragon God wouldn't fight to the death for a dragon king that had offended the god of Darkness. At most, the Dragon King would try to please the god of Darkness and then he would find another dragon to be king.

"Get lost. Next time, if I see you doing anything to my offering, I will make you wish you were dead." The god of Darkness spit out these words indifferently.

When the golden dragon heard the god of Darkness's words, he became ecstatic. The god of Darkness actually let him go! Great! The golden dragon immediately struggled to fly.

Just as the golden dragon was struggling to fly, the sinister, low voice coldly sneered quietly. Next, the golden dragon felt an intense pain from his tail joint, so painful, he was about to faint. Then his body slanted. When the golden dragon looked back, he was extremely alarmed. His entire tail, including the root, had been cut off. Blood continuously splashed out of the cut wound.

"Now get lost. This is my lesson to you. Next time, it won't be resolved so easily." The god of Darkness sneered disdainfully, voice completely bloodthirsty and arrogant.

The golden dragon was completely terrified, not even daring to let so much as a fart, hurriedly flapping away as if his life depended on it, not even stanching the blood flow.

And so the golden dragon ran off in such a miserable manner, not even daring to look back once. The unpleasant sight of blood spilling everywhere was a ghastly sight. He became the first dragon king in history

to not have a tail.

Surprisingly, the god of Darkness didn't leave immediately. Instead, he let out a terrifying, cruel laugh, then asked mockingly, "You want to find the god of Sprites to undo my mark, right?"

"Yes. Who would want to wait for death?" Claire said boldly, not hiding anything.

Everybody's became worried. Claire actually dared to be so impolite when speaking to the god of Darkness! Although Claire was his offering and he wouldn't kill Claire currently, that didn't mean he wouldn't make Claire suffer. The golden dragon just now was a clear case.

Contrary to everybody's expectations, the god of Darkness didn't do anything to Claire. Instead, he laughed madly, his laugh sounding completely satisfied. "Little thing, you don't need to go any more. Yesterday, the god of Sprites gambled with me, lost, and promised me something. No matter what happens, he won't undo my mark. Hahaha……" The sinister voice was completely satisfied. Evidently, the god of Darkness was in a pretty good mood today.

What? The god of Darkness and the god of Sprites gambled???

Did they mishear?

Gods would gamble with each other? And the god of Darkness who represented evil and the god of Sprites who represented purity and disinterest gambled?

Instantly, everybody thought they had misheard. But, something from the bottom of their hearts told them it was true. No need to struggle, it was true, really true, was true.

"Grow quickly, my beautiful offering." The god of Darkness laughed cruelly, then gradually disappeared.

The surrounding darkness slowly disappeared without a trace.

Claire's face darkened as she fell silent.

"Miss…… What's going on?" Jean slowly walked over, asking a little

hesitantly. Everybody else was also filled with confusion. Feng Yixuan was silent, his expression exceptionally unsightly.

Claire let out a long breath, then stood up to stretch and said to Shui Wenmo and Jean, “I’ll tell you all in a moment. You two should soak your weapons in this dragon blood. Don’t waste anything. Anything else that can be gathered should be collected into bottles. In the future, good armor will be made and soaked in it.”

Everybody was struck brilliantly by lightning. At this moment, the first thing that Claire wanted to do was actually this!

Shui Wenmo and Jean obediently soaked their weapons in the blood. The other people helped collecting the dragon blood. Ben shifted his mouth, standing at the side, not speaking. He looked at the fainted little robber, Summer, from the corner of his eye.

A moment later, everybody finished and sat down. Jean and Shui Wenmo looked at their weapons that were radiating an ineffable splendor, both happy. Weapons that had gained power from dragon blood would be many times stronger than before. But dragon blood was considered a treasure. Pah, how many people had the capabilities of getting dragon blood? At this moment, Summer started to awaken slowly.

Claire looked at everyone’s gazes and lightly sighed, knowing what they wanted to ask.

Claire took off the glove on her right hand and then raised it, showing the strange design of six black stars in a circle.

Everybody’s expressions changed. They were all unordinary and naturally had heard of what this circle of six black stars represented. But they had the impression that this was only an outlandish legend.

But they were currently seeing it on Claire’s hand. Also, before, the god of Darkness’s descent meant that it wasn’t a legend, but real.

“Miss!” Jean looked at Claire with a complicated expression, but unable to say a word.

Cliff and Feng Yixuan were both silent, their expressions as calm as

water.

“No wonder the god of Darkness would come and save you.” Ben said, suddenly understanding.

“Doesn’t that mean whenever you face danger the god of Darkness will go and save you?” Summer asked, somewhat awed. If it was like this, wasn’t there nothing Claire could be afraid of?

“Perhaps.” Claire replied insipidly.

“Then aren’t you invincible?” Summer started to get excited.

“No.” Claire smiled strangely.

“Why?” Summer frowned.

“Because sooner or later, the god of Darkness with take Claire’s life.” Shui Wenmo lowered his voice and said to Summer quietly, admonishing a little.

Summer’s expression changed. Now she realized how impudent she was. It wasn’t the time to ask this, but to be worried for Claire’s situation.

“It’s not because of that.” Claire looked up at the sky, her gaze profound.

“Then why?” Summer immediately asked.

Claire didn’t answer right away. Instead she looked up at the sky. Quietly, she said, “The god of Darkness has descended twice, but hasn’t shown his true appearance. But do you think the Temple of Light can’t sense this strong Dark power?”

That’s right, the Temple of Light!

Since Claire was the god of Darkness’s offering, then naturally, she was of help to the god of Darkness. Would the Temple of Light let such a person go?

Of course not!

Everybody fell silent. Everything that happened today was far greater than they could comprehend.

“Let’s go. Now that we know finding the god of Sprites is useless, let’s go

back." Claire got up. She saw Little Leopard, who was still trembling behind the tents, and beckoned at it.

Everybody didn't speak, all silently following from behind.

Just as Claire and them reached the border town, they bumped into somebody Claire knew well.

The Temple of Light's Holy Prince, Leng Lingyun.

Chapter 65: Little Wind Leaves

Just when they were at the border town and passing through customs, Leng Lingyun was actually there.

“Miss Claire, you’re actually here.” Leng Lingyun smiled and greeted. Once the bodyguards saw the Divine Prince greet Claire, they felt that the person sitting on the seventh grade magic bast was definitely unordinary. When Claire had appeared with Little Leopard, she had attracted many gazes.

“It can’t be, this pretty boy came to kill you?” Walter cried out in alarm. “It can’t be, they couldn’t be so quick.”

Claire looked at Leng Lingyun’s smile. She didn’t know if it was her misperception, but she kept on feeling like this cold guy’s current smile seemed to be much more real than before.

“How did your Highness know I was here?” Claire also smiled and asked. “Did your Highness come here for business.”

“Because Xuanxuan wanted to meet you, I brought her to the Hill mansion, but you weren’t there. Duke Gordan said you came here to train from experience. Are you going back now?” Leng Lingyun continued to smile gently. “I came here because the Temple of Light had some business to deal with.”

“So it’s like that. Yes. We’re going back now. How is Xuanxuan doing?” Claire suddenly understood. She recalled the adorable yet mysterious little girl.

“Pretty well. It’s just that she wants to see you very badly.” Leng Lingyun suddenly said sincerely, “Miss Claire, if I may be so bold to as a favor, I hope you agree.”

“Is it that you want me to see Xuanxuan.” Claire smiled, naturally understanding what Leng Lingyun wanted to say.

“Yes, I hope Miss Claire agrees.” Leng Lingyun said a bit embarrassedly, “I have never seen Xuanxuan be so concerned about a person.”

“Alright. No problem. But Xuanxuan is at the Temple of Light, isn’t it a bit unsuitable?” Claire asked.

“The Divine Princess has promised to bring Xuanxuan to visit once Miss Claire arrives home. I just hope Miss Claire won’t decline.” Leng Lingyun actually made a rare joke. Although this joke wasn’t funny at all.

“Haha, okay. Then we’ll first take our leave to not hinder you in your work.” Although it wasn’t funny, Claire still faked a laugh.

Walter felt nauseated, yet admired the two’s skills, both continuously so profound, both formidable.

“Then Miss Claire, I wish you a good journey.” Leng Lingyun said goodbye. Seeing the group of people standing not far behind, he said in a low voice, “Miss Claire’s group of friends is not bad.

“Haha, thank you.” Claire politely thanked, then the two parted.

Once Leng Lingyun’s figure disappeared from everyone’s line of sight, Walter started creating a ruckus. “Didn’t this pretty boy come here for you? I thought he came to find you.”

Claire quieted down. Finally, she said to Walter slowly, “It should be connected to me. The Temple of Light should have sensed such a strong Dark power and such dense Dark aura. That’s why the sent out the Divine Prince to investigate, or get rid of it after investigating.”

“Then?” Walter frowned.

“He doesn’t know I’m related to it.” Claire said softly. “Although I don’t know why his little sister acts so close to me, it’s pretty useful that way: an opportunity to know the Temple of Light’s movements. We could be on guard ahead of time. And the Temple of Light is formidable; it’s only been two days and they’ve immediately sent people out.”

“The Temple of Light has temples in every country and have set up portals.” Walter disdainfully clicked his tongue. “They’re all built by the blood, sweat, and tears of the commoner’s hard earned money. So many people are willing to donate money, hmph.”

Portals? No wonder Leng Lingyun was able to come here so quickly. No wonder he was investigating instead of just arriving.

“Replenish some supplies and buy a carriage to return on the main road.” Cliff was a bit sickly, feeling extremely unhappy. Now undoing the mark was hopeless, how could his mood be good.

“Claire.” Just as Claire was about to reply to Cliff, Feng Yixuan’s serious voice came from behind with a very complex mood.

“Feng Yixuan?” Claire turned and saw Feng Yixuan’s solemn expression. Rarely did Feng Yixuan had such a serious expression, his gaze resolute, like he had made a decision.

“Claire, wait for me. I will become strong and then return.” Feng Yixuan watched Claire with a burning gaze, every word said earnestly.

Claire was stunned, unable to say anything for a while.

“Little guy, you’re going to go?” Cliff blinked and said, confused. This guy had such a sincere attitude towards Claire, but now he was actually going to leave?

“Because he resents that he’s too weak and has no way to protect you, he wants to become strong and then return.” Shui Wenmo curled his lip and said to the side, “Just get strong yourself, why do I have to suffer with you too?”

Claire suddenly remembered that at the battle, Shui Wenmo stopped Feng Yixuan from undoing his seal, saying that he was unable to withstand the power. What was that?

“I will return.” Feng Yixuan’s gaze didn’t leave Claire. “I will definitely return. I’ve said before that I will marry you.”

Claire was at a loss for words. In reality, based on appearance, Feng Yixuan was not yet fifteen while Claire was only thirteen years old. Did the people of this world mature early or did Feng Yixuan, this child, have a unique way of thinking?

“You guys are going to leave now?” Summer watched Shui Wenmo

suspiciously and asked.

"Ah, we're going to go right now." Shui Wenmo shifted around hesitantly, then looked at Summer and suddenly said seriously, "I'll also return."

"Tch, so what if you return." Summer clicked her tongue, not caring.

"Good, little guy. I wait for you to become strong then return." Cliff smiled slightly. This little red haired guy had very good potential and his temperament was not bad. He would miss him a little.

"Be careful." Claire said, smiling.

Feng Yixuan's eyes shined. He grabbed Claire's hand, saying emotionally, "Darling, I will take care of myself well, you should also take care of yourself and wait for my return."

The next moment, a certain somebody was crouching on the ground, covering his eye, and grimacing in pain. True to her word, Claire had done what she had promised, hitting Feng Yixuan's other eye.

The surrounding passersby showed curious and surprised gazes when seeing this group, but nobody dared to approach and talk. How could they provoke someone who could use a seventh grade magic beast as a mount?

After they exited the city, Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo reluctantly bid farewell to Claire. More accurately, it was Feng Yixuan who was reluctant.

And so the group and one wind leopard returned back to the capital.

Hill manor.

In the study, Duke Gordan sat, looking at the rose regalia on the wall, silent.

After a long time, Duke Gordan spoke. "Emery, what do you think of the people Claire brought back?"

Emery thought for a moment, then replied prudently, "Sir, that black clothed man is very strong, very dangerous. He emits an inhuman pressure."

“Not bad. That black clothed man is exceptionally strong, something really inconceivable.” Duke Gordan exposed a smile and stood up. Duke Gordan wasn’t a flower stand. Few people in the capital had experienced his true strength. Of course a clan’s core wasn’t so simple.

Emery was silent. Strong was good. But there were no gain without risk. Naturally, he understood what Duke Gordan meant. If this black clothed was well disposed, then he would be of great assistance to the Hill clan. But..... if such a strong person opposed the Hill clan, then it would be a big headache.

“Claire has reaped many profits this time, haha.” Gordan laughed. Evidently, his mood was very good. Claire had advanced into a wizard and also brought back such a strong person.

But Emery was worried. Power that was too strong wasn’t easily handled. There were too many cases of this.

“Wow, Claire, I live here from now on?” Summer plopped onto the gorgeous bed, satisfied.

“Yes. Remember, just don’t cause any trouble. If you don’t like something or somebody, just reject them.” Claire said seriously.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry. The food is good, the living conditions are good, I won’t cause any trouble. But really, I never thought your family would be so rich.” Summer rolled around on the bed happily. This was actually her first time living so luxuriously. At her home, she trained rigorously, not to mention her living conditions.

“That’s fine.” Claire nodded.

“Your rolling posture is so ugly.” Suddenly, Ben’s judging voice came from the doorway.

“You actually came in without knocking, you uncultured guy!” Summer said angrily.

Ben shrugged, not caring. “Your door wasn’t even closed, why would I knock?”

“You!” Summer was so angry she jumped up, but at the same time, she didn’t dare to do anything to Ben. She only cursed internally, damn you, uncultured Ben.

“Miss, the Temple of Light’s Holy Princess requests an audience.” A maid stood at the door and reported cautiously. For some reason, the black clothed man nearby gave an ineffable pressure, making one want to leave quickly.

So soon?! Claire was a bit surprised. She had just arrived back home for a moment and the Temple of Light already knew.

“Got it, I’ll go there soon.” Claire said indifferently and waved offhandedly, indicating for the maid to leave.

“Isn’t this too quick? They must have known when you entered the city. Why does the Temple of Light pay so close attention to you? In any case, it’s not anything good.” Summer muttered, frowning.

“Don’t go anywhere thoughtlessly, don’t make any trouble. Especially you, Ben. Remember what you’ve promised me. Don’t act recklessly, got it?” Claire urged repeatedly.

“Got it, got it, don’t worry.” Ben waved offhandedly. “Go meet that Holy Princess or whatever.”

“Yes.” Claire nodded, turning to leave.

The Divine Princess was not so simple. She knew the moment she had entered the city and immediately went to visit.

“The Divine Princess likes that pretty boy, the pretty boy is only kind to his little sister, his little sister only likes you, so the Divine Princess dislikes you. Claire, your future is very dark.” Walter took joy in Claire’s misfortune.

TL: still brighter than my future

Claire didn’t speak. She was fine with feigning courtesy, but if that Divine Princess thought she was easy to mess with, then she was gravely mistaken.

Claire walked to the grand hall. Just as she entered the grand hall, a small figure swiftly ran over and pounced on Claire.

“Elder sis, I missed you so much.” Naturally, the melodious voice was the adorable little girl, Leng Xuanxuan.

Nobody see the sliver of profoundness that flashed through the Divine Princess’s eyes when she saw that scene.

Chapter 66: [No Title]

“Xuanxuan.” Claire bent down to scoop Xuanxuan up and smiled, looking at the adorable person in her embrace.

“Hello, Miss Claire. I visited suddenly, I hope it didn’t bring you any problems.” The Divine Princess, Liuxue Qing got up and gently smiled at Claire.

“No problem at all. Please sit down, your highness.” Claire nodded and smiled.

“Xuanxuan wanted to see you the whole time, so when she heard you returned, she couldn’t help but visit immediately.” Liuxue Qing said in a pampering manner, looking at Xuanxuan.

“The Divine Princess is so kind to Xuanxuan.” Claire said admiringly.

Liuxue Qing smiled without saying a word.

“Big sis, can I see your study?” Xuanxuan pulled Claire’s hair slightly, attracting Claire’s attention.

“Xuanxuan, be good. You know not to, you can’t cause any trouble for Miss Claire.” Liuxue Qing continued to smile.

“I know, don’t worry elder sis Qing, I’ll be good.” Xuanxuan hugged Claire tightly and tilted her head as she said to Liuxue Qing, “Pick me up at night, big sis.”

TL: here I find out that only Qing is the first name, oops. Two character last names in Chinese are rare, but they exist.

“Ok. I’ll pick you up at night.” Liuxue Qing stroked Leng Xuanxuan’s head, pampering.

“Big sis Qing is the best.” Xuanxuan showed a sweet smile.

“Miss Claire, can you please take care of Xuanxuan?” Liuxue Qing had a gentle and elegant smile on the whole time.

Claire fidgeted internally. You two have already finished talking and deciding, now you ask me if I can?

“Of course. Xuanxuan’s so obedient.” Claire nodded and smiled.

After Claire sent the Divine Princess away, she brought Xuanxuan to her own study.

Claire sat at the study desk, watching Leng Xuanxuan touching-this, looking-at-that curious manner. Claire’s was incessantly puzzled. This child was really strange. Why would she affectionate towards her? From the first time they had met, she had been that way. Now it was like she was going to stick to her and now leave.

“Xuanxuan” Claire called quietly, looking Leng Xuanxuan who had stepped on a chair and climbed up the study desk, flipping different works.

“Elder sis.” Leng Xuanxuan suddenly raised her head, looking at Claire. She smiled brilliantly. “Did elder sis cross paths with my elder brother before coming back?”

Claire frowned. Leng Lingyun had already contacted Leng Xuanxuan?

“Did your elder brother tell you?” Claire asked, confused.

“No, I saw it.” Leng Xuanxuan pointed at her eyes, serious.

Claire froze. Saw it? What did that mean?

“Why does this little girl make my blood run cold?” Walter said to Claire in a low voice, suddenly feeling his heart palpitate.

“You saw it?” Claire watched Xuanxuan, who had a serious expression, and asked in reply, “What do you mean?”

“Just like how I can see the venerable Divine Princess doesn’t really treat me well because she likes me, but because she liked my older brother.” Leng Xuanxuan set down a book, looking at Claire with strange smile on her face.

Walter started shivering even more. This little girl’s gaze seemed like it could see right through oneself.

Claire froze, staring at the child who was just five years old, not able to say anything even if she wanted to. Was this child really only five years old?

How were her eyes so keen and astute?!

“Elder sister, have you heard the rumor that the Divine Prince possesses a pair of violet eyes that can see the future?” Leng Xuanxuan stopped smiling and sat on the study desk, looking at Claire, face to face.

Claire nodded slightly. “I have.” Currently, Claire was inwardly apprehensive. Perhaps, perhaps this girl could see the future? Was it possible?

The next moment, Leng Xuanxuan’s expression changed back into the pure smile that a five year old should have and she changed the topic naturally, pointing at a book and asking Claire, “Elder sis, what does this mean?”

Claire looked and explained to Leng Xuanxuan while smiling.

“Claire, this girl is not simple, definitely not simple.” Walter said, trembling.

You don’t say! Claire coldly humphed. Of course she knew without Walter saying that. This child was definitely not as simple as she seemed.

After the day passed and night had come, Liuxue Qing finally came to pick Xuanxuan up. Only after Leng Xuanxuan reluctantly said goodbye to Claire did she and Liuxue Qing leave on the carriage.

And not long after Leng Xuanxuan left, Lashia returned.

“Elder sister, you finally came back. You didn’t even bring me to learn through experience with you. Once I heard you returned today, I wanted to come back immediately, but Master didn’t let me, wanting me to finish first and then come back.” Lashia fumed.

“I’ll bring you next time. Wait, where’s Mother? Why haven’t I seen her?” Claire frowned. Once she returned, the first thing she did was report to Duke Gordan, then she went to find Mother, but wasn’t able to see her. She wanted to ask Grandfather, but Leng Xuanxuan had taken up her time.

“Mother is at the imperial palace. She’s become the the the head maid. I

don't know why, but the princess requested to the king for Mother to go to the imperial palace to accompany her. Not to do anything, just accompany her, chat, and order the other maids. Dunno what the princess is thinking." Lashia frowned, seeming unsatisfied that Mother went to the imperial palace to work.

Claire fell silent. The imperial palace had always been an unpredictable place, a power struggle vortex. Why had Mother actually gone to the imperial palace and become the princess's head maid?

"Elder sister, everybody is praising you for the Niya city incident. The emperor even said he'll award you. Also, when you were training, did you go encounter anything special? Are you going to class with me tomorrow?" Lashia asked in succession.

"I made a wind leopard my mount. First, tomorrow, I'll go to the palace to visit Mother, then go to class the next day. Unfortunately, I still need to finish my studies and get the medal after passing the exam. The Hill clan cannot lose face." Claire smiled and said. The king actually personally presided over the exam and would personally give the medal to the students who passed. The medal was a sign of the honor of being able to serve the country.

"Wind leopard?! A seventh grade magic beast?" Lashia became excited. "Where? Where? Let me see."

"Enclosed in the courtyard." Claire said. "Careful."

"I know already." Lashia enthusiastically dashed to the courtyard.

Claire sighed, seeing the dusky sky. She hoped Katherine, that gentle woman, wouldn't be swept into the corrupt court struggle.

At dinner, Duke Gordan treated Ben warmly, but Ben didn't pay attention. However, Duke Gordan didn't care and continuously tried to talk to Ben.

Just as they finished eating, a maid came and reported to Duke Gordan that the princess had sent a carriage that was already waiting outside the Hill mansion. It was sent by princess Maurice to sent Claire to the palace.

“That’s fine. Claire, you should go see your mother now and attend class tomorrow.” Duke Gordan instructed.

“Yes, Grandfather.” Claire nodded, then went out with Jean.

Imperial palace: brightly lit, magnificent and gorgeous

The maid brought Claire directly to the harem. Jean could only wait at the entrance.

TL: because harems only allow women or eunuchs cuz, ya kno...

The maid led Claire through a long corridor to the princess’s resting place.

It was bright inside. Claire immediately saw the gentle woman she was concerned about, Katherine. Katherine sat on a sofa with princess Maurice next to her. The two seemed to be talking about a happy topic. Outside of Claire’s expectations, the second prince, prince Nancy, was also there.

“Greetings, your highnesses.” Claire bowed slightly.

“Claire, you came. We were just talking about you.” Princess Maurice seemed to more happy than Katherine when seeing Claire, hurriedly getting up and greeting.

“Claire.” Katherine also stood up, smiling, watching Claire eagerly.

“Mother, I’ve returned.” Claire nodded towards Katherine and smiled. Naturally, she knew this gentle woman had been worried for her.

“Claire, I didn’t think that the plague at Niya city was like that, and I also didn’t expect that you would actually be able to resolve it so quickly.” Prince Nancy said in admiration.

“It’s all due to Master Cliff’s contributions and the Temple of Light’s help that it was settled so quickly.” Claire smiled.

“Since when did you learn to act so humble, there’s no need in our presence.” Princess Maurice pouted.

“There’s no need to be so restrained in front of the princess, her highness is very kind.” Katherine went up and pulled Claire’s hand,

smiling.

"Yes, Mother." Claire saw that Katherine's mood was pretty good and relaxed. Seems like Mother had a good time in the palace. Everything was fine as long as she was happy.

"Claire, sit, tell us about what happened at Niya city and also about that grand wizard." Maurice pulled Claire over and they both sat down on the sofa. She excitedly wanted Claire to tell what had happened.

Claire saw Katherine smiling, so she smiled also and started to narrate. Naturally, she omitted a few things. As everybody chatted for a while, the night became late, but princess Maurice still didn't want to let Claire go. Only when Nancy reminded Maurice did she reluctantly let go of Claire's hand.

"Rest early. Can't the both of you meet again tomorrow?" Nancy consoled the unwilling princess Maurice.

"That's true." When princess Maurice heard this, she started becoming happy. "Claire, see you at school tomorrow."

"Yes. Your highness should go to rest." Claire said, then turned to Katherine and nodded lightly. Only then did she leave with Nancy.

In the long corridor, the candle light made the two's shadows extremely long.

The two were silent. Nancy walked very slowly. After a good while, he said quietly, "Claire, you're, you're not the same as before."

"Oh, really?" Claire said indifferently. Evidently, she didn't want to talk about this subject.

"Yes. The current you attracts many gazes." Nancy stopped. He watched Claire as he said quietly, "So dazzling, making people unable to move their gazes away."

Claire halted, but didn't turn back. She only said icily, "Second prince, it's already very late, I want to..."

Claire didn't finish speaking. Instead, she widened her eyes suddenly,

turned around, and abruptly threw herself on Nancy, pushing Nancy away. The two rolled messily on the ground.

Killing intent! Hidden so well, she almost didn't sense it.

Where Nancy had been standing at, a ghost-like figure appeared. Silent, extremely dangerous.

An assassin!

Chapter 67: [No Title]

Without succeeding in one strike, the assassin naturally withdrew immediately, because any moment their identity could be revealed was fatally dangerous.

The ghost-like figure froze there for a bit. Evidently, they hadn't thought that even without the commander of the Tempest Warrior Regiment, they would still fail. After standing there for a moment, they were about to leave immediately.

Reminder: (I had forgotten too oops)

Claire looked at the person covered in black and coldly humphed. "You want to leave?!" The next moment, numerous golden flameballs flew over. But the next moment, the black clothed person had already disappeared. The corridor had been riddled with holes from the flameball attack, the burnt odor filled the air. Such a large action naturally drew many imperial guards over. Princess Maurice and Katherine had also rushed over.

"No need to rush, they've already run away. It was the assassin from last time." The second prince was already standing. Looking at the nearby Claire, he said, "Claire, you saved me. Thank you."

Claire turned and looked at Nancy. "It was the assassin from last time?"

"Yes. This assassin's skills are very high." Nancy frowned. "Last time, luckily, I had the commander of the Tempest Warrior Regiment by my side. Otherwise, I would have lost my life already. The commander injured the assassin heavily, but also suffered heavy losses. The assassin actually recovered already. If you weren't here today, I'm afraid he would have succeeded already."

Claire fell silent because... she was familiar with the assassin's figure! She definitely didn't see wrong! It was him, definitely him.

"Claire, how did you sense the assassin?" Nancy saw that Claire was in a indescribable mood.

Claire turned and looked towards the worried Katherine and princess

Maurice, ignoring Nancy. Instead, she grasped Katherine's hand. "Mother, it's alright now. No need to worry."

"How did an assassin secretly get in?" Katherine's face was a bit pale. She gripped Claire's hand tightly. "Are you alright? Claire, did you get hurt?"

"No. Don't worry, the assassin's target was his highness, not me." Claire consoled Katherine. These words were actually pretty disrespectful, but nobody dared to reprimand Claire's rude words.

Once again, they went through the formalities, until in the end, Nancy accompanied Claire out the palace.

Standing at the entrance of the palace, Nancy watched Claire deeply, about to say something. But Claire turned and looked at Nancy and said coldly, "Your highness, I don't care about royal power struggles, I only hope you don't involve my mother. If my mother gets in danger, I won't let it go. Please remember."

Nancy froze. His expression changed a little, but he didn't say a word.

Jean stood at the side, head lowered, also silent.

Just as Claire was about to go on the carriage, Nancy quietly called, "Claire……"

Claire turned and looked coldly at Nancy, her expression without warmth.

"Thank you for saving me today. Also, I promise, even if I get into deep trouble, I won't let your mother be involved." Nancy said, exceptionally serious.

Once she heard this, Claire stopped for a moment, her expression easing a bit. She said quietly, "I hope your highness remembers the words your highness has said today."

"I will remember forever." Nancy stared at Claire.

"Yes." Claire nodded lightly, then turned around to the carriage.

Jean followed from behind. On the carriage, he abruptly turned to glance

at Nancy. Nancy's gaze was still on Claire.

The carriage slowly started moving. Claire leaned on the side of the back of the carriage, silent.

"Miss....." Jean started saying, wanting to say something.

"To my teacher, Camille's house." Claire closed her eyes and said coldly.

"At such a late time, you want to find your teacher?" Jean asked in confusion.

"Yes. I have some business with him." Claire didn't say any more and closed her eyes.

There was a flash of confusion in Jean's eyes, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he instructed the coachman to go to Camille's house.

Camille's house was at a quiet street. It was a white house surrounded by a white fence that was filled with green vines. Under the dim streetlight, it felt warm.

The carriage stopped. Claire came out, entered the courtyard, and rang the doorbell.

Soon, Camille appeared in casual clothes. Camille was still as gentle and refined as before. Such a gentle and considerate handsome man, no wonder many young ladies at the capital were interested.

"Claire?" Camille seemed to be surprised to see Claire. "What are you doing here so late?"

"It's nothing. I just missed teacher, so I came to see you." Claire showed a harmless smile.

Walter reflexively shivered. He knew another person had landed in hot water.

"Really? Then come in." Camille moved out the way and let Claire in.

"Jean, wait for me at the carriage. I have some things to talk about with teacher." Claire turned and said to Jean.

"Yes, Miss." Jean turned and went to the carriage.

An unnoticeable sliver of profoundness flashed through Camille's eyes, then vanished immediately.

As Claire and Walter entered, Claire sized up Camille's house. It was simply, but extremely tasteful. Everywhere, it exuded comfort and harmony. Soft furniture, beige crystal chandeliers, showing how Camille was completely gentle and indoor man.

"Claire, I never expected the plague at Niya city to be settled so quickly by you. Sit, I'll make you tea." Camille went to the coffee table and poured a cup of tea.

Claire withdrew her gaze. After setting on the sofa for a few moment, and seeing Camille's figure, her smile became a flower. She said quietly and gently, "I really wouldn't have thought such a cultured and refined scholar would actually be an unordinarily skilled assassin, actually completely able to hide their aura."

Camille's expression seemed to change a little, but he turned while smiling poured tea for Claire as before. "Claire, what are you talking about? I don't understand. You should like this tea, it's scented tea."

"Teacher, do you know why I was able to discover you? Your aura was surely completely hidden, but you were discovered by a magician like me." Claire accepted the tea, gracefully sipped, and smiled faintly.

Camille didn't speak, smiling as he sat down. He looked at Claire kindly. "How is the tea?"

"Very fragrant, I can tell that Teacher is a person who actually values life very much." Claire set down the elaborate tea cup and leaned on the sofa. "I can also tell that teacher loves himself the most."

"What do those words mean?" Camille raised a brow, looking interested.

"Teacher's gaze carries nothing within it." Claire tilted her head and also raised a brow. "Does Teacher really not want to know how I discovered you?"

Camille cast his gaze low, laughed quietly, then looked up, his face completely cold. "Speak, what do you want to do?"

“I never would have thought Teacher actually endorsed the crown prince’s faction. I also don’t really want to do anything about it, it’s just that I’ve grasped Teacher’s weakness by the tail. Perhaps when I need to, I might pull on this little tail a bit.” Claire was unmoved. Instead, she smiled brilliantly.

“What tail!” Unexpectedly, the always elegant and refined Camille suddenly started talking with a foul mouth, glowering at Claire. “What bullshit endorsement, I’ve done this business for many years. The failure last time already made me very depressed, this time I was actually wrecked by you, little girl, my reputation’s gone! My legendary reputation!”

Claire felt a bit awkward. It turns out Camille was actually a wolf in sheep’s clothing, and was actually a two-faced guy.

“Teacher, you, you cussed.” Claire was a bit shocked, completely not daring to believe this elegant, refined, considerate, always smiling gently person would cuss.

“So what if I, your father, cussed? I, your father, wants to choke you to death right now! What did you retardedly go to the palace? Why did you retardedly save the second prince? I, your father, haven’t thought of how you sense my, your father’s presence.” Fiery anger in his eyes, Camille itched it would burn Claire until nothing was left.

Claire’s mouth twitched, looking at the person before her, who had completely blown their cover. Camille gracefully raised a tea cup and sipped, sitting on the sofa with good posture. His dignified manners would win people’s heart. But no matter how elegant this person’s actions were, the words he spit out would burn and scar people. But he still drank his tea gracefully. He set the teacup down.

“Talk, you annoying child. How did you sense my, your father’s presence? You even said that my, your father’s, aura was completely hidden. Last time, it was all the commander of the Tempest Warrior Regiment was a lucky bastard, just happened to just have obtained some kind of magic thing that discovered I, your father. You older brother is still wet behind the ears. How did you discover me?” Camille said and then

gracefully stood up to pick up the teapot and added more tea into Claire's tea cup. Then, he set down the teapot and gracefully sat.

Walter twitched, doubting. Did the guy in front of him have a split personality? Actually able to do one thing, then say the other. Who knew if those upper class ladies and girls who had become infatuated with Camille would be brokenhearted if they saw the true colors of the person they envisioned as a refined, kind scholar.

"Before I answer, can you answer a question of mine?" Although Claire felt doubt, she still wanted to confirm it herself.

"If you got any shit to say, say it!" When Camille said such words with a gentle tone, Claire shivered a bit. It felt too strange.

"Who is your employer?" Claire frowned. "Is it the crown prince?"

Camille squinted, his eyes becoming slits. His response stunned Claire.

Chapter 68: [No Title]

“Normally, we’re supposed to comply with the rules and can’t reveal who our employers are.” Now Camille was looking cultured and refined again. He sipped some scented tea, then said, “In reality, the other side also didn’t want me to know who they were. I was curious for a moment, then went to investigate.”

Claire looked at the chameleon in from her, and suddenly understood deeply that the guy in front of her definitely had poor character. This assassin actually dared to find out the identity of his employer. Normally, an assassin was just supposed to kill and get money, not allowed to ask anything else. But this guy actually went around looking to find out who his employer was.

It’s not the crown prince?” Claire looked at the smiling Camille and said, probing.

“The average person would think that. With two princes, if one was attacked by the assassin, then it must have been done by the other prince.” Camille had on that courteous and gentle smile again, looking very elegant, very enchanting.

But Claire didn’t think that way. This was a wolf in sheep’s clothing!

“So it’s not the crown prince.” Claire said, certain.

“That’s right. It’s not the crown prince.” Camille looked at Claire with slitted eyes and said gently, “You damned brat, first tell me how you discovered me. Only then will I tell you my employer. You definitely won’t lose out with this information.”

Claire’s mouth twitched and she protested, “Can you please not speak so gently and elegantly while spitting out such poisonous words?” The feeling this guy gave was too weird, she couldn’t stand it.

“I can’t, damned brat. If it wasn’t for you going to the imperial palace for no reason, my legendary reputation as the number one assassin in the world wouldn’t have been destroyed, you stinking brat.” Camille’s face was

still so charming with that tender smile, completely different from the words spit out from his mouth.

Walter was about to collapse mentally. This person was really too outrageous, too outrageous. He conceded defeat! He could use the most gentle tone possible to say the world's most malicious words. This kind of person, was he not outrageous? Who could fight against him? Who could withstand him?

Claire looked at the gently smiling Camille. "Alright, I'll tell you. Among assassins, you are truly outstanding and can count as an assassin king. You had completely hidden your aura, because you understood airflow very well, and could control your body to completely follow the airflow. This is basic knowledge to assassins, but to this day, you are the first person I have seen who has done it so perfectly."

"Haha, thanks for the praise. Praise me more, I like hearing it." Camille used his hand to prop up the side of his face, leaning on the sofa's armrest with a content expression.

"As expected, a crazy narcissist! Claire, just now, how did you figure out he loved himself?" Walter asked, in both disgust and admiration.

Claire: "....."

"Oh yeah, damned brat, who on earth are you?" Camille seemed to have thought of something, frowning as he asked.

"What?" Now it was Claire's turn to pretend to be stupid.

"Stop giving I, your father, an act like you're young and naive~~ Thinking back to that time, before I elegantly walked into the study to teach you, I had already mentally prepared for you to be vulgar and rude, but who would have thought you wouldn't even look directly at me. Do you think I'll believe you were that male-chaser from that time?" Camille laughed cynically.

"I'll talk about that question later." Claire changed the topic. "Your good looks are unrivaled in the world. Now let's talk about why you were discovered by me."

“Yeah, listening to those words feels so good.” Camille switched back to looking refined.

“I didn’t use airflow to determine your existence. I was sensing all the objects around me. Suddenly, some kind of object appeared and moving slowly. How could I not discover you?”

“It’s that mysterious? Why can you sense all the objects around you? Don’t pretend it’s some kind of magic. Magicians are the most idiotic, if I approach them without any sound or presence, I can slit their throat and just kill them before they even chant a spell. A warrior could maybe reach for their weapon at the last moment.” Camille said disdainfully.

“I don’t know how to explain. I also comprehend the art of assassination, and then I have fused together magic and Dou Qi into awareness.” Claire said a half truth.

“It’s like that?” Camille was suspicious and not sure.

“Alright, I already told you everything. Tell me who your employer is.” Claire urged.

“My employer was the emperor.” Camille said indifferently.

“What?” Claire and Walter cried at the same time. The emperor? Why would the emperor hire an assassin for the second prince right now?

“Why would the emperor hire you to assassinate the second prince?” Claire frowned, then guessed, “Perhaps it’s because there only needs to be one prince, so he first decided to root out one he wasn’t satisfied with, leaving the one he was satisfied with?” As expected, the royal family was extremely ruthless.

“A normal person would also think that.” Camille added unexpectedly.

Perhaps?! Claire’s expression changed slightly. If she guessed correctly, then the emperor was too terrifying, too ruthless.

“Our emperor definitely isn’t as harmless as he looks.” Camille stood up. “The water has cooled, I’m going to replace it with hot water.”

“The emperor is waiting for a fierce match between tigers and then will

choose the strongest to become his successor." Suddenly, Claire's heart became cold. This kind of method! Was this an emperor's method?

"So you're not stupid. The emperor is trying to start the two princes' battle as soon as possible. He wants to select an heir now." Camille smiled, then spit out in a bad mood, "The employer and I had an agreement that if I didn't succeed after two times, I didn't need to execute the plan anymore and the money would still be paid, but my legendary reputation as the number one assassin in the world has been destroyed by you."

Claire's expression became ugly.

If it was like this, then what about Mother? Would she get involved?

Princess Maurice and second prince Nancy were born from the current empress, so naturally, the two's relationship was very good. Also, right now Mother was Princess Maurice's head maid. Would she be involved?

In other words! Claire abruptly stood up, her face a bit pale. In other words, the second prince and princess Maurice had long before prepared to battle with the crown prince and use Mother as a way to involve and seize the Hill clan bargaining chip?!

Was it like this? Was it like this?

Claire became worried. She definitely couldn't let the gentle and kindhearted women, the first person to be warm to her after she transmigrated, receive any harm.

"Teacher, I'll be going first. I have matters to attend to." Once Claire thought to this point, she couldn't sit still, immediately wanting to go out.

"Oh, you want to go? You're not going to stay here any more?" Camille politely asked after putting down the teapot.

"No. In the future, I'll find you and give you business and I'll also introduce you to business along the way." Claire said urgently, about to leave.

"You need to pay twice the price other people pay, you damned brat,

harming my brilliant reputation." Camille's gentle yet strange voice floated over.

Claire turned and said in a low tone, "If you don't tell anyone, how can anyone tell that it was you who tried to assassinate? And who would know that you've failed twice? You won't talk, I won't talk, and the emperor won't talk even more so. Who else would know? I'll keep it a secret, you give me a discount of eighty percent." Then she left, not waiting for Camille's response.

"That's right. I won't talk, the damn brat won't talk, and the emperor won't talk even more so. Who else knows? Haha, not bad, not bad. This damn brat does have little cute side." A gentle business smile appeared on Camille's face, complacent as he prepared to wash and go to sleep.

Claire went on the carriage with a heavy heart, closed her eyes, and leaned on the carriage, telling Jean to tell the coachman to return to the mansion.

"Miss, are you worried about something?" Jean asked quietly.

Chapter 69: [No Title]

Claire quietly sighed, not opening her eyes as she said without hurry, “I really feel a little regret, coming to find him.”

Then Claire fell silent, not saying anything anymore.

Him? The scholar, Camille? Jean was puzzled.

Claire felt somewhat gloomy. Was it lucky that she found out about those facts today?

Why did she feel an invisible net drawing close, and then continuously tighten, tighten...

“Claire, don’t be this fidgety. The situation will definitely be settled. Don’t forget, Duke Gordan is able to keep the Hill clan towering, naturally he is very capable. Your father and your elder brothers are all not to be trifled with.” Walter consoled Claire.

Father? Elder brothers? Claire became a bit muddle headed, feeling that these two phrases were unfamiliar. Now that Walter brought it up, Claire remembered that indeed, she really did had a father and two elder brothers who all seemed to dislike her. And up until now, she hadn’t met them before except for the one time at the two countries’ competition when she saw her second brother, the man who had become the captain of the Griffin Squad at such a young age.

The next day, Claire and Lashia went to classes together. Claire told the maids to take good care of Summer and Ben, then repeatedly warned the two not to get into trouble. Only then did she leave.

But right after Claire just had a peaceful morning at school, at noon, someone came, flustered, reporting to Claire that there was a mishap at the Duke’s castle, and he wanted Claire to go back quickly. If she didn’t go back, the black clothed man she brought back was about to flip the Hill castle over.

“What on earth is going on?” Claire sat in the carriage, a faint trace of anger in her voice. Before leaving, she had repeatedly warned that

uneducated dragon. Perhaps that idiot forgot it all? Not long after she left, he had actually made such a ruckus, it was about to get out of hand.

"The, the Marquis came back." The servant answered cautiously.

"The Marquis?" Claire was confused.

"It's Miss's father." The servant was also confused as he answered.

"Oh. What does that have to do with Ben making a ruckus?" Claire didn't understand. If he came back, then he just came back. She had the impression that man didn't like Claire one bit, so much that it could be said he loathed her.

"Because... Because the Marquis said some unflattering words about Miss, so, so the guests you brought back weren't happy." The servant said, exceptionally cautious.

"Oh, what did he say?" Claire raised a brow and coldly laughed. Some unflattering words? Perhaps it's not as simple as that?

"Be more thorough about the matter." Jean said coldly from the side.

"Yes, yes." The servant gulped and hurriedly said, "The Marquis came back and his Grace, the Duke, wasn't there, so sir Emery led him in. He told the Marquis that Mr. Ben was Miss's friend. Then the Marquis said, said..."

The servant didn't dare to finish what he was saying.

"Did he say the man-chasing idiot actually has friends?" A cold smile appeared on her face as she said it insipidly.

The servant was silent, his face paling, revealing that Claire's guess was true.

"And then Ben was in a bad mood?" Claire asked.

"Mr. Ben still hadn't flared up when Miss Summer first retorted. Then, then..." The servant's voice lowered. "Then the Marquis's words started to become a bit unflattering, and then it developed out of hand."

Claire slowly closed her eyes, not saying a word.

“Coachman, quicker!” Jean instructed the coachman to accelerate. Jean looked at the silent Claire. He didn’t know why, but a trace of an unbearable and heart wrenching feeling appeared in his heart. The person who had demeaned Claire was her relative, the person guarding Claire was an outsider...

Currently, a storm had already started at Hill mansion.

“Apologize! Take back your words.” Summer bellowed at Roger Hill, who was also Claire’s father, her whole face red, hands at the hip.

“She’s my own daughter, what gives you outsiders the right to talk about her?” Marquis Roger said in contempt, but he felt an unspeakable anguish. Since when did that useless daughter of his actually have friends who would protect her like this? She could actually have friends? Everybody avoided her. He had heard recently that she had done some things, but maybe it wasn’t by her own abilities and instead, Father pulling some strings from behind the scenes.

“Having a father like this for Claire is a tragedy! It’d be fine if you just didn’t understand, but you actually humiliated your own daughter.” Summer was so mad, she was about to kick something, anything. During the life-threatening moment, Claire didn’t abandon them and run off by herself, but shielded them herself instead. If it was someone else dishonoring Claire, she wouldn’t feel much, but the person who had dishonored Claire was actually Claire’s father!!!

“I understand my daughter the most, since when did you guys have the right to speak?” Marquis Roger said impatiently while looking at the furious girl. But he didn’t dare to have a more excessive attitude. Just then, the threatening Qi the black clothed man had emitted from his entire body, along with Emery’s constant meaningful glances let Marquis Roger know that the black clothed man definitely wasn’t someone normal.

“You vile guy, what qualifications do you have to dishonor Claire!” Summer was still completely stubborn. “You must take back the words you said just then, must apologize.”

“Impudent!” Marquis Roger finally got angry. He was a grandiose

Marquis. Since when was it that little girl's turn to shout at him like this, and in his own home too!

"From the way I see it, it's because you're Claire's friends that you guy do a lot of bickering, but you guys can't be too discourteous. Such uneducated people being with Claire, is it not birds of a feather flocking together?" The Marquis Roger finally couldn't resist his anger, despite the constant meaningful glances Emery gave him.

"You bastard uncle1! Who do you think you are? Are you really educated? You kept repeating over and over your daughter is an idiotic man-chaser and what good was giving birth to her." Summer also became furious, loudly and angrily rebuking Marquis Roger.

Now Marquis Roger's face greened. Claire had always been a thorn in his heart. It was because he heard Claire had some small accomplishments that he returned to confirm, but he never thought he would be scolded and opposed like this.

"You, you actually dare to scold me!" Marquis Roger was also furious. As a majestic Marquis, he was actually disgraced by a little brat, and even in the Hill Castle!

"So what if I cuss at you? You are a bastard. I have never met such a bastard father like you. Some people are born without a father and don't have a father's care. Claire has a father, but it's even worse for her!" It seemed like something had touched Summer's weak spot, her eyes wide, flickering.

"You!" Marquis Roger was so mad his whole body shook. He pointed at Summer. "Bring her away."

"Who dares!"

"Who dares!"

Two voices sounded at the same time.

One was Ben, the other was Claire, who had just reached the entrance.

Marquis Roger turned and saw the cold-faced Claire standing at the

doorway. Although Claire was standing there calmly, she emitted an indescribable boldness that made the people behind Marquis Roger not dare to touch Summer.

"Claire." Once Summer heard Claire, she ran over and grabbed Claire's hand. "You came back."

"Yes." Claire looked at summer, a trace of a smile appearing on her face. In a low voice she said, "I heard everything you said. Thank you."

"Everything I said was the truth." Just by thinking of the argument, Summer became angry and said, "You actually have this kind of a father! Too evil."

"Claire! What kind of friends did you make?! So uneducated!" Marquis Roger angrily shouted the moment he saw Claire. In his vague memories of her, every time he scolded Claire angrily, Claire would become completely scared, and then Katherine would come out and shelter the useless child.

But Claire's response was completely out of his expectation. "I don't need you to question what kinds of friends I make. Also, you have never asked about my life. You haven't done it before, and you don't need to do it now, and you're not allowed to do it in the future even more so!" Claire said coldly, her voice resonating with power. "As an esteemed Marquis, isn't bickering like this with a little girl who isn't even fifteen years old too disgraceful, too humiliating to the Hill family name?"

Emery's expression changed slightly. Claire's words just now would only exacerbate the conflict. Thinking of this, Emery gave a meaningful glance at Claire, but Claire didn't pay attention. Naturally, she had something else planned.

Marquis Roger was thoroughly shocked. This was the Claire that people hated? The Claire who would act like a rat meeting a cat whenever she saw him? Was he imagining things? Why did he feel like she had this kind of boldness and aggressiveness?

"Are you talking to me? Are you talking to your father?" Marquis Roger asked coldly, his expression serious. As a father, being challenged was not

allowed. No matter how capable his child was, it still wasn't allowed!

"How many fathers do I have? If I'm not talking to you, then am I talking to another father?" Claire replied cynically. Within her memories, she didn't seem to have many impressions of him besides him shouting at Claire.

Everybody's expressions changed. The Miss actually dared to go against the Marquis like this!

"You!! You impudent!" Marquis Roger's face darkened. Claire actually dared to say such disgraceful and unfilial words, actually dared to go against him rudely!

"Who was it that first didn't treat me like a daughter but is now acting like he is a father? Don't you think it's quite funny?" Claire looked at Marquis Roger, sneering mockingly. "That day when I fell of the horse and almost died, did you even see me once right before you went out the front door? If I didn't wake up at the time, would you not have met me until now? To you, it didn't matter whether or not that happened, because you have already long before disregarded me as your daughter. What are you doing? Pretending to be a father now?"

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1. In China, uncle refers to elder men who are about the same age as your father.

Chapter 70: Father Humiliates Claire

Complex feelings arose in Emery and everyone else in the main hall. Before, Marquis Roger really didn't care for Miss Claire enough. To be honest, he never cared before. Miss Claire's words right now seemed to be talking about that point.

"You, you – !" Marquis Roger felt somewhat dizzy. The person in front of him with sharp words was really his daughter? She actually reprimanded him in front of this many people.

"If the venerable Marquis doesn't have any business with me, I'll be taking my leave." Claire sneered, pulled Summer over, and then turned to Ben and said, "Let's go."

Ben shifted over in a suspicious manner. "Want me to get rid of him?"

"No, Mother would be sad." Claire said indifferently.

Marquis Roger heard everything the two said. He was about to explode with anger.

"Stop, where are you going?" Marquis Roger angrily shouted.

"What does it have to do with you? Respectable Marquis, I think you are busy with many things. Also, if you want to risk blocking me, I don't think anybody here could stop my friends here!" Claire coldly said and then brought Summer and Ben away.

"Jean! Stay behind. What is going on?" Marquis Roger called Jean furiously.

Jean lowered his head slightly. "Sir, I am Miss's guardian knight so I cannot stay behind. Wait for the Duke to come back and you shall understand what is going on." Jean said, neither servile nor overbearing, and then followed Claire from behind and also left.

The people in the main hall who were still there looked at each other in dismay. Emery was also silent. Although Marquis Roger was accosted so rudely, for some reason, a trace of pride actually appeared. Actually, everybody knew Marquis Roger's capabilities. He wasn't a genius but not

an idiot either. It could only be said that he was average. Also, his biggest weak point was that he was too rude and didn't know the correct way to respond to certain situations. That's why the Duke would send him to work at the border. Emery sighed lightly. How would the Duke deal with this matter?

"Opposite, everything is actually the complete opposite of what's supposed to happen!" Marquis Roger was so mad he was about to explode. He could just let it go that Claire offended him, but a small knight actually dared to go against him.

Claire's group of people left the Duke's castle. Summer tilted her head and said, "Claire, what do we do now? It seems like I made you leave home."

"There's a good place where we can go to." Claire raised a brow, laughing.

"What place?" Summer said with wide eyes.

"Let's go." Claire's eyes slitted as she brought the three behind her to a street.

Claire led the group of people through the streets and then stopped in front of a big, white house.

"Wow, this place is very pretty." Summer looked at the white fence with green vines sprawled all over it with wide eyes, throwing the unpleasant situation from just then into the back of her mind.

"As long as you like it, that's good." Claire raised a brow and smiled with some ill intent.

Soon after they rang the doorbell, footsteps sounded from within.

The next moment, Camille, who was smiling like the spring wind, appeared before their eyes.

"Hello Teacher, I brought friends pay you a visit." Claire said. Before Camille could speak, she pulled Summer in first.

Camille smiled gently as he followed from behind and said quietly,

“Claire, how did you have the time to come today? And you brought so many friends, shouldn’t you give me an introduction?”

“This is Summer, this is Ben, and this is my knight Jean who doesn’t need to be introduced.” Claire pulled Summer to sit onto a sofa. She smiled while looking at Camille and said to everyone, “Everybody sit, no need to be polite. This is my elegant, graceful, multi-talented, well-known teacher from the capital, Camille, a scholar.”

Camille’s heart floated, still smiling like the spring wind. He said gently, “Everybody, no need to be polite. Sit, I’ll go make tea.”

Claire stood up and followed Camille from behind. “Teacher, I’ll go and help you.”

The two went to pour tea. Summer looked at the room filled with decorations and her eyes formed into heart shapes. The feeling it gave people was very comfortable.

(TL: In English, it sounds weird, but it makes sense. Like this: 😍)

“Teacher, one that when met by people, they fall in love, when met by flowers, they bloom.” Claire stood at Camille’s side and said in a low voice.

“What is it?” Camille asked, gracefully making tea.

“We need to live with you here for the time being. No problem, right?” Claire had a harmless and pure smile.

The teapot in Camille’s hand almost fell as his hand trembled. He finally knew the purpose of why she was praising him just now.

“You little wench, what on earth do you want to do?” Camille squeezed out of his teeth, his mouth not moving while he smiled.

Claire also smiled. From the gaps of her teeth, she squeezed out, “I just quarreled with that disgraceful father and don’t have a place to stay at any more. I don’t have money, but you are a host who does have money, that’s why I came for your shelter.”

“Go earn money yourself. The door to the Mercenary Guild is very wide.”

Camille was still speaking with gritted teeth.

"Before we've made money, we'll be staying here." Claire smiled brightly. "I think teacher's brilliance also needs to be preserved right, Assassin King."

"I'll take my revenge sooner or later, you little wench." Camille smiled as gently as the wind as he brought the tea set over. "Here, Summer, Ben, Jean. Why don't you drink some tea? You all are more than welcome living here."

"Really? We can live here? It won't bother you?" Summer happily called out in surprise.

"It definitely won't." Camille said, exceptionally serious.

"Then thank you very much. Teacher is really a good person." Summer said emotionally.

Camille turned to look at Claire, revealing a gentle smile.

A dagger hidden in a smile, Claire suddenly thought this expression.

Meanwhile at the Hill Castle, in the study, Duke Gordan's face was dark as he sat in front of the study desk, Marquis Roger standing to the side with his head lowered.

"Roger, what can I say about you? When can you change your rude behavior?" Gordan sighed. A bit grieved and lamenting, he said, "How can I be at ease with entrusting the Hill clan into your hands?"

"Father, I..." Roger wanted to speak, then stopped.

"No matter. Really, it's hard to blame you acting this way. The child who was formerly the most disappointing became the most hard-working and dazzling one, nobody can accept this within a short amount of time." Duke Gordan sighed lightly.

"In other words, it's all true?" Marquis Roger asked in astonishment, "Winning the tough competition against a student from the country Lagark, becoming sir Cliff's disciple, resolving Niya City's epidemic? I thought..."

“You thought it was all me pulling strings from behind the scenes?” Duke Gordan sighed lightly, then stood up. “With my personality, who do you think I would choose to push forward?”

“Lashia.” Roger replied without thinking.

“That’s right. From when she was little, the halo around her head has never stopped. I want to push Lashia to the very highest position, not the Claire who has always had a bad reputation.” Duke Gordan said solemnly, “But, let me tell you, I haven’t pushed Claire’s matters even the slightest bit, they were all done by Claire herself.”

“What?!” Roger’s expression was completely incredulous, completely surprised.

“As for the two people she brought back, I don’t know what makes the girl special, but the man definitely isn’t ordinary. I also want him to become the Hill clan’s helping hand. Your behavior today has disappointed me gravely.” Duke Gordan’s tone was somewhat heavy.

“Father, I’m sorry, I never thought it was like this.” Roger apologized, a little terrified.

“But I can’t blame you completely. Wanting you to accept this outrageous matter is a bit difficult. Right now, Claire seems to have brought her friends into another teacher’s house, into the scholar Camille’s house. Let them first live there.” Duke Gordan said profoundly.

“But Father, didn’t you say you wanted that black clothed young man to become of assistance of the Hill clan? I’ll go fix things with him first, then ask them to come back.” Roger said somewhat anxiously.

“No need. The intense clash you had with Claire just now isn’t something that can be resolved in a short amount of time. The black clothed man and the little girl both treat Claire as their leader. If you try to fix it now, the opposite effect will happen. What’s crucial is slowly easing the tensions with Claire later.” Duke Gordan said meaningfully, then sighed lightly. “Roger, you need to see the heart of the matter, see people’s nature clearly, and be steady, not easily angered, not rude.”

“Yes. I’ll remember Father’s instructions.” Roger said, somewhat ashamed, his head low.

“Alright, go. You’ve just arrived and need to rest.” Duke Gordan raised his hand, indicating for Roger to leave.

“Father, I want to first go to the imperial palace and see Katherine.” When Roger said this, a gentleness appeared in his eyes.

“Go.” A smile also appeared on Duke Gordan’s face. Roger’s talent was a bit mediocre, and he was also a bit rude, but he was completely sincere to Katherine, very gentle and considerate. It was to the point that Katherine was willing to sever her relationship with her family to go back with Roger and lose her original last name, changing it to Hill.

“Yes, father. I’ll be first taking my leave.” Roger withdrew.

Duke Gordan let out a long sight, then called, “Emery.”

Emery opened the door softly and inquired, “Sir, you called for me?”

“Go to Camille’s home and tell Claire to come back home once their anger disappears. If she needs something, she doesn’t need to hesitate to ask, I will sent people over.” Duke Gordan said softly.

“Yes, sir. I’ll go right now.” Emery’s mind relaxed. Looks like Duke Gordan’s doting already surpassed his expectations.

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1. It’s just a Chinese saying.

Chapter 71: [No Title]

At nightfall, Claire leaned against a pillar in the corridor with cold air blowing. Summer felt around and also leaned against the side.

“Claire, what are you thinking about?” Summer asked with her head tilted.

“Nothing.” Claire replied without a thought.

“Nonsense, you’re thinking about that annoying Father, right?” Summer pouted.

Claire fell silent, not speaking any more.

“You’re implying that you agree.” Summer said certainly. After saying that, she looked up towards the stars and said, “You having that kind of a father is even more annoying that not having one. My father died trying to save me when I was little. I’ve remembered my entire life what my father said then. Live, only by living is there hope. That was the last bit of love I received from my father.” Summer sighed quietly.

“So it was like that…” Claire responded in a low voice. That was why she had such an intense clash with Claire’s father today.

“That’s right. That’s why when I saw your father was actually so disgraceful, I got angry and wasn’t able to control myself.” Summer stuck out her tongue.

“I actually need to thank you. You defended me so much.” Claire smiled, her smile filled completely with sincerity.

“Then how are you going to thank me? I want the most valuable treasure in the world, can you give me it?” Summer asked mischievously, sticking her waist out.

“There will definitely be a day when I give you the most precious treasure in the world.” Claire promised, smiling.

“Good, you said it, don’t break your promise.” Summer reached out happily towards Claire.

Claire revealed a knowing smile and also reached her hand out. The two small hands grasped each other tightly.

But never in her dreams did Summer think that her words today would actually be fulfilled by Claire. The most valuable treasure in the world was really given to her. Of course, that's something to talk about later.

"You are my first friend." Summer tightly grasped Claire's hand and said solemnly.

"You are also my first friend." Claire tightened her grasp on Summer's hand.

(TL: HmmmMMM? What's that supposed to mean, what do Jean and them represent for you, huh?)

The two girls looked at each other while smiling. Everything was said in that silent moment.

Suddenly, a slight, abnormal movement in the air made Claire be on guard. Claire quickly pulled Summer behind her.

The next moment, a figure appeared nimbly from the stone wall in front of them, a shining dagger silently pressed to Claire's throat. If just the slightest bit of force was used, the dagger would be able to pierce through Claire's throat.

Now Walter started crying out in surprise, "Who is this person? There's actually Dark aura on their body, there really is. Also, you actually didn't discover her coming close? It can't be? Claire, aren't you really skilled? Aren't you the best at this? How did you suddenly lose your touch? Someone came close to you and you didn't detect it?"

Claire watched the person clothed in black alertly. The petite figure indicated that the terrifying person who came like a ghost was a woman. It wasn't that she hadn't discovered her, but that she had discovered her too late. Just as Claire discovered her, she had already approached her.

Summer was so anxious her palms were full of sweat. Claire looked at the black clothed woman and didn't move.

If this black clothed woman just thrusted slightly with her dagger, Claire's light would be taken.

Who on earth was this frightening woman?

"This woman if really frightening. You didn't even discover her. Now what do we do? Claire, you should use magic and hit her flying." Walter hurriedly shouted.

If she could, then Claire would have pinched Walter so hard he fainted. If she could hit her flying, did he even need to mention it?

Although right now Claire didn't dare to counterattack, she knew her life was in danger, because that vile god of Darkness would definitely appear whenever she was in danger.

But the woman actually didn't make any other movements.

"Hmph." The petite figure snorted disdainfully, then turned around and disappeared.

A peal of cold wind blew, bringing Claire and Summer back to their senses.

Summer grabbed Claire's clothes tightly and asked, terrified. "Claire, what's going on, what is up with that woman? So mysterious."

"I don't know. This woman is very strong. I discovered her just then, but even though I discovered her, I wasn't able to dodge." Claire said seriously, puzzled, "But what did her action just then mean? She didn't seem like she intended on killing me. On the contrary, it seemed a little like flaunting."

"Flaunting?" Summer was puzzled. What did she mean?

"Flaunting that she could kill me but didn't." Claire said seriously.

"There's such a senseless person?" Summer opened her mouth wide, somewhat incredulous.

"There's all kinds of people in the world." Claire looked up at the vast night, but she kept on guessing who on earth the outstanding and skilled person was. She thought over and over, but wasn't able to think of who had any grievances to do this kind of senseless action.

“Claire, as expected, with you, dangers will automatically come knocking at the door.” Summer started crying, looking like she still had lingering fears.

Claire: “.....”

“But seeing that the first thing you did was pull me behind you to protect me, I’ll still be your friend.” Summer said very righteously as she posed, hands on her hips as she swung them.

“Go wash and sleep.” Claire said, stupefied, sweating from the back her head.

(TL: sounds weird in english, but think of manga/manhua/manhwa characters when they see a really shameless action)

“Yeah, I know. I’ll go to sleep.” Summer said goodnight and turned and left.

Claire sat on the stone wall, quietly leaning on the pillar. Suddenly, she thought of something and called, “Walter, Walter!”

“What?” Walter impatiently replied. “Isn’t it time to sleep right now?”

“Just then you said you sensed that that assassin had Dark aura on them?” Claire asked, frowing.

“Yes. That kind of concealed and hard to perceive Dark aura, even the Temple of Light can’t sense it, haha, but I, Walter, could definitely discover it.” Walter boasted.

But Claire was silent. Who could it be with the trace of Dark aura? And they could conceal it so well. She didn’t have any grievances with a person with this kind of background, right?

Meanwhile, that petite, black figure had already left Camille’s house, disappearing into an alley. In a tidy little hotel, a blonde haired young man was currently leaning against the window, looking into the night. The next moment, a figure silently appeared behind him. A bright dagger was pressed to his throat.

But the blonde haired handsome man’s expression was calm. He said

quietly, “Did you meet her yet?”

“Tch!” The person clicked their tongue unhappily, withdrew the dagger, and then teared off the black cloth that was covering their face. They walked to the side of a table and sat, unsatisfied, then poured herself a cup of water, gulped it down. “How did you know I went to look for her?”

“You think I don’t know you well?” The handsome blonde haired man smiled and walked over, also sitting down. He looked at the woman who looked somewhat similar to him. The woman appeared to be less than twenty, also had golden colored hair, azure pupils, and was a standard beauty.

“Yes, you understand. As the elder brother who has lived with me for so many years, how could you not understand me?” The woman said, peeved, setting down the cup with a thud.

“But I don’t understand her. Why she abandoned us for such a disgraceful man, abandoned our family.” The blonde haired man’s gaze suddenly became cold, squeezing out these kinds of words from the gaps of his teeth.

“Elder brother, you’re still tangling with this question. It’s already been so many years, something that has been an unalterable fact for so long.” The blonde haired girl sighed quietly. Of course she knew that person would forever pain her elder brother’s heart. To her, it was the same. That’s why she went tonight to see that person’s child.

“How was the child?” The blonde haired man suddenly asked. “Is she the same as the rumors?”

“Not bad, she actually discovered me. Although she couldn’t dodge, she didn’t fear death. She even pulled her friend behind to protect her immediately.” The blonde haired woman poured another cup and said seriously.

The blonde haired man frowned slightly. He understood his younger sister to the point that he couldn’t understand her even more. She was proud and arrogant. A person who could make her make this kind of assessment would mean that they were not just ‘not bad’ in truth.

“In other words, she’s different from the rumors?” The blonde haired man asked.

“As for that, I don’t know. In the rumors, she’s an idiotic man-chaser. For the idiotic part, she doesn’t seem like it. As for if she’s a man-chaser, I don’t have a way to confirm that part.” The blonde haired girl yawned and stood up. “But, elder brother, don’t forget our purpose for this trip.”

“I know. You should go and rest.” The blonde haired man said indifferently.

The blonde haired girl looked back and warned. “Also, elder brother, ‘that person’ is in the imperial palace. It’s best if you don’t get any thoughts of wanting too see, it’s too dangerous. If we don’t achieve the purpose of this trip and something also happens to you... You know that old man’s temper.”

The blonde haired man was silent, not saying a word.

“Elder brother, did you not hear what I said? I’ve already lost a dear person. I don’t want anything to happen to you!” The blonde haired woman was a bit angered, raising her voice as she shouted.

After a long time the blonde haired man let out, “I know. You should go rest.”

The blonde haired girl gave a humph, turned to open the door, and left.

The blonde haired man slowly got up, stood beside the window, and silently watched vast night scene, his feelings extremely complex. The distance between him and that person was so close, but he couldn’t go to see her once?

The blonde haired man slowly raised his hand, an average looking ring on his finger. With a flip of his hand, a round bronzeware about the size of a fist appeared out of nowhere in the blonde haired man’s hand. That ring was actually an interspatial ring, something that was rare throughout the entire continent! The bronzeware in the man’s hand had a simple design that emitted an indescribable mysterious aura, and the bronzeware had an empty cavity in the middle, like it was missing something. The

blonde haired man gently stroked the cavity. It was lacking a precious pearl there. Once they found the precious pearl and inlaid it, it would be able to show a splendid road, finding treasure.

At that time, would he be able to find everything he had lost? Would his wishes be satisfied?

The next day, Claire didn't go to classes because she knew that once she got to school, Lashia would definitely grab, not letting her go, and let out a torrent of words that would compliment Father, then plead her to go back home. She didn't want to go back to the home that didn't have Katherine, or at least, she didn't want to now.

Claire sat in Camille's back garden, reclining on a rocking chair, swaying back and forth. Small blasts of cool wind blowing felt extremely satisfying and coupled with drinking Camille's expensive scented tea, it felt more satisfying.

"Claire, Claire, come and see, there's something good, something good." Summer's voice came from afar.

Chapter 72: [No Title]

Claire rocked back and forth, not even raising her head, and asked indifferently,“Oh? What is it?” Summer, that little girl, had left with Ben in the early morning. They said they were going to stroll around and buy some tasty things and then come back. Now she had such an excited tone, perhaps she had bought something tasty?

“Look at this, haha.” Summer quickly rushed up to Claire and pulled out a pearl about the size of an egg and waved it in front of Claire.

Claire squinted, not caring. She said, “Isn’t this just a pearl? It’s just bigger than other pearls, that’s all.”

“What’s mysterious isn’t this!” As a thief, Summer had naturally seen many treasures, but now she pulled Claire up excitedly and then ran to her room, leaving Ben and Jean behind.

“What’s so mysterious?” Claire still held a teacup in her hand as she asked impatiently.

“Come, just come and you’ll know.” Summer hurriedly dragged Claire into the room, drew the curtains, and closed the door tightly. Now she pulled out the pearl.

Claire sipped some tea absentmindedly, looking at the pearl. The pearl slowly radiated light in the dim room.

Bright Moon Pearl1? Claire started to become a little shocked.

Summer looked at the pearl in her hand and said happily, “Awesome, right? The darker it is, the brighter it becomes. At night, it can be used as a light.”

“Where’d you get it?” Of course Claire didn’t believe that Summer would spend money to buy such an expensive thing.

Summer put the pearl away and swung her hips, saying cockily, “I grabbed it in passing.”

“Who was so unlucky?” Claire blurted out.

“The boss of the Red Light auction house.” Summer said, proud of herself.

“Pffft~~” Claire spit, spraying gorgeously.

“That fat guy actually carried around such a good thing.” Summer was still cocky. Summer looked at Claire’s doubting expression and said, “What? What’s so strange about this thing? It is a bit weird though, this is the first time I’ve seen a pearl that can glow in the dark. In the beginning I thought it was just an average pearl.” Summer said to herself.

Claire started to have a little cold sweat. “Summer, how can you steal like this? Do you know that two days later, the Red Light auction house is going to auction off three one of a kind treasures? One of them is a precious pearl that can radiate light in the night. It can be said that this time the auction is the focus of tens of thousands of people, the tickets hard to get even with a thousand gold.”

“Haha, then what about the other two?” Summer became interested, questioning closely.

“There’s still two others that...” Claire thought back.

What Claire and Summer didn’t know at this point in time was that this precious pearl would give them much danger and fortuitous encounters.

Claire and Summer discussed together for a very long time. Finally, Claire told Summer, “Remember, the pearl cannot be shown.”

“Of course, haha. I will safeguard it well.” Summer put away the pearl, and then became excited again as she said, “Can we go see the auction? You definitely have a way. Claire, bring me to see it.”

Claire looked at the eager looking Summer and started smiling. “Okay. I’ll find my Grandfather to get some tickets to go watch.”

“Yes, finding your Grandfather is ok. If you said you would find your disgraceful Father, then forget it, I would rather not go.” Summer said, her lip curled.

“I know.” Claire handed over the cup in her hand to Summer. “Master

Emery said before to find him if I have any business. Grandfather made it clear he will satisfy my requests. Getting a few tickets should be easy to Grandfather."

"Haha, that's good." Summer happily said.

"Think of a way to deal with the pearl, otherwise if other people recognize it, there'll be trouble." Claire thought deeply, stroking her chin.

"First find sir Cliff to get some of that dye, it's very well made. No one else can recognize you after, and then we'll put on a layer of that cheap, shiny powder." Summer giggled. "I use that kind of method a lot. Everyone else all think it's a cheap item.

"Good. In a moment, I'll first let Jean go find my Grandfather and get some tickets, then find Master." Speaking of this, Claire's heart tightened. This was because ever since Cliff came back, he shut himself in the Magician Council and didn't come out. Cliff wanted to advance into a Sorcerer as soon as possible. That was also for her...

"In a while, go find Jean, tell him and Ben to help you work, I'll first go back to my room. Don't come and bother me. I'm going to be meditating; recently I've been slacking off a lot." Claire thought of how hard Cliff was working. She definitely couldn't continue ignoring it. Last time, she had already broken through from the second level of the Treasured Lotus Style, so now she should look at the third level.

"Oh, alright. You should meditate without worry, haha, become a grand wizard quicker, and then wizard sage, then sorcerer, that way I can really walk sideways." Summer smiled widely.

Claire laughed helplessly. This girl's ideal really was...

Arriving back at her room, Claire put on a magic barrier and pulled out the Treasured Lotus Style. At this moment, Walter said, "Claire, why can you understand the words on the book?"

Claire didn't answer and shot back a question instead. "Walter, do you think I'm like an idiotic man-chaser?"

"It's not if you seem like it or not, but that you're basically not one at

all." Walter replied certainly.

"Then that's fine. Go and stay over there quietly, don't bother me." Claire waved her hand impatiently, indicating for Walter to go away.

Walter floated over to the side, his brows furrowed tightly, pondering about Claire's words. Ever since he had been with Claire, he had always heard the surrounding people say she was some kind of man-chaser, idiot, and useless guy. But this little devil was wicked, two-faced, faked kindness, sinister, despicable, and shameless. She was a magic warrior, and currently already advanced into the wizard level, her flames also a strange golden color. Such a person could also be a man-chasing idiot? Was it that Claire had meticulously hid her strength before?

From the side, Walter was thinking so much his head was about to explode, but still couldn't think of a reason.

Meanwhile, Claire was training the lotus flower power nearby and trying infusing it with the book. The words on the book were like ants as they slowly started flowing, the lines intertwining, changing the words. Gradually, the words on the book all turned into the contents of the second level.

Claire didn't think much of it and started reading it carefully, frowning while reading. When Claire had accomplished the second level of the Treasured Lotus Style, she had suffered tribulation lightning because she had produced a golden lotus core, which was also that big golden lotus that had suddenly appeared. If she didn't produce the golden lotus core, then she wouldn't have suffered tribulation lightning. On the book, it had been written that people who had given birth to a golden lotus heart were very few. The most important point was that the personality of the golden lotus heart would be greatly influenced by the cultivator's personality. In other words, chickens give birth to chickens, ducks give birth to ducks, and the host's personality would give birth to type of personality of the golden lotus core.

Claire looked at this and felt a bit awkward. She asked herself, her personality wasn't that bad, was it? That time, before the god of Darkness

descended, that golden lotus seemed to have cussed some profanity, saying something like f*ck, there's going to be someone who'll save you, what do I need to come out for? Waste of time. It was like this, right? In other words, that golden lotus core was something that she had given birth to? Pah! Claire immediately spit. What kinds of words was that?

"Ma, what are you going pah about? Of course you gave birth to me." Suddenly during that moment, an abrupt voice sounded in Claire's mind. Claire was shocked, the book in her hand dropping to the floor. Last time, the situation was too hurried, that's why she hadn't heard the voice clearly, but now, she heard it clearly. It was a young but arrogant voice.

Ma??? Claire opened her mouth wide, and then reached out her hand, silently pointing at her own nose. Are you calling for me?

"I am calling you." That young voice snorted, "That vulgar guy called Walter always is stubbornly speaking nonsense with you, that why I wasn't willing to come out."

"Then, can you give me an explanation for what on earth is going on?" Claire asked awkwardly. "Also, can you change how you address me? Even though your birth is perhaps related to me, but, this address doesn't seem right."

"Okay, Ma. Listen to me. The second level of the Treasured Lotus Style is the most crucial point. If at that time I wasn't born from you, then even if you completely cultivated this arcanum to the tenth level, you still wouldn't advance to the level of a sorcerer and also wouldn't be able to comprehend the higher levels of the mental cultivating method." Golden Lotus's young voice was exceptionally severe. "Do you remember the twelve flower petals on your back?"

Claire nodded, and then said helplessly, "Can you not emphasize the matter of your birth?"

Golden Lotus didn't hear Claire's protest, and continued to say, "The moment when you were in danger and comprehended the second level, you gave birth to me smoothly. That's why the tribulation lightning came. But I don't care about that little bit of lightning. Only after giving birth to

me can you learn the levels past the tenth level, the eleventh and twelfth level. Once that happens, all the flower petals on your back will unfurl."

"What kind of existence are you?" Claire asked in confusion.

"Ma, the question you asked is really stupid, you gave birth to me, so what do you think?" Golden Lotus said somewhat disdainfully.

"Were you just born?" Claire asked in a bad mood. If this guy was a child, they would definitely be a disobedient child! Not cute at all.

"That Walter2 or whatever, looking at him makes me uncomfortable. Ma, get him a body as fast as possible. If he's here, I'll only come out if you're in danger." Golden Lotus snorted, and then went silent.

"Golden Lotus? Golden Lotus?" No matter how Claire called, Golden Lotus didn't respond.

"Claire, what's wrong with you?" Walter asked as he floated over, not understanding. "There's something off with your complexion."

Claire looked up and glanced at Walter. Seeing her stare, Walter's hairs stood on end. He didn't know how much at a loss Claire was mentally. How could she not be at a loss? Suddenly, another strange thing appeared in her mind, calling her Ma!

Suddenly, Walter called out in surprise, "Ah, Claire, White Emperor woke up." seeing White Emperor's claw, who Claire had put next to the pillow, move slightly.

*

1. A legendary pearl that can glow in the dark.

2. There's a pun here. It sounds like walter, but the three characters mean like pick his ear, like instead of picking noses, it's getting rid of ear wax.

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Claire turned around and saw White Emperor open his eyes slowly.

“Chirp chirp~” White Emperor opened his mouth, stood up, shook his body, and then intimately crawled over to Claire’s side.

Claire scooped of the furry White Emperor, and her thoughts became even more conflicted. Why did she feel like she was something that attracted weird beings? Walter, the spirit, the Golden Lotus who arrogantly called her Ma, and this furry White Emperor. This adorable guy was actually her master.

Claire stared at the furry White Emperor with wide eyes, coldly humphing in her heart. Just wait, she would definitely reverse the contract, definitely become White Emperor’s master!

“Walter.” Claire suddenly called.

“What?” Walter responded out of reflex.

“If you want a body, besides finding and possessing a suitable body, are there any other methods?” Claire asked while frowning.

“Yes, but no.” Walter said helplessly.

“What do you mean?”

“There’s something that can give rebirth to someone’s body, but it is the Temple of Light’s treasure. It’s said that the goddess bestowed it to an unknown pope and it has been enshrined in the Temple of Light’s main palace hall ever since. Who could get it? Doesn’t this mean no?” Walter explained in a long-winded manner. “Of course I don’t like other people’s bodies, I still long for my own body. But that thing, although it sounds ok, how is it possible to obtain?”

But Claire was frowning and thinking of other things.

“If your body is reborn, will you be recognized? For example, the Divine Prince who killed you?” Claire asked doubtfully.

“No, that day when I was fighting with the pretty boy, I had completely

covered myself. I also didn't say anything." Walter replied truthfully.

Claire sat in the lotus position, not speaking anymore, pondering.

"Claire! You, you won't think about going to steal from the Temple of light, will you? Don't you know how dangerous it is? You won't necessarily be able to enter in safely, and even if you go in, there's no guarantee you can bring it out!" Walter cried in alarm. Then, very worriedly, he said, "Although I really want my body, I don't wish for you to be in danger."

"Oh." Claire replied halfheartedly, still pondering.

"Don't, don't be mistaken. I don't mean that I'm afraid of something happening to you. It's just that, if something happens to you, what do I do? I'm just a stone." Walter explained hastily. But the more he spoke, the more lacking in strength it was. He felt annoyed in his heart. Why did he feel like the more he tried, the worse it became? Could it be that he took a liking to this little devil? Pah! How could it be possible?! This little girl still hadn't finished maturing, and her personality was so vile. She often treated him evilly. How could he take a liking to such a despicable person?

"Oh." Claire was still absent minded.

Walter relaxed. Looks like this little devil didn't care about his words. Not bad, not bad.

"Walter." Claire suddenly called, startling Walter at the same time.

"Wha, what?" Walter asked cautiously.

"What does the treasure that can give rebirth to your body look like?" Claire asked, her face completely serious.

"Wha, what are you going to do?" Walter asked, somewhat shocked.

"Naturally, I'm going to get it for you and let your body be reborn." If you have a body, you can help me even more than now. Claire didn't say the last sentence out loud. But Walter always not having a body was also not right either.

"What?!" Walter started shouting, "Do you know how dangerous it is?! Right now you still have the mark of the god of darkness on the back of

your hand. If it's discovered by people from the Temple of Light, what would the result be?" Walter was extremely anxious, immediately trying to block the idea.

"As long as they don't discover it, it's fine." Claire shrugged as she replied, not caring at all.

"You said it simply, but do you think the Temple of Light is really that easy to get in? You think the thing inside is really that easy to take? The Temple of Light has as many experts as the clouds, and also, that thing is bound to be enshrined in the main palace hall." Walter was extremely anxious, hurriedly stating some of the dangers, trying to prevent Claire from going.

"I didn't say I was going to break in through the front." Claire raised a brow lightly. "Also, I'm very skeptical. Isn't it relatively valuable? Shouldn't it be hidden in a certain secret location?" Claire was didn't completely understand.

"That's because the Temple of Light fakes helping people and is arrogant. That's something the goddess bestowed to mortals, naturally they'll show it off and tell everyone that the goddess cares about the temple. Another reason is that the Temple of Light is extraordinarily confident in their strength. Think about it, who in the world dares to steal from the Temple of Light?" Walter said while frowning.

"I dare." Claire revealed a trace of a strange smile.

"You! Do you want to die?!" Walter hurriedly and angrily said. "Do you know how dangerous that way is?!"

"What does it look like? There should be some kind of barrier on it, right?" Claire pondered, stroking her chin.

"You don't say! Of course there's a barrier. But it shouldn't be very strong, because the Temple of Light is extreeeeemely arrogant." Walter snorted and then suddenly froze, his gaze becoming vulgar. "Claire, you're working so hard to for my body to be reborn, could it be that you took a fancy to me? When did you start to secretly love me?"

Claire didn't say a word, pulled out the Spiritual Stone, and then pinched it indifferently with all her might. Walter was about to faint, spazzing, and then was silent.

Claire didn't waste any more time. She sat in the lotus position, closing her eyes, thinking back to the third level of the mental cultivation method in the Treasured Book of Lotuses, and started to cultivate.

No sound, no form, no I, no heart.

Claire only felt that she had entered a fantasy-like realm. Everything around her disappeared. Warmth, she only felt a strange warmth.

Being unconscious, Walter couldn't see the faint golden glow around Claire's body that looked so pure, so beautiful.

White Emperor, who had been lying down nearby, stared at Claire without moving.

After who knows how long, Claire finally opened her eyes. The golden glow instantly disappeared. A trace of a satisfied smile appeared on Claire's lips. Fusing together Dou Qi and magic elements into the lotus power was extremely efficient. She was just missing a bit and almost able to comprehend the third level. It wasn't that she couldn't break through, but that Claire still didn't want to have tribulation lightning here and destroy Camille's house.

But Golden Lotus's voice suddenly sounded in Claire's mind. "Ma, the later on it is, the harder it is to break through. The level of magic and Dou Qi you have right now can at most help you quickly advance to the seventh level. Later, it'll be harder. But don't be afraid, I'll block the tribulation lightning."

"Can you change your address?" Claire said, somewhat helplessly.

But Golden turned a deaf ear to Claire's protest. "Ma, goodnight." After saying goodnight, it fell silent.

Claire was a little speechless, completely unable to handle Golden Lotus. She slowly closed her eyes, a slight smile appearing on her lips. Now with her eyes closed, the area she could sense was even farther. It was now

dusk outside. She slowly expanded her consciousness, passing through the aisle to the main hall. She could actually sense the situation in the main hall. Everybody was preparing to eat, but Summer muttered, why hasn't Claire finished meditating yet, did she need to go and call her or something? But Camille blocked her, saying that it's best to not bother a magician meditating.

Claire's shock was endless. She had only cultivated to the third level and was already this abnormal, so what about later? This is a spiritual sense? The phrase suddenly popped up in Claire's head, but immediately disappeared.

The next moment, Camille, Jean, and Ben all felt something strange.

"Why do I feel like someone is watching?" Camille turned and looked around in confusion, but didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

"I also feel like somebody's watching us." Ben snorted and said in a bad mood.

Jean watched the surroundings alertly, but was also unable to discover any clues.

Satisfied, Claire slowly withdrew her consciousness. She started pondering. Just then, the two words, spiritual sense, suddenly flashed in her mind and felt very familiar, a strange kind of feeling. But she couldn't put her finger on it. Why?

Claire got up. White Emperor gave a chirp, then pounced on Claire's back. While he was at it, he climbed up to Claire's shoulder, then onto her head, claiming his treasured seat again.

Claire walked to the main hall just as Camille and the rest were preparing to eat their meal. Seeing Claire come, Summer happily jumped over, pulling out a couple of tickets and waved them happily. "Claire, your Grandfather's really awesome. He's so efficient, getting us tickets so fast. He also gave 'that thing' over."

Naturally, Claire knew what 'that thing' meant. It was the dye potion that was going to be used to change the precious pearl's appearance.

“Claire, it’s time to eat.” Camille smiled warmly. “You were shut up in that room and meditating for so long, you should be hungry. Eat a little more.”

Claire nodded and walked over. When she got close to Camille, Camille used a volume that only the two of them could hear and squeezed out from the gaps of his teeth, “I was looking forward to you dying of hunger inside there.”

“This wish of yours will never be fulfilled.” Claire also smiled like a flower and squeezed out.

They were very friendly while eating, or at least, on the surface.

After eating dinner, Claire returned to the bedroom and pulled out the spiritual stone, rubbing it over and over.

Walter suddenly awoke, watching Claire’s actions with wide eyes. Currently, the spiritual stone was like Walter’s body, it could let Walter feel everything. With Claire rubbing the stone, it felt like his whole body was being rubbed.

“Claire, stop, what are you doing?” Walter called in surprise, trying to quickly stop her. “I already woke up.”

“Oh.” Claire stopped, looked at Walter, and said, “Say it, what does the treasure that can give rebirth to your body look like? Ah, why is your face so red?”

“You!” Walter swallowed back the words he was about to say. If you rub me like this, how can my face not be red? Unfortunately I’m a normal man!

“Quickly!” Claire poked the Spiritual Stone and said impatiently.

Walter was afraid Claire would poke him again and hurriedly said, “Ah! It looks about the same as a conch shell.” Then he quickly added, “Even though I told you, don’t go. It’s too dangerous over there, not somewhere you can go with your current strength. Even if you advanced to the grand wizard stage, you still wouldn’t be able to enter safely and escape.”

But Claire ignored Walter and instead, gave a forceful pinch, making Walter faint. Then she packed up some things, got up, left the room, and then went to Ben's room.

Claire knocked and opened Ben's door. He appeared drowsily. Of course, if he wasn't busy, then he would go to sleep.

"Claire, what are you doing?" Ben was confused and didn't understand.

"Let's go. Tonight, I'll give you a lesson. A very important lesson." A trace of a crafty smile appeared on Claire's lips.

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Ben blinked, still not understanding.

“Just come with me.” A strange smile appeared on Claire’s face. “You can learn what you wanted to learn.”

“Okay.” Ben agreed immediately and went out the door quietly with Claire.

The night was as cold as water.

Claire and Ben crouched at the corner of a dark alley, Claire whispering in Ben’s ear. Ben blinked and listened carefully without a missing a word.

“Do it like that?” Ben blinked and asked in a polite manner, like a little student waiting for their teacher’s reply.

“Yes. When the time comes you only need to do this... And then do this...” Claire explained to the obedient Ben in detail.

“Okay, okay.” Ben nodded and replied, then he blinked with confusion, earnestly asked, “But what’s the point of me doing this?”

“To create a diversion.” Claire patiently explained. “You’ll just attract their attention over there, and I’ll enter from a different place. That way they won’t pay attention to me.”

“That’s good, haha.” Ben shook his head as he said, “But how long do I need to stall?”

“Stall as long as possible. If you can’t, just tell them a story. Tell them that the goddess of light has hope for the dragon god, hope that humans and dragons will peacefully coexist and that you came to visit them.” Claire shamelessly taught Ben.

Ben listened carefully, remembering everything in his heart.

“I remembered everything, are we rushing over there now?” Excitement flickered in Ben’s gaze, incessantly excited.

“No, we’re still not rushing now. It’ll be in a little bit.” Claire calculated the time. Humans are in deep sleep at a little bit passed three and also on

their lowest guard. It's best at that time to make a commotion.

"Okay." Ben crouched down, patiently waiting for time to pass.

The night became more and more dark. Claire looked up at the sky, reckoning that it was about time. She pushed Ben, who was beside her and had quickly fallen asleep. "Ben, let's go. It's about time you transformed."

"Okay." Ben got up excitedly.

One human and one dragon took advantage of the darkness and quietly approached the main door of the nearby Temple of Light.

"Roar~~~~~" Ben bellowed, splitting the night sky, suddenly transforming back, then crouched at the entrance of the Temple of Light.

A heart-shaking dragon pressure spread out.

Ben's huge body almost completely blocked the temple of Light's entrance and an indescribable dragon pressure had spread out. Naturally, it immediately stunned the people inside the temple of Light.

The pope abruptly opened his eyes, hastily put on clothes, and then hurried out. He knew very clearly that this pressure was dragon pressure. Why would a dragon appear here? Why would such a lofty being appear in midair at the temple of Light's entrance? An ominous feeling arose in his heart.

The temple of Light immediately started bustling with commotion as a giant, black dragon sat conspicuously in front of the temple of Light. Everybody had hurriedly ran to the temple's entrance after putting clothes on.

They knew clearly that one breath from a dragon could destroy the main entrance of the temple of Light. Even if they used some magic, if there wasn't a powerful person blocking, then it would be unthinkable. Every expert there knew that fighting with a dragon was insensible. The so-called dragon slayer was just a fairy tale that tricked children. But dragons couldn't attack human cities whenever they wanted. Why did this dragon suddenly appear here?

When the pope arrived at the entrance, there were already many people gathered there. After they saw the pope come, they all let out a path one by one, nobody daring to act without thinking.

The pope frowned, watching the giant dragon who was sitting at the entrance seriously, somewhat apprehensive. It was actually a three-headed dragon, each having their own element, a dragon with three magic elements! If he fought against this dragon, even if he won, it was still not worth it, because this place was the capital! This place was the entrance of the temple of Light! If they fought, perhaps the whole place would be destroyed. Nobody could bear this responsibility, not even him, the pope!

What made the pope somewhat at a loss was this this dragon just sat up straight, no indication of wanting to fight whatsoever. He just sat, towering, looking down at everybody with wide eyes, but not saying a word. Nobody noticed that on the black dragon's back, there was something small and furry, an existence completely overlooked. It was White Emperor. Claire was afraid that if White Emperor crouched on her head, his aura would be discovered, so she handed White Emperor over to Ben to bring along.

And so one dragon looked at everybody's, face to face, three pairs of huge eyes staring against a group of small eyes.

The atmosphere was a bit strange. A peal of cold wind blew, a chilly whoosh.

It was deathly silent.

"Then, venerable guest of the dragon race, may I ask for what you have come so late at night for?" The honorable pope finally said, testing him out, calm at the face of danger.

More and more people gathered behind the pope. All of them had come when they felt the terrifying pressure, many of them wearing a jacket, their hearts a bit uneasy and suspicious. A giant dragon actually appeared in the middle of the night here for something!

"Hmph." Ben's three noses snorted. He slowly lowered his heads at looked at the pope.

Everybody held their breath, putting up their guard. Was it time to fight?

But then Ben said seriously, “I was just passing by and chose to rest here on whim. This place is relatively spacious.”

Everybody looked at each other, all seeing that each other’s gazes were as incredulous as theirs and also skeptical of whether or not they were all dreaming. The pope’s face was also twitching.

Passing by? Resting here?

This kind of situation actually happens?

“Venerable guest of the dragon race, in other words, you have no intention of causing trouble?” The pope asked cautiously and politely.

“Trouble?” Ben said with surprise, then cried out with indignation, “What are you talking about? The goddess of light and the dragon god have always had a pact: we dragons can’t attack human cities whenever we want. How can I do something that will shame our dragon god?” Ben said emotionlesly.

Ben was doing a word by word repeat of what Claire told him to do to stall.

Everybody had a puzzled expression. Perhaps this powerful black dragon really was just passing by? Could something so fortunate really happen?

The pope was also puzzled, but so long as the dragon didn’t come to cause problems, then it was fine.

Currently, Claire had already secretly infiltrated into the temple of Light from a different side. Just as she suspected, basically everybody was drawn to Ben outside. A dragon, such a grandiose being, had always never had any contact with humans. They were a symbol of strength and fear in human’s hearts. But now one had suddenly appeared at the temple of Light’s entrance. How could people not be astonished? Their first reaction was that a powerful enemy had appeared and they needed to go and fight against it. Naturally, this side was now more vulnerable.

Claire silently landed, hid her aura, and then followed down the corridor

of white jade, stealthily walking in. The enshrined treasure was inside, behind the main hall.

As expected, she didn't meet anybody the whole way. The Temple of Light was really arrogant. In their eyes, no person or power could contend with them. Who would have thought that the giant dragon at the entrance was purposely arranged by someone to attract their interest? And who would have thought that there was a person who would actually dare to secretly go into the temple and steal something?

Claire went agiley the whole way, like a demon, not letting anybody detect her.

It was close. The main hall was right in front of her. Claire pulled out the invisibility cloak that Cliff gave her, quietly draping it over her. Her figure instantly disappeared.

The main hall was brightly lit, splendid and grandiose. This place would always be filled with light, a giant magic light hanging from the main hall's ceiling, the surrounding walls filled with many small magic lamps. At the very top of the main hall was the depiction of the goddess of Light. The carved depiction was extremely life-like, the goddess looking so holy, so solemn and inviolable.

In front of the depiction was a bright barrier covering a pretty object in the shape of a conch shell. It was probably the treasure Walter said could give rebirth to a spirit.

Claire squinted and looked carefully, slowly approaching the magic barrier. If it was like Walter said, then the barrier would be very weak. What she needed to do right now was not alarm anybody, quickly get rid of the barrier, and take away the treasure.

Claire read the barrier's undulations with rapt attention. Right at that moment, the sound of footsteps suddenly appeared outside along with a crisp voice that Claire recognized. "Elder sis Qing, quicker."

"Xuanxuan, slow down, you can't run like this. Be careful with your body. If your elder brother knows I allowed you to get up in the middle of the night to see a dragon, he'll get angry at me." Liuxue Qing's voice came, her

tone blaming yet spoiling at the same time.

“It won’t happen, I’ll talk to elder brother, of course elder brother won’t.” Xuanxuan Leng giggled. “I miss elder brother. Does elder sister Qing miss my elder brother?”

“You child, what are you talking about?” Although Liuxue Qing said this, her tone was bashful and happy.

“Elder sister Qing~~~” Xuanxuan Leng’s voice became closer and closer.

Claire stopped her movements and hid her aura, wanting to wait for them to pass and then make her move.

When Liuxue Qing and Xuanxuang Leng passed through the main hall, Liuxue Qing suddenly stopped, frowning slightly, turning to look towards the enshrined treasure underneath the depiction of the goddess of Light. She kept on feeling like something was off.

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Claire's heart tightened. It can't be, the divine princess's level was already so high that she was able to sense her slightly when she was invisible? The invisibility cloak had a time limit. If the divine princess continued to stay, then there would be trouble. Claire didn't dare to move anymore. Since the divine princess could already sense that something was wrong, then if she moved, the divine princess was bound to discover her. There was a reason why she was the divine princess: the divine princess was not easy to deal with. Claire started to get worried. If she really continued to stay, then what would she do?

"Elder sister Qing, let's go quicker, in a while, it'll be too late and we won't be able to see the dragon any more." Xuanxuan Leng pulled on the edge of Liuxue Qing's clothes, saying pitifully, "Quickly, if I don't see it this time, perhaps Xuanxuan will never see one in her lifetime."

"Xuanxuan." Once Liuxue Qing heard this, her expression changed slightly, her wrinkled brows smoothing out, replaced with a somewhat pitying expression. Xuanxuan Leng's body was very weak and had always been relying on the temple's medicine to maintain her life. If there was some kind of mishap, perhaps she really wouldn't live that long.

"Elder sister, let's go quickly." Xuanxuang Leng pulled on the edge of Liuxue Qing's clothes eagerly.

"Ok, ok, behave well, Xuanxuan. I'll bring you there right now. You can't tell your elder brother when he comes back that I got you up in the middle of the night." Liuxue Qing bent down and scooped Xuanxuan Leng up, quickly going out.

Claire watched the two go far away, letting out a sigh. In the end, they left. If she used up the time limit of the cloak this time, then strong magic had to be poured into it.

Just as Claire was feeling relieved, she saw Xuanxuan Leng, who was hugging onto Liuxue Qing's neck and lying on her shoulder, poke out her small head and silently smile at Claire.

Claire's pupils instantly widened.

The little girl saw her! Claire was a little surprised. In other words, the reason why Xuanxuan Leng was so impatient for going out and looking at a dragon was not because she wanted to go see, but because she wanted to tell Liuxue Qing to leave! Was she protecting her?! Why would that little girl want to protect her? Why did she treat her so well?

Thinking of this, Claire also turned to Xuanxuan Leng and revealed a smile, then nodded her head lightly.

After Xuanxuan Leng gave a mischievous wink, she went back into Liuxue Qing's embrace, slowly going far away.

Claire immediately turned and read the barrier's undulation, then went past the barrier. She put the treasure away carefully, then quickly went back the way she came. Just as Claire lept over the temple's tall wall, the invisibility cloak's time limit arrived. Claire's figure instantly appeared.

Claire put away the cloak, then disappeared silently into the night.

Just when Claire arrived back at the dark alley she and Ben were at before and stabilized her balance, a strange, imperceptible movement suddenly whipped through the air. Claire's heart tightened. The strange figure flashed to the side. The next moment, a shiny dagger slashed at Claire's hair, cutting off a few strands of Claire's hair. The hair lightly floated to the ground.

"Your guts are pretty big, actually daring to infiltrate into the temple of Light and steal something in the middle of the night!" A cold voice suddenly sounded from behind Claire.

Claire turned, facing a pair of cold eyes.

Black clothes, abnormally exceptional skills, a voice that she seemed to have heard before.

Claire looked at the person behind her and was a bit stunned. This person was the female assassin from that night, the person who could have killed her, but didn't.

Claire watched the woman in front of her silently. Although this woman made a swipe with her dagger, she didn't have any killing intent. Without knowing why, Claire didn't truly dislike the woman.

"What are you doing, going to steal something from the temple of Light and not going to sleep this late?" The woman snorted.

"Wrong, I wasn't stealing, it's called borrowing." Claire shook her head, looking even more guilty.

The female assassin put away the dagger, looking at Claire with cold eyes. "Hah, I've never met anyone as shameless as you. It's clearly stealing, but you say that's incorrect." She said sourly.

"Well, it can't be that you're wandering around here instead of sleeping this late at night for chatting with me here, right?" A faint smile appeared from the corner of Claire's mouth. This women, her skill was abnormal. Also, last time Walter said that she had a faint Dark aura. Who on earth was she then? Why did she feel like this person seemed to know who she was?

"Stinking brat, you dare to argue against me?" The female assassin frowned.

"I don't dare." Claire was a bit puzzled at the female assassin's tone. It sounded like her age wasn't that old, but she had an elderly tone, it was truly puzzling.

"Quickly call your stupid dragon to leave." After saying this sentence, the female assassin disappeared into thin air.

Claire frowned, feeling a bit baffled. She felt like that female assassin seemed to be just passing by and had bumped into her, chatting with her while she was at it. This kind of feeling seemed like two acquaintances walking after eating their meal and just happened to meet each other, and then stopped to chat for a bit. Speechless, Claire actually felt like she was speechless. How could it be like that kind of analogy?

But at least she had obtained the object. It was time to call Ben to leave. Claire closed her eyes, feeling the contract connection between her and

White Emperor and passed on the message.

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor opened his eyes, reached out his two front paws, and then started to vigorously dig into Ben's back, indicating that Ben could go now.

"I was passing by, but I landed here to just visit while I was at it. Naturally, we dragons treat the Temple of Light's faithful followers well..." Ben was still talking eagerly. His saliva was even flying everywhere, making the people below him feel bitter, but they didn't dare to speak out.

The group of people had all put on a jacket heedlessly, their brains stopping to ponder, all looking in a daze at the giant dragon who was crouching there, listening to him speak.

"Alright, I've rested enough. Faithful followers of the Temple of Light, till we meet again." Ben had felt White Emperor digging into his back and understood that Claire had finished on her side. He laughed while saying goodbye to everyone, and then disappeared into the night.

Everybody didn't come back to their senses until Ben's figure disappeared. They felt like they were dreaming tonight, like everybody had dreamed a mystical dream at the same time, but it was real, definitely real.

The pope frowned, looking at the night. He kept on feeling like something was wrong, but couldn't really put his finger on it.

Liuxue Qing's gaze didn't leave the black dragon. It was until the black dragon had flown away that strangely, she saw on the black dragon's back a small, furry dot, but at the same time, she couldn't see it clearly.

"Elder sister Qing, the dragon flew away." Xuanxuan Leng said quietly while latched on Liuxue Qing's neck, looking at the night.

"Yes. Then we'll go back and rest." Liuxue Qing smiled and said while carrying Xuanxuan Leng.

"Yes." Xuanxuan Leng withdrew her gaze. An imperceptible trace of a smile flashed through her eyes.

Everybody scattered. The moment after the pope let out a breath and

turned around, also preparing to return to his room and sleep, somebody actually came and reported, flustered.

The person who came had a pale face, frantically reporting, “Your holiness, something terrible has happened! The goddess of Light’s gift has disappeared!”

“What?!” The pope’s expression instantly changed. The goddess of Light’s gift disappeared?!

The moment Liuxue Qing heard it, her expression also changed. She now thought of the feeling she had that something was fishy when passing by the main hall just before. It turns out that something bad actually happened!

Somebody actually stole away the goddess of Light’s gift right under their noses!!!

Astonishment, anger, impatience, all the negative emotions almost made the pope lose his rationality.

“Go investigate immediately! We must get the goddess of Light’s gift back!” The pope’s face was already green. There was actually someone so audacious! It was all because their attention was attracted by the giant dragon who had suddenly appeared that they were taken advantage of. That’s right, dragon! The pope realized immediately. Why would a dragon appear here without any reason and then only say some nonsense?!

Perhaps? Thinking of this, the pope’s heart sunk. Perhaps that dragon was called over by the person who stole the goddess of Light’s gift? They could make a dragon come and do such a thing, so their strength would be...

The more the pope thought, the more unsettled he was. The goddess of Light’s gift wasn’t a decoration but something that could be used up. Since the person who had stolen the treasure had such strength, then perhaps it couldn’t be gotten back. Even if they found the person who had stolen the treasure, it would be too late then; the treasure was sure to be used up already!

Thinking of this, the pope looked decrepit. But in his heart, he was puzzled. Who one earth actually had such capabilities that they could send a dragon when all dragons were so proud? Since when did such a powerful person appear in the capital? Or when did such a powerful person come to the capital? He had never heard of it before.

The pope's complexion turned from green to black, then from black to green. Nobody dared to approach and speak. And so the pope returned alone to the room, thinking who it could be along the way.

Currently, Claire and Ben, who had turned back into a human, secretly and silently went back to Camille's home. Ben looked completely satisfied as he went back to sleep. He really felt really good tonight. Once he thought of so many humans looking at him, suffering from his words, his mood became really good.

Claire also stole away back to her room to rest, but just as she entered the room and closed the door, a lamp illuminated.

Sitting in the middle of the room as calm as water was Camille.

Chapter 76: [No Title]

“Oh, teacher, how can you be like this, secretly hiding in the room of an adolescent girl?” Claire reprimanded expressionlessly.

“Is stealing something in the middle of the night from the Temple of Light something a young girl would do?” Camille had a dark face, but his tone was extremely tender.

Seeing this, Claire felt a bit uncomfortable. “Well, teacher, can you make your tone and expressions match?”

“Ok.” Camille’s face revealed a smile as gentle as spring wind, his tone extremely tender as he stood up and slowly walked over. “What good thing did you steal, let me see.”

“You want to do evil to evil?” Claire watched Camille alertly.

The next moment, an explosive force hit the top of Claire’s head. Camille’s gentle voice carried hidden anger. “Did you read too many stupid books?”

“Aiya, you hit me?” Claire covered the top of her head and then glared with resentment at White Emperor, who had just speedily slid to her shoulder, taking refuge. This thing was too immoral. Camille’s speed was too quick, so Claire didn’t have time to dodge, and this little thing was too good, dodging so quickly at the crucial moment.

“So what if I hit you? Quickly bring it out and let me see!” Camille said tenderly, yet dangerously at the same time.

Claire said from the corner of her mouth, “You’re sure you won’t do evil to evil?”

Camille’s hand raised again. Camille hugged her head and immediately dodged to the side.

It was only after the two stared at each other for a while that Claire slowly brought out the object.

“The goddess’s gift? What are you going to do with this?” Although

Camille recognized in a glance what the object was, he wasn't very surprised.

"In any case, it's useful." Claire rolled her eyes at Camille. This bastard that bullied the weak, doing whatever he wanted with his speed that was faster than hers.

"Tch, I actually thought it was something good. Go to sleep." Camille snorted, then immediately left out the door.

Camille looked suspiciously at the door. What did this guy's reaction mean? Really strange.

But in any case, now she could let Walter's body be reborn, something worthy of being happy about.

Claire closed the door, sat back on the bed, then pulled out the Spiritual Stone and started pinching it viciously.

"Don't, don't pinch!" The first sentence Walter said when he awoke was this, but he was actually burning with rage on the inside. This devil pinched pretty hard this time. If he wasn't pinched, who knew when he would wake up.

Claire stopped pinching Walter, pointing at the conch shell at the side and asked Walter, "How do you use this thing?"

Walter opened his mouth wide, dumbstruck.

"Speak!" Claire faked jabbing at the spiritual stone, softly jabbing without any politeness, making Walter come back to his senses.

"Claire! You really got it? You actually, really got it?!" Walter was exceptionally excited, his gaze completely incredulous.

"I'm asking you how to use it!" Claire asked coldly.

"Ah, oh, just open the conch shell then grind the thing inside to powder and sprinkle it over my soul's body but you must make a magic barrier you can't let the light leak out to avoid other people discovering it I'm about to have a body I'm really happy." Walter immediately and obediently replied in one breath without any breaks, including the last sentences, which also

flowed smoothly.

Claire didn't waste her breath anymore, immediately creating a barrier, then opened the conch shell, taking out a glossy, round, small ball. She stood on the bed, pinching the ball into powder, preparing to sprinkle everything over Walter's soul.

"Wait!" Walter's expression suddenly had big changes as he cried out loudly.

But it was already too late, the powder had already been slowly scattered onto it.

Claire also wanted to stop, but the powder already had been sprinkled, all landing on Walter's soul. A line of bright light emitted from Walter's body, making one unable to open their eyes. Claire squinted slightly, but couldn't see exactly what was happening in the light.

"Ah..." Walter's low voice came from the white light.

"Oh, Walter, are you alright? Why did you want me to wait?" Claire heard that Walter's voice seemed to be pretty normal, there wouldn't be something wrong with that thing, was there?

"I'm fine." Walter's low voice came, but he only answered the first question.

Claire sat down, stroking her chin, waiting for the white light to scatter, wanting to see what was going on.

The white light slowly scattered, slowly revealing Walter's body. First was the head, his delicate and pretty face and jet-black, beautiful hair, next, his slim shoulders. Claire's eyes widened as she watched. How mysterious, Walter's body was really being reborn! Slowly, the lower part of Walter's body also became visible. Claire just sat on the side of the bed, watching Walter's body be reborn. Shoulder, chest, waist, next was...

Claire became petrified. The part below men's waist was...

Walter covered his vital area, looking at Claire's ashen face, and said, "Just then I said wait. I wanted you to give me some clothes and after you

finished sprinkling, you could wait while sitting in the corner of the room." Walter had on a look like it had nothing to do with him and not his fault.

"Get out!" Claire grabbed a pillow and threw it at Walter. Walter reached out and caught it, then covered his important place with the pillow and retreated.

"It's not my fault. That thing can only give rebirth to my body, not add clothes. I also didn't want it to be like this." Walter explained to the ashen faced Claire, feeling wronged.

"Do you understand me telling you to get out?" Claire was about to flare up.

"You, you should in any case give me a blanket to let me wrap up my body." Walter looked at Claire impatiently.

"Get the hell out." Claire pulled out a blanket while she was at it and threw it at Walter. Walter hastily wrapped up his body, cutting a sorry figure as he ran out.

While Walter ran out the room, the sound of a door slamming shut came from behind him.

Walter stood in the aisle. Now it was already early morning, the sky already brightening. Walter's naked body only had a blanket wrapped around his waist. He stood at Claire's door in a daze. A cold wind blew. Walter shuddered, then came back to his senses. He turned, knocked on the door, and said, "Claire, you're just going to throw me here like there?"

There was no sound from inside.

"You have the heart to throw me here? Not preparing anything? Shouldn't you explain my identity to them? Isn't it no good that I seemed to have suddenly appeared?" Walter knocked on the door with all his might.

There was still no sound inside.

"In a while, other people will wake up and see a beautiful man who's not

wearing clothes and knocking on your door in the early morning, what do you think they'll think? Other people with think that you..." The next moment, Walter's hand that was knocking landed on nothing, becoming rigid in mid air. In front of him was Claire's face so dark, he was about to start sweating.

Walter still didn't understand how senseless he was, saying mockingly, "I'm not responsible for what other people think."

"Ah..." Immediately, Walter's miserable cry broke through the dawn. Everybody greeting a new day with this cry.

Once everybody hurried over to the entrance of Claire's room, they saw a delicate and beautiful man with bumps all over his head, crouching painfully on the floor, hugging his head while crying mournfully, only a blanket wrapped around his waist. Claire had an ashen face. She had just stopped her painful hits.

Everybody immediately fell a wild wind blow. What was this situation?

With sharp eyes, Summer saw the blanket around Walter's waist. She frowned as she said quietly, "That blanket seems like the blanket from Claire's bed."

After the wild wind was a bolt out of the blue.

Everyone was struck by lightning.

Claire gave a cold look at Summer, the meaning in her eyes couldn't be more clear. Would you have died if you didn't say that sentence? Was that really necessary?

Summer gulped, seeing Claire's cold gaze, shrinking back somewhat fearfully.

Jean looked at the person who was crouching on the ground. He said quietly, "Walter?"

Walter looked up at Jean, showing a smile that was more painful than crying. "Jean, you should give me a set of clothes first."

"Oh, you recognize him?" Summer suddenly understood. "In other

words, this guy wanted to attack at night, and then was hit by Claire into this and thrown out?" Summer said thoughtlessly from her imagination.

"I'm going to rest! Nobody is allowed to disturb me!" Claire's face darkened even more. She turned, slamming the door, ignoring the people outside her door.

At the dining table, Summer stroked her chin, sizing up Walter, who was currently eating. Jet-black, silk-like hair, delicate and refined face, eyes like water, looking charming no matter how you looked at him. Such a gentle and refined person, even if you beat Summer to death, she wouldn't believe this delicate and pretty man would attack Claire in the middle of the night. Unless he didn't want to live. Just then she was talking without thinking. Now she was thinking carefully that if this person was Claire's friend, he would definitely not recklessly go to Claire's room and attack at night, unless he didn't want to live. With Claire's temperament, that woman, she would definitely cut him to pieces.

"Who on earth are you? Why did you appear in Claire's room?" Summer asked, stroking her chin, looking suspiciously at Walter, who was eating.

"I'm called Walter, you?" Walter asked after he finished eating, wiping his mouth with a napkin.

"Summer. You still haven't answered me." Summer frowned and continued to interrogate.

"I came last night, but a peal of wind blew away my clothes. That's why I became like this." Walter spouted nonsense in a deadpan serious tone.

Summer's mouth twitched. "If you don't want to talk, then forget about it, hmph."

Walter only smiled, not answering. The less people knew about this matter, the better.

Camille carried a large pan of meat to the back garden, cursing incessantly in his heart. That damn brat, it would be fine if she just got a strong magic beast to raise in the backyard, but now she had another living person. Was she treating him like a charity?! But he never thought

that that brat would steal the goddess's gift for a human.

At the moment, Claire was sitting in a lotus position on the bed, meditating.

Now Walter had a body, so the spiritual connection between him and Claire had also disappeared. The most important problem was that Walter was a Dark magician and how to hide the Dark aura that was with his body. Before they could think of a way, they could only let this guy hide in a room and not come out for now. This guy still looked like the wanted criminal from the Temple of Light's list, right?

Just at this moment, there was the sound of a quiet knock at the door.

Chapter 77: Dead People Can't Talk

"Didn't I say not to bother me?" Claire said fiercely.

"Miss, it's me, I came to give you food." Jean's voice quietly sounded outside the door.

Claire froze, then stood up to open the door for Jean. Jean was carrying a dish, his expression lonely for some reason.

"Come in." Claire said sourly.

"Miss..." It was only after Jean shut the door and put the pan onto the table that he sat down and stared at Claire.

"Something else?" Claire asked, frowning slightly.

"Miss, I wanted to ask you, do you accept my loyalty?" Currently, Jean's expression was exceptionally serious.

Claire froze. What was that supposed to mean?

"If I didn't accept, then I would have thrown you away long before, during the battle against the golden dragon." Claire said coldly.

"But, Miss, why did you not tell me about your dangerous actions last night? I am your guardian knight; I don't want to share joy together, but to face hardships together. I hope you can share your worries, hope that when you are in danger, I can shield in front of you." Besides seriousness, Jean's expression had a faint hint of loneliness.

In a flash, Claire wasn't able to say anything. She just stared at Jean's shining gaze.

"Miss, if next time something like this happens where I can't help, please can you tell me once, okay?" Jean implored, staring at Claire strongly.

"Okay..." Claire looked at Jean's expression and couldn't help but say the word okay.

After obtaining Claire's reply, a smile appeared on Jean's face. "Then Miss should first eat and then rest." After saying these words, he got up,

opened the door, and left.

"Ma, this man has improper thoughts about you, definitely. I dislike this guy, too tsundere, not showing anything on the outside." Golden Lotus's voice suddenly sounded, then said happily, "At least that Walter or something guy has disappeared. From now on, Ma is all mine."

(TL: Before people call me a weeabo, the meaning of it was "outwardly cold or retiring but deep and passionate inside" and that sound suuper awkward by itself. I'm fairly sure this is the Chinese equivalent of tsundere, positive. Although I probably am a weeb seeing as I made the website name japanesemafialady...)

Claire: "....."

"Golden Lotus, don't sleep. I want to break through. Help me withstand the heavenly tribulation." Claire said after looking at the food on the table and eating some casually.

"Okay. Right now?" Golden Lotus answered immediately.

"This place doesn't work. We'll go out the city." Claire understood very deeply that she had to become strong as fast as possible. The Divine Princess, Liuxue Qing was actually able to detect her when she was invisible.

"Okay." Golden Lotus was eager to try.

Claire reached her hand out at White Emperor, who was beside the pillow. White Emperor chirped twice, pounced onto Claire's hand, and then while he was at it, crawled up to her shoulder and then her head.

Claire was about to go out, but then thought of the promise she had just made with Jean. She then turned to knock on Jean's door.

The door opened very quickly. Jean looked at Claire, who was standing at the door, and said, puzzled, "Miss, is something the matter?"

"I'm going out. I have something to do outside the city. It's nothing big. You don't need to come with me. I'll come back before noon." Claire said simply.

Jean looked at Claire and asked suspiciously, “What is it that Miss is going for? There won’t be any danger?”

“There’s no danger. I’ll come back right after going out. You don’t need to come with me. Watch after Summer and Black Dragon Ben. Make sure they don’t cause trouble. It’s just outside the city, what can possibly happen?” Claire downplayed the situation.

Jean hesitated and said, “But…”

“If there was danger, I would bring you.” Claire blocked Jean with one sentence. “I’ll leave and return quickly.”

Not waiting for Jean to reply, Claire brought White Emperor to the backyard, going out from the back door while riding the wind leopard. Jean silently watched Claire from behind, his eyes full of confliction.

A golden blonde haired, green-eyed, beautiful girl rode a seventh grade magic beast running in the streets. Naturally, it aroused attention. It was just that right now it was early morning with few people in the streets, so it didn’t cause a disturbance.

A carriage traveled slowly on the street. When Claire rode the wind leopard, dashing past, the horses around the carriage all cried out in fear continuously, immediately starting to flare up. It was only after the coachman used up a lot of energy that they were calmed down. The person inside the carriage poked their head out angrily, but just as they thought about asking what was going on, they saw a familiar figure currently dashing out the city.

It was Claire Hill! The eyes of the person inside the carriage instantly widened. It was really enemies on the same road1. The person inside the carriage was none other than Alice Roman, the person who had formerly proposed a duel to Claire but lost horribly and also lost one of the Roman clan’s heirlooms.

Alice squinted, looking at Claire who was far away, and frowned deeply. What was a slut doing so early?

“Alice, what is it?” A cold voice sounded from beside Alice.

“Cousin, I just saw my enemy go out of the city.” Alice snorted.

(TL: Using cousin because there’s no way to convey the whole thing without sounding weird. In Chinese, the word means “older male cousin via female line”. Chinese filial piety.....

“Oh, is it the person who made you lose your magic sword?” The cold voice had a hint of curiosity.

“It is.” Alice admitted begrudgingly.

“Let’s go. Your cousin will let you vent some anger.” The cold voice said.

“Really?” Alice asked happily. If Cousin fought, then it would be a sure win. Cousin was a wizard! He had come from Lagark to here this time to visit home. It seemed like he had some business to discuss with Grandfather. With Cousin who was so strong fighting, how could that slut not be taught a lesson?

“Of course. She actually dared to bully our Alice. I’ll make her pay the price.” The indifferent voice held disdain.

“But it’s someone from the Hill clan. If we teach them a lesson now, will it cause trouble for Grandfather?” Alice bit her lip, somewhat wavering as she spoke.

“Dead people can’t talk.” The indifferent voice was sinister and confident.

“Cousin, is this ok?” Alice’s face revealed a hint of surprise.

“How is it not ok? Let’s go. Tell the coachman to turn around and follow.” The indifferent voice said maliciously.

“Okay.” Alice instructed the coachman to turn around, but an imperceptible trace of smile flashed from the depths from her eyes. She just knew with her cousin’s personality this kind of decision would be made.

Alice looked outside the city gate, snickering in her heart. Little slut, you won’t be killed so easily.

The carriage turned around, going outside the city speedily.

Currently, Claire had already slowed her speed, looking for a suitable area, preparing for heavenly tribulation. She didn't know at the moment that a danger was approaching slowly.

Claire went out of the city, heading to a secluded area right outside the city. She really didn't want the shocking scene of heavenly lightning being seen by other people.

In the early hours of the morning, the whole forest was very quiet, some drops of dew on leaves.

"Little leopard, wait for me over there." Claire patted the wind leopard's head, pointing to a nearby stone in front of them. Then, Claire brought down White Emperor from her head and put it on the wind leopard's head. "White Emperor, you should also go over there."

The wind leopard raised White Emperor up, walked over, laid on the big stone, and waited obediently.

Claire found a dry and clean place, sat down in the lotus position, and extended out her spiritual sense, feeling the surroundings. The surroundings were calm, without any anomalies. It was only after Claire set up a barrier that she started to practice the golden lotus force, preparing to break through into the third level.

Claire's whole body emitted a faint, golden light, the radiance growing stronger. Again, the mysterious realm appeared where she could sense everything in the surroundings clearly.

Suddenly, an unrestrained Qi arose. Claire was a little astonished. Just as Golden Lotus said, the beginning levels harmonized magic elements and Dou Qi, very easy to break through. She remembered Golden Lotus saying before that if she didn't give birth to him, then she could only cultivate to the Treasured Lotus Style's tenth level, in other words, the equivalent of a Sorcerer's power. With this she could infer from what Golden Lotus said, that she could quickly cultivate to the seventh level, meant that it was also her level of magic right now, a wizard. So it was split up like this. Claire suddenly understood. Anyways, the second level of the Treasured Book of the Lotus could extend her consciousness to sense the environment; what

kind of mysterious power would she get after breaking through into the third level?

Meanwhile, the sky above her slowly darkened, black clouds quickly closing in.

The heavenly tribulation was about to arrive.

But Claire wasn't worried at all. In any case, Golden Lotus would block for her.

Wind leopard, who was at the side, dug with his front claws a little fretfully and uneasily. Although it had gone through this kind of situation before, the strange situation in the sky made one's heart frightened.

More and more black clouds gathered, amassing above Claire in a blink of an eye. Lightning rumbled amidst the layers of black clouds, a terrifying sight.

Alice and her cousin both looked at the strange sight in the sky in shock. Lightning? Why would a mass of black clouds gather there, rumbling with lightning?

"Ma, you can even take a nap right now. It'll be done in a bit." Golden Lotus said arrogantly.

"Who can sleep with such loud noise?" Claire grumbled, looking at the black clouds that covered the sky densely. Again, she felt the hot and unbearable fiery sensation on her back. Claire knew another flower petal was blossoming.

"I wasn't saying to exaggerate, I meant to make you, Ma, feel relieved, feel relieved." Golden Lotus added, still arrogantly.

"I broke through the third level. Why can't I feel any anomalies?" Claire reached out her hand and looked at her palm, not feeling anything unusual.

"Ma, in a bit when you meditate, you'll know." Golden Lotus said mysteriously, giving a cliffhanger.

"Ah?" Claire was puzzled.

“Think about it, I’m so awesome, so how can your Spiritual level from cultivating be bad?” Golden Lotus said arrogantly, then said disdainfully, “Wait for a moment, I’ll finish eating the lightning first.”

Claire was bored to death, waiting for the sky’s lightning to descend. Currently, she was wrapped up in a giant golden lotus.

The rumbling of thunder resonated into the horizons with an indescribable pressure that made one frightened.

*

1. A Chinese saying. The author likes to take a lot of them literally.

Chapter 78: [No Title]

“Cousin, what, what is that?” Alice’s voice trembled a bit.

“I don’t know.” The cold voice also held a sliver of doubt. “But the person we want to find also went over there. Go.”

“Cousin, let’s, let’s forget about it today.” Alice said worriedly, looking at the strange scene in the sky.

“I won’t change my mind on what I have decided, go!” The indifferent voice was clearly annoyed, taking the lead as he went in front.

Alice looked at her cousin’s figure, and a feeling of unease arose in her heart. It was only after she hesitated for a while that she followed him from behind.

Meanwhile, Liuxue Qing, who was at the city gate, also frowned and looked with suspicion at the strange scene outside the city.

“Elder Sister Qing, what is that?” Why hasn’t Elder Brother come yet?” Xuanxuan Leng pulled the corner of Liuxue Qing’s clothes gently and asked.

The two had came to the city gate very early because they were waiting for Lingyun Leng, who was about to come back. Lingyun Leng went and didn’t find anything, so he could only come back. A sending squad would be too excessive. The Temple of Light wouldn’t start anything unless the situation was urgent. Naturally, because they didn’t find anything, Lingyun Leng rode a carriage back.

“He should be here soon, Xuanxuan, don’t be impatient.” Liuxue Qing consoled, but she was looking at the strange sight in the sky. What on earth was going on?

A carriage was quickly nearing the capital. Naturally, the person sitting in the carriage was Lingyun Leng. Lingyun Leng also noticed the strange anomaly in the sky, incessantly puzzled in his heart.

Meanwhile, Alice and her cousin were currently approaching Claire, who was preparing to receive the heavenly tribulation.

“Oh, Ma, two ants have come.” Golden Lotus warned.

After Claire heard that, she closed her eyes and extended her consciousness. After she extended it, a trace of a strange smile appeared from the corner of her mouth. It was really an inevitable clash; it was actually Alice, the woman who had lost the duel against her.

The rumbling sound became louder, the pitch-black clouds boiling.

With a huge rumble, a piercing, bright lightning streaked across the vast sky, immediately striking down.

The lightning brimming with supreme power struck the golden lotus from above and disappeared in a flash, without a trace. Claire didn’t move, because there was another lightning strike.

The next moment, the fearsome-looking heavenly tribulation lightning strikes were also absorbed by the golden lotus easily.

“I’m full now. Ma, the rest is up to you. Looking at those two ants feels really uncomfortable.” And so, the giant golden lotus that was wrapped around Claire slowly disappeared.

Claire stood up and looked up at the sky. The dark clouds in the sky were quickly dispersing. It was the same as last time.

Claire walked to the wind leopard and White Emperor’s side. She reached out and stroked the wind leopard, smiling secretly as she said, “Little Leopard is really obedient.”

An indifferent voice without any warmth suddenly sounded from the distance. “You are Claire Hill?”

Claire looked up and saw a strangely clothed young man currently looking coldly at her. At his side was a cold-faced Alice. Claire raised her brow slightly. The feeling that this young man gave her was unfeeling and bloodthirsty. Only a person who had truly been immersed in life or death battles could have this kind of aura.

This person was dangerous.

“She is Claire Hill.” The nearby Alice hurriedly said. Cousin must quickly

get rid of this slut. The strange scene in the sky just now was definitely going to be noticed by people. In a moment, more people would come and check. At that time, it would be difficult to act.

"Very good. Then go die." The blood thirsty man snorted. He waved his hand slightly, without any incantations. Instantly, numerous sharp and long spikes came out of the surroundings of Claire's rock, completely locking Claire inside. He was actually an earth-attributed magician, and also already able to insta-cast.

"Now, come and enjoy." The bloodthirsty man started laughing. A sinister and brutal hint of a smile appeared from the depths of Alice's eyes.

"Cousin, quickly, quickly get rid of this little slut. In a moment people will come. When the time comes, it will be annoying." Alice urged a little impatiently.

Naturally, the blood thirsty man knew what Alice meant. The strange scene in the sky just now was bound to attract many people over. At that time, it would be hard to deal with with many people.

"Then she'll just be lucky." The blood thirsty man sneered coldly, waving his hand to summon the earth element, preparing to order the earth spikes surrounding Claire to attack and viciously pierce through Claire's body.

But what happened next wasn't the scene of blood flying and internal organs pierced bloodily as the bloodthirsty man imagined.

Claire coldly humphed, emitting cyan Dou Qi from her body, directly shattering the earth spikes that were encircled around her, fragments flying everywhere. Dust flew, a terrifying sight.

"Grand warrior?! How is that possible?" Alice cried in alarm, not able to believe what she had just seen. That slut could actually emit cyan Dou Qi! How could it be possible? That was something only grand warriors could emit! It had only been a short time since the last time she saw that little slut, and now she had actually advanced to this level! Impossible, it was impossible! Alice was shocked. Her Dou Qi had already advanced like this,

so what about magic? How on earth was that little slut's magic?

"You really are a double classed magic warrior, but today, I won't let you cultivate any more." The bloodthirsty man laughed coldly, suddenly clapping his hands together. A huge force shot out of the gap between his hands, the giant and sharp earth spikes in front of him quickly shooting out, which then attacked Claire. Instantly, a wall of a line of sharp earth spikes arose, a spectacular yet terrifying sight.

Claire flipped, dodging the incomparably sharp earth spikes. But just as she stabilized, the ground beneath her feet began to sink, because the earth below her feet suddenly became a whirlpool-like quicksand, making Claire's feet sink in.

"Howl~~~" Nearby, the wind leopard became worried. It rushed over, but was blocked by a wall of sharp earth spikes. The sharp earth spikes also attacked the wind leopard. The wind leopard dodged nimbly, but was now farther away from Claire, who was sinking into the quicksand. On the other hand, White Emperor had never moved the whole time. He only crouched on the big stone from before, calmly waiting.

(TL: noooo don't attack the leopard, the leopard didn't do anything wrong!)

"Just let this place become your tomb." The bloodthirsty man said in a low voice, a cruel smile emerging on his face.

A cruel and brutal smile also appeared from the depths of Alice's eyes. Burying this slut alive was not bad. Alice suppressed her urge to laugh wildly, sinisterly watching Claire, who was sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksand. What made Alice resentful was that although Claire was trapped in danger, her face was tranquil, not frantic or fearful at all.

Alice ran up to the side of the quicksand, watching Claire, who was sinking inside, sinisterly. "You little slut!" Alice cursed. "Did you think at the time when you took my weapon weapon there would be a day like this? And is my weapon something you can take? You need to pay with your life. Burying you alive right now is still letting you off too easily."

"Only this kind of ability?" Claire sneered, waving her hand slightly, just

about to use magic, but suddenly Golden Lotus's voice sounded in her head.

"Ma! Concentrate and sense the surrounding earth elements! Order them, remember, it's an order! Not request!" Golden Lotus said irritably.

Claire froze for a moment. Order? Not request? All use of magic was requesting magic elements to gather around the enchanter and then become a spell. Only then could they show their power. But Golden Lotus wanted her to sense the earth elements and order them? But wasn't she best at fire magic?

Although Claire had some doubts in her heart, she immediately closed her eyes, concentrating to sense the surrounding earth element. Claire was shocked to discover that previously, she could only sense man red specks moving as if they were alive, but now, besides the red specks, there was actually many yellow specks moving about. This was the earth element?

Right now, Claire's eyes were closed, but she could see those spikes and the concentrated earth element below her feet. These were all because of that bloodthirsty man's use of magic.

Order the earth elements?

Order, not request!

"Cousin, kill her quickly! Kill that little slut quickly!" When Alice saw that Claire was about to make a move but stopped, a strong feeling of unease arose in her heart. She faced her cousin and called out frantically, "Cousin, quickly, quickly kill that little slut!"

The bloodthirsty man frowned deeply, coldly looking at Alice. With one look at that terrifying gaze, Alice stepped back in fear. Because that gaze was too terrifying, too terrifying. It gave one an indescribable pressure.

"Cousin, I, I wasn't ordering you. Really, I didn't mean to order you. How could I order you?" Alice frantically and hurriedly explained. She couldn't know this cousin's personality any clearer. Savage, cruel, unfeeling... and hated when someone used a commanding tone to him the most. For this

reason, he had injured two of the clan's elders, but didn't receive a harsh punishment, because he was truly very strong and showed high potential. Of course the clan wouldn't really do anything to him.

"Cousin, I, I was only afraid this little slut would play some dirty tricks." Alice hurriedly explained. It was because she saw Claire closed her eyes and didn't move, continuously letting herself sink in. It was too abnormal; the little slut was definitely thinking of something.

"Humph! What harm can she do!" The bloodthirsty man humphed coldly. With a slight flick of his finger, countless sharp earth spikes arose from the ground. Next, it was like they had eyes, madly striking towards Claire. It could be envisioned that if those spikes pierced Claire, Claire would be riddled with holes.

The bloodthirsty man revealed an indifferent expression, about to turn and leave. To him, the situation was already dealt with.

"Claire!!!" Suddenly, a clear and cold voice with surprise and fear angrily sounded.

Alice was shocked, turned to look, and immediately, her complexion browned.

Silver hair, violet irises.

The Temple of Light's Holy Divine Prince!

What happened in the next instant made Alice drop to the ground.

Chapter 79: [No Title]

(TL: I'm using golden haired and blonde interchangeably based on personal preferences on which one fits the 'feel' better)

The spikes that were just then about to pierce through Claire all turned around, crazily striking up. The sound of air being struck forcefully made one terrified.

All of the earth spikes were going in one direction: to the bloodthirsty male.

The bloodthirsty man froze; he was completely shocked by the scene. These were all summoned and used by him, but now they turned to attack him!

Something like this could happen? Even if it was an enchanter of the same element, they could only call out the same kind of magic element and attack back in the same manner. How could the magic element he already called out be influenced?! It was like those earth spikes were called out by that golden haired girl.

The bloodthirst man's gaze was completely incredulous, because he was shocked to discover that all of the surrounding earth element rejected his request, rejected his call, and instead, madly gathered towards that blonde girl!

How could something like this happen? In a magic fight, it was all their own magic element gathered, summoning magic elements to request that they could successfully use magic. How much they could summon depended on the magician's own abilities. Each would summon, but weren't able to make magic elements only listen to them or reject someone.

Only a sorcerer could do this kind of thing, could order magic elements to obey their words, rejecting other's requests. But currently, there was only one sorcerer in the entire continent and they were already missing for a long time. And of course this blonde girl definitely couldn't be a sorcerer!

But the girl in front of him ordered the magic elements to reject his summoning and request! The reflection of earth spikes in the bloodthirsty man's eyes became bigger and bigger.

The bloodthirsty man finally came back to his senses, immediately rolling over, dodging barely.

There was the "swoosh, swoosh, swoosh" sound of air, and then the terrifying sound of objects piercing into the ground.

The place where the bloodthirsty man was standing at was punctured, filled with countless sharp spikes. The man was so scared, there was a layer of cold sweat on his back.

Alice watched the scene dumbstruck, not able to come back to her senses for a long time.

A hallucination?

No, not a hallucination.

"Claire...?!" Lingyun Leng swiftly ran over. Seeing Claire still sunk in, he instantly extended his hand without thinking, preparing to pull Claire out.

Claire looked at the pair of pale and slender hands that suddenly appeared and froze for a second.

"Are you alright?" Lingyun Leng asked in a low voice instead of withdrawing his hands. The faint worry in his voice wasn't noticed by Claire; even Lingyun Leng himself didn't notice.

"I, I'm fine." Claire hesitated for a moment, but still reached out.

Lingyun Leng grabbed Claire's hands and pulled her up.

Right at that moment, Liuxue Qing and Xuanxuan Leng arrived and saw that scene.

Liuxue Qing's gaze stopped on the two tightly held pair of hands. A haze flashed through her eyes, but immediately disappeared.

Lingyun Leng pulled Claire up, but he still didn't let go.

"Divine Prince, thank you. I, I'm fine now." Claire quietly said and drew

back her hands.

“Oh.” Lingyun Leng suddenly understood a bit looking at Claire and pulled back his hands. Lingyun Leng clenched his fists quietly. He didn’t know why, but when Claire pulled back her hands, he actually felt a slight sense of loss.

“How did you...” Just when Lingyun Leng opened his mouth to say some words, Liuxue Qing’s angry shouts suddenly sounded.

“Where do you think you’re going?!” Liuxue Qing angrily shouted, attracting Claire and Lingyun Leng’s gazes.

Alice’s face ashened and paled and the nearby man’s expression became a bit complex. Alice had pulled the nearby man, just about to leave sneakily, but was stopped by Liuxue Qing’s shout.

“Alice Roman?” Lingyun Leng had very good memory; he remembered every single noble’s name whom he had met before. Currently, Lingyun Leng’s voice held a faint trace of anger. What he had just seen was these two just about to kill Claire.

Instantly, Alice’s complexion completely paled.

She knew that this time, the situation wouldn’t be resolved easily.

Alice covered her head in shame, silent, but from beginning to end, the nearby man’s expression was complex. Once Claire and Lingyun Leng walked closer, that man turned and looked at Claire. It was such a direct stare, not moving one inch.

“Alice Roman, I and the Divine Princess saw this incident very clearly. It was you who meant ill will to Claire. I think we can only ask the emperor to decide what to do about this incident!” Lingyun Leng’s voice was ice-cold, without any trace of warmth.

“Don’t, your highness.” Alice looked up fearfully, her expression completely panicked, her gaze filled with dread. She knew that this time, she had messed up big time.

“No need to say more. We’ll go see the emperor right now.” Lingyun

Leng's expression was completely ice-cold, not giving any leeway.

A faint shadow appeared in Liuxue Qing's eyes. It was the first time she had seen Leng Lingyun so concerned about someone else's business. In Liuxue Qing's mind, Leng Lingyun never spared a glance at someone else, not to mention deal with other people's business. But now he took on the trouble of a tiny, insignificant castellan, concerned to the point that he wanted to meet the emperor. Was it only because Xuanxuan liked that golden haired girl? Was it only because of this?

Just at this moment, a figure floated down. It was a sleepy Cliff. Cliff had been wakened by the sound of lightning and thunder, and then suddenly recalled that he had seen it before. He had doubted that it was related to Claire, but still hurriedly rushed over. Behind Cliff, there was a red robed cardinal from the Temple of Light – Lawrence. There were also people coming from the city entrance, all attracted by the previous thunder and lightning.

As the crowd grew bigger, Alice's face paled. She knew this time, she was really finished.

Cliff landed, staring at Lawrence, who had landed behind him, and said without courtesy, "Why are you here?"

"Same reason as you." Lawrence shrugged. Seeing Leng Lingyun and Claire standing there, he smiled widely and approached.

"Aiya, Claire, why are you here?" Lawrence asked, exceptionally intimate as he approached and directly stroked Claire's head. Seeing it, Cliff started seething with anger. This stinky old man, was he still stubbornly trying to recruit Claire as his disciple?

"Sir Lawrence, greetings. I came out to walk my magic beast and saw the strange scene in the sky, so I wanted to go over and see. Unexpectedly, I didn't expect Alice to launch a sneak attack. Fortunately, his highness passed by and saved me." Claire replied, frowning, her tone sounded like she felt wronged and was innocent.

"What?!" Lawrence frowned and started shouting angrily, "Lingyun, was it like that?"

“Yes, Master. Just as I rushed over, I saw them attacking.” Leng Lingyun calmly replied.

“You guys actually dared to attack my disciple, die!” A piercing roar came from behind Lawrence. Everybody turned and saw Cliff’s ferocious expression, about to attack.

“You’re old, not young, but still like this.” Lawrence’s expression became very ugly. This old fellow was still so protective, still not paying attention to who or what kind of situation he was in before attacking. There was already a group of people over their approaching. If two people were killed here, then wasn’t that finding trouble for oneself? Only Leng Lingyun had seen the two treat Claire unfairly, while Claire was still standing there fine. But if Cliff made a move, then the group of people currently heading over would all see. Then when they faced the emperor, it would be hard to explain.

“You want to shield those two?” Cliff’s expression was even more ugly than Lawrences as he asked.

“They are both relatives of the minister, it’s best to let the emperor handle it. The emperor will definitely not be biased. Lingyun and Liuxue Qing know to tell the truth of the matter to the emperor.” Afterall, Lawrence had lasted many years between the Temple of Light and royal family’s strained relationship and was an exceptional old fox.

Cliff stared at Lawrence while frowning, not making a sound.

“Master, sir Lawrence’s words make a lot of sense. I believe the emperor will give me a fair ruling.” Claire consoled Cliff.

“Alright.” Cliff agreed begrudgingly, then glanced at Alice hatefully once more, scaring Alice so much that she immediately lowered her head.

Many people had gathered at the city gate. Some people saw Claire, Lawrence and the Divine Prince and Princess, exclaiming in surprise. If these people were there, then the anomaly that had happened before wasn’t strange any more. It was definitely because of them. Claire saw the look in their eyes and became relieved. It was fine if these people misunderstood this way.

Amidst the crowd, one man and one woman glanced over. Both had golden hair and blue eyes. Currently, their exceptional looks weren't noticed because everybody's gazes were on Cliff and Lawrence, as well as the Divine Prince and Princess. These influential people's presence naturally attracted everybody's attention.

"What do you think?" The golden haired blue eyed man asked the nearly golden haired blue eyed woman in a low voice.

"I don't know if there's something off whenever I look that girl, I keep feeling like the strange situation from before is related to her." The golden haired blue eyed woman replied in a low voice.

"I would rather believe that you just feel off seeing that girl, but I know your intuition is scarily accurate." The golden haired blue eyed man said, teasing a little.

The golden haired blue eyed woman fell silent. She squinted, seeing Claire, and didn't speak any more.

"Don't get attracted by other things, we'll leave once we find that thing." The golden haired blue eyed man said in a low voice.

"Problem is there's no traces. Somebody made a move before us. I actually still don't know in whose hands that thing is in." The golden haired blue eyed woman said a little resentfully.

"Don't be too anxious, we're already carrying that thing on us. As long as the other thing gets close to use, there will be a response." The golden haired blue eyed man consoled quietly, then added, "Don't worry, it's definitely in this city."

"Yes, I hope so." The golden haired blue eyed woman's voice was a bit depressed. Once they found that they, they would revitalize their clan! For this goal, they definitely needed to find it!

"Let's go." The golden haired blue eyed man turned, squeezed into the crowd, and disappeared. The woman followed closely behind and also disappeared into the crowd.

"Well, we should see the emperor now." Cliff glared at Alice and the

man next to her coldly.

Claire had called for the wind leopard and scooped up white emperor. At this moment, Liuxue Qing's gaze landed on the fur ball in Claire's embrace, a flash of confusion in her eyes. Why did she feel that little furball looked a bit familiar? Claire didn't notice Liuxue Qing's confused look that floated over to White Emperor from time to time.

The morning was bound to be stormy.

The Roman clan's younger generation was unfair to Claire Hill, who had recently gained fame. Soon, the matter was spread throughout the capital and everybody paid close attention to the developments of the case.

Currently, the emperor was sitting on the throne, feeling a bit of a headache seeing the two old men standing before him. One was glittering with vitality, one was sagging a bit. And nearby was the ashen faced Cliff, then the tranquil Lawrence. Also, the Divine Prince and Princess, Leng Lingyun and Liuxue Qing was present. Finally, silently standing at the very back was Claire, Alice, and Alice's cousin.

Of course, the energetic one was Duke Hill, while the sagging one was Duke Roman. Duke Roman's heart was howling with grief, while also hating that his granddaughter failed to meet his expectations and didn't listen. He had already warned her to not provoke people from the Hill clan. And now, wow. Not only did she provoke them, it had been seen by many influential people who could serve as proof. Now even if she didn't acknowledge it, there would be trouble.

"This incident makes my heart break. We are all supports of the country and the two of them is our country's future supporting pillars. But now, this has happened...." The emperor stated. He knew that this matter had to be addressed. It wasn't two people dueling fairly, and also wasn't two children fighting, but murder!

Chapter 80: [No Title]

“Your highness, I……” Duke Roman started to say.

Cliff’s ice cold gaze flashed over. He said angrily, “Sir Roman, your granddaughter didn’t want fight with my disciple, but wanted Claire’s life! This is attempted murder, murder? Do you, sir, know what that word means?” Cliff’s expression was extremely serious. The word ‘sir’ was completely sarcastic. Would an esteemed Duke not understand what murder meant?

Alice Roman’s expression instantly turned pale. Of course she understood what those murder meant. Once this accusation became permanent, it would be hard to say what going to happen to her next.

Duke Gordan was silent the whole time with slitted eyes. Showing dislike publicly was not wise, and that didn’t mean the Hill clan was some kind of pushover. He had already turned a blind eye the duel from last time and this time was actually an attempt to take Claire’s life. But it looked like there was no need for him to speak. Cliff, that ultra-defensive person, would force the emperor to deal with it properly.

The emperor glanced at the angry faced Cliff and the others who were cold faced, slightly sighing in his heart. This Alice could have offended anybody, but she had to try and murder Claire. Now with the people from the Temple of Light as proof, if it wasn’t dealt with fairly, not only would he not be able to justify for Duke Hill, he wouldn’t be able to justify it to the Temple of Light and Cliff.

“After Alice Roman is imprisoned, she shall be hanged.” The emperor closed his eyes, not looking at Duke Roman’s expression.

Duke Gordan’s expression didn’t change and the other’s were also calm. Alice’s eyes widened, then slowly closed. It wasn’t anybody’s fault but herself for not listening to Grandfather, and instead provoking someone she couldn’t afford to provoke. Now even death wouldn’t be enough. She just hoped that no other family members would be implicated.

Duke Roman’s complexion instantly paled. He knelt down abruptly,

“Your highness, please pardon her. I would rather resign my post as the minister of finance, please pardon, your highness.” Alice, who had been sitting at the back, instantly looked up, shocked and also torn seeing Duke Roman, seeing her own grandfather actually do such a thing for her.

The emperor’s eyes instantly flashed open. He frowned, staring at the old man kneeling before him. A trace of fiery anger passed through his eyes. He actually resigned for this situation!

“Good! Very good! You dare to threaten me now?” The emperor stood up abruptly, staring angrily at the old man kneeling before him.

“Your servant, doesn’t dare. Your servant is only hurried to defend the victim.” Duke Roman said fearfully, but didn’t give any indication that he was going to rise. Alice’s eyes flashed with remorse and pain. She wanted to dash up there, but was pulled back by her cousin.

“Very good. Since it’s like this, I’ll help you. Starting from today, you aren’t the minister of finance any more. You’re also not a duke any more, but a baron. Alice will not have any titles for her entire life. All Roman officials will drop three ranks!” The emperor seemed to be truly angered now. It was the first time that a minister dared to threaten him.

Duke Gordan squinted without a word. He had worked for the government for so many years, so naturally, he understood the emperor’s nature. Nobody was allowed to challenge the emperor’s authority. Did Duke Roman really not know?

“Your servant accepts your order. Many thanks, your highness, for sparing Alice.” Duke Roman tottered as he got up. It was like he had aged ten years in an instant.

The emperor coldly humphed, then glanced at Duke Gordan and said, “Duke Hill, do you have any objections?”

“None, your servant has no objections.” Duke Gordan said quietly with a lowered head.

The emperor glanced at the Duke Roman, who had his head lowered. “Humph!” He left, sleeves flying, without a care that others were still there.

Of course, under this circumstance, nobody took offense at the emperor's attitude.

Naturally, Duke Gordan's mood soared. Now there was a vacancy for the minister of finance, he needed to get someone he trusted to that position.

Claire watched Alice rush forward and support Duke Roman, her gaze complex, all sorts of feelings arising. Suddenly, in an instant, she felt a envious of Alice. She had such a grandfather who would protect her at any cost. It was truly praiseworthy that such a situation actually existed in this competitive world.

And so, Alice and her cousin supported Duke Roman as they left slowly. The moment she stepped out the entrance, Alice turned and looked intensely at Claire.

Claire understood the gaze.

Deep hatred, hatred that seeped into the bones!

It was an irreconcilable hatred!

And so, the matter was dealt with.

While Duke Gordan was extremely happy on the inside, he maintained an unsatisfied expression.

"Divine prince, fortunately, you saved Claire today. I thank you with the all my heart. Sir Cliff, you stepped forward bravely for Claire today, I thank you with utmost respect. Sir Lawrence, Divine princess, many thanks for your defence today. If you all don't mind, may I invite everybody to dinner to express my thanks?" Duke Gordan said, exceptionally cordial. Naturally, he was planning something. He had truly gotten lucky today, having the chance to establish good relations with these influential people, especially the people of the Temple of Light. The relationship between royal authority and divine right had always been very subtle. Maintaining a good relationship with them on the outside only had benefits.

"It's nothing, there's no need for his grace to mind. It was only a small effort." Clearly, Leng Lingyun disliked formalities, tactfully declining

quietly.

Naturally, the others didn't agree. They also didn't like such formalities.

"Well, in ten more days it will be Claire's birthday. I hope that when the time comes, everybody will do us the honor of coming." Duke Gordan was worthy of being an old fox, immediately adding this on.

"Oh, Claire, your birthday is soon?" Cliff and Lawrence asked at the same time, smiling widely. After saying that, the two turned to glare at each other at the same time.

Claire was a bit at a loss. Birthday? She remembered that there seemed to be a day like that, but it seemed like all of them were celebrated with Mother. She didn't have any deep impressions.

"What does my disciple's birthday have to do with you? What are getting so emotional for?" Cliff glared at Lawrence.

"Claire almost became my disciple. As her elder, of course I care and need to send a gift." Lawrence said nonsense without looking embarrassed.

"Pah! Since did my darling disciple almost become your disciple, say that again!" Cliff grabbed Lawrence.

Then the two left noisily, not caring for everybody behind them.

"I will definitely go to Claire's birthday. Today, I'll just take my leave. I just returned to the capital, so I have some matters to deal with at the temple of Light." Leng Lingyun replied politely.

"Is that so? Great! We will be honored with your presence." Gordan smiled slightly, but was exceptionally happy.

Shock flashed through Liuxue Qing's eyes. She almost thought she heard wrong. Leng Lingyun had agreed to attend a boring banquet? He hated those the most! Many lady nobles had invited him before and he turned them all down, but today he had agreed so quickly. Was this still only because Xuanxuan liked Claire?!

"Divine princess, do you have time to go?" Duke Gordan's words pulled

Liuxue Qing back to her senses.

"Of course. I'll come with the divine prince." Liuxue Qing smiled warmly, extremely elegant.

"We would be truly honored." Duke Gordan smiled widely, his mood very obvious.

Claire hadn't said anything the whole time, because she felt uncomfortable. First, when Alice's family dropped in status, second, because of Duke Gordan's actions. Claire knew clearly that their drop in status wasn't because the emperor was overly shielding her, but because Duke Roman did his best to protect his granddaughter that the emperor had been enraged and it had come to this. Suddenly, Claire felt a little conflicted. If her existence became went against the Hill clan's interests one day, then which one would Duke Gordan choose?

From when everybody left the palace to when Liuxue Qing was going onto her carriage, her gaze had never left the furry meatball on Claire's head. As the carriage started, Liuxue Qing drew back the curtains lightly and started at the figure that became smaller and smaller, frowning and pondering, Suddenly, Liuxue Qing's pupils widened.

She remembered! That fur ball was the furball on the black dragon's back who had appeared on the day the goddess of Light's gift!

Liuxue Qing stifled her instinct to to cry out and secretly glanced at Leng Lingyun, who was sitting next to her. She understood that if she told Leng Lingun now, it would only make him dislike her. This matter needed to be told to the pope, if she told Leng Lingyun after confirming, it wouldn't be too late. If it was really related to Claire, that wasn't necessarily good either. Leng Lingyun's attitude towards that girl was getting better and better. If it continued on, there would be trouble.

Currently, Claire was rubbing Little Leopard's head, talking to Duke Gordan.

"Claire, come back home. Since such a thing happened today, your mother will definitely come back to see you. If she knew you and your father's relationship was so bad, she would grieve." Naturally, Duke

Gordan knew Claire's weakness, guiding her cunningly.

Claire didn't speak. She didn't want to see that Marquis Roger. That father of hers never qualified for being a father.

"If your mother saw this situation, that you had family you ignored, the she was be heartbroken. Also, your birthday is almost here, are you going to stay at Camille's house continuously and let the guests come to see me, a scruffy old man? When your mother comes back, are you going to let your mother celebrate your birthday at Camille's house?" Duke Gordan said quietly. He knew in his heart that saying this would definitely make Claire go home.

"I understand, Grandfather. Tomorrow, I'll come home after seeing the auction." Claire nodded, comprising.

Duke Gordan smiled and said his decision. "That's fine. When the time comes, I'll send Emery to give you a few golden banknotes. If you take a fancy to anything, just send a signal. Just treat it as my birthday present to you." Claire respected Emery very much, so if he sent him out, how could Claire not go home?

"Understood. But my friend will still stay at Teacher Camille's house because she it's better if she doesn't see Father." Claire said.

"No need to worry, I already scolded him. A situation like that will never happen again. You should bring all your friends back." Of course Duke Gordan was thinking about the black clothed, black haired man.

"Okay." Claire frowned, agreeing reluctantly. Then she mounted onto the wind leopard. "Then I'll be going back to Teacher Camille's house and return the day after the auction.

"Yes." Duke Gordan smiled widely.

Chapter 81: [No Title]

Claire rode the wind leopard slowly on the streets, her thoughts complex. She thought about the scene where Duke Roman got up, tottering, then Alice's hostile gaze, and then Duke Gordan's smiling face, ignoring the many passerby's gazes. A golden haired blue eyed beautiful girl riding a powerful leopard naturally attracted many eyes.

"Chirp chirp..." White Emperor rolled down Claire's head softly and crouched at her shoulder, licking her neck lightly.

"White Emperor..." Claire scooped him off and looked at him. "Are you trying to make me feel better?"

Golden Lotus's unhappy voice suddenly sounded. "Ma, this little meatball is very unstable. He has terrifying power, but can't use his power smoothly whenever he wants to. Usually, he's a useless little pet, and his intelligence level is the same. He's actually your master though. Surpass him quickly, then beat him up."

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor waved his little claws angrily, evidently unsatisfied with Golden Lotus's words.

Claire smiled faintly. At least her mood had gone up a bit.

"Let's go, Little Leopard. Let's go back." Claire patted the wind leopard's neck softly, indicating for the wind leopard to start running.

"I, I said sorry." Suddenly, Claire heard a pitiful voice.

Claire turned to look and saw a delicate and pretty girl at the side of the road being surrounded by two burly men, one in front, one behind. The burly man in front said fiercely, "Whatever, you bumped into me, I can't work today now. Pay money!" It turns out, they were local thugs blackmailing a girl. Seeing this situation, Claire didn't feel like doing anything. But once Claire saw the pretty girl clearly, she made Little Leopard stop.

"Pay money? Then, then how much?" The delicate girl asked fearfully.

"Ten gold coins!" The burly man said. Ten gold coins was how much the

average commoner family used up in a month.

"Ah? That much?..." The pretty girl had a sullen expression. "I, I don't have that much money."

"How much do you have?" The burly man asked fiercely.

"I only have this much..." The pretty girl cautiously fished out a plain and simple wallet.

The burly man grabbed it, then poured out all the money inside. There were only three gold coins and some copper coins.

"I guess you're lucky. This much is enough." The burly man sneered and was about to put the money away. The pretty girl watched fearfully. "But, but that's all my money, if I give it to you, I can't eat any more."

"Who cares..." The burly threw the empty bag, about to leave. The other burly man also laughed loudly and followed from behind.

But when they turned, they faced a huge, fierce leopard. The burly men stepped back fearfully.

"Pick up the wallet and give her her money back." The girl sitting on the leopard said coldly, her tone devoid of warmth.

The two burly men gulped, fearfully. Naturally, they knew that the icy cold girl in front of them wasn't ordinary. How could an ordinary person ride such a fearsome magic beast?

"Are you deaf? Do you want me to cut off your ears?" Claire eyes became slits, a dangerous glint in her eyes.

"Ah, sorry, sorry." One of the burly men abruptly came back to his senses and quickly crouched down to pick up the wallet, then cautiously put back all the blackmailed money and handed it to Claire.

Claire grabbed it and said coldly, "Now get lost."

The two ran like rabbits and were gone without a trace.

"Your wallet." Claire got off the wind leopard and gave the money back to the pretty girl, who was in a trance.

“Thank, thank you... thank you very much. This is one of the only things my mother left behind.” The pretty girl put away the wallet carefully .

“You’re very poor?” Claire sized up her simple clothes and honest gaze.

“Yes, my family’s very poor. It had been just me and Mother living deep in the mountains. When Mother passed away, I went out, wanting to see the outside world. I finally came here with great difficulty...” When the pretty girl said she was poor, she didn’t show any embarrassment.

An imperceptible smile appeared on Claire’s lips. She said straightforwardly, “Work for me and I’ll give you a hundred golden coins a year, including food, shelter, and clothes. You’ll live well, eat well, and wear new clothes.”

“Really?” The pretty girl exclaimed. “Is that possible?”

“Really. Just sign a five year contract first. If you feel the pay is good, we’ll sign another contract. If you do well, I’ll give you more money.” Claire smiled like a flower, as friendly as could be.

“Great, great, big sis, you’re a really good person!” The pretty girl was so happy, she almost started jumping up and down.

Claire watched without a word. Her gaze landed on the bow on the girl’s back. The ordinary looking bow was extremely sleek and glossy at the pulling point, caused by being shot many, many times. Ordinary bows would have fractured long ago, so the bow was definitely not as simple as it appeared. And the delicate and pretty girl’s hands was also inconsistent with her appearance, both of them full of callouses. There was only one explanation: the girl was a very good archer and could shoot with both hands ambidextrously!

A hundred gold coins, today she had made a profit!

“What’s your name?” Claire patted behind herself, indicating for the young girl to get on.

“My name is Qiao Chuxin.” The young girl hopped nimbly onto the wind leopard, not even the slightest bit scared of it.

“Oh. I’m Claire. From now on, I will be your boss, your leader. Listen to me from now on, understand?” Now Claire started to brainwash shamelessly. But she froze for a moment internally. Another ancient last name. What relationship did this continent have with the Orient?

“Ok, then what should I call you?” Qiao Chuxin agreed straightforwardly. In her eyes, this pretty big sister was the best person in the world besides her mom.

“Call me Claire. But you must listen to my orders seriously. Of course I won’t let you do anything that crosses your bottom line.” Claire added.

“Okay, no problem.” Qiao Chuxin agreed happily.

Claire patted the wind leopard, directing it to run quickly towards Camille’s house. Truthfully, she was a bit tired. One night without sleep and she had worked for so long. It was time to go back and rest.

After they arrived back at Claire’s home, Claire dragged Qiao Chuxin to Camille’s study, making her sign a five year contract of hard labor. Only after she put the contract away, satisfied, did she yawn and think about sleeping.

“Hold on to these golden banknotes for now, I’ll first pay for one year. If there’s not enough, just ask. When I get home tomorrow, I’ll prepare a nice place for you to live.” Claire said between yawns, completely ignoring the group of confused people at the entrance.

“Then, Summer, come over here.” Claire beckoned towards Summer, who peeping through the door.

“What?” Summer walked over, confused.

“This is Qiao Chunxin. From now on, she’s one of us. First bring her to the streets and buy some clothes, then buy her things that she likes but is reluctant to buy. Introduce her to them. I’m going to rest; I’m too tired. Many things happened today. Tomorrow, we’re going to the auction house.” Claire ordered quickly while yawning.

Summer’s mouth twitched. What? She just pushed it all onto her? It was clearly Claire who brought her back, not her!

“Chuxin, accompany Summer. I’m going to rest, I’m so tired.” Claire yawned, about to leave.

“Give me money to buy things then.” Summer hurriedly called.

“You have so much money, can’t you just give your new comrade money?” Claire reprimanded, annoyed, then walked past everybody to her room.

“Stingy miser, humph!” Summer cursed, but in her heart, she felt strangely warm. Comrade, that’s right, she who had always been alone now had a comrade. It was all due to Claire that she could feel warm.

“Claire’s not stingy, she even said she’ll give be a hundred golden coins a year along with food, shelter, and clothing.” Chuxin, who hadn’t suffered Claire’s cruelty yet, quickly defended Claire.

“What?” When everybody heard, they all became interested, all asking what what going on.

Once Qiao Chuxin told everything in detail about how she met Claire and their contract, everybody looked at each other in dismay, cursing Claire’s shamelessness internally. She definitely wasn’t kind enough to help someone for no reason. Instead, Claire actually gave a salary that didn’t count as much. Although this salary was considered very high for commoners, it was nothing to Claire! Just what was this treacherous person planning?

Although everybody was thinking this, they didn’t dare to show it. Each and every person couldn’t know Claire’s methods any clearer: grab somebody’s weakness and hold on stubbornly, not letting go unless they gave up.

“Come, I’ll introduce for you. From now on, you are one of us.” Summer smiled and started to introduce everyone. But really, internally she added another sentence: from now on, you are just like us, one of Claire’s slaves……

As she reached the entrance, Claire sneezed loudly, then wiped her nose. She couldn’t have caught a cold with this weather, could she?

Chapter 82: [No Title]

The capital's temple of Light, the Pope's study:

The pope watched Liuxue Qing who was standing before him seriously, listening to her report. After finding the pope, she set up a magic barrier in the study, making him confused. Only after the pope finished hearing Lixue Qing did he understand why she was so serious.

"Are you sure you saw correctly?" The pope asked seriously. She was Cliff's disciple and also someone from the Hill clan, and recently rose in the capital. But even so, there was no way she could summer a grand, three headed dragon!

"Your holiness, I promise I saw correctly. The furry meatball that I saw Claire with today was the little animal that was crouching on the back of the black dragon that day. I know it seems outlandish, with Claire's strength, there's now way for her to summon a dragon, not to mention order one to do something so shameless. But, I promise, the little animal I saw today in her embrace was the once crouching on the black dragon's back that day." Liuxue Qing frowned, exceptionally serious.

The pope fell silent, not sure. The reason why Liuxue Qing was able to become the divine princess wasn't because of her appearance or elegance, but because of her undeniable strength. Illusions didn't work on her because of exceptional senses and strong fighting power.

If Liuxue Qing didn't see wrong, then was that girl from the Hill can able to summon a dragon then order him? He had personally seen the dragon that day, it was definitely real. And he definitely felt the despicable dragon's spit.

If it was really related to Claire, then he would have to take time to think about it. But that didn't mean he was going to let her go easily! Actually daring the steal the goddess's gift! Humph! No matter who it was, they would all receive due punishment.

"I understand. Don't publicize this information for now. I'll leave it to you to investigate. You know her so investigating should be relatively easy.

If she really stole the goddess's gift, she will definitely receive due punishment. Even the emperor won't be able to shield her!" The pope said coldly, immediately improving Liuxue Qing's mood.

Liuxue Qing suppressed her urge to laugh and said to the pope solemnly, "You holiness, don't worry. I will definitely investigate and report everything.

"Yes. You may leave now." The pope nodded.

Not long after Liuxue Qing left, there was a quiet knock at the door.

"Come in." Naturally, the pope could tell from the footsteps who it was. It was the Temple of Light's highest clairvoyant, L'Oréal.

(Author's note: Alright, I admit I was playing around. Paris's L'Oréal, you're worthy of being used. Oh yeah……)

(TL: Nooo ;-; going to be such a hassle copying and pasting her name each time because of the accented e)

L'Oréal had always had strange eyes and piercing green hair. She opened the softly and said concisely, "The person the goddess is looking for is in the capital. The anomaly in the sky was caused by that person."

"What?!" The pope stood up swiftly. When the divine prince, Leng Lingyun, went to Yowusali, he didn't find any clues, but now they were actually in the capital again?!

"The divine prince and princess were both there in the early morning when the anomaly happened, it should be easy to get an answer if we ask them." L'Oréal voice was incomparably empty, devoid of emotion.

"Alright. Thank you for your trouble." The pope was always very polite to L'Oréal because she was the equivalent of the goddess's eyes and mouth and had always passed on the goddess's orders.

"I well take my leave." L'Oréal said concisely and slowly withdrew.

The pope let out a sigh of relief. They hadn't been able to find any clues about the person the person the goddess was looking for after all this time. He was even a little afraid the goddess might lose her patience and

blame them for not working hard enough. Now there was finally progress, how could he not let out a sigh?

Soon, Leng Lingyun arrived at the study.

“Your holiness, were you looking for me?” Leng Lingyun said, neither servile nor overbearing.

The pope looked at the person standing before him and felt somewhat regretful. This outstanding young man didn’t work wholeheartedly for the Temple of Light because he believed in the goddess, but because of his little sister.

“Yes.” The pope recollected his thoughts, stood up, and slowly approached Leng Lingyun, saying, “Lingyun, I have always treated you as my own child. I saw you when you entered the Temple of Light, saw your each and every step of progression to this level. I hope you will live up to my expectations.”

“Lingyun knows and won’t fail to live up to your holiness’s expectations.” Leng Lingyun’s tone of voice still hadn’t changed.

The pope sighed internally. As expected, this child still didn’t open his heart to others.

“When the anomaly happened outside the city walls in the early morning, you were there. Can you tell me in detail what exactly happened?” The pope turned to the main topic.

“When it was early morning and I was heading to the city gates, I saw the dark clouds cover the sky, thunder and lightning booming....” Leng Lingyun started saying in detail, including that Claire had almost been murdered, but held back the matter of the earth spikes suddenly changing in direction

“You’re saying Claire Hill was also there?” The pope frowned slightly, wanting to say something, but couldn’t. How was that girl also involved? Coincidence?

“Yes.” Leng Lingyun saw the pope’s expression change and wanted to ask something, but resisted in the end.

“There’s nothing else, you can take your leave. Investigate what exactly caused the anomaly.” The pope ordered, still frowning.

“Yes.” Leng Lingyun left the room, leaving the pope to ponder in the study alone.

Camille’s house:

When Claire woke up, it was already night time. Summer came to get Claire to wake up and eat dinner. Qiao Chuxin, that shy and pretty girl, was smiling widely and seemed to getting along with everybody else pretty well. When she saw Claire and Summer enter, she immediately got up to greet them.

“Claire, today, big sister Summer bought me so many things.” Qiao Chuxin said happily.

Sure enough, Claire saw that Qiao Chuxin looked like a new person. Clothes make the man, as the saying goes. Currently, Qiao Chuxin was lovely, wearing fitting pink clothes and gotten a brand new, pretty case for the bow that was on her back before.

“You still carry your bow when you’re eating?” Claire sat down and asked.

“My mother has said if the bow is there, the person is here. If the bow isn’t there, then there’s no need for a person.” Qiao Chuxin replied seriously.

Claire nodded. As a fighter, she understood this kind of mentality.

After everybody ate, Summer suggested that they stroll around the most flourishing night market of the capital.

Claire glanced at the eager Qiao Chuxin and nodded, agreeing. Qiao Chuxing and Summer cheered.

Little did they know, this stroll would bring them an unexpected encounter.

As night fell, the capital bustled with activity.

The noisy downtown area had lights brightening each street.

Summer and Qiao Chuxin were at the front, excitedly look at this, touching that. Jean and Ben silently followed Claire from behind. Pitiful Walter had to stay with Camille at home. If he didn't pay attention for even just one second, his Dark aura would be discovered. Naturally, he couldn't appear at the crowded downtown area.

"Claire, buy me this." Summer pointed at some ornaments displayed by a peddler on the side of the road.

"Take anything you guys like." Claire replied nonchalantly. Claire had no interest in the ornaments for little girls.

Summer and Qiao Chuxin happily chose what they liked, grabbing anything they took a liking to, and the Claire would pay.

The bustling streets make Qiao Chuxin's eyes wide. She had never seen such a lively night.

Amidst the crowd, a gaze landed on Claire.

"Elder brother, it's that little girl again." It was the mysterious golden haired, blue eyed woman.

"We keep on crossing paths." The golden haired, blue eyed man laughed quietly. Suddenly, expression changed greatly, because he felt the bronzeware vibrate in the bag!What did this mean? It meant that the pearl that had originally been part of the bronzeware was close, developing a resonance between the two!

"Elder brother, what is it?" The golden haired, blue eyed girl frowned slightly. Naturally, she discovered the man's strange response.

"The Azure Pearl is close by!" The man said with a low voice, very certain.

"What?" The blonde woman said exclaimed quietly, surprised. "Close by? Elder brother, are you sure?"

"I'm sure. The Azure Ripple is vibrating, he can feel the Azure Pearl is nearby." The blonde man's expression started to become anxious, then he looked in all directions. But it was so crowded, where could he find the

Azure Pearl?

Right at this moment, the blonde man's expression changed again, because he saw clearly that a girl pull out an ordinary looking pearl clearly, and the pearl was vibrating!

"Claire, how strange. The pearl seems like it's having spasms, it keeps on vibrating." Summer didn't understand why the pearl had been vibrating her bag continuously and had taken it out to give it to Claire.

Claire looked suspiciously at the pearl in her hand and starting pondering. The pearl was vibrating for no reason? It seemed like it was resonating with something.

Suddenly, Claire felt two burning gazes on her. She looked up instantly and saw a man and women who looked similar to each other staring fiercely at her from within the crowd, or to be more accurate, staring fiercely at the pearl in her hand! And the woman gave Claire a familiar feeling. That pair of eyes....Ah! She remembered, it was the assassin from that night who could have killed her but didn't and also the woman who she had bumped into after stealing the goddess's gift.

What relation did they have with this pearl? Claire withdrew her gaze, looking at the pearl in her hand. She thought about the two's intense stare, then realized something.

Perhaps this pearl wasn't as simple as it seemed.

"Claire?" Summer's puzzled voice called Claire, making her come back to her senses.

Chapter 83: [No Title]

“Oh, it’s nothing. Leave the pearl with me, I’ll study it. If you like anything, buy it.” Claire pulled out a few golden banknotes and handed it to Summer.

Summer happily accepted them and pulled Qiao Chuxin to buy things. Ben squeezed by, following from behind.

“Miss, is something the matter?” Claire wasn’t the only one with sharp senses, Jean also felt something was off.

“Haha, this pearl doesn’t seem simple.” Claire played around with the pearl in her hand and suddenly pretended that she almost dropped it. From the corner of her eye, she saw the two golden haired, blue eyed people became a little panicky.

“Not simple?” Jean looked at the pearl in Claire’s hand, but couldn’t see what was unusual about it.

“You’ll know soon.” Claire watched the two young golden haired, blue eyed people approach speedily, making their way through the crowed. A sliver of a crafty smile appeared on her lips.

After the blonde man had made his way to Claire, he greeted Claire politely. “Good evening, pretty miss.”

“Good evening.” Claire greeted back casually.

“If I may be so presumptuous to ask, miss, are you willing to part with pearl in your hand? We’ll pay you no matter the price.” Evidently, the blond man was anxious, saying these words the moment they had met.

“This pearl?” Claire played with the pearl casually. She said indifferently, “The two of you really have foresight. This pearl is a unique one of a kind, a priceless treasure. To part with it, that’s....that’s hard to decide. And it doesn’t seem suitable to talk about it here.”

The blonde woman’s complexion darkened, glaring at Claire. Claire turned to face the woman and smiled without a word.

“Okay, then mess, where do you want talk?” The blonde man’s gaze had never left the pearl in Claire’s hand once.

“We’ve talked for so long, yet I still don’t seem to know your names and origins.” Claire said casually.

The blonde woman seemed to want to say something, but was stopped with a look from the blonde man. Claire saw all this clearly.

“My name is Li Mingyu and this is my little sister Li Yuewen.” The blonde man introduced politely.

“I’m Claire. Pleased to meet you.” Claire saw the nearby Li Yuewen’s sharp gaze and laughed inwardly. The woman probably wanted to snatch away the pearl in her hand and leave now.

Wait a minute! Last name Li? Li Mingyu? Claire frowned, rapidly trying to remember the family name and his name. Once she thought of it, her expression changed. Someone from the Li clan! She never would have thought they would appear here. Out of the four great clans of Lagark, Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo’s Feng clan and Shui clan were two of them. The Li clan of the person in front of her was one of them. Only, the Li clan had declined in the past few years. Recently, there were rumors that a new generation had rose and seemed to be trying to revive the Li clan, and Li Mingyu was their leader!

She never would have thought that such an unremarkable looking pearl would attract the attention of such a person. She had already experienced the skills of the blonde woman. Then, as the elder brother, the blonde man’s power was much higher than the woman’s.

“Let’s go, let’s find a good place to talk.” Claire’s eyes flashed, a brilliant smile on her face. People who knew Claire well would know that she was scheming again.

Claire called over Summer and them, then brought the Li siblings to Camille’s home.

Camille smiled like spring as he made tea for everybody. Claire completely ignored the the killing intent in Camille’s eyes. She knew what

it meant clearly: you damn, stinking brat, what do you think my place as, continuously bringing back people.

“New leader of the Li clan, talk. What do want with this pearl?” Claire gracefully raised the cup, smiling faintly.

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen’s expressions changed instantly. But Claire said first, “Don’t worry, I trust everybody here. If I wanted to give you trouble, I wouldn’t have brought you back here. Also, I’m met miss Li twice before.”

“When did you figure it out.” Li Yuewen’s complexion darkened.

“Your gaze is very unique. Fierce, yet beautiful.” Claire’s reply made Li Yuewen freeze. It was the first time someone had described her gaze like that. But at least it sounded pretty good.

Li Mingyu glanced at the people in the room and twitched a bit. These people seemed to not care about them. The two girls were chatting quietly while looking at all the ornaments displayed on the table, sounding very cheerful. The black clothed man yawned, bored as he leaned on the sofa and watched the two girl’s actions. A young man who looked like a knight stood at the side with his head lowered. The only normal looking person was the beautiful man who was currently placing pasties on the table carefully. Only Claire was paying attention to them!

“The Li people want to revive their clan and you are so eager to have the pearl in my hand. Are the two related? There’s no way the leader of the new generation, Li Mingyu, would senselessly tour other countries and buy some treasure.” Claire played with the pearl in her hands. The two Li sibling’s stared intently at it. Meanwhile, the Azure Well in Li Mingyu’s bag was vibrating more intensely.

“Okay, I’ll tell you.” Li Menyu replied solemnly after thinking about it for a bit.

“Elder brother!’ Li Yuewen called anxiously, trying to stop him.

“It’s fine. She’s that person’s...” Li Mingyu didn’t finish what he was about to say. Li Yuewen saw the look in his eyes and sighed, then nodded

and didn't speak any more.

"But I hope we three can talk in private." Li Mingyu requested.

"No problem. Teacher, I'll be borrowing your study." Claire got up and said to Camille, who was arranging pastries. Then she led the two towards the study.

Camille's crushed the pastry in his hand, then looked up while smiling like a flower. "Alright, no problem."

Jean followed from behind and guarded outside the study.

Claire set up a magic barrier, then sat down. The Li siblings also sat down, the two's gazes never leaving the pearl in Claire's hand.

"The pearl in your hand is related to the revival of the Li clan!" The next words Li Mingyu made Claire shocked.

"To tell you the truth, the pearl in your hand is called the Azure pearl and was originally part of the Azure Ripple." Li Yuewen pulled out the bronzeware from his bag and presented it to Claire. Claire saw that sure enough, there was a cavity about the same size as the pearl in her hand.

"So?" Clare looked at the Azure Ripple in Li Mingyu's hand.

"The Azure Ripple is only a guiding key. Once the Azure Pearl and the Azure Ripple are together, it will indicate where the treasure is. The day we find the treasure is the day the Li clan is revived." Li Mingyu slowly revealed his plan.

"What's the treasure? It can revive a whole clan?" Claire was confused.

"It's an artifact, sword.....the Azure Ripple sword. After using much time and effort, our Li ancestors created the sword. When the Li clan was at it's peak, the sword was hidden so that later generations wouldn't continuously rely on such power and not progress. But now the Li clan declining, day after day. We need this artifact." Li Mingyu said truthfully, but it made Claire feel doubt.

"After telling me so much, aren't you afraid that I might try to steal your Azure Ripple then try to find the treasure myself?" Claire said casually.

Nearby, Liu Yuewen said disdainfully,“You don’t have the power. I could take your life right now.”

“But then you wouldn’t be able to even think of leaving this place, not to mention find your artifact and revive your clan.” Claire returned fire indifferently.

Li Yuewen glared at the indifferent Claire, gritting her teeth. This girl wasn’t cute at all!

“Even if you find it, there’s no use. The Azure Ripple sword can only be pulled out with enough strength and the blood of the Li clan. Only when the Azure Ripple Sword has accepted you can you pull it out. It requires willpower, unwavering determination, and someone from the Li clan to pull out the Azure Ripple Sword and use it.” Li Mingyu said without hurry.

Hearing this, Claire became interested. “Do all artifacts have intelligence? Can they choose their owner?”

“Naturally, artifacts are unordinary.” Li Mingyu explained.

“I can give the Azure Pearl to you, but I have one condition.” Claire said slowly, stroking the pearl in her hand.

“What condition?” Li Yuewen asked immediately.

“I want to go with you and see how the artifact is like. I’ll train along the way.” Claire said quietly, looking at the pearl in her hand.

“Train? In truth, right now you’re as weak as a little chick.” The nearby Li Yuewen started laughing.

“I will become strong.” Claire said, exceptionally serious. She looked up and stared straight at at Li Yuewen.

The smile on Li Yuewen’s face froze. Instantly, she was completely lost in Claire’s determined gaze.

Claire put away the pearl and said indifferently. “Also, you need to wait ten days.”

“Why?” Li Yuewen frowned, displeased.

“It’s my birthday in ten days, the first time I’m celebrating it. I don’t like such occasions, but Grandfather has already invited many people. I can’t just leave it behind.” Claire said quietly, sounding somewhat helpless.

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen glanced at each other and both saw a complex look in the other’s eyes.

“Alright. Ten days isn’t much. I hope that when the time comes, you’ll respect your promise.” Li Mingyu got up and said bluntly, “Ten days later, we’ll be waiting for you at the east gate’s biggest hotel.”

“That’s fine.” Claire nodded and also got up, “I’ll send you off.”

After sending off the Li siblings, Claire returned to the main hall and saw Summer and Qiao Chuxin were still looking at the small ornaments and couldn’t help but smile.

Chapter 84: [No Title]

(TL: Magician's Council -> Magicians' Guild)

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen strolled on the streets, the two both silent, like they were each pondering about something.

"Elder brother, that girl is not cute at all." Li Yuewen said after a long time.

"But you like her and trust her, right?" Li Yuewen smiled, saying her inner thoughts with one breath.

"Humph!" Li Yuewen turned and refused to speak any more.

"She's very similar to that person." Li Mingyu said quietly, his gaze starting to become listless.

"How? One is a fierce and uncute girl, the other is our gentle gentle strong Aunt Rui. How are they alike at all?" Li Yuewen retorted, annoyed.

"Their gazes are the same, both so determined." Li Mingyu's soft words made Li Yuewen fall silent. The scene of Claire saying I will become strong and her resolute gaze flashed before Li Yuewen's eyes.

"Then we'll be waiting ten days?" Li Yuewen asked.

"Yes, letting her go with us and train isn't bad either. Also, I want to see how Aunt Rui's child is like." Li Mingyu said insipidly.

"Humph!" Li Yuewen humphed, stopped talking, and then went forward.

Li Mingyu smiled and shook his head lightly, following from behind. He couldn't understand his little sister any better, always having a sharp tongue but soft heart, saying the opposite of what she really meant.

The next morning, Claire rode the wind leopard to the Magicians' Guild to find Cliff, because as a Dark Magician, if Walter's aura wasn't hidden, then there was no way he could walk out in broad daylight. Also, that guy was someone on the Temple of Light's wanted list. Walter had been holed up in his room for the past few days, calling it 'closed cultivation' for regaining his power from before.

Once Claire arrived before the Magicians' Guild, Jean was already there. Who knew how he had gotten there before her. Only one thing was sure: he hadn't stopped agonizing over not being by Claire's side the day she had gotten into danger in the early morning. Now, he followed Claire even more closely.

(TL: Stalkers, take note.)

As she was familiar with the way, Claire made her way easily to Cliff's laboratory. Just when she arrived, she heard the sounds of Cliff crying out strangely coming from within.

"Master?" Claire was shocked and didn't bother knocking the door, charging directly inside, but she saw the room filled with dense smoke. Cliff was currently gesticulating wildly, trying to disperse the thick smoke.

After getting rid of the smoke, Cliff smiled widely and greeted Claire. "Aiya. Claire, you're here?"

"Master, what are you doing?" Claire asked in confusion, alarmed seeing the messy state of the room.

"Hah, Lawrence, that old coot, told me to make some kind small crystal balls that can sense Dark aura." Cliff shook his head, frustrated. "After a long time, I created some small crystal balls that could hide Dark aura, but not the other way around." Cliff pointed at the messy room, somewhat embarrassed.

Once she heard this, Claire became happy."Small crystal balls that can hide Dark aura?" Truly, she was lucky.

"That's right. These things are easy to make, but making them sense Dark aura is not easy." Cliff scratched his head, annoyed. He didn't know what Lawrence wanted to do. He had only said that some kind of Dark power was infiltrating slowly, eating away influential figures from the inside, but didn't explain clearly to Cliff what exactly was going on and just told him to create these difficult to make things. Would these be able to find the problem?

"Oh, Master, are these it?" Claire was looking at a small pile of clearly

crystal balls on the table.

"Right, they're all useless. If you like them, you can take them as ornaments." Cliff looked at the experimental products, his head tilted, wondering about which step he had messed up on.

"Oh, okay, Master, thank you. I'll be leaving now." Claire took all the crystals on the table without a trace of politeness, about to leave.

As Claire reached the door, Cliff remembered to ask, "Claire, what were you looking for me for?"

"It was nothing, I just wanted to see Master for moment and tell you to pay attention to your health." Claire gave Cliff a brilliant smile, then left.

Cliff nodded happily, his heart warm. It turns out the always closed off Claire knew to care for her master.

Claire returned to Camille's house and knocked on Walter's door.

Walter's delicate and pretty face appeared. Seeing Claire, he was a bit confused. "Claire, what is it so early in the morning?"

"Can these hide your body's Dark aura?" Claire fished out a small bag of crystals and handed it to Walter.

Once Walter looked at it, his eyes widened. He looked at Claire incredulously. "These, these are perfect concealing crystals? Where did you get so many? Heavens, there's so many. Do you know how much this bag of crystals costs on the black market?"

Claire frowned, about to snatch it back. "If you don't want it, then give it back. What are you wasting your breath for?" But Claire sighed inwardly. As expected, the occupation of being a magician was very costly. Even the things that were used casually for experiments were so expensive. Then she sighed even more. Cliff really spent money like water.

"I want it, why wouldn't I? Now I can go out in the open." Walter quickly hugged the back closely, then looked up and said happily, "Claire, you treated me so well, is it because you..."

Before he could finish, a miserable shout reverberated through the

house, waking everybody up.

When everybody looked, the saw Claire expressionlessly walk through the hallway while Walter was holding his head, crouching on the ground, moaning in pain.

In the afternoon, Emery came to Camille's house with golden banknotes. Naturally, it was under Duke Gordan's orders that he came to bring Claire home.

"Master..." Claire looked at Emery, feeling very intimate. He who had done everything he could for her without asking for anything in return held a very important position her heart.

"Claire, his grace and his lordship both hope you can return home quickly. Of course, the person who wants you back home the most is me." Emery laughed. Seeing Claire before him, he felt grateful. His beloved disciple seemed to have improved quite a bit. Soon, she was going to surpass him, her master.

"Master, we'll return home together after the auction." Clare looked at the smiling Emery. Naturally, she understood that he rarely smiled and only smiled sincerely before her.

"Yes. His grace said that if you like anything, don't hesitate to notify me. He gave me a lot of money." Emery's voice was a bit pampering.

Claire smiled without replying. The auction this time didn't really have any exceptional treasures. The most valuable item had already been stolen by Summer and in her hands.

Sure enough, the night auction didn't have anything that Claire took a liking to, but she bought a pair of elaborately decorated gloves for Qiao Chuxin to protect her hands when pulling the bow. This made the naive Qiao Chuxin's heart extremely touched and think that Claire was the best person in the world even more. But it made Summer angry and Walter even more disdainful. If this little devil was considered a good person, then everybody in the world was good!

After the auction ended, the group returned to the Hill mansion boldly.

Naturally, Duke Gordan welcomed them personally at the grand hall.

“Claire, it’s great that you’re back.” Duke Gordan’s gaze landed on the group of people behind Claire. Instantly, his eyes glinted. They were all unordinary people. Claire actually gathered so many powerful people beside her in such a short time. And none of them had walked in front of Claire, all following Claire closely from behind. One could tell that Claire was their leader. Duke Gordan felt a sliver of respect, but didn’t show it. Instead, he welcomed them all warmly.

“Claire, you’ve returned.” At this moment, Marquis Roger, who had been standing to the side the whole time, finally greeted Claire reluctantly.

“Oh. Yes, Father, I’ve returned.” Claire replied, also insipid.

“Cough cough....” Marquis Roger coughed quietly, then continued unnaturally, “Your birthday is in ten days. At that time, your mother and second brother will also return. You eldest brother is still standing guard at the borders and has not way of returning.”

“Oh.” Claire said, then looked towards Duke Gordan and sai, “Grandfather, my friends are all tired now. I want to first let them rest.”

“That’s fine.” Duke Gordan agreed, nodding and smiling.

Marquis Roger’s expression changed slightly, but he didn’t flare up under Duke Gordan’s warning gaze.

Only after Claire brought them away to rest and the grand hall had quieted down did Marquis Roger say angrily, “Father, look at Claire’s attitude, completely not treating me like a father. She even brought that mob of completely uneducated people back.”

“Roger...” Duke Gordan started saying helplessly. “When will you learn how to judge people? Do you think that the people following Claire are all uneducated? Who’s to blame for Claire’s attitude towards you? Sigh... Watch the people Claire brought back well. When the time comes, you’ll take back your words.” Duke Gordan sighed lightly, then walked away slowly, leaving a confused Roger behind.

Chapter 85: [No Title]

For the next few days, the group started living extravagantly. If they wanted to eat anything, food would come, if they wanted any particular clothes to wear, they would just reach for it. Content, Summer and Walter were dizzy with delight. Only Qiao Chuxin was anxious. A hundred gold coins per year for working, but she still hadn't done anything besides living luxuriously. It didn't seem right.

On this sunny day, Claire and Jean were currently sparring in the courtyard's training ground. Seeing it, Ben felt the urge to fight too. Summer and Qiao Chuxin were lying on rocking chairs, bathing while watching Claire and Jean spar. Walter still stayed inside, doing doing his closed cultivation.

"I want to do it too." Ben was eager to give it a try.

"Fight with you? I don't want to lose an arm or a leg." Claire refused with a cold snorted. Who didn't know that dragons were beings with terrifying strength. With one swipe of their claw, they could flatten someone, completely unfair.

"I'll control my strength, I'll be very careful. If you spar with me, you will definitely improve quickly. After all, we're the best at strength and controlling it too. Come on, come on... I'll be very careful." Ben eagerly tried to persuade. He was itching to have a go at it.

Claire thought about it, then said, "Then you can only use one hand, tie up the other hand."

"Fine, fine, fine." Ben nodded hurriedly, rubbing his palms together expectantly, looking like he wanted to start now.

Meanwhile, the divine princess and divine prince, Liuxue Qing and Leng Lingyun, arrived together at the same time to visit.

"Divine prince, divine princess, we're honored with your presence." Duke Gordan wasn't there, so naturally, the person who greeted them was Marquis Roger.

“It is we who are bothering you.” Liuxue Qing smiled warmly. “We came to find miss Claire.”

“Find Claire?” Marquis Roger froze. These two well renowned people came specially to find Claire? An ominous feeling arose. He asked immediately, “Is it that the matter with the Roman clan hasn’t been settled properly? Is it that Claire hid information? Is it....”

“It’s not what you think, my lord. That matter has already been dealt with properly. Claire was the victim.” Leng Lingyun interrupted Marquis Roger indifferently. Leng Lingyun himself didn’t know why, but just seeing the man in front of him hold prejudice against Claire, he felt uncomfortable inwardly.

Liuxiu Qing’s was the same as before, still smiling gently and elegantly. Nobody noticed the sudden flash of darkness in her eyes.

“Then I’ll call Claire over to greet you.” Marquis Roger said promptly, calming down.

Leng Lingyun declined. “No need. Can someone bring us to meet her?”

“Oh, I’ll bring you there myself.” Marquis Roger got up, wanting to say something, but still brought the two to the training grounds in the courtyard.

Just as they entered the courtyard, without any warning, they saw Claire’s body fly across the sky like a kite and collide into the training ground’s barrier. Claire spit out blood, then slowly slid off the barrier and passed out.

The loud bang echoed within everyone’s mind.

“Claire!”

“Claire!”

“Claire!”

Multiple voices rang out at once.

Liuxue Qing only felt something flash by before her eyes. It was Leng Lingyun’s figure, already rushing over.

The barrier was instantly opened. Everybody rushed to Claire's side at the same time. Jean was the closest and first to arrive. Once everybody rushed forwards, Jean was already holding Claire tightly.

Ben just froze, standing from afar. He extended his hand and stared at it intensely. It was this hand that had subconsciously hit Claire flying. Claire's attacks were too crafty and fierce, so much so that in response he hadn't been able to control his strength.

Screwed, he was finished!

Ben twitched his mouth, then also rushed over.

"Claire, are you alright?" Summer and Qiao Chuxin worried, deep frowns appeared. Claire didn't respond no matter how they called, however.

Jean raised Claire, about to go to head inside, but was stopped by Leng Lingyun. "Let me heal her."

Only then did everybody come back to their senses and see that the divine prince and princess had arrived at the courtyard without them knowing. Roger stood behind them, his expression complex.

"Please do and hurry, your highness." Jean carefully set the unconscious Claire down. The divine prince was an outstanding healer, everybody at the capital knew. Calmness flashed across Jean's eyes. It was great that the divine prince was there.

Without a word, Leng Lingyun waved his hand, desperately casting healing magic. White light instantly enveloped Claire's body.

Nobody noticed Liuxue Qing's lips pressing together tighter and tighter, her eyes staring intensely at Claire.

Gradually, the white light on Claire dissipated. When everybody saw Claire's face, they all let out a sigh of relief. The originally pale face was currently becoming rosy red again.

"Her internal organs are damaged. She still needs rest after I've healed her." Leng Lingyun instructed after healing. "She can't make any extreme

movements and needs to rest well."

Jean was still frowning after Claire's color returned. He stood up and bowed towards Leng Lingyun. "Thank you very much, your highness."

"It was nothing, really." Leng Lingyun waved his hand softly, indicating the Jean didn't need to be courteous.

"Many thanks, your highness, for extending a helping hand." Roger said at this moment.

"It was nothing." Leng Lingyun said without emotion. "Send Claire to her room to rest."

At this time, Claire slowly opened her eyes and saw the group of worried faces.

Summer and Qiao Chuxin happily shouted when they saw Claire awake, "Claire, you've awakened! That's great!

"I..." Claire frowned slightly. Her body was still a bit out of sorts. She only remembered Ben's beserk, powerful attack that had hit her flying.

Crouching at her side, Leng Lingyun asked Claire, "Do you feel anything wrong anywhere?"

"Your highness, it was you who healed me?" Claire softly stroked her spine. Good, it didn't break. The collision just then was really intense.

"Yes. You should go in and rest now." Leng Lingyun extended a hand, wanting to support Claire up.

But Jean quickly reached out and carried Claire. He looked at Leng Lingyun and said, "Many thanks for extending a helping hand, your highness. Protecting Miss is my responsibility, but I've failed."

Now Claire saw that standing behind Leng Lingyun was Liuxue Qing. "Your highnesses, did you come here to find me?" She asked weakly.

Just as Liuxue Qing was about to say something, Leng Lingyun spoke first.

Leng Lingyun nodded. "Yes. But, seeing the situation now, it's best to

wait for you to get better first."

"Many thanks for healing me, your highness." Claire thanked again, a trace of a smile on her lips.

"No need to be so courteous. You should go inside now." Leng Lingyun looked up at the brilliant sun rays, indicating that it wasn't sensible for the heavily injured Claire to stay there.

The group escorted Jean and Claire back inside. Ben stood there, frozen, fearfully not daring to join. Roger had a complex expression the whole time and also stood there, rooted in place.

Liuxue Qing watched Lingyun Leng from behind, all sorts of feelings welling up in her heart. Just as she was going to catch up to him, she saw the uncomfortable Ben from the corner of her eye,

Black clothes, black hair, black eyes, looking otherworldly, so striking. Liuxue Qing frowned slightly, glancing at Ben again. Suddenly, Liuxue Qing felt something off. She was completely unable to see through this black clothed man's strength! Also, the black clothed man seemed to have an inhuman aura?!

Her woman's sixth sense made Liuxue Qing start to become suspicious. Claire's small pet was the animal that had appeared on the black dragon's back that day, and now she couldn't see through this man's strength at all and he had an inhuman aura. Could it be? Could it be this man was that black dragon?!

Liuxue Qing suppressed the excitement in her heart and didn't follow everybody inside. Instead, she hurriedly bid Marquis Roger farewell and then went directly back to the temple. She needed to tell this matter to the pope. Only if the pope saw the black clothed man personally could they tell the man's true identity. Only the pope had such power!

As Liuxue Qing hurriedly left Hill mansion, nobody noticed anything unusual.

Claire was surrounded by a group of people, all worriedly looking at the weak Claire on the bed.

Ben stood outside the door, his head held low, not daring to enter. From time to time, he would receive some murderous gazes from the bedside.

“Alright, I’m fine now. There’s no need to blame him.” Claire leaned on the bed post. Naturally, she had seen everybody glare at Ben every so often.

“He…” Just as Summer was about to say something angrily, she suddenly saw Leng Lingyun there and immediately said angrily, “I already told you he’s so violent. Now look, there’s been an accident. He just can’t control his strength.”

“Humph! You’re now wounded like this.” Qiao Chuxin angrily turned to look towards the doorway at Ben.

Ben drooped his head, not saying a word, allowing their attacks.

Now Leng Lingyun noticed the ashen faced person at the door. The moment he saw him, he was shocked. This man emitted a dangerous aura from his entire body, terrifyingly strong. He seemed to not be human?! That’s how Claire had been so wounded?

“I’m already much better. Luckily, his highness appeared at the right time.” Claire said gently, smiling.

“What if the divine prince didn’t appear in time?” Summer retorted angrily.

“Then I would have just been unconscious for a little longer.” Claire knew it was only because she forced Ben out of control that Ben didn’t control his strength at that moment.

“Humph.” Summer snorted, in a bad mood.

“That’s right, your highness, what did you come to find me for?” Claire turned and looked at Leng Lingyun.

“We should talk another day. You’re so weak today, we’ll talk once you’ve recovered.” Leng Lingyun said quietly.

“It’s fine, you should know how powerful your healing magic is. I don’t have any big problems now.” Claire smiled.

Leng Lingyun hesitated, but still told his purpose for coming. “I, I came to ask you about that morning.”

Claire suddenly understood. She turned to everybody else and said, “You all should leave now, I’m going to speak with his highness privately for a moment.”

Everybody had worried and unwilling expressions, but left under Claire’s resolute gaze. Once they walked out the door, they saw Marquis Roger was about to go in.

“My lord, Miss has some matters to speak with the divine prince privately.” Jean stopped Marquis Roger from entering, neither servile nor overbearing.

Marquis Roger looked at Claire who was leaning on the bedpost and Leng Lingyun sitting at the side. His lips moved, wanting to say something, but in the end, didn’t say a word, turned, and left.

Chapter 86: [No Title]

“Go!” Summer said unhappily, looking at Ben who was blaming himself. Normally, she was afraid of him, but today, she had the chance of being a little mean to him. Naturally, she wouldn’t let the opportunity go.

“Oh....” Ben followed from behind, embarrassed. As he left, he cautiously glanced at Claire a few times.

Jean was at the very back. He closed the door quietly, then stood there at the door.

After Leng Lingyun saw that everybody have left, he set up a magic barrier. Only after making sure there was no change of eavesdropping, he turned and looked at Claire.

“Did you want to ask how all the earth spikes changed directions and turned to that person instead?” Claire got right to the point.

But Leng Lingyun asked, “I’m curious about that too, but I only wanted to ask, who created the anomaly that day?”

“I don’t know either. When I arrived I only saw the lightning and thunder.” Naturally, Claire wouldn’t explain.

“Claire....” Leng Lingyun stared at Claire. He said quietly, “When you were at Yowusali, did you see something like that happen too? Although it was in the outskirts of a relatively remote city, some people still witnessed it.

Claire’s eyes flashed, but she said expressionlessly, “What do you want to say, your highness?”

“Do you know about that anomaly or is that anomaly related to you?” Leng Lingyun said slowly and carefully. Although it was a question, his certain tone showed that Leng Lingyun was sure that it was related to Claire.

Claire fell silent, but internally, she was cursing. As expected, this divine prince isn’t that easy to fool.

“Someone rumored to be an idiotic man chaser that was actually a genius in the end. With this kind of a miracle, the anomaly in the sky counts as nothing.” Leng Lingyun stared at Claire intensely, like he was trying to find an answer in Claire’s gaze.

“Why is your highness so concerned?” Claire pointed out.

“First, I’m curious myself, second, the pope has entrusted me with investigating.” Leng Lingyun’s response was honest, but then he said exceptionally seriously, “But, please trust me. I wouldn’t do anything that could harm you.”

After Leng Lingyun said this, Claire froze.

What did that mean?

Why did it sound a little suspicious?

Claire stared at the man in front of her, but couldn’t find any traces of lying in his violet eyes that were full of sincerity.

Leng Lingyun was also watching Claire. In his mind, Xuanxuan’s words sounded: “Elder brother, promise me, you need to protect that big sis well. That big sister is a good person, only she can do what I have always wanted to do but couldn’t. This is my only request, elder brother.” Leng Lingyun didn’t understand why the always sensible Xuanxuan would suddenly say those words. Her gaze wasn’t requesting, but pleading. Although he didn’t understand, Leng Lingyun immediately promised. To him, Xuanxuan was the most important thing in the world. Whenever Xuanxuan had a request for anything, he would always agree.

Claire just stared at the person in front of her without moving. Could she trust the person before her?

Claire was a bit hesitant. From the first time they had met, she had felt something unusual.

Really unusual. What was it about him that was different? Why did she have such a feeling?

“Since your highness has already promised, is there a need to question

me?" Claire said quietly, smiling faintly. Actually, the faint words had already answered Leng Lingyun's doubts.

"It's really you?" Leng Lingyun frowned slightly. The person the pope wanted to find was Claire? But was it a good thing or bad thing?

Claire fell silent, not saying anything any more.

Leng Lingyun also fell silent.

In his heart, he had already made a decision.

Leng Lingyun slowly stood up, looking at Claire as he said, "Don't worry. I won't find any trouble for you. You should first rest. I'll be taking my leave." After saying these words, Leng Lingyun left.

Claire watched Leng Lingyun from behind as he left, her gaze a bit complex. This man's attitude was very strange. Truly, very strange. Before, he was a cold person who stayed away from people, aloof, but now he said such words. Perhaps he had been affected by something?

Meanwhile, at this time, Liuxue Qing had already returned quickly to the temple of Light and seeing the pope.

"Black clothed, black haired man? Strength so powerful you couldn't see through him?" The pope say on a chair, questioning Liuxue Qing quietly. The embroidered design of suns decorated the pope's snow white robe while his expression was solemn and dignified.

"Yes. I think he and the black dragon from that night are related. But I can't tell exactly what the black clothed man is. Please inspect him, your holiness. The black clothed man is definitely not human." Liuxue Qing was sure of Ben's identity. One the pope confirmed the black clothed man's identity, then it would be certain that the theft of the goddess's gift was related to Claire! It was undoubtable.

"Alright, I understand. You may leave." The pope waved slightly, indicating for Liuxue Qing to leave. Liuxue Qing still wanted to say something, but seeing the pope's cold expression, she swallowed back her words and quietly withdrew.

The pope stood up, his face already ice cold, his eyes even colder. If what the divine princess said was true, then the theft of the goddess's gift was definitely related to that girl. No matter who, since she had actually done a thing, violating the goddess, she definitely had to be punished. With all these indications, the divine princess's words wouldn't be far from the truth. The divine princess's power was the greatest validation!

When Leng Lingyun returned to the temple, he didn't directly report to the pope. Instead, he went to find the greatest clairvoyant, L'Oréal.

He knocked on her door quietly. L'Oréal's celestial voice came from within. "Come in, Lingyun."

Leng Lingyun opened the door quietly and saw the green haired L'Oréal currently standing calmly in the middle of the room, a huge transparent crystal ball on a stand. Leng Lingyun looked the woman with a complex gaze. He had always held L'Oréal with high regard. This woman was not arrogant or impatient, always the most calm headed and fair person.

"L'Oréal....." Leng Lingyun sighed quietly, not saying anything else. L'Oréal had already stopped him with a light wave of her hand.

A heavenly voice came from L'Oréal's mouth. "I know what you came to ask. The person the goddess had been looking for is already found, correct?"

Leng Lingyun froze for a moment, falling silent.

"A useful blade or weapon against us." L'Oréal said faintly, her gaze still strangely empty, but this strange and empty pair of eyes were often able to see the future accurately.

"So...." Leng Lingyun frowned slightly.

"So you must make her become our temple's blade instead of weapon against us." L'Oréal's voice gradually became quietly, her tone meaningful.

"Lingyun understands." Leng Lingyun nodded. With just a few words, Leng Lingyun already completely understood L'Oréal's meaning. Claire was the exceptional person the goddess was looking for to be used for the temple, her prospects brilliant and bottomless. If she wasn't used by the

temple, then she would become a great threat. Then the temple would definitely find to think up every possible way of getting rid of her. Xuanxuan's eager, pleading face appeared once more in Leng Lingyun's mind.

"Go, Leng Lingyun." L'Oréal smiled profoundly.

Leng Lingyun bowed slightly, then quietly withdrew.

After knocking on the pope's door, the pope''s benevolent yet dignified voice came. "Lingyun, come in."

After entering, Leng Lingyun saw the pope standing at next to the window with an icy cold expression. He seemed to be pondering about something.

"Your holiness." Leng Lingyun said quietly.

"There's been progress made for the matter of the theft of the goddess's gift." The pope said coldly.

Leng Lingyun froze, then said while frowning, "A lead has been found so soon? Who exactly was it that was able to steal the goddess's gift?"

But the pope didn't respond to Leng Lingyun's question immediately. Instead, he turned and said meaningfully, "Today when you went to find Claire, was there a black clothed black haired man who's strength you couldn't see through and seemed inhuman?"

Leng Lingyun frowned slightly, not understanding the purpose of the pope's question, but he remembered the scene of Claire being struck flying violently. He couldn't help but nod slightly. "Correct. His power was very strong, and his power is very wild."

"Did he have a human aura?" The pope asked quietly, but he already knew the answer.

Leng Lingyun fell silent. After a long time, he shook his head. "I couldn't feel any human aura from him."

"Humph!" The pope humphed coldly, his eyes already filled with fury. Audacious! A trifling castellan actually had the arrogance to steal the

goddess's gift! She was actually able to summon a grandiose dragon to do such shady business!

Leng Lingyun couldn't help but call out a little worriedly, "Your holiness?" How could he not feel the huge change in the pope's aura?

The pope's eyes became icy cold, but he suppressed his fury. He turned towards Leng Lingyun, already planning how he was going to punish Claire.

The pope adjusted his expression and asked, "That's right, what did you come here for?"

"The person the goddess was looking for has been found. I have already confirmed with L'Oréal. It is them." Leng Lingyun's words lightened the pope's dark complexion.

"What? Already found? L'Oréal also confirmed?" The pope became a little excited. This was earth shaking news! The goddess had ordered to find the person long ago, yet they had only found out now.

"Yes, already found." Leng Lingyun looked at the excited pope and revealed a smile.

"The person who caused the anomaly in the sky?! Are you sure?" The pope asked a little eagerly.

"Yes. It was she who caused the anomaly in the sky." Leng Lingyun replied certainly. "The person who caused the anomaly in the sky that morning is none other than Claire Hill."

Chapter 87: [No Title]

Once he heard Leng Lingyun's words, the pope's expression was very interesting to look at: mouth opened wide, his eyes staring straight ahead. He just stared at Leng Lingyun, frozen.

The pope suddenly feel like the earth shattering news was unbearable. The person he had sentenced to death in his heart a moment ago was suddenly now the person the goddess had always been looking for. The average person wouldn't be able to bear such a feeling. A moment ago, his heart had hit rock bottom. Now, it shot up to the sky.

"Your holiness?" Leng Lingyun frowned slightly, somewhat puzzled as he saw the expression stuck on the pope's face. It was the first time he had seen the always expressionless pope display such strong emotions.

"Oh, oh, oh?" Only after a while did the pope finally come back to his senses. Then he stuttered, "Wha, what did you just say?"

"I said...." Leng Lingyun was about to repeat the words he just said, but was stopped by the pope with a wave of his hand.

"I know, I heard you. Claire Hill is the person the goddess was looking for." The pope had already accepted this fact.

Leng Lingyun fell silent seeing the pope act abnormally, not understanding what exactly was wrong with the pope.

The pope tottered over to a chair, then sat down. He started to try to remember everything he knew about Claire. Usually, the pope didn't have any impressions of nobles, but Claire Hill was an exception. In his eyes, the battle Claire hand with the Lagark student didn't count as much, because she was just a double classed magician warrior and her skill level wasn't very high either. Then he heard that she was originally some kind of useless idiotic man-chaser, but she had become Cliff's disciple. What else was there?

He rubbed his temples. "Lingyun, find everything you can about Claire Hill for me, as detailed as possible." The pope said, somewhat at a loss.

“Yes, your holiness.” Leng Lingyun agreed and withdrew, leaving a very conflicted feeling pope alone in the room.

In the empty room, the pope stood in a daze by the window. Seeing the blue sky, he muttered to himself, “Goddess, are you playing a joke on me? Or, mighty goddess, are you testing me?”

Soon, all information about Claire was sent to the pope.

The pope read the information attentively, afraid of missing any details. Leng Lingyun, who was standing beside him, was puzzled, not understanding. He had never seen the pope so cautious before. No, to be more accurate, he had never seen the pope so cautious towards a single before. What exactly was going on? But there was one thing Leng Lingyun was sure of: currently, the pope had no intention of hurting Claire. Eliminating a single person didn’t require understanding their past in such detail.

As he looked, the pope’s hands trembled, the look in his eyes changing constantly. Sure enough, Claire Hill was no normal person! She had always been looked down upon as an idiotic man chase, but she had rose quickly in status: she had gained fame from the battle against the Lagark student, became Cliff’s disciple, became the Niya city’s castellan, and quickly dealt with the plague. Double class magician warrior, and her skill level was already high. As a magician, she was already a wizard, and as a warrior, she had already advanced to a grand warrior! Could a normal person improve so quickly? Did she change suddenly? Or had she been concealing her strength and biding for time,?

After he finished reading the information, the pope stood up abruptly, already having made a decision. Seeing Leng Lingyun’s confused expression, he smiled. “Lingyun, in a few days it’s Claire’s birthday, right?”

Leng Lingyun nodded. It had been written very clearly in the information, so why was the pope still asking this?

“Let’s send her a grand gift.” The pope smiled mysteriously. He set the information aside, a glint in his eyes. He said quietly, “Then, we’ll be welcoming a new priest.”

A grand gift?

A new priest?

Leng Lingyun was amazed seeing the pope smile profoundly, feeling a premonition.

“Achoo, achoo, achoo.....” Sitting next to the window in a rocking chair, only after Claire sneezed three times did she stop.

(TL: In manga and stuff, sneezing means someone’s been talking about you.)

“Claire, are did you catch a cold?” Katherine, who was nearby, hurriedly got up to close the window.

“It’s nothing, Mother, only an itch in my nose.” Claire smiled, waving offhandedly to stop what Katherine was doing. Seeing Katherine’s gentle gaze, Claire’s heart warmed. Once Katherine found out that she had been wounded, she immediately returned from the palace along with princess Maurice. Only after she was soothed for a long time did she return to the palace. Meanwhile, Katherine had been left behind to take care of Claire.

“Is someone talking about you behind your back?” Summer, who had originally paring a fruit, now hid it behind her back carefully because she was afraid Claire’s three sneezes would make the fruit dirty even though she had been paring it for Claire to eat.

“Maybe it’s that annoying idiot, Alice Roman.” The nearby blonde girl, Lashia, frowned.

“Oh?” Claire froze. Why did Lashia suddenly mention her?

Katherine glanced towards Lashia, but Lashia didn’t see. Instead, she said proudly, “Elder sister, you still don’t know. Last time when that idiot tried to murder you, she had been pardoned by the emperor reluctantly, but her grandfather had been fired from his position and all the officials of the Roman clan had their statuses lowered by three levels.

Claire nodded lightly. “I know, I was there.”

“Haha, you don’t know the wonderful thing that happened afterwards. A

few days ago, the whole Roman clan actually deserted the country, all disappearing in one night seeking asylum in Lagark. The emperor was so angry, he ordered for their arrest, but Lagark didn't take any actions....." Lashia said excitedly, not noticing Claire's eyes darkening.

The entire Roman clan actually fled? Surely, it was due to the emperor becoming extremely angry. It seemed that it was because of her that the situation had been exacerbated to this point.

"Elder sister, it's not because of you. It's said that it was the young man who had tried to murder you with Alice that day persuaded them to seek asylum at Lagark...." Lashia said hurriedly, finally noticing the change in Claire's expression.

"Lashia!" Katherine raised her voice a bit, stopping what Lashia was going to say.

Lashia stuck her tongue out and shut up.

"Mother, I've troubled you." Naturally, Claire understood that Katherine didn't want her to feel guilty, so she shouted at Lashia to stop.

"It's your birthday in a few days. Don't think too much of it." Katherine smiled gently.

"Yes." Claire nodded lightly, a faint smile on her lips, enjoying the current peaceful atmosphere.

Summer and Qiao Chuxin, those two girls, disappeared without a trace for the next few days, saying they were preparing presents.

Time flew by. In the blink of an eye, ten days had passed.

This day, the Hill mansion had become unusually lively early morning. There was an endless stream of horses and carriages before the mansion. Luxurious carriages entered constantly, the chamberlain's voice was about to yelled hoarse. At the entrance, the hands of maids who were welcoming honored guests and helping accept presents were about to go soft.

Duke Gordan stood at the entrance, his face rosy red, his mood extremely good. In comparison, Marquis Roger was very calm. He only

stood behind Duke Gordan and assisted welcoming guests.

"His highness, the second prince has arrived, her highness, the princess, has arrived!" The chamberlain announced loudly, drawing his words out. The second prince and princess were both peers from Claire's school and also friends secretly, so attending the banquet was normal. Everybody smiled towards the second prince and princess, greeting them.

"Sir Cliff has arrived!" The chamberlain said loudly with all his energy, successfully attracting everybody's gazes over.

Cliff was wearing a set of new clothes, energetically getting off his carriage, attracting everybody's gazes. As a master, naturally he had to attend his darling disciple's birthday.

Nobles arrived constantly, the carriages already crowded together so much there was no room in the mansion. Even Gordan himself didn't expect that there would actually be so many people attending. Many aristocrats and influential figures had even brought their children. Of course Gordan knew what it meant. Claire would definitely have an arranged marriage, but because he still hadn't found the most suitable candidate, he didn't worry about it for now.

"The divine prince and divine princess have arrived!" The chamberlain's voice was excited, almost hysterical. Influential figures of the Temple of Light had actually also appeared!

After Duke Gordan finished greeting Cliff, he immediately welcomed and greeted Leng Lingyun and Liuxue Qing.

"Your highnesses, we are honored with your presence." Duke Gordan laughed, obviously in a very good mood.

"Your grace, you invited us so sincerely, we were bound to attend." Leng Lingyun smiled faintly.

"Please sit." Duke Gordan proposed happily.

"Your grace should be busy. We'll just take care of ourselves." Leng Lingyun nodded.

“So many people have arrived. Just a moment ago, we had even seen carriages of the royal family.” Liuxue smiled as gently and elegantly as before.

“Yes, Claire is classmates with the second prince and princess...” Duke Gordan smiled as he replied. Naturally, he didn’t understand the deep meaning behind Liuxue Qing’s words.

Liuxue Qing inspected the surroundings, unable to suppress the joy in her heart. The more people, the better. Once his holiness exposed the black clothed man’s true colors and convicted Claire, would Duke Gordan still be able to smile? Stealing the goddess’s gift was a capital offense. No matter who it was, they would all be punished. Even the emperor wouldn’t be able to shield her! Liuxue Qing was secretly pleased. His holiness sure knew how to pick his timing choosing this day in particular to punish Claire. Today, basically all the nobles of the capital had come, even the pope was going to come. What tricks could she play when being exposed before so many people? Soon, she would experience dropping from heaven to hell.

The formerly extremely spacious grand hall was now bustling with activity. Luxurious clothes moved everywhere. The upper class women separated into groups and conversed with elaborate fans. The gentlemen were holding wine glasses and elegantly discussing together. Many high grade fruits and delicious foods were laid out on a long table. Fragrant wine, lovely music, this time, Duke Gordan had spent quite a bit.

Chapter 88: [No Title]

A group of young noblemen were waiting anxiously to carry out their father's orders, waiting for today's leading character, Claire, to appear.

After the all the guests had gradually arrived, the banquet finally started.

While refined music played, Claire slowly descended the stairs with Lashia, Summer, and Qiao Chuxin accompanying her. Tonight, Claire was wearing a snow white dress with layers of lilac lace at the edges. At her waist, an extremely lifelike pink rose was embroidered. Small, delicate flowers on the collar, her soft, long hair curled to shoulder length, a lilac ornament adorned on her hair, she looked entirely like a fairy, like a fairy descending under moonlight, giving off a calming and carefree aura.

Claire slowly descended the stairs, successfully attracting every single person's gaze. The young noblemen that were previously indecisive over carrying out their father's orders were now resolute.

Duke Gordan's eyes slitted into thin lines. He knew that his goal for today had been accomplished. Duke Gordan quickly walked forward and extended his hand for Claire.

"Today is my granddaughter Claire's birthday. I hereby express my sincere gratitude for everybody honoring us with their presence....." Duke Gordan started the standard speech for formalities.

Claire smiled faintly, but her eyes were completely emotionless. She felt extremely uncomfortable. It was like she was a product being examined. But in any case, many people had come today, all noteworthy people from the capital. Many were nobles who she had seen before but whose names she couldn't remember were here. Their gazes were truly uncomfortable!

With a typical ending of the address, the banquet starting reaching its climax. Duke Gordan was like a butterfly as he made his through the crowd and intermingled. From time to time, he laughed loudly. Hearing it, one would know how good his mood was. That was normal; it was only his granddaughter's daughter, yet so many noteworthy people had come. Not only did the prince and princess come, even the Temple of Light's divine

prince and princess came, how could he not be excited?

Claire smiled rigidly, refusing another young noble who she had asked to dance with before, wailing internally, when was it over?

“Claire……” A charming voice suddenly sounded from behind Claire. Once Claire turned to look, she saw princess Maurice’s smiling face.

“Princess……” Claire smiled and greeted. Seeing Nancy standing behind princess Maurice, she said, “Your highnesses. Thank you both for honoring us with your presence.”

“Haha, perhaps you were looking forward to us not to be here.” Nancy made a rare joke. “I can see the impatience in your eyes very clearly.”

Claire froze. Just as she was about to say something, princess Maurice started smiling. She lowered her voice and said quietly, “No need for niceties, haha, we’re the same as you. I and elder brother also dislike such formalities, but we have no choice but to deal with it.”

Claire remembered the scene of princess Maurice’s birthday last time and couldn’t help but smile. Summer and Qiao Chuxin were both enjoying a plate of tasty food, sitting at a back table. Ben leaned on the wall, bored and yawning. He watched the two girls eat happily. White Emperor was crouching on Ben’s shoulder, hugging a piece of foie gras, nibbling it energetically. Walter hadn’t appeared; he had been afraid that among so many people, it would be hard to avoid experts that could recognize him even with his aura hidden. What happened afterwards proved his apprehensions correct.

From far away, Liuxue Qing watched Claire being surrounded by people and smiled brightly. A sliver of profoundness flashed her eyes. Smile while you can. Liuxue Qing’s gaze landed on White Emperor who was crouching on Ben’s shoulder and she stared incently. Now she was a hundred percent sure that the two were accomplices from the night the goddess’s gift had been stolen! Was there any need to guess who the main culprit was?

Amidst the lively hall, every person had on a smile. As for why they were smiling, only they themselves knew from the bottom of their heart.

“The pope has arrived.” Suddenly, an incomparably loud and clear voice sounded abruptly at the door, trembling slightly. It pierced through the lively hall.

The pope arrived?!

It was not only Duke Gordan who was stunned, everybody in the hall froze.

Why would the pope come? Even for the princess’s birthday, there was no way the pope would come!

A sliver of darkness flashed through Liuxue Qing’s eyes. A good show was about to start!

“The pope has arrived!” The chamberlain’s voice sounded once more, resonating and still with a slight tremble. Evidently, the chamberlain himself was also shocked senseless by the status of the person who had arrived.

Only then did Duke Gordan come back to his senses, hastily going forward to greet.

Everybody in the hall also came back to their senses and immediately started clamoring. In a moment, everybody in the hall was gossiping. Each person had a different expression, all guessing why the pope had appeared.

Leng Lingyun leaned against a wall calmly, expressionless. He had known beforehand the pope would come.

Liuxue Qing suppressed her inner excitement, looking calm although her heart was surging incessantly. Every time she saw Leng Xuanxuan’s exceptionally friendly attitude towards Claire, a sense of danger would appear in Liuxue Qing’s heart. The only reason why Leng Lingyun treated Liuxue Qing unlike other people was because she had always taken care of his little sister, Leng Xuanxuan. This was also Liuxue Qing’s only trump card for getting close to Leng Lingyun. But if this card was gone, then she was afraid Leng Lingyun would treat her as coldly as everybody else. Every time she thought of this, Liuxue Qing would feel frantic and worried. Now

the potential threat, Claire, was going to be eliminated, how could she not be excited? Even if it was a tiny, tiny danger, she would still not let it continue to exist, because in Liuxue Qing's heart, Leng Lingyun was her sky, her everything!

Claire also stood up, looking towards the main hall's entrance. The pope had actually come personally. Was it good or bad? Perhaps it wasn't as simple as coming to celebrate. Claire knew clearly the pope didn't hold her in regard yet! Was it about the goddess's gift?

Ben squinted to see the solemn and dignified pope who was walking in slowly and yawned, not caring. Didn't he even spit on the old man who was currently putting on airs that night? What was he pretending to be serious for?

Following the pope from behind was a red robed cardinal, someone Claire knew.... It was none other than the adorable old man, Lawrence. Lawrence was currently in formal attire holding up a beautiful embroidered box. He followed the pope from behind closely, his expression exceptionally serious. Claire felt truly sorry for him maintaining such a poker face.

Duke Gordan smiled apologetically as he approached the pope and greeted: "I was unaware that your holiness would grace us with your presence, please excuse me for not going out to meet you...." Internally, he was still somewhat apprehensive because didn't know at all why the pope had come.

But the pope smiled, saying amiably,"Surely, you jest, your grace. It is I who came suddenly without telling beforehand. I'm truly embarrassed." The more he smiled, the more Duke Gordan worried.

After hearing this, everybody in the hall started gossiping more. What exactly was going on? Even if Claire had been more noteworthy recently, she was still just a girl who had just turned fourteen. How could celebrating a birthday attract his holiness?

"Haha, many people have come. It is truly lively today." The pope's gaze swept through the crowd, seeing nobles he was familiar with along with

the divine prince and princess. As his gaze landed on Claire, he shifted it towards Ben, who was standing not far from behind Claire. His eyes shined imperceptibly. Sure enough, the black clothed man was the shameless dragon from the other night! Looks like the divine princess's conjecture was completely true, Claire was the person who had stolen the goddess's gift that night. Thinking of that night when that dragon had spit saliva all over him, the pope started to feel a bit uncomfortable. He had already believed in the goddess's guidance firmly without a doubt. Claire's power wasn't really that strong, but she could summon a grandiose dragon, so of course she had something that surpassed others. The goddess was sure to have her reasons.

"I never expected that your holiness would come personally, your presence truly brings honor to my humble abode." Duke Gordan said politely, feeling happy, yet worried. It couldn't be that the pope had come just to say a few words.

Suddenly, the pope's expression became serious. He turned and said quietly to the hall, "I came today following the goddess's guidance." His voice was very quiet, but with the use of magic, every single person in the hall could hear his voice clearly.

In an instant, the hall quieted down. Everybody was stubbed. The goddess's guidance. In their hearts, the goddess was their faith, their pillar of support. Now that the pope said such words, how could they not be astonished?

Duke Gordan was also frozen, completely not understanding what the pope wanted to do.

Liuxue Qing clenched her fist tightly, holding her breath as she watched the pope expectantly. Her heart was about to jump out of her chest. The pope had already glanced at the black clothed man and had surely already confirmed his identity. Now he was going to punish Claire, that audacious thief!

Leng Lingyun sipped some sweet wine, bored. He leaned on the wall expressionlessly and watched the pope who was standing in the middle of

the hall.

Claire looked at the pope's smiling face, an ominous feeling welling up in her heart. She felt like she was facing an old fox!

"The goddess's guidance?" Finally, someone had come back to their senses, starting the fire for the extremely intense atmosphere. Since the goddess had unexpectedly guided the pope here, then they were all going to have the chance of seeing the pope carry out her guidance, so much of honor! Everybody stared at the pope intensely, waiting for the pope's next words.

Ben blinked, a little suspicious. Did that old guy discover the black dragon that had spit on him was him? It didn't seem like it.... Because his gaze just stopped on him for a moment the left. Also, he didn't show much interest in his gaze.

Chapter 89: [No Title]

"Please be quiet. I am honored for so many people to be bearing witness to the goddess's guidance." The pope's dignified voice sounded once more, successfully quieting everyone down and making them look his direction. Everybody's gaze concentrated intensely.

Then, the pope turned around swiftly, staring straight at Claire and without a word. And like so, his gaze landed on Claire and didn't move away. The hall instantly silenced, all not understanding the scene before them. What was that supposed to mean? Was the goddess's guidance related to Claire? The pope was silent, his expression completely solemn. Duke Gordan started feeling nervous. Was the temple going to make a move against Claire? Strangling Claire before she even matured? It couldn't be. The hall was deathly silent, nobody dared to speak. They all watched everything silently, waiting for the pope's next action. Many people's hearts had jumped to their throats. Was the pope's action favorable to Claire or not?

"Today, with everybody present as witnesses, I sincerely invite Claire to be a member of the Temple of Light as a priest for the benefit of the people, for the country. This is the goddess's guidance. Also, this is the gift the goddess has bestowed upon Claire Hill. This is all the goddess's will, the goddess's favor." The pope's unhurried voice echoed in the hall, echoing in everyone's hearts, staying for a long time.

The news was like a bolt out of the blue, shocking every single person senselessly. Instantly, the hall was so silent, you could hear their hearts beating. The goddess's will, the goddess's favor?! Claire had actually received such favor?! Why? Why?

Duke Gordan's expression finally changed! The Temple of Light actually had made such a decision at this occasion! Publicly recruiting Claire under the the Temple of Light! And they had used such a dignified excuse. The goddess's gift? And the position of priest? He had never heard of such an abrupt awarding of position!

The next moment, the main hall became extraordinarily noisy, the atmosphere so enthusiastic, the roof was going to blown off. Such a shocking scene happened and they couldn't believe it! Also, the pope had actually given the goddess's gift to Claire, the unique, one of a kind treasure that could give rebirth to another physical body? They had heard about it, but never seen it. Now, the pope had suddenly given it to Claire? Given it to a girl who had just turned fourteen?! And it was the goddess's will? Why would the goddess favor Claire so much?

The intense gazes all landed on Claire, almost burning her. What exactly was so special about Claire that the goddess had given such favor?!

Claire felt the burning gazes. Her expression didn't change, but her gaze was already dark.

That old pope already figured out that she was the person who had stolen the goddess's gift! And now he actually came to trap her! She didn't understand why he was trying to recruit her, but she was sure of one thing: the old pope had already discovered that she was the person who had stolen the goddess's gift, and the box Lawrence was holding up high was definitely empty. This trick of his was pretty high level! Too high! Claire was about to explode. Never had she been conned by other people, but she had unexpectedly been ensnared before so many people and so righteously. Most importantly, there was no way at all for her to retort!

Liuxue Qing's complexion paled, staring blankly at the scene before her, completely unable to accept it. Didn't the pope come to expose the black clothed man's identity, then punish Claire afterwards? Why had the situation turned into this? Instead, Claire had advanced to a more brilliant position! While seen by everybody! Everybody's gazes and actions had already explained everything. Claire's brilliance had stunned everybody once more.

"You holiness, this....." Duke Gordan was attempting his last struggle. In an instant, his valuable granddaughter was going to become a member of the Temple of Light, how could he accept it? Royal authority and divine right had always had subtle relationships and never interfered with others, but now the pope had done this. What was his purpose?

The pope turned to Duke Gordan and asked solemnly, “Your grace, this is all with accordance to the goddess’s guidance. Are you doubting the will of the goddess?” After saying this everybody turned their attention towards Duke Gordan.

“No, of course not. How could I doubt the goddess’s will?” Duke Gordan hurriedly waved, but internally, he was deeply worried. The situation had already developed far beyond his control and expectations. Was he just going to watch as Claire became part of the Temple of Light?

The pope cleared his throat, then said, “Then, please may everybody present bear witness.” His voice had an infallible dignity.

Panic flashed through Duke Gordan’s eyes. He never would have thought the Temple of Light would make their move during such an occasion, completely catching him unaware. There was no way to stop it. In front of so many people, how could he openly disobey the will of the goddess? But what Duke Gordan didn’t understand was why the Temple of Light would pay such a huge price and use such prestige to recruit Claire. Did they find out Claire’s potential? If so, they would have discovered it long before the competition with Lagark and wouldn’t have waited until now. Why exactly were they trying to recruit Claire? No matter how he thought about it, Duke Gordan couldn’t understand, Now he only hoped that the banquet would end quickly, then think of a counterattack afterwards.

The envious gazes all fixated on Claire, about to pierce through her body. Claire smiled faintly and slowly walked forward. She locked gazes with the pope, both of them understanding each other’s intentions.

Under everyone’s gazes, the pope gave the elaborate box to Claire along with the attire and badge of priests. Everybody’s gazes were locked on the embroidered box her Claire’s hands. The precious treasure was given away just like that? And now Claire’s status was shocking: the Temple of Light’s priest, the city lord of Niya city, the rising member of the Hill clan, and Cliff’s disciple. With so many halos casted on her, how could she not be envied?

After bending down slightly to receive the pope's baptism, Claire stood up and smiled brilliantly. "Your holiness, with such a precious thing left with me, it would be hard to avoid robbery. I hope that your holiness can hold it for safekeeping for me?" Claire wasn't stupid; the empty box was ticking time bomb. She knew, the pope knew, and the higher ups of the Temple of Light knew, but the Temple of Light had completely sealed off all information. Outsiders wouldn't know that the gift was already gone. Leaving it with Claire would naturally attract thieves and it would be best leaving it with the pope.

Naturally, the pope understood. He nodded, smiled, and accepted it back. Seeing this, everybody in the hall sighed.

With this banquet, Claire's fame was raised to another level. A fourteen year old girl had become favored by the goddess and held the position of priest! What an honor. A long time after, everybody who had attended the banquet still remembered, remembered the golden haired green eyed girl that seemed like the sun, radiating light, stunning everyone.

Before the ruckus had calmed down, a chamberlain came from the entrance hurriedly to report, looking pale with fright.

"What are you so flustered for!" Currently, Duke Gordan was in a bad mood, so he berated the chamberlain.

"If, if your grace sees himself, he shall know." The chamberlain seemed to be somewhat excited.

Duke Gordan frowned as he walked out. Everybody else in the hall followed.

Once everybody saw the line of carriages, they all froze. There were so many carriages, they couldn't see the end, and every carriage was filled roses, extremely dazzling and gorgeous. On the first carriage were a few, impressively large words: Claire, happy birthday.

Who was this crazy?

Everybody was once again stunned by the scene before them. Just then when the pope had appeared and announced the goddess' guidance, their

hearts were almost unable to bear it, and now with such a spectacular sight, everybody felt their minds were about to break.

"Claire?" Duke Gordan turned and called Claire, wanting to inquire what was going on. Only then did he discover that Claire, who had been following him by his side, had already disappeared.

And like so, Claire silently disappeared from the birthday banquet. Disappearing along with her were Summer, Qiao Chuxin, Jean, Walter, and Ben.

Outside of the east gate, a very ordinary yet of small stature girl was wearing clothes that couldn't be any more ordinary. On her back was an exquisite and small bow. Followed behind her were a group of people also wearing ordinary clothes. And so, their journey started.

"White Little Moon, why would you change your name to that?" Summer stroked her chin, watching Claire, who was walking ahead over them, a little suspicious,. Then she turned and looked towards the beautiful man smiling like wind, squeezing out from the corner of her mouth, "Also, why did your teacher, Camille, also come here?"

"Each person has their own interests and hobbies." Claire said vaguely.

"Haha, I also have my interest. It's too boring in the capital, so I came with you guys to play." Camille smiling kindly, a shine flashing through his eyes. "Also, I'm even your secondary commander. If you don't listen to me, I will punish you...."

The last few incomparably gentle words echoed in everybody's mind. Clearly, it was extraordinarily gentle, but hearing it made their blood run cold. Will punish, will punish.... The endless echo seemed like magic was making them hear it.

"Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps?" Summer was holding a sheet of paper, the credentials of registering as a mercenary group just now. "Why are we registering with this strange name? What a really strange name. Yuan Bao, Yuan Bao, what is Yuan Bao?"

Claire, who was pretending to be an ordinary archer, said faintly, "That's

because of my interests."

Summer was wordless. After she put away the credentials, she followed silently without speaking any more.

(TL: 元宝, an ancient currency in China. The things that dumplings' shapes were based off of. Literal is like 'treasure yuan' and yuan is the current Chinese currency, which doesn't exist in this world, but the treasured part is probably what made Summer speechless.)

Chapter 90: [No Title]

(TL: Castellen -> city lord)

"Is it fine to train with us and abandon so many people?" Li Mingyu looked towards the city gates.

"If I had stayed, then it would have been not fine!" Claire coldly humphed, annoyed. She had actually been ensnared by that old fox! And she had been ensnared before so many people and she couldn't resist at all. She didn't understand why the pope wanted to pull her towards the Temple of Light's side, but one thing was for sure: it definitely could not be that the pope was just impulsive for a moment. Was it related to Leng Lingyun investigating the anomaly from that day? No matter what, leaving the feud behind was good. Being stuck between royal authority and divine right would definitely be uncomfortable.

The line up of this mercenary group was rarely seen. Claire pretended to be an archer, Summer was a thief, Qiao Chuxin was an actual archer, Jean was a warrior, Walter was a Dark magician, Ben was going to be both a warrior and magician, and Camille was a narcissistic, mad killer. In any case, it was a line up with variety, having all types of classes. On the surface, Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen were their mercenary group's employer.

"Little leopard, come." Claire leisurely reached out and called the wind leopard who was following them from behind. She mounted on him.

"Ah, you traitor. Didn't you say you were going to train?" Summer immediately protested. Everybody was walking while Claire, that guy, actually rode a mount.

"Training not only the body, but also willpower. If you get upset by such a small thing, our secondary commander, Camille, is going to get mad." Claire said faintly.

Immediately, Summer felt a cold wind blow strangely from behind her. Turning around, she saw Camille's warm and gentle smile. Summer shuddered and kept on feeling like this person was very danger, truly dangerous. Summer sensibly stopped talked and rushed over to Claire's

side.

And so, the small mercenary group peacefully left the capital, heading to the next town. The Azure ripple was pointing towards the Belruk border.

Claire looked up just as wind blew, lightly blowing her bangs. Everything became clear at once.

Her new life had started just now.

The party looked like they were just an ordinary mercenary group. The people that attracted the most attention instead were the Li siblings. Their outstanding appearance and unordinary air attracted many looks. Every time they went to a new place, people couldn't help but look.

But today was an exception. Everyone saw many people constantly fleeing frantically from the city gate ahead and were puzzled. The city before them was Amparkland's third ranked port city, Placid Water, was always prosperous and peaceful, a major trading market. Usually, there was an endless stream of businessmen entering or leaving, but today, they acted like they were being chased by ghosts, like they were wishing they could grow wings and fly away.

"Ah, wait..." Summer attempted to ask someone, but they turned a deaf ear, running off without a trace will holding a bag of something.

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen also wanted to ask the people running by, but they all ignore them, only running like their life depended on it. Carriages were also continuously rushing out, creating cracks on the ground. The entire city was very chaotic!

"Ben!" Claire called. Ben understood, immediately grabbing a running passerby, directly lifting them up.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" The person Ben was raising fearfully kicked his legs that were suspended in mid air, shouting angrily.

"We'll let you go after you answer a question." Claire raised a brow.

"It's impossible to go out at sea, run for your life quickly. The harbor has already been submerged, there's a sea beast going crazy and keeps on

attacking the harbor! And it's summoned many other sea beasts. It's a catastrophe, a huge catastrophe! Run for your life." The person said everything impatiently at once without Claire asking. "The city lord has called for help, but there hasn't been any response the whole time. I'm afraid that by the time the people from the Temple of Light come, this place will be completely submerged. Please let me go." The person felt like the sky was falling, eagerly wishing he could struggle free from Ben's grasp.

Claire nodded, Ben threw lightly, and the person was thrown far away. When the he landed, they immediately bounced back up. Not even taking the time to brush off dirt, they hurriedly ran forward. He looked like he was very pleased that Ben had thrown him so far away.

"Why would the harbor be attacked by sea beasts for no reason?" Li Yuewen frowned, puzzled as she looked towards the chaotic city entrance.

"We must set out to sea." Li Mingyu said resolutely, looking towards the city entrance.

"Then we need to first see what's going on." Claire dismounted the wind leopard with the small, exquisite magic bow Cliff had given her and walked towards the city gates, taking the lead.

Everybody followed closely from behind.

As they entered the gates, the entire city was in chaos. Shops were being closed hurriedly, many people on the streets ran with big bags and small bags of luggage, hurriedly rushing towards the city gates. Some soldiers were following orders, but unable to stop the frantic residents chaotic fleeing.

"Where is your city lord?" Jean grabbed a soldier who was painstakingly attempting to mollify residents.

"Who are you people?" The soldier frowned, annoyed as he saw the impolite person before him.

"We're asking you a question, answer it!" A cold light flashed through Li Yuewen's eyes, instantly showing killing intent, making the solder shiver a

little internally.

The solder immediately answered obediently. “At, at the city wall. He brought magicians to fight against the sea beasts.”

“Let’s go and see.” Claire said, looking up at the tall city wall far off in the distance.

Once everybody arrived, the city wall was guarded strictly, soldiers all with solemn expressions. The terrifying sound of tidal waves came from beyond the city wall, the sound of a huge waves splashing on the city wall, making one alarmed with fear.

“Stop, who are you people?” A person looking like a captain approached, blocking Claire’s group solemnly. “His lordship is currently resisting the crazed sea beast with magicians, normal people may not approach.”

“We also have magicians and want to lend the city lord a helping hand.” Claire said insipidly. “The more people, the better. Our mercenary group’s magicians are very powerful.”

The captain watched Claire doubtfully. This ordinary girl didn’t have any defining characteristics, someone you wouldn’t be able to find amidst a crowd. Then he sized up the people behind Claire. Not a single one looked out of the ordinary and didn’t look like they were anything outstanding. The captain hesitated and didn’t say anything.

“Roar……” Suddenly, an earth shattering, terrifying roar sounded from beyond the city wall, followed by a loud bang. A giant tidal wave smacked the city wall. The city wall seemed to be on the verge of collapsing.

“Captain, the magic beast became crazy again!” A nearby soldier called out in fear. It was a young soldier and he still looked somewhat childish, his eyes full of terror. Seeing this, the captain’s heart became somewhat complex.

“Alright. May I ask what mercenary group you are? Just like the said, the more, the better. I hope you can be of aid to my lord and the magicians.” The captain finally moved to let them through.

“Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps.” Claire said nonchalantly, then led

everyone to climb the city wall.

Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps? The captain blinked, looking skeptically at Claire's group from behind. What kind of a strange name was this? Never had he heard of this mercenary group before. He hoped they wouldn't throw away their life in vain. The captain looked up at the overcast sky, praying his in heart, hoping for the military aid to come soon. If it continued like this, the entire city was going to be submerged.

Once Claire and them had climbed up the wall, they saw it was already only a vast body of water beyond the city. Only a few tall masts were able to be seen, showing that it had previously been a prosperous harbor. A row of people stood on the city wall, already completely soaked with seawater. There was a middle aged man who looked completely serious and frantic with tightly clenched fists as he saw the situation below. At his side stood two warriors grasping their swords tightly, protecting his safety. It was probably the city lord then and the people standing beside him the magicians who were currently battling fiercely. Their wide magic robes had been soaked, making them cut a sorry figure as it stuck to their body. They were all chanting spells quickly to attack, all exhausted and almost unable to bear it.

Claire moved her gaze forward and saw a creamy white, huge sea beast writhing amidst the waves, roaring. The giant sea beast was no less than three meters high, ten limbs waving crazily in the air. Around it seemed to be many less noteworthy sea beasts also crazily roaring and squirming.

Why did the sea beast seem like an octopus?

Claire frowned seeing the situation before her, pondering. Sea beasts, relatively strong beings, basically never attacked the land without reason. Why had such an unusual situation appeared here?

"Who are you people? It's not safe here, leave immediately!" The next moment, a dignified yet concerned voice broke Claire's train of thought.

Claire turned to see the middle aged man's solemn yet worried gaze.

"Are you the city lord?" Claire didn't withdraw and approached closer instead.

“Who are you, you’re not allowed to be disrespectful to the city lord!” A warrior beside the middle aged man frowned and shouted. He became alert when he saw Claire get closer.

“Shut your mouth.” The city lord shouted, frowning and displeased at the bodyguard. Then he turned to Claire and said. “Little girl, this place isn’t for you to come. Leave quickly. If we can’t hold back the sea beasts, then the aftermath will be unthinkable. You should quickly leave with your companions.” The city lord could see with one glance Claire was the group’s leader.

“We are the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps. What if you can’t hold back the magic beasts’ attacks?” Claire asked without hurry, squinting to see the not so far away crazily writhing sea beast and waves.

Chapter 91: [No Title]

(TL: mistake, Camille is the secondary commander)

"I swear to live or die with the city!" The city lord said resolutely, also turning to look at the vast sea.

"My lord!" His two personal bodyguards cried out in alarm, becoming more nervous. "My lord, you've already evacuated everybody, how could you stay here by yourself? If resistance is truly futile, then we should withdraw for now."

"No need to say anymore. I won't change my decision!" The city lord stared ahead with unswerving determination at the terrifying sky and high waves, remaining unmoved.

"Roar……" Suddenly, everybody heard a loud sound that reverberated into the horizon, attracting everybody's attention.

"Oh no, my lord, the sea beast is about to attack again. Please withdraw, my lord." A pitiful, weak magician ran over hastily and advised.

But the city lord remained unmoved. Instead, he stood on the edge of the city wall, staring straight at the sea beast that was getting closer and closer along with giant, sky reaching waves. "I've already made my decision. I will stay with you, there's no need to try to convince me."

"Roar….."

"Howl…"

"Wu…"

Countless sea beasts were floundering about, gradually approaching as they rode the tide. Waves of sea water slapped onto the wall, arousing fear.

The city lord frowned. Just as he turned, about to urge Claire's group to leave, he was shocked to see Claire had already drawn the bowstring of her arrow. The bow didn't have any arrows, but the girl had drawn back the bowstring fully.

“Hum….” Everybody heard a long, drawn out, piercing sound. A dazzling bright flame arrow appeared, rapidly flying towards the approaching sea beasts, then exploded. The sea beasts that had been hit all howled painfully, writhing as they submerged into the water.

Magic arrow!

The magicians at the city wall were all stunned and the city lord had also frozen. They never would have thought that the ordinary looking girl would actually use magic arrows and had such might. The two personal bodyguards were also frozen with shock.

But, with only this, there was no way to resist the sea beasts.

Just when the city lord was frowning and was about to say a few words of thanks then ask them to leave, he was completely shocked by the scene right before his eyes and just stared blankly at the group before him, unable to say a word.

Usually, Qiao Chuxin was delicate and gentle, but currently, she had no trace of her usual bashfulness, her face completely ice cold, calmly retrieving the bow from her back. A chilling light flashed through her eyes. Without a word, she aimed at the sea beasts. One after another, the sea beasts that had been accurately hit were howling in pain, then squirming as then disappeared into the water without a trace. Surprisingly, Qiao Chuxin’s bow was also an enchanted bow, the arrows shot out actually of lightning attribute! Water could conduct electricity, so it could be inferred how painful the magic beasts that were near the shot ones felt.

Summer stared at Qiao Chuxin who had suddenly become like a different person, her mouth wide, unable to say a word.

Ben squinted, then casually cast huge amounts of gorgeous, yet killing magic, often casting it beneath the waves. Every time he cast magic into the water, the water would boil. The sea beasts helplessly submerged into the water to evade, but the more Ben cast, the more interested he became, becoming amused.

(TL: I’m imagining like a black cat pawing at fish)

The worn out magicians watched the manner in which Ben cast magic and the frequency, all staring blankly. Instacast! Large range! Without any change in expression or tiredness!

What kind of level in power was this?!

Camille smiled seeing the situation before him, gracefully blocking seawater with a parasol from out of nowhere. Everybody had been more or less been splashed by water. Only Camille was as neat as ever.

Sullenly, Walter didn't dare to use Dark magic, only daring to cast commonly seen magic for face. With only this, the people at the city wall were already astonished incessantly. A small mercenary group actually had two magicians! And one of them had already surpassed everybody else at the wall! And there were two girls that could use magic bows! Then what class was the other person?

"Crash..." A huge splash sounded, a tidal wave clashing against the city wall. Just when the giant wave filled with terrifying energy appeared to be about to submerge the girl using fire magic arrows, the nearby young man who looked like a warrior stepped forward. He coldly unsheathed his sword, and with a low grunt, bright violet Dou Qi exploded forth. The giant wave was split apart by the awe inspiring Dou Qi, then evaporated instantly. Not a single drop of water had landed on the girl. The young man, still with a calm expression, withdrew behind the ordinary looking girl.

Violet Dou Qi?! The two personal bodyguards of the city lord stared at Jean, dumbstruck and frozen for a while. The small, ordinary looking mercenary group actually had such a warrior, a grand swordsman?! What, what was going on!

The sounds of magic explosions and sea beasts' long cries intermingled, traveling far and wide, making one who heard alarmed with fear.

After a long time, Camille started to yawn as he was hoisting the parasol. Finally, there was a long, drawn out hiss from below the wall.

The sea beasts were retreating!

The city lord stared at the scene before him, not believing his eyes. The sea beasts retreated just like that? He had already prepared to die with the city, but now the sea beasts were simply retreating?

The two personal bodyguards were also in disbelief. Now their viewpoint of Claire's group was completely different. Their original disdain turned into admiration and amazement.

The magicians were completely exhausted and sat down without care for face. They all looked towards Claire's group gratefully. If Claire's group hadn't arrived in time today, then perhaps the sea would have been their final resting place, especially if not for that terrifyingly powerful black clothed man. He had cast so many powerful spells, yet was completely carefree.

"We are most grateful for your valuable assistance. It was only thanks to your aid that we were able to repel the crazed magic beasts. As the city lord, I thank you on behalf of Placid Water City's people." Tired, yet grateful, the city lord asked exceptionally gratefully, "May we request for your distinguished names?"

"I am the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps's commander, White Little Moon. This is the secondary commander, Camille..." Claire turned and introduced the members. Naturally, she first introduced the secondary commander. As everybody's gaze landed on Camille, they froze. Camille was still holding the small parasol!

Camille gracefully put the small parasol away, smiling like the spring wind towards the city lord as he said, "Your lordship, for the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps to aid Placid Waters is a must. As citizens of this empire, it is our duty to lend a hand whenever we run across dangers in the empire."

"Haha, Secondary Commander is truly honorable..." The city lord smiled with a little difficulty. The secondary commander hadn't even lifted a finger the whole time. Didn't he only raise a parasol to avoid seawater? Hearing those words, it was really... The eyes of the two personal bodyguards held a sliver of disdain. While Claire introduced all the

members of the mercenary group one by one along with the Li siblings, the city lord had been hastily thanking the whole time.

Claire stood at the edge of the city wall, calmly surveying the seemingly peaceful sea surface. “The sea beasts have only retreated temporarily,” she said quietly.

“I hope that when the next wave of attacks come, aid will have arrived.” The city lord said, looking serious and worried.

But Claire just watched the vast sea without a word, like she was contemplating.

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen hadn’t made a move the whole time nor said anything. They only exchanged a glance at the end, seeing an indescribable feeling in each other’s eyes.

“I hope that everybody will agree to this request, if I may be so bold to ask.” The city lord said quietly to Claire, a hint of embarrassment showing through his expression.

“We will help you hold fast until aid arrives.” Claire said immediately. Of course she knew what the city lord wanted to say. Also, they still had to wait until it calmed down here to go out to sea. Naturally, they couldn’t leave.

“Then that’s great! May I invite you all to accompany me and rest at my manor?” The city lord said, overjoyed at the turn of events.

Claire nodded lightly and led everybody to follow the city lord down the wall. Before they descended, Claire looked pensively at the boundless sea. The sounds of sea beasts roaring still came sporadically from the distance. Claire frowned slightly. She didn’t know if she was hearing wrong, but she kept on feeling like the roars carried grief, anger, and also worry.

Later, Claire and them were provided with warm hospitality by the city lord. Of course, this was limited because the city lord had already dismissed the majority of the people at the city mansion. Preparing the food was the butler who the city lord had not been able to dismiss no matter how hard he had tried.

Late at night, the sea breeze blew and Placid Waters calmed down. A few residents who had originally left their homes unwillingly returned once they heard the sea beasts had withdrawn.

Claire stood at end of the corridor, feeling the sea breeze that carried a hint of saltiness, surveying the distance.

“It’s so late, why haven’t you slept yet? Careful not to catch a cold, Claire.” Camille whispered into Claire’s ear, his voice so gentle one would spew blood listening to how strange it was.

“You haven’t slept either.” Claire said nonchalantly.

“You discovered it?” Camille squinted, smiling as he got closer.

“Yes.” Claire nodded, somewhat amazed at Camille’s sensitivity.

He had actually discovered it too?

Camille looked up towards the distance, smiling as gently as every, his voice also incomparably gentle. “Those sea beasts seem to be searching for something.”

“Yes. I didn’t hear wrong, those sea beasts are very frantic.” Claire leaned on a pillar and said, “Those sea beasts are considered strong in this area. Without any provocations, they won’t attack rashly, not to mention leaving their waters to attack the land.”

Camille brushed his bangs elegantly, asking gently,

“But what exactly are those sea beasts looking for?”

“If we could ask the sea beasts directly, we would know.” Claire said nonchalantly, but at the same time, she was pondering over the problem. What the sea beasts were looking for must be in the city, otherwise the sea beasts wouldn’t crazily attack the city on such a large scale.

Chapter 92: [No Title]

"Ask the sea beasts? That's a good idea. Unfortunately, I'm not a summoner nor a druid. I am a man as clean as the wind." Camille regretted resentfully. "So I can't understand those crude sea beasts' language."

Summoner? Druid? A thought flashed through her mind. If they had somebody who could communicate with the sea beasts, then the situation would be resolved easily. However, currently, the people of Placid Waters were nervously running or hiding. How could anyone with that ability be in this chaotic and dangerous place? What exactly were the sea beasts looking for?

"If you still can't think of a method, then the people from the Temple of Light are going to come. Haha, Reverand Hill, how are you, venerable one, here? Please return with us to the temple." Camille's gentle voice carried a trace of weird feeling that couldn't be described. This guy had actually started talking in the manner of the people from the Temple of Light. With those words coming out of his mouth, it was completely sarcastic.

Claire rolled her eyes. It wasn't like it was her who wanted the title of bishop, but that old fox, the pope, who had forced it onto her before so many people's eyes.

"I also want to quickly fix the problem so we can continue our journey!" Claire said unhappily, then got out all the magic puppets that Emery had given her from her bag. There was a bird, a mouse, and a fish. One could fly in the sky, the other ran on land, and the last one swam underwater. Everything had been covered.

"Use these to scout?" Camille was a little interested seeing the puppets Claire had gotten out.

"Yes." Claire nodded. Next, she infused magic into the magic puppets in her hands, then fished out a small crystal ball to view. The crystal ball split into three levels with three different viewpoints showing everything that the puppets had just seen.

“A little interesting.” Camille stroked his chin, a brow raised.

But Claire didn’t hold any high hopes. It was probably going to be difficult to find what the sea beasts were looking for. Perhaps it was because some kind of treasure the sea beasts cared about was snatched away by humans that they were so crazy.

Camille squinted at the crystal ball without a word.

Suddenly, the bottom area of the crystal ball changed. In a dark and damp place, a pair of eyes filled with hope flashed by, followed by the bottom area turning back into how it originally looked.

“What is this?” Camille’s keen senses caught the abnormality.

“The magic power ran out, so the magic puppet is returning the way it came.” Claire’s expression changed slightly. Just then she had read those eyes clearly. The owner of the eyes discovered the magic puppet and wanted to send some information.

“Which magic puppet was it?” Camille was smiling as elegantly as before.

“The land mouse. That person was underground.” Claire frowned, pondering. Was it related? Was it related to the person who had just appeared within the crystal ball?

“Normally, all city lord castles have dungeons underneath.” Camille said faintly. After seeing Claire’s gaze shift to look towards him, he immediately shook his head. “Don’t expect me to help you scout for information, that place is filthy and moist. Also, you don’t have the time to deal with this.”

“What if the it’s related to the sea beasts’ attack?” Claire said quietly, looking at Camille.

“Could that coincidence actually happen?” Camille turned and said halfheartedly.

“Let’s go. Come and see with me, assassin king. Only someone with your skills can take up such a responsibility.” Claire said quietly. Camille

immediately followed, smiling beautifully. “Oh, commander, please continue to praise me. Let’s go scout out what exactly is going on.”

“Your beauty is unmatched, your keen senses make me gasp in admiration, your graceful bearing…” Claire quietly said, expressionless as she continued to walk forward. Camille smiled, pleased, following closely from behind.

The two disappeared silently into the night.

Claire sighed. Camille who smiled brightly the entire day was actually the person most suitable to live within the darkness. The darkness was actually Camille’s world, his dominion. Bizarrely, it was clearly the first time Camille had come here, but he silently brought Claire with ease and almost routinely down to the dungeon, as if he had been there before.

The dark and moist dungeon smelled moldy, without any signs of human life. Then was the person in the crystal ball a prisoner that they hadn’t had enough time to evacuate? Without knowing exactly when the sea beasts were going to break through and submerge the city, normally, they would still evacuate all major criminals. Then was the person abandoned such a sinful criminal that it didn’t matter if they lived or died?

Whether the dungeon door was open wide or half closed, it was clear to see that there wasn’t anybody within the mess inside. The end of the corridor led to the very last prison cell. Camille stopped, turned to Claire, and nodded, indicating there was someone inside. Naturally, Claire had also sensed a weak aura from within.

Camille pulled out a dagger and used it to push open the filthy prison door. The scene before the two’s eyes made them freeze.

An almost completely naked young man was tied up there with only a piece of cloth hiding his more important spot. His mouth was stuffed by a piece of cloth, his beautiful, jet black, long hair reached his feet, and haggard yet jade like complexion revealed a stunning, enchanting person. Such a stunningly beautiful enchanting young man! Seeing Claire and Camille, the young man’s eyes flashed eagerly, starting to whimper and struggle, but he was helpless as his limbs were tied up tightly.

Camille clicked his tongue and shook his head without any indication that that he was going to help untie him.

Claire approached and pulled out the cloth in the enchanting young man's mouth, quietly saying, "Who are you? Why were you imprisoned here?"

But the young man's first sentence, or to be more accurate, first few phrases, made Claire freeze.

"Summoner, hungry, scheme, the city lord's younger sister, boy toy, didn't, imprisoned..." The young man said phrases one after another weakly.

Claire suddenly looked at the enchanting young man. It couldn't be, he was actually a summoner? In other words, there was hope for the crazy sea beasts to settle down? Claire tried to confirm. "You're a summoner?" But what were those continuous phrases supposed to mean?

"He's a summoner, but because he is so beautiful, the city lord's sister took a liking to him. By chance, he was hungry at the time, so he was poisoned in a scheme to capture him. They threatened him to become a boy toy, but he didn't agree, so they he was imprisoned in this dark dungeon." Camille fluently connected the young man's words.

Claire blinked. She looked at the smiling Camille, then looked at the young man whose eyes were now lit up, understanding that Camille had completely understood what the young man meant to say accurately.

"Teacher, this is the first time I've found that you are a multitalented scholar." Claire said seriously. Then she looked at the young man. "Can you communicate with the sea beasts? All the sea beasts outside the city are attacking the harbor. You can communicate with them, right?"

"They, save me, destroy this." The young man said.

"The sea beasts wanted to save you, so they destroyed the city." Camille elegantly and gently straightened his bangs, subconsciously interpreting the young man's phrases. Only after he finished speaking did Camille realize what he had said. Camille stared wide eyed at the enchanting

young man incredulously. The sea beasts were all summoned by this weak young man?!

"In other words, you summoned all the sea beasts? Without any chanting or items, only using your spiritual power to call?" Claire wasn't amazed. Instead, she frowned, looking doubtfully at the man before her. If this was true, then the young man's couldn't be described as simply 'strong', but terrifying. The young man had such terrifying power, but was currently so pitiful. How could anyone believe it? Unless the young man was as stupid as a pig. Thinking of this, Claire suddenly trembled. The enchanting young man really was as stupid as a pig! A person who had been poisoned just because he was hungry, how smart could he be?

"The city lord doesn't seem like a person who would allow his little sister to do something so shady." Claire stroked her chin, pondering, with no indications of untying the young man. The young writhed around, grunting one word over and over: hungry.

"It's very simple. The city lord didn't know about it. After this guy summoned all the sea beasts he could after he woke up to escape, they had already ran away. The people who had kidnapped him didn't dare to let him go, not had the time. Of course they would hope he died. As the city lord's little sister, kidnapping a boy is definitely dishonorable." Camille quickly explained his conjecture.

Claire saw joy in the young man's eyes again. Perhaps the young man already saw Camille as a close friend by now.

"What's your name." Claire looked at the enchanting young man before her, still with no indications of untying him.

"Dong Fenghou." The enchanting young man blinked his eyes, watching Claire blankly, then said, "Hungry."

Claire finally realized that the terrifyingly powerful summoner was unordinarily deficient when talking! And the young man's eyes were crystal clear. Who did he remind him of? Claire tried to remember. That's right! He was a little similar to Qiao Chuxin! They both felt pure, like they hadn't experienced the world yet. Claire felt like the young man had also

just left some kind of deep mountain or forest for the first time, but he had been unlucky and before he could make a name for himself, he had been captured and turned into this pitiful state.

“Hungry, hungry, hungry, hungry...” Dong Fenghou stared at Claire and only said this word.

Claire watched Dong Fenghou, a cold light flashing through her eyes, not saying anything for a while.

Camille yawned. He knew that Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps was about to have another pitiful person for Claire to order around.

Chapter 93: [No Title]

In Claire's room, Summer and Qiao Chuxin stared wide eyed at the enchanting young man who was gorging like his life depended on it, speechless.

Wasn't it already the tenth plate of food?

The guy looked so beautiful on the surface, but the way he ate was so nasty. Most importantly, his stomach seemed to be bottomless. Who knows how many times Walter and Jean had already stealthily went to get food from the basement. Of course, besides them, no one else knew the current situation.

"Did you eat like this before too?" Summer asked carefully, seeing the Dong Fenghou who was gorging on food like his life depended on it.

Dong Fenghou couldn't talk at the moment, so he nodded, then stuffed a piece of bacon in his mouth and drank a swig of juice.

"Your appetite has always been this big?" Qiao Chuxin asked, also cautious.

Dong Fenghou nodded, still chewing bacon.

"Tch, who could afford to raise him if he eats like this?" Walter said sourly.

"I..... was kicked out, eat... too much." Dong Fenghou said a few unclear words.

"Because he ate too much, his family avoided him and kicked him out so he would rely on himself." Camille translated for Dong Fenghou, delicately setting down an exquisite tea cup.

Everybody suddenly realized seeing the huge pile of empty plates on the table and all the bones and empty cans on the ground. How could an ordinary family afford such a way of eating?

"You haven't eaten so much in such a long time, right?" Claire propped up her chin, lazily leaning on the table as she spoke to Dong Fenghou.

Dong Fenghou nodded vigorously at Claire, showing a satisfied smile.

"Follow me, listen to me and work for me. I will never let you go hungry. You can eat a lot and the food will be tasty too." Claire said indifferently, making everybody in the room feel scorn.

Walter's mouth twitched. Of course the little devil would never be able to hide her true colors.

Dong Fenghou's eyes lit up, so excited that he stood up, still holding a drumstick in one leg, waving it as he said inarticulately, "No, not every time, each so much, hungry for a long time, ate this..."

Just as Camille was going to translate, Claire nodded. "I understand what you mean. You're trying to say, you don't eat so much every time, it was just that you were too hungry for so long this time so you ate this much. You're requests aren't that much and you will definitely serve me well."

Dong Fenghou nodded vigorously, like a chicken pecking for feed. Seeing the clear, uncoverable joy in his eyes, everybody shivered. Not only was this guy pure, he was hired cheaply, but acted like he got lucky and had finally found a patron after much difficulty!

Of course, next, he signed a contract, selling himself. Once Claire put away Dong Fenghou's contract, she was faced with strange, unfeeling gazes.

"What? Got a problem?" Claire raised her head slightly and said coldly.

Immediately, everybody lowered their heads, pretending like nothing was wrong and started chatting.

Camill gracefully set down a teacup, fishing out a clean handkerchief, wiped his mouth softly, and asked, "But Commander, what do you plan on doing next?"

Everybody's gazes landed on Claire. That's right, now that they had found a summoner, what were they going to do next?

"Next..." A strange smile appeared faintly on Claire's mouth. She didn't

continue speaking, but the strange feeling made everybody's heart quiver.

What Claire was going to do next was definitely no good.

They dared to bet their life on it!

"Alright, everybody. Go and rest well. Tomorrow early morning, there's going to be a good show." Claire clapped her hands together softly, indicating for everybody to return to their rooms and rest. It was already late in the night, so they wouldn't be able to rest for much longer anyways.

"Tomorrow, the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps will take its first step towards fame." Camille smiled gently, strolling away.

Everybody blinked and glanced at each other, a strange feeling arising in their hearts.

Early morning the next day, the sound of the alarm bell cut through the air!

The sea beasts were gathering to attack together! And this time was more intense than any other. Fierce waves smacked the city wall and the wall shaked with the sounds of crumbling. The city lord's expression was extremely grave as he hurriedly dressed and brought the still tired magicians up the wall, rushing.

In the far distance, just as the sky brightened at the edge where the sky and sea met, whitecaps frothed, the ocean crashing with waves. Giant sea beasts bared their fangs as they approached.

There was the loud sound of rumbling. The river within the city had risen and the boats that had taken shelter on the river within the city rose with the it, then fell, splashing and creating large waves. The deafening sound resonated into the horizon, loud enough to be heard from within Placid Waters. The inhabitants of the city that hadn't run away were all praying, placing all their hopes on their lord and the mercenary group that had helped repelled the sea beasts yesterday, hoping that today, they could still successfully withstand against the half crazed sea beasts and persevere until aid arrived. But the sky dimmed, becoming more and more dark, casting a shadow on their hearts.

The city lord and the magicians all paled seeing the situation before them, their hearts sinking. Maybe they weren't going to be able to resist the situation!

There were several more sea beasts today! And they were approaching quickly, their angry howls piercing one's ears painfully.

The city lord frowned as he looked ahead, biting his lip deeply. He had made a decision.

As the city lord, once the crisis passed, even dying with the city would not be enough. But the magicians before him were all valuable assets of the empire, they definitely could not die here! He had to command them to withdraw, now.

Just as the city lord was about to order them, a string of footsteps sounded from behind him. Turning around, the city lord saw Claire's indifferent face as she led her group forward.

"Commander White..." Just as the city lord was going to speak, a giant wave came crashing down violently, splashing everywhere.

Camille calmly and gracefully opened a small parasol, blocking the splashing sea water. White Emperor hid behind Camille's head on his shoulder, looking pleased. White Emperor had prefered to stay with Camille ever since they left the capital because Camille was always neat and tidy. Jean unsheathed his sword, bursting forth with Dou Qi, split the waves open, evaporating all the water instantly, and then sheathed his sword and stood behind Claire, his actions smooth and fluid.

The city lord wasn't so lucky. Since there wasn't anybody opening a parasol not someone with such strength who could evaporate the water for him, he was immediately splashed with seawater. The clothes on his body immediately stuck to his skin, his hair falling limp and continuously dripping, cutting a sorry figure. And his two personal bodyguards weren't better off, both soaked.

"City Lord, no need to say anything. We will help you repel back the sea beasts. I only hope that after we repel the beasts, we can go out to sea as quickly as possible." Claire said faintly, looking like she had planned it all

out.

The city lord froze. He never thought at such a dangerous moment, the girl would actually say such calm words. Perhaps? They didn't display any of their true power yesterday? If it was like this! Happiness flashed through the city lord's eyes. If it was really like so, then Placid Waters would have hope. Then the girl's calm and collected attitude made sense!

"Commander White has a way to repel the sea beasts?" The city lord asked eagerly.

"Yes. Also, the sea beasts will never attack again. I promise." Claire said seriously, nodding.

"Really?" The city lord was so moved, he was trembling. Although the girl before him looked ordinary and no older than fifteen, she gave a feeling of trustworthiness that couldn't be explained. As for why, the city lord wasn't able to say. Perhaps it was her eyes bursting with boundless confidence or perhaps it was the indescribable brilliance that she radiated.

"Yes, that's why I hope that after we repel the sea beasts, your lordship will find a boat for us so we can go out to sea as fast as possible. We have business to deal with." Claire was completely solemn. Then she looked ahead. "There's no time to lose, the sea beasts are about to attack. We must prepare!"

"Good, good, good!" The city lord hurriedly moved aside, out of the way, then hastily added, "If the sea beasts withdraw, I will prepare the greatest, biggest vessel and best captain to accompany you out at sea."

"I hope your lordship respects his promise." Claire turn and smiled. Then she stood there loftily atop the city wall, slowly retrieving the bow from her back.

The city lord and his personal bodyguards all froze seeing Claire's actions, not understanding what she was going to do.

The row of magicians all watched Claire's movements suspicious and the soldiers guarding at the wall were also frowning. Did that girl now want her life? She just stood there at the highest point of the wall without

any concern, but a giant wave could knock her over and drown her!

Claire stood there loftily, slowly raising the bow in her hands, aiming forward.

Gradually, slowly, she pulled the bowstring.....

The expressions of the magicians on the wall all changed because they could feel at the same time an enormous magic undulation currently pulsing coming from the ordinary looking girl!

As the bowstring was pulled more, the magician's hearts all beated more intensely. The magic power was becoming more and more huge!

A golden fire ball was forming at the tip of the bow, continuously enlarging before all their incredulous gazes, becoming bigger and bigger.

The boiling hot repressive aura made it unbearable for the surrounding people.

Before the splashing spray could approach, they immediately evaporated.

Claire's expression was ice cold.

She released the bow with rapt attention!

Claire's beautiful sculpture like posture was imprinted deeply into the eyes of everyone present, deeply into their hearts.

Ice cold complexion, stanchly resolute gaze, beautiful hair flying....

"Hum..." A long, melodious hum cut through the dusky air, a golden afterimage forming as the golden flame shot forward.

Bang! The exploding sound resonated into the horizon jolted everybody.

The city lord even forgot to think as he just stared at the scene in the sky, unable to say a word.

Chapter 94: [No Title]

The magicians' minds were all blank, stopping their movements as they froze and stared at the sky.

The soldiers guarding the city wall and the residents who had been praying fearfully all looked up and marveled at the magnificent scene in the sky.

The incomparably beautiful golden flame in the air exploded forth, whistling as it shot through the air. The gray sky shone a golden hue and the gorgeous golden color seemed to drive away the fear cast in their hearts.

Then the painful roars of sea beasts sounded from beyond the wall, ear piercing. The sound of waves slapping the wall was deafening, able to be heard clearly from far away.

Even idiots would know that the sea beasts' pain was related to the gorgeous scene!

The magicians standing at the wall had their mouths open wide, not believing their eyes. That power was definitely not something that could be generated by a magic bow! The girl, the very ordinary looking girl, was a magician! A magician whose power surpassed all of them by far!

The sounds of explosions still arose here and there, the sea surging turbulently. The sea beasts roared extremely painfully, writhing in pain as they disappeared into the water. Nobody noticed that Dong Fenghou who was wearing a large robe was concentrating on something. Making the sea beasts pretend for a moment wasn't anything hard.

As the sea beasts' roars became more and more distant, the waves died in strength. The dusky gray sky gradually became bright. Dark clouds dissipated, slowly revealing the sun. Outside the city wall, the seawater that had submerged the harbor was slowly withdrawing, gradually showing how the harbor originally looked.

Everybody just stared vacantly at the miraculous change in the sky,

unable to return to their senses for a long time.

Incomparably brilliant sunlight warmly shined on Placid Waters, every nook and cranny, shining on every single person.

The soldiers guarding the city wall from below stared blankly at the girl standing atop the wall. Under the sunlight, the girl's expression was indifferent, wind gently raising the girl's beautiful moment. For an instant, every seemed to see the girl shining thousands of rays brilliantly. Then in a blink of an eye, the girl looked so common, she couldn't have look more ordinary.

"The, the sea beasts have withdrawn and won't come back ever again?" The city lord stuttered, staring at the harbor that was slowly being revealed.

"Yes, they won't come back, because I already discovered yesterday why the sea beasts attacked the harbor." Claire replied seriously.

"The sea beasts were only giving humans a punishment. There needs to be a policy for limiting the amount of fishing. City Lord, you should consider this policy. For example, not allowing fishing during the season fish lay eggs..." Looking righteous, Camille started to create a cover for Claire.

"It's, it's like that?" The city lord's expression changed. He looked at Claire, wanting a confirmation.

"Yes, your lordship. I hope that you will deal with that matter well. The sea beasts have already withdrawn and will never attack again. I believe under your leadership, Placid Waters will thrive once more." Claire said randomly. Of course she couldn't tell the city lord that everything they had seen just then was a half truth. Letting these greedy humans understand how to be sustainable while they were at it was not bad either. Even in a fertile area, unregulated fishing would one day lead to depletion.

When Claire said the reason for why the sea beasts attacked and submerged the harbor, everybody sighed, but they weren't able to find a better reason, so they believed it. The amount of food in the sea was indeed closely relevant to the sea beasts' existence and Placid Waters was

the empire's biggest source of sea products. The amount of sea goods produced every day was very huge. The reason did seem to hold truth.

Claire never thought that the random excuse she found today would make Placid Waters develop and someday become one of the top three most flourishing harbors on the continent! Becoming a prized treasure of Amparkland! Of course, this would be in the future.

What was important now was facing the enthusiastic thanks of Placid Water residents and the city lord's award.

"Please stay for two days, just two days. I have already reported to the capital. The emperor's reward will come soon. You must accept our residents' most sincere thanks. Please, you must attend the award ceremony!" The city lord urged earnestly.

"Alright. We'll be troubling your lordship to replenish our supplies to go out to sea and, of course, the biggest and greatest vessel and captain you promised us." Claire smiled faintly, agreeing immediately. Everybody had different expressions. Were they were going to stay and attend the senseless award ceremony? And then wait for the people from the Temple of Light to catch up?

Camille leaned leisurely on the window sill, watching the white seagulls fly everywhere. He knew very clearly that Claire, that crafty lil' girl, would definitely not wait for the people from the Temple of Light to catch up.

After the city lord obtained her promise, he smiled as he withdrew, satisfied, preparing to leave.

"How annoying, we can't even leave. Claire, you're really going to attend that something something award ceremony?" Summer kicked a chair, annoyed. The moment they had left the door, they were surrounded, and then the gifts of thanks almost crushed them to death. That's why they entrusted the city lord to gather the items they needed to go out to sea.

The names White Little Moon and Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps spread through Placid Waters, known to every household. The ordinary looking girl with a small magic bow on her back was actually a powerful magician. She led her small group to fight intensely against the crazy sea beasts,

beating back the ferocious sea beasts with one strike, and Placid Waters became calm. This was something that the city lord and all the magicians of the city couldn't do, but the girl and the mercenaries that she led accomplished it!

Such strength, such honor. Many people bragged that they had personally seen the girl's dazzling appearnace that day.

Within one night, White Little Moon and her Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps became Placid Water's hero! News of their deed gradually spread. Even the emperor himself ordered for there to be an award.

Two days later, the sun's rays were bright. Placid Waters was peaceful and flourishing.

Everybody in the city appeared, all gathering in one place.

It was Placid Water's large public square, close to the city lord's manor.

Today was the day the city lord was going to commemorate their hero.

The public square was bustling with activity, unusually lively. Everybody stretched their necks waiting, waiting for their hero to appear.

The city lord donned new clothes, in high spirits. The atmosphere in the public square became more enthusiastic because they knew soon they would be able to see with their own eyes the heroes who saved Placid Waters.

"Everybody, I am very fortunate to stand here safely and feel the glittering rays with everyone. We all know that the peaceful situation is all because of one person and her group. She is the hero who drove away the crazy sea beasts, White Little Moon!" the city lord proclaimed passionately.

The masses below him cheered, the enthusiastic atmosphere reaching the skies.

"Next, please welcome our hero, White Little Moon and the mercenary group she leads, Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps..." The city lord smiled widely, raising his hand invitingly.

There was thunderous applause, the cheers earth shattering. The people at the public square applauded with all their might.

But no one appeared. The legendary, ordinary looking yet powerful young girl with a small magic bow didn't appear.

The city lord frowned, raising his voice as he outstretched his hand and said, "Next, please welcome our hero, White Little Moon and the mercenary group she leads, Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps..."

There was thunderous applause once more, the cheers earth shattering once more. The people at the public square applauded, clapping vigorously.

But nobody appeared. The legendary hero didn't appear.

The corner of the city lord's mouth twitched, his expression finally starting to change.

The people at the public square held their breaths in expectation. They eagerly yet suspicious looked at their city lord who was always calm and collected yet now seemed a little worried.

"Next..." the city lord stretched out the word, attempting once more, but a person came hurriedly from behind and whispered something in his ear.

The people saw their city lord who was not afraid of dying when facing the berserk sea beasts, whose expression didn't change when the city was on the verge of being submerged, their city lord who was always calm and collected finally change in into an exceptionally interesting expression.

Every person waited expectantly. A cold wind blew.

"Squawk..." A seagull sounded, flying over the plaza, then bird droppings fell gorgeously, dropping on the frozen city lord's shoulder.

Currently, Claire was squinting, lying on a bench on deck. Camille was smiling gently, currently elegantly pouring juice for Claire. White Emperor crouched on a table, enjoying delicious pastries.

It was the first time Summer and Qiao Chuxin went out to sea. The two excitedly stood at the edge of the deck, seeing the boundless blue sea. Jean

sat silently, not far behind Claire. The wind leopard was lying on the deck, sun tanning.

Ben was hidden away in a corner, vomiting. The powerful, haughty black dragon had become seasick. Yes, he was magnificently sea sick.

“Commander, how are the pastries?” Camille smiled.

“Secondary commander, the juice and pastries you made are forever unmatched.” Claire squinted, saying the words without care.

Camille smiled gracefully, holding a teacup as he went into the ship’s holding, continuing to make fresh juice for Claire delightfully.

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen’s eyes widened as they saw the scene before them, wanting to say something, but couldn’t.

At this moment, the most secure ship and the most experienced captain and sailors were considered Claire’s. Ever since the sea beasts were driven away just like that, the Li siblings felt like something was off, but they never found the right time to ask. The two decided secretly that they had to find the chance to what exactly had happened.

The sea was calm. Every day, the group was very satisfied. Even if there was a storm, they wouldn’t fear. They had the experienced captain and sailors there.

Thus, whoever fished, fished, whoever sunbathed, sunbathed, whoever ate, ate, whoever made fruit juice, made fruit juice, and, whoever vomited, vomited……

Chapter 95: [No Title]

But today, an urgent alarm bell ended the boat's tranquility.

It wasn't a storm coming, but pirates!

"Enemy attack!"

"Prepare!"

"Stand guard!"

The alarm bell sounded urgently, and there were a string of loud footsteps on deck. Nevertheless, they were orderly.

These experienced sailors weren't just seamen, but soldiers of the empire!

Before Claire and the rest did anything, there were already orderly rows of armed people on deck.

Claire stood up and walked to the edge of the ship next to the captain and asked the captain solemnly, "Captain, how is the situation?"

The captain set down the binoculars he was holding, saying seriously, "Commander White, it might be a little troublesome this time. It's the Red Skull pirates."

"Oh?" Claire looked up and concentrated, seeing a few large ships currently approaching rapidly from afar. Each ship's mast had a black insignia, a sinister red skull embroidered within the insignia.

"Red Skull pirates, appear and disappear unpredictably, whenever they chance upon a caravan, they will definitely steal everything. All men are killed and all the women are sold as slaves. The empire has sent out many military campaigns, but they have all failed, because the pirates are the best at reading the weather at sea and hiding." Camille also appeared, gracefully brushing his bangs, showing off how smart he was. "Last year, the empire sent twenty warships, but eight of them were sunk, seven were inflicted with heavy losses, while only one of the Red Skull ships were lightly hit."

The captain's expression was becoming unsightly. The golden haired blue eyed man's tone was gentle, but the words he said were menacing and to the point. The empire was truly unable to handle the pirates because their captain was an exceptionally powerful magician. Every time they fought, the empire lost.

"Oh..." Claire seemed to be thinking as she saw that the people ahead were truly unordinary. Then, should they make their move earlier?

"Duck and cover, prepare to shoot!" the captain ordered. All the sailors found a place for cover and aimed their bow and arrow ahead.

"Commander White, please find a place for cover too. They are also formidable archers," the captain explained seriously.

Claire nodded and indicated for everyone to hide. She wanted to see how capable they were fighting against the empire's soldiers.

"Whoosh..." a long, drawn out sound flew through the sky, a sharp arrow piercing the deck.

They had already started attacking.

Claire was close behind the staircase as she slowly retrieved her bow, also shooting.

The magic flame arrow Claire shot instantly exploded on the other boat. They lost their composure for a moment but then calmed down.

Because they were completely unimpressed by Claire's accuracy. The flame arrow's eruption barely had an effect, weak in power and they had magicians defending, so it was not a threat at all.

"Commander, you're not skilled enough as an archer." Camille was standing beside Claire, holding a teapot. He elegantly poured the tea until the teacup was full and handed it to Claire. "Here, Commander, taste the rugosa rose tea that I made specially for you."

Claire's mouth twitched. Indeed, her accuracy was depression. Even shooting a couple of arrows didn't seem to cause any harm to them at all.

Claire tooked the cup from Camille gloomily, finishing it in one gulp.

Just when she turned to return the cup to Camille, she saw Qiao Chuxin coldly drawing the bow. Currently, there was no warmth in her eyes as she took aim and released the arrow!

Following the path of the arrow, Claire saw a person's head struck by Qiao Chuxin's arrow! The blood splattered everywhere, causing a commotion. Standing beside Qiao Chuxin, Summer gulped. Was this the shy and gentle girl she knew? Why did she seem like a homicidal murderer? And she killed them in such a terrifying manner, making their head explode! Did she not feel she was scary? What kind of a freak did Claire recruit?

"Chu, Chuxin..." Summer called out weakly.

"Ah?" Qiao Chuxin came back to her senses, looking at Summer vacantly. Now she was the gentle and bashful girl again.

"You, you killed someone..... and, and...." Summer wasn't able finish saying, and you hit them straight in the head!

"When I shoot, I only focus on the target. I don't differentiate between humans or beasts," Qiao Chuxin said profoundly. Her expression was cold, her eyes clear. Summer shuddered, unable to say a word.

"Very good, Chuxin. Continue." Claire's eyes became slits as she leaned leisurely, preparing to rest. Receiving praise, Qiao Chuxin turned and continued to shoot seriously. One arrow after another either landed heads or ran through people's chests! The people hidden behind the casks were even more miserable, their hearts penetrated by Chuxin.

"Commander, you still haven't said how good my rugosa rose tea was yet?" Although Camille's voice was gentle, his tone and gaze were a bit unpleasant.

"Oh, very good. Another cup please..." Claire gave Camille a brilliant smile.

Camille smiled slightly, lifting a teapot, just about to pour tea.

But right at this moment, they heard a loud rumble, followed by the ship's hull shaking violently. A huge wave was created!

“Magic crystal cannon?!” Li Mingyu cried out in alarm, looking incredulously at a cylindrical object sticking out from the pirates’ biggest ship. The pirates actually had such a thing?!

“The other side is very wealthy.” Li Yuewen’s bad joke wasn’t laughed at by anybody.

It seems that they were intimidated by Qiao Chuxin’s magic arrows, miscalculating that there would actually be someone like that on board, so they decided to try to end it as fast as possible, using a magic crystal cannon to try and take down the huge, profitable looking ship.

“Ugh….” Just at this moment, there was an untimely sound of vomiting.

Everybody looked over at the same time and saw Ben struggling as he crawled out of his hidden away corner.

“Oh, Ben, did you finish vomiting everything you ate from yesterday?” Claire said casually, brow raised.

“What, what’s going on? Blargh… Why is the boat rocking more violently?” Ben thumped his chest, trying his best to suppress the sourness of his stomach.

“We bumped into pirates and then they used a magic crystal cannon at us, so the rocking became more intense, so you vomited more.” Summer said, taking joy in Ben’s unfortunate situation. She had wanted to ridicule the uneducated black dragon for a while now, he had been vomiting the whole day, but Summer hadn’t dared. Now she finally had the chance to say a few sour words, of course she wouldn’t let the chance go!

The captain looked over, deeply worried. The situation was clearly already very dire, but those people actually were still playing around. It was a magic crystal cannon after all! The pirates actually had a magic crystal cannon, such a powerful, killing weapon! At first, he had hope that the people who had been able to drive away the sea beasts could fight against the pirates, but he never expected them to have a magic crystal cannon! The captain looked at the blue seawater, starting to feel waves of despair. Was he going to die here today?

“Co, Commander..... blargh...” Ben struggled to stand up straight, staring at Claire, his eyes full of expectation.

Claire blinked. She looked towards the nearby Camille and said emotionlessly, “Then, venerable Secondary Commander, are all the Red Skull pirates heinous criminals?”

“Of course, venerable Commander. Each and every one of those pirates’ heads are valued, all on wanted lists.” Camille said firmly.

“Alright. Ben, I allow you to to dispose of them for the good of the empire, however...” Before Claire finished speaking, Ben roared at the sky, breaking of Claire’s words.

The resounding roar brimming with power went directly towards the skies, making one’s heart tremble.

“Roar.... Go die!” Ben flew straight up. With a wave of his hands, a giant, matchless flame ball rapidly attacked towards the pirates’ ships!

The fire ball filled with power and heat struck the pirates’ ships loudly, the earth shattering explosion deafening. In the blink of an eye, almost half of the giant pirate ships were gone! Along with the loud rumbling sound, there were miserable shouts everywhere from the pirates. The fire spread crazily, making the fringe of the sky red.

The captain and sailors stopped what they were doing, all dumbstruck seeing the situation before them, unable to say a word. Currently, their minds were completely blank!

Summer’s eyes widened. She fearfully shifted over to Qiao Chuxin’s side, but looking up, she saw Qiao Chuxin cold face as she was still shooting and taking people’s lives. Summer shuddered, carefully moving towards Claire.

“Go die! Go die! Actually daring to make my, your father’s, vomiting worse, all go die!” Ben blamed, still casting spells like they were nothing. The pitiful pirates had become the target of Ben’s venting. If the pirates knew that the reason was because they had made the boat rock too much, perhaps they would have all died of depression.

“Ben, leave some alive. Also, don’t destroy everything……” Claire sighed helplessly. They were burned to this state, how could anyone recognize that they were originally the impressive and famous Red Skull pirates?

The Red Skull pirates that made people terror stricken were were now a tragic legend.

Of course, it wouldn’t just end like this.

The boat fragments flew, the wailing voices ear piercing. If it wasn’t for Claire stopping him, perhaps Ben would have bombarded them until nothing was left. The precious magic crystal cannon was almost destroyed by Ben’s crazy magic.

Once the Red Skull pirates’ captain was dragged in front of Claire, he couldn’t believe that he had actually been defeated by the ordinary looking, commonplace girl. The terrifyingly strong black clothed man had perhaps destroyed almost all his life’s work, and having experienced the man’s frightening strength, he couldn’t help but admit that they were not the young man’s match. Being defeated by him wasn’t something wrong because the black clothed man was the strongest person they had ever met. But the ordinary looking girl before him was actually the black clothed man’s boss?! The ferocious, strong, terrifying black clothed man actually obeyed orders from her? Obeyed the girl who was clearly weaker than him?

Chapter 96: [No Title]

The girl before him looked so ordinary that you wouldn't be able to able to find her within a crowd and had faint, small freckles. She reclined on a rocking chair, a beautiful golden haired man currently smiling and carefully pouring tea for her. And one of the nightmares of the Red Skull pirates... the black clothed man, was currently crouching behind the young girl and vomiting. It seems the terrifying man was, was seasick? And their other nightmare, the magic archer, was currently satisfied and happily sitting next to the ordinary girl, counting the golden coins that the girl had just given her!

The Red Skull captain's hand trembled slightly. Don't tell him, the terrifying girl who had killed so many of their people had only received these few golden coins as a reward! Did she know that any one of the pirates that she had massacred was worth far more than the golden coins in her hand?!

Who exactly was the ordinary looking girl?

Claire sipped tea quietly. Seeing the tightly tied and also confined in a magic ring pitiful looking young man, she asked, "Oh, you are the famous captain of the Red Skulls?" She was a bit shocked. She never would have thought that the legendary fearsome pirate captain would actually look like this, completely baby faced and adorable, no scary aura at all. He had been able to make the pirates bend to his will while looking like this and had created a huge headache for the empire, showing that he was definitely not as simple as he looked.

"Yes, I am. Who are you? I have been defeated under your hands, at least you should tell me before I die." The baby faced, adorable pirate captain glared at Claire and said coldly.

"You should tell your name before asking for someone else's! Such an uneducated guy!" Summer said angrily. But while she said this, she looked towards the vomiting Ben from the corner of her eyes. Naturally, she was hinting something. It was a pity that Ben didn't sense it. Instead, he was

fully concentrated on retching.

"Luke!" The baby faced captain said hatefully, then glared at Claire, waiting for Claire's response.

"Captain, find the nearest island to go ashore and right after you hand them over to the local authorities, we'll be on our way." Claire yawned, then laid down.

Luke's baby face instantly flushed red. He hatefully glared at Claire and snarled, "Who are you?"

"Did I say that if you told me, I would tell you? You are a pirate, since when did you think that the universe was fair?" Claire didn't even look up, her eyes still closed. "I'm not going to tell you no matter what. You will die with remaining grievance."

Everybody's heart shivered. This little devil was indeed evil, very, very evil!

Luke froze, staring rigidly at Claire until he was dragged away. His gaze was extremely complicated.

The remaining pirates were captured and also smoothly handed over to the nearest island's authorities. The magic crystal cannon was also left behind, planned to be handed to the higher ups. After news of the Red Skull pirates being crushed with one swoop traveled, it raised a commotion wherever it went. All of the island's residents wanted to see who did it, but Claire's party didn't even leave the boat. After the captain and sailors finished handling it, they immediately set out to sea. Only the names White Little Moon and Yuan Bao Corps were left behind.

Camille adjusted the parasol, smiling as he said to the person sitting below the parasol, "Commander, your have gained fame again."

"Venerable Secondary Commander, your golden hair glitters so brightly under the sunlight, as dazzling as pearls." Claire didn't even open her eyes, speaking without thinking. "I want a rugosa rose pastry."

"Alright, venerable Commander, I shall serve." Camille didn't speak any more, eagerly entering the hold of the ship. White Emperor chirped and

jumped on Camille's shoulder, Dong Fenghou following closely from behind.

Only then did Claire sit up and open her eyes to look at the Li siblings who had been sitting in front of her for a long time without saying a word and asked emotionlessly, "Alright, what do you guys want to say?" Now, only they three were left on the edge of the deck. Everyone else was dealing with their own matters. Summer had been led away by Qiao Chuxin to roast fish while Water was on the highest deck, sun tanning. Jean was resting in the hold of the ship. Ben was vomiting as usual.

"You're not cute at all." Li Yuewen looked at the Claire who was indifferent and coldly humphed.

Claire shrugged, not denying anything.

"You..." Li Yuewen started saying, then quietly said, "We know that the black clothed man isn't human, but a dragon, that's why he has such powerful strength. But why would he listen to you? And why did the sea beasts mysteriously withdraw that day? Don't use that use that vague excuse you gave the city lord on me."

Claire raised a brow slightly, saying indifferently, "Why should I tell you?"

Just when Li Yuewen was about to explode in anger, Claire tilted her head and continued to say indifferently, "But if you want to know, I'll tell you."

Li Yuewen's mouth twitched, unable to say a word. A hint of a smile flashed in Li Mingyu's eyes. How could he not understand that Claire was purposely teasing this hot tempered little sister of his?

"Black Dragon Ben was saved by my master unintentionally. He was trapped by a fellow dragon. In other words, he was too stupid. That's why he decided to accompany me and learn to be a little smarter. Listening to me is normal. It's even simpler about the matter of the sea beasts that day." Claire sipped some scented tea, internally praising Camille's exceptional craftsmanship and then continued, "Because those sea beasts were summoned by a subordinate, and then just told the sea beasts to

withdraw at the right now."

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen glanced at each other in dismay, instantly not knowing what to say.

"Summoner? You have a summoner?" Li Yuewen exclaimed incredulously. Summoner, a mysterious and rare class, wasn't something anybody could be. They needed to be able to communicate with nature, listen to living being's thoughts, and influence them. You would need strong Spiritual and communication power.

"It's the guy who only knows how to eat." Claire laid down again, saying carelessly, "You guys can sleep well now, you know the whole truth. Recuperate and prepare to fight for treasure."

"How did you know that someone was going to compete for treasure with us?" Li Yuewen's heart beat fast. After saying these words, she covered her mouth.

Claire closed her eyes and said leisurely,"Four main clans. The Feng clan is intermarried with the Shui clan, so their status has always been stable. The Hua clan and your Li clan has always been incompatible as fire and water. How could the Hua clan that has always been a thorn on your side not try to stop you from finding the artifact to revive the Li clan?"

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen stared at each other for a long time, both seeing many moods in each other's eyes. Admiration, worry, gratitude. Claire had already figured out everything about them clearly. There really were people from the Hua clan that Claire had expressed worry for who would come to wrest away the treasure. The people from the Hua clan hadn't made a move the whole time because they were waiting for an opportunity!

Claire just closed her eyes and rested. Camille was basically a walking encyclopedia. If she wanted any information, she could find it with some flattery and immediately find every information she wanted!

Three days later, the boat stopped at an unknown, small island.

"Will this place that doesn't even have birds really have treasure?" On

land, Ben revived immediately. He ran around excitedly. Finally, he wasn't going to vomit any more.

But Claire knew very clearly. If the Azure Ripple didn't direct them, there was no way to find this island. This island didn't exist on maps. Since the Li clan ancestors stored the treasure here, there was definitely something unordinary about the place.

The captain and sailors stayed on the boat while Claire and her group went ashore after they finished packing their supplies. The moment they went ashore, Claire saw rows of palm trees with coconuts with strange multicolored tortoises suntanning on them. Once they got close, the multicolored tortoises plopped into the sea one by one.

The island was verdant, the plants and trees making one feel relaxed carefree. The animals were not afraid of humans at all, curiously evaluating them.

Li Mingyu pulled out the Azure Ripple and looked at it, then looked up ahead and said certainly, "Just ahead."

"Then let's go," Claire said leisurely, riding the wind leopard like before, making Summer look down on her.

Li Mingyu led the way, hacking a path open with his sword, everybody following close from behind. Claire squinted, looking at Li Mingyu's movements, estimating Li Mingyu's strength, but after watching for a while, she came to a conclusion helplessly: she couldn't see through Li Mingyu's cultivation level at all.

After a long time, there finally a discovery.

"It's right in that cave?" Ben asked doubtfully. He stretched his neck forward, looking at the giant cave.

"The Azure Ripple is indicating that it's right inside," Li Mingyu replied certainly and strode forward, taking the lead.

"Elder brother, careful of anything strange." Li Yuewen ran up quickly.

Li Mingyu nodded then carefully walked forward. A faint magic

undulation suddenly appeared at the entrance of the cave.

"Barrier?" Li Mingyu immediately stopped, then extended his hand, about to read the barrier's undulations.

But right at this moment, something strange happened.

Before everybody's amazed gazes, Li Mingyu's hand passed through the barrier and then his entire body disappeared. It was like a strong power had pulled him in.

"Elder brother!" Li Yuewen cried out in alarm, reaching forward without any hesitation.

The next moment, Li Yuewen also disappeared.

"Claire?" Summer looked towards Claire fearfully. The situation was too strange. You could clearly see past the clear barrier and see oblong rocks, but the two disappeared.

"They were pulled in by something..." Claire frowned slightly. She felt a strange magic undulation from the barrier. Claire slowly extended her hand, reaching towards the barrier. From behind, Summer cried out in alarm, about to grab Claire.

Chapter 97: [No Title]

The next instant, Claire suddenly felt an irresistible strong power power suck her in directly. Pulling Claire's hand, Summer was also sucked in right after.

Instantly, four people had disappeared.

Ben humphed coldly, extended his hand, and also disappeared before their eyes.

Jean didn't saw a word, walking forward and disappearing voluntarily. Everybody else looked at each other in dismay. Camille shrugged and walked forward in a relaxed manner. Everybody also went right after, all disappearing at the cave's entrance.

Just as they were sucked into the barrier, they felt an irresistible force down. The sound of Summer and Qiao Chuxin's shrieks came.

Claire was rolling her eyes, completely speechless at whoever had designed the path. It felt like a rollar coaster!

Sliding down a giant curved slide, specks of ores inlayed in the walls shining like stars, lighting up the cavern. Everyone rapidly slid down one after the other. Summer and Qiao Chuxin's shrieks could be heard at different intervals. The feeling of weightlessness was very uncomfortable.

Finally, everybody slid down in a disoriented manner. After standing steadily with difficulty, they started to size up the surroundings.

Claire rubbed her sore bottom ungracefully, cursing the person who had set up the barrier.

"That's the treasure?" Summer exclaimed in surprised.

Everybody looked the direction Summer was looking and saw a tall platform made of white marble, stairs made out of a few layers of the same white marble leading upwards. A sword was sticking out of the white marble platform, an extraordinarily ordinary sword! A complete mismatch with the sparkly, beautiful white jade platform.

“How ordinary. I thought it would be a precious sword completely embedded with gems,” Summer said a little disappointedly.

“That would just be flashy and useless,” Li Yuewen said icily. Obviously, Summer’s attitude made her a little angry.

“Didn’t we find the treasure too easily?” Walter peered at the surroundings skeptically.

“It doesn’t matter if you find it or not because the artifact chooses his owner. Even if someone finds it, if they can’t pull him out, then it will just be a decoration and can’t be used,” Li Mingyu explained.

Claire remembered his past words and understood. The artifact was created by their Li ancestors and only descendents of the Li clan could pull it out. No wonder Li Mingyu was so unhurried, he believed that it was impossible for the artifact to choose anyone besides them Li siblings.

“But it really looks ordinary.” Ben walked up the the white jade platform and crouched down, looking suspiciously at the sword.

“What do you know!” Claire also went forward and examined it, coldly lecturing Ben, “The more ordinary something looks, the more enigmatic. Ordinary looking things often make people lose their guards. Biding your time and then making a fatal blow at the right moment can achieve what was previously impossible.”

Ben frowned as he watched Claire, listening intently to Claire’s teachings, then nodded. “In other words, making a pretense?”

“Trick your enemies, make them think you’re useless, then beat them up viciously. This method is very effective,” Claire continued to teach coldly.

“Oh, oh.” Ben nodded over and over, remembering this exceptionally keenly.

The two’s teacher and student appearance made everybody look in disbelief.

(TL: literal instead of disbelief: black lines appeared behind everybody. The entire webnovel seems to be written to be a manhua. Each time it

talks about the characters' feelings, it usually says what their expression or appearance is like instead and the comedy seems very cartoon like. Of course, this is just what I personally think is true, you can interpret it any way you like.)

Li Mingyu slowly walked forward, watching the ordinary looking sword profoundly. He knew that the sword was definitely not as simple as it looked.

Just as Li Mingyu approached the treasured blade, a strange situation happened.

The sword started to vibrate slightly, slowly glowing silver.

Li Yuewen smiled joyously and was relieved. The sword definitely had a consciousness. There was hope for reviving the Li clan!

Li Mingyu also started to become a bit excited. The treasured blade that he had been looking for was right before his and actually had a reaction towards him approaching!

Claire stared wide eyed at the scene before her, gasping internally. The artifact really did have a will and could choose its owner! Everybody else also stared unflinchingly and held their breath seeing the scene before them.

As Li Mingyu came closer, the sword vibrated more intensely and the sword became brighter.

Li Mingyu was completely solemn. He stood before the treasured blade and said in a dignified manner, "Please reply to my summon. Follow my will, guide the Li clan towards prosperity once more."

Everybody hadn't moved their gaze, watching Li Mingyu's actions closely, fearing they would miss the mysterious moment when the artifact would accept its owner.

Li Minyu solemnly closed his eyes and slowly extended his hand, setting it on the sword hilt, then pulled with force.

Instantly, there were infinite rays, striking the soul..... strange!

The treasured blade did not move a single inch. It just vibrated and glowed silver as before.

What? After being shocked for a moment, Li Mingyu pulled forcefully once more.

The treasured blade did not move a single inch, just as before!

Everybody blinked, perplexed. Didn't he already finish making a big show out of it, why hadn't he pulled it out yet?

Claire also frowned, looking at Li Mingyu, not understanding exactly what he was doing. What was he doing, just standing there and not pulling out the sword?

Li Yuewen frowned slightly because with her older brother's personality, Li Mingyu wouldn't continue to hesitate and not pull out the sword! An ominous premonition arose in her heart.

Li Mingyu pulled forcefully once more, but the treasured blade was still stuck in the white jade platform as before, not moving at all.

Li Mingyu's expression finally changed. He slowly let go and said in a low voice, "I can't pull it out. Yuewen, you try."

"Ah?!" Everybody gasped in surprise. Li Mingyu actually couldn't pull the sword out?! The treasured blade actually did not accept Li Mingyu as its owner?! But wasn't the blade continuously vibrating and lighting up when Li Mingyu was going up? Was it playing around?

"Me?" Li Yuewen pointed at her nose and asked doubtfully.

"Yes. In the Li clan, besides me, you also have the right." Li Mingyu's tone was a big complex. The Li clan had already fallen to such an extent and only they two siblings were persisting to support it.

Seeing the situation before them, Claire and everyone else weren't able to say a word. They just quietly waited.

Li Yuewen's expression became conflicted as she slowly walked up to the white jade platform. She slowly extended her hand out, her hand shaking slightly. She hoped she could pull it out, but at the same time,

hoped she couldn't. What did being able to pull it out mean? Did it mean that Elder brother wasn't as good as her? If she couldn't pull it out, then how would the Li clan revive? Li Yuewen felt completely conflicted, but in the end, still set her hand on the sword hilt.

With rapt attention, she pulled!

The blade did not move an inch.

Li Yuewen let out a sigh of relief in her heart. The treasured blade's chosen owner wasn't her!

Instantly, the cavern fell silent. Everybody glanced at each other, unable to say anything.

What kind of situation was this?!

The treasured blade didn't choose any owner! Both of the Li siblings failed to become the treasured blade's owner!

It was deathly silent. There was only the sound of the treasured sword still vibrating.

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen just stared blankly at the treasured blade at a loss. They had done everything they could and finally found the treasured sword, but now they could only look at it. Nobody else dared to say anything. Seeing the two's expressions, they all were silent. It seemed unsuitable to console them at this moment.

After a long time, Claire felt that her foot had even started going to sleep. Then Claire said weakly, "Then, is there a way to dig out the white jade platform and then bring back both the white jade platform and treasured sword back? Perhaps there's someone else in the Li clan the treasured sword will accept as its owner."

Li Mingyu shook his head slowly, his eyes calm. "If this was possible, someone would have done that long ago. It can only be said that we siblings don't have enough strength and the treasured sword won't accept us."

Li Yuewen was also listless.

Instantly, an indescribably dismal mood descended. Nobody knew what to say.

Seeing Li Yuewen's listless expression, Claire also started to feel uncomfortable. Although this woman was usually very fierce, there was no way for Claire to dislike her. She wanted to say something to console her, but she didn't know what to say.

Claire shifted around, her foot had started to fall asleep.

Claire extended her hand unconsciously, just wanting to rest on the sword for a moment.

An abnormal "bang" sounded, suddenly breaking the silence in the cavern.

Everybody's mouths were wide open seeing the scene before them, dumbstruck.

Claire had fallen on the white jade platform and the ordinary looking treasured sword also fallen next to her too!

Claire hurriedly got up. Seeing the sword next to her, she hastily picked it up and said frantically, "I only wanted to lean on it for moment, I didn't mean to. I, I'll immediately stick it back..."

I only wanted to lean on it for moment, I didn't mean to. I, I'll immediately stick it back...

Echo, echo....

It continued to echo endlessly.

Holding the treasured sword, Claire's first reaction was to immediately stick it back.

Suddenly, Claire froze. Cold wind blew past behind her. Claire slowly looked down, stupefied seeing the treasured blade in her hand.

Wasn't it that only Li clan descendents could pull it out? Was it that you needed that, what was it, resolute will and powerful strength to pull it out? Why was it that it fell over after she just pushed it lightly?

Claire stood there stiffly, looked back robotically, and saw everybody's exceptional expressions. Especially Li Yuewen's, her wide eyes staring straight at the treasured blade in Claire's grip.

"But... but wasn't it that only people from the Li clan could pull it out? The sword has made a mistake. Sh, shouldn't I stick it back?" Claire asked meekly, seeing Li Yuewen's oppressive gaze.

"The, the treasured sword actually recognized you as its owner!" Summer stuttered, pointing at the sword. Her eyes were full of disbelief and amazement. Everybody else's minds were blank. They just stared vacantly at Claire.

"I, I'll, I'll put it back right now..." Claire said weakly, looking extremely not at fault.

"You! You stinkin' brat!" Li Yuewen abruptly grabbed Claire's collar, forcefully shaking her. "What do you think my Li clan's treasured sword is? You want to stick it back? It actually chose you, chose you as its owner, is there some kind of mistake? What kind of destiny is this?!"

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Li Yuewen's angry voice echoed hysterically in the cavern. Claire was shaken dizzy, but she didn't dare to refute.

"Alright, Yuewen. That the treasured sword has chosen Claire as its master is a fact. We can't change anything." Li Mingyu said quietly.

Li Yuewen let go of Claire's collar furiously, but still glared at Claire.

Claire glanced at the sword in her hand and her lips twitched. She really wanted to say, I also didn't want the sword to accept me as its master, but against Li Yuewen's killing gaze, Claire sensibly repressed her urge.

"What's going on? Was it that only people from the Li clan could be accepted by the sword? Why would I be able to pull it out?" Claire looked suspiciously at the sword in her hand, perplexed.

"Of course you could..." Li Yuewen said angrily, about to say something, but Li Mingyu warned her in a low voice, "Yuewen!"

Li Mingyu's expression was extremely complex. He said quietly, "It's already a fact that Claire has been chose to become the master of the Azure Ripple sword. Since it has actually done so, there must be a reason. It's just that we are unable to know exactly why."

Claire watched the two who had complex expressions. She kept on feeling like the two were hiding something, but wasn't able to tell exactly what it was.

"This is an artifact? I don't feel anything unusual abbout it." Claire said doubtfully. She raised the Azure Ripple sword and lightly swung it around.

"The Azure Ripple sword is a weapon that can grow. As you continuously develop, he will also develop with you and display his might. This is why he is called an artifact. Seeing the Azure Ripple now, it seems that it really is only a normal sword." Li Yuewen said moodily.

Sure enough, the Azure Ripple sword that was originally glowing silver slowly darkened and turned into a very ordinary longsword.

Claire brandished the Azure Ripple sword dejectedly, wanting to say, it's only a weapon, but it actually looks down on people so much. In any case, it was the first time she had heard of a weapon that could grow.

"But now what do we do? Originally, you two wanted to find this sword to revive the Li clan. Now you will return empty handed..." Claire worried asked the Li siblings. Although Claire wasn't satisfied, she immediately remembered this.

"We can only improve one step at a time then. We have already tried our best. If the heavens want to end our Li clan..." Li Minyu's voice was a little bleak.

Li Yuewen became frantic, immediately saying, "Elder brother! That won't happen! I won't let the Li clan end!"

Seeing the circumstance, Claire started feeling conflicted. It it wasn't for the sword crazily choosing her as its master, the situation wouldn't have developed into this!

"Can, can I do anything for you?" In the end, Claire asked this quietly.

"No need. It is heaven's will that the sword has accepted you..." Li Mingyu said quietly, but before he finished speaking, Li Yuewen interrupted him.

"Of course, you need to work for us, you need to pay responsibility!" Li Yuewen said loudly, angry.

"Yes, yes, my responsibility, my wrongdoing." Claire nodded over and over. "Then what can I do for you?"

"Three months later, at the four major clans' competition, you need to battle on behalf of the Li clan! Using the Azure Ripple sword!" Li Yuewen said righteously and forcefully.

"Ah?" Claire's mouth opened wide. She stared at Li Yuewen. "Outsiders can represent the Li clan in fights?"

"Who said you were an outsider?!" As she spoke faster and faster, Li Yuewen almost said something, but meeting Li Mingyu's meaningful gaze,

she immediately changed it and said angrily, “Our Li clan’s Azure Ripple sword has already accepted you as its master! You can be considered half a member of the Li clan! What’s wrong with representing us?”

“So that’s it?” Claire blinked, staring at the ordinary looking Azure Ripple sword, even feeling a little innocent and wronged.

“How could it not! You stinkin brat, acting like you’re innocent even though you benefited! Now the artifact has even acknowledged you as its owner, isn’t it proper for you to work for the Li clan?” Li Yuewen looked incredibly resentful and anxious.

“Oh, that seems to make some sense.” Claire stroked her chin, then sighed. “Alright, then three months later, I will represent you in battle.”

“Good.” Li Yuewen nodded, satisfied.

Li Mingyu was frozen and still hadn’t come back to his senses. The two made their decision just like that?!

“But right now, you are way too weak. You can’t even bring out half of the Azure Ripple sword’s power right now. I’ll train you for the next three months.” Li Yuewen’s eyes lit up, incomparably “wicked”.

Claire’s mouth trembled. She suddenly felt like her prospects had become gloomy. Claire glanced at the sword in her hand a little resentfully, cursing at how unlucky she was just then. She could have rested on anything because of her feet falling asleep, but she just had to rest on the damn sword. Now she was actually in hot water! It really wasn’t her fault, how depressing!

Everybody casted sympathetic gazes at Claire. Camille shrugged slightly, showing that although he felt sympathy, he couldn’t do anything. On the other hand, the meaning in Jean’s eyes were clear: no matter where Miss goes, I shall follow!

“We’ll train in Mountain of Lost Souls for the next two months and then return to the Li clan and train for the third month.” Li Yuewen said viciously.

Claire was at a loss for words.

“Then let’s go now. How do we go out?” Claire asked, puzzled looking at the giant curved slide.

“There’s stairs over there.” Camille smiled and pointed at a long staircase at the side.

Everybody turned to look. Sure enough, they saw that there was a well kept staircase next to the slide. They all felt frustrated and then suddenly thought that whoever had designed the cave and set up the barrier was truly mischievous. Even though there was a staircase, they just had to experience sliding down painfully as their bottoms were scraped.

But just at this moment, there was an alarmingly loud sound from the cavern’s entrance and then the cavern started to shake violently. Stones continuously dropped and the entire cavern was on the verge of collapse.

“It’s going to collapse! Ahhhhh!” Summer screamed fearfully.

With a wave of her hand, Claire constructed a barrier that surrounded everybody.

“It’s the Hua clan!” Li Yuewen’s expression was ice cold as she spoke decisively.

Everybody froze. Claire was also perplexed. “It can’t be, nothing can hidden over the seas, if there was a boat, we could have definitely discovered it. Our captain and sailors were all chosen by the city lord personally and are all loyal soldiers of the empire.”

Stones thumped as they smashed on the the barrier. Although the shaking of the cave looked very dangerous, it didn’t collapse in the end. Instead, the light from the cave’s entrance was gradually disappearing. The entrance was being buried.

“There’s only one explanation: someone infiltrated as one of the sailors.” Li Yuewen’s expression became colder and colder.

“Impossible.” Camille said softly, “I saw every person the city lord chose, they were all citizens of the empire, purely from Amparkland. Their backgrounds were all clean.”

“It’s not a person being replaced, but someone’s soul!” Li Yuewen clenched her teeth.

At this moment, the cavern had finally quieted down. There were stones all over the place and the entrance was completely sealed.

“What do you mean?” Claire sensed something was wrong.

“The Hua clan has a high level evil magic. It can transfer a person’s soul to another person’s body, engulf their soul, and then control their body.” Li Mingyu’s expression was also becoming unsightly. He said in a low voice, “Who would have thought they would spend so much to stop us. They actually sent someone who could use such high level magic.”

A clash between spiritual powers? Claire had figured out what kind of power it was.

“What if the person they’re trying to take over has strong spiritual power?” Claire immediately asked as she undid the barrier.

“Then there would be a backlash. If it was a heavy blow, then they would be dead and if light, then they would become a vegetable. That’s why they don’t dare to use the evil magic so easily. This time they chose to use it against one of the sailors and didn’t dare to choose any of you guys.” Li Yuewen sneered. “I reckon they wanted to blow of the cavern and bury us alight, but the cavern can’t collapse so easily. That’s why they will definitely be waiting for us at the entrance to ambush us.”

“Then let’s get rid of them!” Ben said sinisterly.

“That magic seems really interesting.” Walter smiled toothily, becoming interested. As a Dark magician, naturally he would want to experience the evil magic, or, better yet, learn it.

“I actually want to know where their true body is.” A strange smile appeared on Claire’s lips. She said softly, “If their body is destroyed, then what will happen to their soul that’s in another body?”

After hearing Claire’s words, everybody’s heart suddenly shuddered.

“Let’s go out first then talk.” Claire carried the ordinary looking Azure

Ripple sword, leading the way.

They group went up the staircase. Ben waved his hand casually, casting magic to clear the path.

But at this moment, Li Yuewen suddenly stopped and called out, “Wait!”

“What is it?” Claire frowned slightly. She concentrated and sensed the surroundings, but didn’t find anything out of the ordinary.

“Claire, you rely on the brute force of this dragon too much. It won’t benefit your growth at all! So from now on, he can’t do anything, unless you’re on your dying breath!” Li Yuewen said seriously.

“Ah?” Claire’s mouth was wide open. Seeing the staircase covered in stones, she had a headache. Did she want her to start doing everything by herself now?

“Good luck, Commander. I will fan you from behind.” Camille had on a remorseful expression as he was standing right behind Claire, preparing to wave a small fan he had gotten from who knows where for Claire.

Ben immediately moved out of the way and withdrew.

Summer started smiling soundlessly. Qiao Chuxin blinked, she seemed to be a little confused.

Walter yawned and leaned on the wall, starting to wait. Just as Jean was about to say something, Li Yuewen said coldly, “If you want Claire to die onstage at the competition three months later, you can interfere.” Jean silently withdrew.

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1. Edited explanation on spiritual powers: If any of you guys have read wu dong qian kong, it’s basically the same thing as mental power. Last time I checked the poll, spiritual/soul won, so.

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Claire sighed helplessly and set down the sword she had been carrying over her shoulder angrily, then burst forth with Dou Qi. In the end, she still cleared the path.

After the endlessly long path was finally cleared, everybody arrived at the cave's entrance.

Brandishing the sword with a grunt, Claire's powerful Dou Qi directly expelled away the pile of stones. With a loud bang, all the stones were sent flying. Instantly, light appeared.

Just as light started seeping in, Claire immediately set up a barrier. Next, arrows rained on the barrier, clamoring. They were ambushed at the barrier just as expected.

"Fly, children!" Claire suppressed the resentment in her heart and spit out these two words viciously. Before everybody could understand what they meant, Claire had already chanted a spell, giant golden flames rapidly enlarging into giant fire balls from each hand!

Claire threw it abruptly. Miserable shouts sounded. Sure enough, they saw a few people screaming as they were flew up into the air.

"Those, Claire, those people are sailors." Summer said weakly.

"Their soul has already been engulfed, the soul inside their body is the person from the Hua clan. Once the Hua clan person's soul leaves the bodies, the bodies will become undead. Letting the proud soldiers of the empire's corpses become undead would be their greatest insult," Camille said softly. He smiled, but his eyes were completely ice cold.

"Yes. Killing them would be the best way to free them." Jean looked ahead, his gaze resolute as he said these words in a low voice.

Summer fell silent. Among these people, only she was not very familiar with death.

Claire didn't waste any breath as she brandished the Azure Ripple sword and rushed forward. She used her spiritual power to fiercely attack the

soul hidden in the sailors' bodies.

Li Yuewen sat down leisurely, watching Claire's performance. The sailors' bodies were too weak after all. Even if someone took over their body, the strength level would still be the same. Claire could easily finish them off by herself.

Soon, Claire finished. She carried the Azure Ripple sword, her face dark as she walked back. Only then did the people resting stand up.

"The souls of those people are now gone," Claire said faintly. Shouldn't the person using the magic be close because they're controlling bodies?"

"Yes! Quick, to the boat!" Li Yuewen realized, leading them as she ran ahead.

"The person can't control too many sailors, they must have controlled some while subduing the others, and they wouldn't have killed everybody because they needs to sail back!" Li Mingyu frowned as he explained, following Li Yuewen closely from behind.

Sure enough, once everybody had rushed back to the boat, the boat was strangely quiet. Inside the boat, they found the captain and sailors all tied up tightly.

After they untied each person, they said in disbelief what they had seen, saying that their comrades who they had been with all the time suddenly went against them. After they tied them up, they went off the boat with weapons.

But Claire didn't listen to them. Instead, she went directly to the lowest level of the hold of the ship. That was the only place they had never set forth in! Everyone else followed Claire from behind and also descended.

From inside the hold of the ship where wine was stored, there was the audible sound of restrained coughs, very obviously attempted to be suppressed. Claire sneered coldly, kicking the door open. In the dusky room, it was hard to see. Claire casually released a fire ball to illuminate the room and saw young man with pale complexion at the corner, clutching his stomach as he tried to stifle his coughs. The vivid, dark red

blood showed that he had suffered heavy injuries.

"Hua Nantian!" Li Yuewen called out in surprised. Evidently, she knew their name.

"You actually came here to kill us alone." Li Mingyu's eyes flashed coldly as he said this in a low voice.

"I alone am enough." The young man named Hua Nantian said coldly, sneering.

But just as he finished speaking, his face was hit forcefully without any warning! Directly knocking him down, making him incapable of getting up.

Everybody's mouths were wide open as they froze, seeing this scene. Claire had kicked Hua Nantian in the face and was now stepping firmly on his head.

"You alone are enough? Then what are you doing right now? Right now you are being stepping on by me, spitting blood, being trampled on uselessly." Claire's gaze was as cold as a millenia of glaciers, her voice even more unfeeling and terrifying.

Everybody was frozen, shocked. They had never seen Claire this way before.

"If you don't have the strength, then don't spew bullshit! Strength is what defines the right to speak." Claire's cold voice echoed in the room. Everything, everything was fake. Only strength was real. Once you have strength, everything you say becomes the truth! Your actions will all be righteous! Therefore, you must become strong! Become strong!

While being stepped on underfoot, Hua Nantian glared hatefully at Claire, his gaze completely filled with hostility and unwillingness.

Claire icily glared at the person being stepped on underfoot by her and smiled coldly. "Don't look at me with that gaze. You hate me? You don't have the right to hate me! If you want to hate anything, hate that you are too weak. If you were stronger than me, then the person being stepped on underfoot would be me. On the other hand, I would definitely not hate

you. I would only hate how weak I was, that I had no way of beating you. Or, I would hate my conceitedness and my impudence, declining to work with others, wanting to gain glory myself and rashly act on my own."

Everybody just stared vacantly at Claire. The Claire before them was very unfamiliar, very foreign. But she emitted an indescribable charisma. What was it? But nobody could put their finger on it.

Astonishment and hate flashed through Hua Nantian's eyes. Evidently, Claire had accurately hit his weak point. He had come to kill the Li siblings for own glory for himself, but he didn't expect that there would be someone with spiritual power. Even more so, he didn't expect that their spiritual power would be so strong!

"Let me live, I'll pay for what it's worth." Hua Nantian said with difficulty.

"Is your life worth a lot of money?" Claire smiled coldly, stepping down harder.

"The Li clan should be almost bankrupt. I'll pay five million gold coins." Hua Nantian said from underneath Claire's foot with difficulty.

Claire turned and saw Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen's expressions change slightly, awkward and angry. Claire understood that Hua Nantian wasn't lying. It seems the Li clan had truly declined quite a bit.

"Let me ask you a question." A cruel smile appeared on Claire's lips.

"What?" Hua Nantian could only feel that the foot over his head was feeling more and more heavy.

"When you kill people and they beg for their life or suggest that they can pay for how much their life is worth, what do you do?" Claire said gently and softly. "If you lie, your death will come quicker. Don't forget, my spiritual power surpasses yours by far. I can feel every spiritual wave of yours, I can even feel the faintest trace." Claire's unfeeling voice made one's heart shudder.

Hua Nantian gulped, then said with difficulty, "I... I would still kill them."

“That’s just how it is.” An ice cold smile appeared on Claire’s face. She slowly raised the Azure Ripple sword, slowly and gently piercing Hua Nantian’s chest, smiling enchantingly, her movements graceful. It was imprinted deeply into the hearts of everybody present.

Hua Nantian’s pupils enlarged greatly, his bulging eyes bloodshot and disbelieving. The average looking girl before him was actually so composed when taking people’s lives, so graceful.

“You can’t do it yourself, what gives you the right to unreasonably request for someone else to do it? Is it that only your life is a life and other people’s aren’t?”

A heart shaking chilliness slowly filled the entire room.

Instantly, everybody was puzzled. This was the radiant girl from before? The girl who had promised to always protect that commoner and the girl before them who cruelly took someone’s life were the same!

It wasn’t a misperception, this kind of contradictory behavior was from the same girl!

Blood splurted, curving into a strangely beautiful arc. It also splurted onto Claire’s face, but it was as if Claire didn’t feel it as she slowly sheathed her sword and turned around.

Camille was smiling like the spring wind just as before. He walked forward, pulled out a clean handkerchief, and carefully wiped the blood on Claire’s face, his movements natural.

No one knew, but the Dark mark on the back of Claire’s hand turned deeper.

Chapter 100: [No Title]

Early autumn approached, casting a faint golden hue on the world.

Leaves danced in the breeze. It was a peaceful remote town close to the Mountain of Lost Souls. Although it was far away, it was very prosperous, because the Mountain of Lost Souls was also called Death Mountain. There were numerous magic beasts and also plenty of precious ores, but wanting to enter to get some easy money was life threatening and extremely dangerous, so many people would make preparations in this small town before entering. Some people would use up almost all their money here because no one could know if they could ever come out again, ever have the chance to enjoy life again. That's why although it was a small town, it had everything you could think of: bars, inns, all kinds of stores. You could buy ore, magic cores, magic beast furs and bodies.

It was a very chaotic place.

"I told you to lick it till it's clean, do you understand?" A vulgar voice sounded from within the bar.

It was followed by a peal of coarse laughter.

The bar was filled and had no empty seats. Sitting in the middle next to a table was a scar faced man pointing at his thigh, bellowing at a waitress who was about to start crying. The scar faced man's thigh was soaked with wine all the way to the groin area.

The waitress was on the verge of crying. She knew that she had run into trouble now. It was the scary looking man who had purposely knocked into her in the first place so that his pants had been soaked and now he was saying such filthy words. Lick where?!

"You slut, you can't understand me? You make my pants wet, now I'm all sticky with wine, how annoying. Start licking now!" The scar faced man started hollering again. He even reached out and pulled the waitress's hand.

Vulgar laughter chorused throughout the whole bar, but no one helped.

Instead, they were all waiting to see a good show. The owner of the barshop clenched his teeth, wanting to stand up for the waitress and protect her, but seeing the scar-faced person's warning expression, he started to hesitate. The people there were all unordinary, not someone he, such an insignificant person, could resist against. The other server, a man, wasn't there. If he was there, then the situation wouldn't have been so out of hand.

"I, I didn't mean it, customer..." the waitress sobbed feebly, looking pleadingly at her boss, the owner.

"F*ck, you slut..." But then, when he hadn't finished speaking, a cold light flashed past, followed by a streak of blood in mid air.

"Ah....." The waitress's shriek nearly blew off the rooftop, because currently, the hand that was holding onto her had already left its owner! The hand just held onto her palm limply.

The scar-faced man was staring vacantly at the splash of fresh blood in the air, when suddenly, a flash of pain brought him back to his senses! His hand had been cut off!

A howl immediately covered up the waitress's shriek. The man stared with bulging eyes at a young man who walked coldly past him. The young man strode indifferently to the bar's counter and sat down quietly. "Owner, get me some sweet wine."

The owner was afraid to even breathe out loud and immediately went to pour the sweet wine. He had seen everything that had just happened very clearly! It was this young man who had cut off the scar-faced man's hand with one slash of his sword!

The bar went deathly silent. Everybody froze at the same time. They all stared, dumbstruck, at the young man who had suddenly appeared.

"You bastard! Ah! You actually dare to chop off my hand! Ah... I'll kill you!" The scar faced man hysterical howl sounded once more in the room, bringing everybody who had been staring blankly back to their senses. The young man sitting at the counter didn't turn around, didn't even blink. Instead, he sat there emotionlessly and gracefully sipped the sweet wine

that the owner had brought. The scar faced man stood up abruptly, about to dash over to the young man sitting at the counter, but just as he took a few steps forward, a dagger flew, accurately stabbing his foot, sticking him in place. Everybody's ears were pierced, the mournful cry truly painfully loud.

"What a pity, my dagger has been tainted." At this moment, the bar's door was pushed open once more, a golden-haired blue eyed beautiful woman appearing before everybody's eyes, looking regretful.

Everybody turned around to look at the door. Under the harsh light, they could only see that a few people were standing at the doorway. After they could see clearly, they all gulped. A man who looked somewhat similar to her was standing behind the beautiful woman, also golden haired and blue eyed. The two's faces were both ice cold, not a trace of warmth in their eyes, making one's heart shudder. Behind them was a young man whose face was ice cold, a sword strapped to his waist, had a steady gait, and breathed lightly. Everybody could see with a glance he was a warrior of high cultivation. Meanwhile, the black clothed black haired man's expression was overbearing while he emitted a dangerous aura with every fibre of his being. The delicate and pretty man in a long robe standing next to him was also unordinary. He was actually a magician! Only the two girls standing in the back seemed harmless. But once they saw the hands of the girl with the bow on her back, they all changed their minds. An ordinary archer wouldn't have such thick calluses. Only the man in the back with golden hair who kept on smiling looked harmless.

Watching the crowd, he smiled and said softly, "Truly sorry for the inconvenience, my leader is moody today." After the gentle golden-haired man apologized, he strode in swiftly and stopped next to the person whose foot had been stabbed in place. He bent down slightly and pulled out the dagger, and then, without warning, gently sliced the neck of the howling scar faced man. Smiling, he wiped the dagger with a napkin from a nearby table, and then elegantly handed the dagger to the golden haired woman behind him.

The scar faced man twitched as he fell over, blood spraying on the

ground into a strange, sinister design.

An alarming chill instantly filled the entire bar. The gentle and elegant man was actually such a terrifying and dangerous person!

Instantly, the atmosphere was so terrifying, everybody in the bar was in cold sweat. Everybody got up one by one quietly, about to escape the place that was so constraining, their minds were about to collapse. Just as some people left their seats, the gentle golden haired man turned and smiled brightly. “Everybody, don’t forget to pay money.”

Some were unable to bear this kind of pressure, throwing down money and running away while shrieking. They had seen murders before, but not such a graceful one!

“Commander, what were you doing, running here first by yourself and leaving us behind.” Camille smiled gently, sitting next to the woman who was pretending to be a man, Claire.

“Humph!” Clare only coldly humphed once and stopped talking. She raised her wine glass and continuing to drink as before.

“You really are hot tempered. Didn’t you only just carry the wind leopard for a few Li.1 because you lost a bet?” Li Yuewen sneered as she walked forward. She said righteously, “Not only am I increasing your arm strength, carrying burdens is also another important part of training.”

“You cheated!” Claire clenched and gritted her teeth. When she discovered the trick, it was already too late.

”If you didn’t discover it, then don’t call it a cheat. You still have much to learn,” Li Yuewen scolded.

Claire stopped talking, turned around, and sipped her wine. It had always been her riding on Little Leopard, but today, their positions had changed.

“Um, thank you for saving me……” A soft and gentle voice said from in between the two.

Claire turned around, and saw the pale faced waitress who was

struggling to smile. When Claire turned around once more, she saw that the dead man's severed hand was still holding onto the girl's palm. No wonder her expression was so unsightly.

"Get it off of her," Claire ordered Jean, who was right behind her, emotionlessly.

Jean obeyed. He stepped forward, grabbed the dead man's hand, then pulled it off.

"Thank you, thank you very much," The waitress thanked them hurriedly.

"You don't have to thank us, it was nothing." Claire indifferently waved for the waitress to leave, then looked at the owner and said, "Owner, do you have any rugosa rose tea?"

"Ah, truly sorry, customer. We, we only have wine and water here." The owner replied shakily. He had just seen the young man's terrifying way of doing things and his companion's gruesome actions, so he spoke more cautiously than usual.

"Commander, such a small place can't have any flowers." Camille softly sighed.

Everybody behind Camille rolled their eyes. It was all because of this guy that Claire had become so evil! Claire simply had to drink rugosa rose tea after venting out her anger, but after searching the entire town, they couldn't find any.

"Um, um I grow roses in my garden. If you don't mind, you can come to my house. I have stored some dried flowers too," the waitress said cautiously.

"Oh, is that so? Then let's go." Claire immediately stood up, about leave.

Li Yuewen rolled her eyes, wanting to scold her, but thinking of Claire's dark mood today, she let it go.

"Owner, my little brother will be back soon, tell him I will first bring my saviors home." The waitress called to the bar owner.

“Okay, okay, okay.” The owner hurriedly nodded his head, seeing off the scary group to the distance.

The waitress took off her apron then led them out the door.

“This brat only knows how to live it up.” Li Yuewen followed behind, muttering all the while, unsatisfied.

“You have trained her harsh enough recently, let her take a break today.” Li Mingyu said, feeling a slight headache. On their journey, Li Yue Wen’s methods of training has reached a severe level. Claire had to be on guard even when sleeping, or else her throat would have been slit open. Li Yue Wen often planned surprise attacks at night to develop Claire’s alertness. As a result, Claire fought with dark circles under her eyes and resisted her sleepiness as she was constantly awakened by Li Yue Wen’s sneak attacks. Her alertness improved, but the dark circles under her eyes became more severe too.

The young girl walked in front, but continuously looked back at the young man behind her. He had golden hair and lovely green eyes. Although his dark circles were a bit severe, they couldn’t conceal his peerless aura. It was this young man who had just saved herself from the clutches of the evil person, otherwise, who knows how it would have ended. Her little brother was out too. If it wasn’t for this young man, then the result would be unthinkable. The young girl’s heart began to beat faster.

Meanwhile, Claire was looking completely unhappy. The wind leopard followed them from behind at the very back. When it was carried by Claire, it had been terrified out of its wits. Now, it didn’t even dare to get close to her.

“My family is only I and my little brother. Today, he went to the Mountain of Lost Souls. That crazy little, he said that recently there some kind of strange beast was about to come into being and that he wants to capture it and sell it for money.” The girl started to talk to Claire. She didn’t know what to say, so she only brought up the topic of her annoying little brother.

“Strange beast?” Camille became interested. He asked, “Did your little brother say what kind of strange beast it was?

“He did, that lying brat, he said it was a deity beast,” the girl replied helplessly, feeling a slight headache. “How could a deity beast appear here? And how could he capture it?”

Deity beast? Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu exchanged glances and both saw doubt within each other’s eyes.

“In any case, my little brother brags about how he can use a little Dou Qi. He always thinks he’s some kind of expert.” The girl said exasperatedly as she lead everybody to the edge of the small town.

There was a very small garden, ivy crawling on the wooden fence, the small table and a few chairs under the grape rack in the garden seeming exceptionally comfortable.

“Benefactors, please sit down, I will go make tea.” The girl seemed a little embarrassed. “Just sit outside, the rooms are very messy.”

Claire lightly nodded her head, and sat down immediately without care for manners. Walter sat down silently immediately after her, because he had noticed there weren’t enough chairs. He didn’t want to stand, so he sat down first. Camille was smiling as he followed the girl inside to make the rugosa rose tea.

*

1. li, ancient measure of length, approx. 500m.

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In the end, Jean didn't have a seat while Li Mingyu and Ben also stood. Walter squinted as he looked up at the grape rack, satisfied. He pretended he didn't notice that a few people were standing.

Indoors, the girl watched Camille make tea skillfully, and after hesitating for a while, finally said weakly, "Um, benefactor, I still don't know your names. Are you all planning on entering the Mountain of Lost Souls to adventure?"

"Yes, we are planning on entering the Mountain of Lost Souls. Names are just a formality. The person who saved you is our commander, White Little Moon, and we are Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps." Camille answered the question good naturedly with a refined manner.

White Little Moon? The girl stiffened slightly. Wasn't this name a little effeminate? Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps? What a strange name.

"The Mountain of Lost Souls is very dangerous." The girl started to speak softly. "But you guys are all so strong, so there shouldn't be any problem."

Camille finished making tea, then smiled as he said before leaving, "You must be hoping our commander doesn't have any problem."

The girl's face instantly flushed red. She immediately covered her face, watching Camille from behind and rejoiced that he didn't see.

"Commander, drink tea." Camille gracefully poured tea for Claire then poured another cup for him. He didn't take care of anyone else.

Walter angrily grabbed the teapot and drank right out of it, making Summer and Qiao Chuxin roll their eyes.

"Secondary Commander's skills are unparalleled in the world." Claire sipped some rugosa rose tea and felt her whole being revive.

Camille was smiling so widely his eyes had become lines. Everyone else suspected that if he had a tail, it would have already been wagging furiously.

Walter set down the teapot, watching Claire coldly. He didn't understand why the little devil liked scented tea so much, her favorite drink was scented tea. From his understanding, the little devil had such nasty character, completely incompatible with scented tea, such a grandiose thing. She should be someone with knives and devouring raw meat!

"Walter, your gaze seems to be a little displeased with me?" Suddenly Claire's chilling voice came over dangerously.

Walter stiffened for a moment, then smiled widely. "I wouldn't dare, heh heh, haha..." His forced hollow laugh echoed in the garden, as fake as could be.

The young lady was a bit uncomfortable as she stood at the door and watched the group of people in the garden. Under the sunlight, the group looked so aesthetically beautiful, like a flawless painting, making her not have the heart to go and break the mood. She felt like if she joined, she would be so out of place. The girl watched a little absent mindedly.

But at this moment, a thunder of footsteps sounded from outside the garden.

A few young men ran over, panting, and shouted to the girl anxiously, "Riya, trouble! Your little brother was attacked by a magic beast and is at the mountain pass right now. He's on the verge of death, you need to quickly go see him for the last time."

"What?" Riya's complexion instantly paled. She looked at the few young men at the entrance of the garden in disbelief, her mind blank. "What happened? He was completely fine this morning!" The young men all knew Riya, they were all her little brother's good friends.

"Don't talk anymore, you should take this time to leave. Even the doctor is powerless." The young men were completely anxious.

Only then did Riya come back to her sense. She hurriedly departed, rushing out. She ran over quickly with the young men.

After finishing the scented tea, Claire slowly stood up and said, "Go, let's go see."

“Since when were you so kind hearted?” Walter muttered, followed by a earth shaking miserable cry. Casually, Claire had ruthlessly bonked the Azure Ripple Sword on Walter’s head, hitting him so hard a bump immediately formed on Walter’s head.

They followed the people ahead out the town, going directly to the Mountain of Lost Soul’s mountain pass.

They saw from far away a group forming while the girl from before, Riya, was already sobbing, heartbroken.

As Claire strode forward, she saw in Riya’s embrace a young man who looked a bit similar completely covered in blood. His eyes were already closed, his face drained of color. Nearby, a person who looked like a doctor shook his head, sighing. The group of young men were also looking grieved.

Claire turned and looked at Camille and Camille glared back. The meaning in his eyes was clear: I’m an assassin, not a doctor nor a healer.

Claire’s gave shifted to everyone else, but they all shook their head. Only now was Claire suddenly shocked and realized. In her mercenary group, they actually didn’t have a doctor or healer!

“They are all fatal wounds, there’s no way for medicine to contain the damage. If there was a healer right now, perhaps they would be hope,” Li Yuewen said in a low voice.

Claire watched Riya cry mournfully, the girl’s heart completely broken, and sighed in her heart. Suddenly, a thought flashed in her mind: if only Leng Lingyun were here.

The next moment, silver hair flashed before CLaire’s eyes. Claire’s lips quivered slightly as she laughed at herself, laughing internally that she wanted it so much that she had actually hallucinated.

But the holy light that appeared right after told Claire it wasn’t a hallucination. The silver haired violet eyed Leng Lingyun really was there! He was crouching down for healing the young man who was about to die.

Claire blinked rapidly, confirming that she hadn’t been hallucinating.

Camille seemed to understand why Claire was blinking, so he shifted over and said in a low voice, “You don’t need to blink any more, he just arrived.”

Claire opened her mouth wide, then reflexively turned around, but didn’t see anyone else from the Temple of Light. It was only Leng Lingyun who had suddenly appeared!

Thankful cries of thanks and admiration pulled Claire back to reality. The blood of the young man in Riya’s embrace had already stopped flowing. Although his complexion was pale as before, his breathing became stable.

“Thank you, healer, thank you for saving my brother’s life.” Riya cried out joyfully, thanking him wholeheartedly.

“No need to thank me, it was nothing.” Everybody heard Leng Lingyun’s cold voice.

Claire’s stared at Leng Lingyun who was in front of her with bulging eyes. She stared at him for a long time without saying anything. Her mind was full of questions. Why did Leng Lingyun suddenly appear here? Why was he alone? Was it to find her and take her back to support the Temple of Light?

Walter’s expression was extremely entertaining. His enemy was right in front of him, his enemy!

Suddenly, Walter uttered a strange cry and rushed forward, then used all of his might to slap Leng Lingyun’s face and brought him to the ground. He didn’t wait for Leng Lingyun to come back to his senses and kicked his stomach, and then, with more power, stepped onto his enemy’s back. “I’ll crush you, I’ll spit on you. Pah!” Walter hacked up a large glob of phlegm and spit it on Leng Lingyun’s head. Then he started to kick and stomp crazily, and then he laughed heartily towards the sky, extremely proud. He finally stomped that damn pretty boy underfoot! “Die, you pretty boy! I want you to have a taste of death too! Ahaha, haha....” Walter’s mad laughter echoed into the horizon. “There would a day you be crushed underfoot by me. The incomparably honorable Divine Prince has that day.

Be me for forgiveness, perhaps I'm in a good enough mood to let you go!" Walter howled with laughter, about to buckle over.

"Walter, what are you doing? Why are you laughing to yourself?" Suddenly, he heard a low voice filled with confusion.

Walter came back to his senses, stared at Summer whose face was full of puzzlement, and then coldly humphed. "You don't need to care!" Walter rolled his eyes at Leng Lingyun who was currently conversing with Claire right with a heart full of hatred. What, he can't fantasize? Was he not allowed to imagine the scene of him stepping on the pretty boy?

The previous scene was naturally Walter's own imaginary scene. What was really happening was Leng Lingyun talking to Claire in his clean, neat clothes with his usual noble aura.

"Divine Prince, why did you appear here?" Claire asked as she looked at Leng Lingyun who was smiling faintly. She had endless questions to ask.

"Don't call me so distantly, do you wish for me to call you Bishop?" Leng Lingyun smiled faintly. "Please call me by my name."

Claire was slightly startled, thinking of the fact that Leng Lingyun had always called her Claire. Since he had said this, then continuing to call him the "Divine Prince" would seem a bit strange.

"Leng, Leng Lingyun, why did you suddenly come here?" Claire had some difficulty calling out his name.

"I'm working for someone." Leng Lingyun smiled as he spoke, but didn't say anything past that.

Claire looked at Leng Lingyun, confused. "Then what did the person that sent you here wanted you to do? You didn't come here just for that youth." An ineffable and strange feeling suddenly arose in Claire's heart. Working for someone? It shouldn't be the pope, if it was the pope, then he wouldn't be chatting so casually. If it wasn't the pope, then who was it? When Leng Lingyun saw her, he wasn't surprised. Could it be that he knew beforehand that she would be there?

"You should first bring the young man home." Leng Lingyun didn't

answer, but changed the topic instead. He looked at Riya, saying, “Are you his family member? Take him home first, he needs good care. I only healed his wound, but he has lost a lot of blood already and weakened so he has to rest for a while.”

The group of people took Riya and her little brother back home. Riya took care of her little brother inside while Claire sat on a chair in the garden looking at the relaxed Leng Lingyun with a heart full of confusion. What was this cold faced person planning?

“Shut up, you. If the the healer wasn’t here then you would have died, stop talking about the deity beast!” Riya’s angry yell came from inside the house.

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"Elder sister, it's true, there really is a deity beast about to be born, believe me. The magic beasts that are guarding there want to kill the newly born little deity beast. Quickly, or else it'll be too late..." His weak voice was very, very low, but Claire could hear is completely clearly.

Claire stood up and walked straight into the room. She saw the angry face of Riya who was reprimanding the weak young man lying on the bed. The young man was still attempting to explain. Seeing Claire enter, Riya immediately curbed her anger, softly saying embarrassedly, "Benefactor, why did you enter? It's very messy here. Also, thank you for your friend saving my only little brother.

Claire waved her hand, disregarding Riya's words. Instead, she looked at the young man on the bed. "You said there's a deity beast about to be born?"

The young man fell silent seeing Claire.

Seeing this, Riya became anxious. She started to angrily rebuke the young man. "Our benefactor is asking you a question! If it wasn't for benefactor saving you today, would you brat even be alive? The healer who just saved you is benefactor's friend!"

Claire stopped Riya from continuing to rebuke. Instead, she asked, "You wanted to find the deity beast and then sell it? Are you lacking in money?"

"Nobody stays in this region. I want to earn some money and then settle somewhere else with elder sister." The young man said, looking straight at Claire. Riya's expression became complex. This place was indeed unsuitable for they two siblings to live in. Today, such an incident had happened, but fortunately they had been saved by the young man before them. But what about next time? Who have a timely appearance and save them?

Claire pulled out two golden banknotes and handed it to the young man. "Where is the deity beast? Take this, go settle in Niya city and run a small business. I will give you a letter of introduction, go to the city lord's manor

and find the surrogate city lord, he will make arrangements."

"We, we cannot accept this." Riya hurriedly waved, refusing it.

"Treat it like your little brother sold me information for the deity beast. Although Niya city is not large, it's very suitable to live in. You should go once your little brother's body recovers. This place is not suitable for you to live." Claire hadn't withdrawn the golden banknotes as she said these words while watching the young man.

The young man didn't hesitate at all and took the money from Claire. He watched Claire as he said, "You believe that there's a deity beast? You believe me? Even my elder sister didn't believe me."

Claire nodded."I believe you. Speak, where was it?" she asked.

"Head north after you enter the Mountain of Lost Souls, it's in the marshlands there. When it's night time, it will shine in the middle of the marshlands, that's the little deity beast who's about to be born. There are many magic beasts guarding in the vicinity because they eat the young deity beast right after it's born to absorb its power. If you're going to go, go quickly. It's definitely a deity beast, only deity beasts shine like that, only deity beasts can attract so many magic beasts." The young man said hurriedly in one breath and was a bit short of breath.

Claire turned and said to Riya, "Okay. Give me pen and paper, I'll write a letter for you to bring to Niya city."

Riya was a bit shocked. Although she felt doubt, she still got a pen and paper. Claire quickly finished writing and then said to Riya, "We'll be going now. Be careful on your way to Niya city."

After she finished speaking, Claire turned and left. Riya stared blankly at the letter in her hand and then looked at Claire's about to disappear figure. She asked hastily, a bit reluctant, "Can, can we see each other again?"

"Go to Niya city then. Perhaps we might have the chance of seeing each other in the future." Claire waved lightly, then disappeared from the two siblings' view.

In the garden, everybody saw Claire come. Claire looked at everybody, smiling faintly. “Let’s go. To the Mountain of Lost Souls.”

Everybody nodded and got up at the same time, following Claire.

As they left the town, Walter was rolling his eyes, his face dark. Could someone tell him why that pretty boy was following? Claire also wanted to know what was with the situation. Why was Leng Lingyun looking like it was completely normal he was following her?

“Um, Leng, Leng Lingyun, didn’t you have some business coming here? Since you aren’t here to bring me back to the Temple of Light, then...” Claire didn’t finish the rest of her words.

Walter continued Claire’s words for her hatefully, “Since you didn’t come here to find Claire, then do your own business, what are you following us for?”

“Isn’t the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps missing a healer? Now I can be considered a member of Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps.” Leng Lingyun astonished them with a smile on his face.

Walter’s mouth was wide open, his eyes bulging, looking like a person who had been hanged.

Claire’s expression was also exceptional. What was that supposed to mean? The honorable Divine Prince actually said that he was now a member of their mercenary group? What a joke! Wait a minute! Claire suddenly realized, how did Leng Lingyun know their mercenary group’s name? Claire turned and looked at Camille. Camille smiled gently and said harmlessly, “Commander, not having a healer in our group is a huge headache. Think about how problematic it would be if there was a mishap and one of us weren’t healed in time.”

Seeing Camille’s harmless and gentle smile, Claire suddenly realized that it was this guy who had recruited Leng Lingyun on his own. But, thinking of this, Claire had a headache. Leng Lingyun and they were completely different people, what was he doing mixing with them? Also, what was Leng Lingyun’s objective? Why he would come here was a completely mystery.

Seeing Claire at a loss, Leng Lingyun felt it was a little funny. His existence was a headache for her? Thinking of his agreement with Xuanuan, a complex mood flashed through his eyes. Although he was a bit interested in Claire, it wasn't so much that he would follow her around and try to find out everything about her. He really didn't understand Xuanxuan's request. That child was always sensible, but now she asked for such an unreasonable request. Her eager and concerned gaze made him unable to refuse her. There weren't any big with the Temple of Light lately, but when he was about to leave, he was stopped by the pope.

"Are you going to find Claire?" The pope's profound smile was still imprinted in Leng Lingyun's mind.

Leng Lingyun nodded, not know how the pope knew.

The pope gave a strange order to Leng Lingyun. "Go, you don't need to any work for the Temple of Light. Your only task now is to follow Claire, to understand her."

"Why? Why can he become part of the mercenary group without getting the commander's permission?" Walter shouted unhappily.

"I am the secondary commander." Camille said to Walter while looking at him and smiling gently. But the dangerous sliver in his eyes shut Walter up.

Walter already knew that the gentle and harmless looking guy in front of him was actually an assassin and not only that, he was an exceptionally proficient assassin. He didn't want to die in the middle of the night one day. Walter shut his mouth by himself, silently withdrawing to the side. The only person with complaints stopped. Of course, everybody else didn't have anything to say. Claire didn't speak either even though she was still against it.

And so, the group left. The person with an uncomfortable expression was Walter, while the person who felt uncomfortable in their heart was Claire.

"Eh? Magic beasts!" After a long time, everybody finally found something odd. The more they went forward, the more magic beasts there

were. The ones not far in front of him were all low class level magic beasts, crouching in groups, not daring to enter. There were a few high level magic beasts further ahead. There were more dense amounts of magic beasts the farther ahead you went and their levels were higher too.

Claire's heart sunk. She knew that the young man's words were probably all true.

"Roar!" The wind leopard roared because it saw that the low level magic beasts in front of it actually blocked it and didn't move. It was a huge insult to it, a seventh grade magic beast.

The low level magic beasts all started trembling when they heard the wind beast's roar, but they still didn't have any indications of leaving. They only trembled in place and didn't move.

Seeing this, astonishment flashed in everybody's eyes. What kind of deity beast was going to be born in the marshland? It was actually appealed to the magic beasts so much that they were guarding here with their life on the line.

"Look like we got lucky today." Walter wiggled his eyebrows and laughed hehe.

Claire turned and said to Ben softly, "Ben, make way." There was no point in taking their lives. It was fine if Ben just opened up a path.

Ben stepped forward and made a low roar, releasing dragon pressure.

"Awoooo...." The magic beasts in front of them couldn't bear such pressure and finally got out of the way while howling. Ben walked ahead without a word. There were some magic beasts that stubbornly didn't leave that Ben kicked flying with one kick.

The way to the marshland was full of magic beasts. After Ben cleared a long path, everybody finally arrived to the edge of the marshland. Only where they stood were there no any magic beasts around. Everywhere else was packed with magic beasts. High grade beasts crowded around the marshland, but none of them dared to attack Claire's group. It was only there was someone with power far above theirs in Claire's group.

The moistness made them uncomfortable along with a rotting odor in the air. Small bubbles continuously gurgled up and popped. Occasionally, small black bugs would crawl on the dark marshland. Walter crouched down, grabbed a stone randomly, and threw it into the marshland lightly. The stone slowly sunk in, a slew of small bubbles appearing at the top of the filthy, black water.

"A deity beast would actually be born here?" Walter frowned seeing the disgusting environment, very perplexed as he asked.

Leng Lingyun stood at the fringe of the marshland, looking at the black water and slowly said in a deep, low voice, "Rumors say that the mountain has a mysterious marshland called the Black Marshlands. Three thousand years ago, Light and Dark believers waged a war in the Mountain of Lost Souls and the Dark believers lost. Two thousand people's bodies were buried at the same time. The Light believers cast an extremely malicious curse, suppressing their souls below the ground so that they would never be able to reincarnate. Two thousand ghosts wailed in anguish every day. Later, the land was turned into a marshland to cover the two thousand ghosts' grief."

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Everybody froze. Perhaps it was related to the birth of the deity beast?

“Humph! That’s right, it’s all because of what your venerable, kind hearted Temple of Light did! Not only did they have to kill them, they trapped their souls!” Walter said darkly. Just hearing it made his blood boil. However, he had never heard about this before. Did the pretty boy make it up? Imposible! As the Temple of Light’s Divine Prince, how could he make up something that slandered the goddess of Light?

“I never said that the Temple of Light is honorable and just.” Leng Lingyun said coldly.

Walter humphed, not denying it.

“How did you know? Never have there been any records of that.” Camille was still smiling gracefully, but internally, he felt remorse that there was actually something that he didn’t know.

“This is a stain on the Temple of Light, of course they wouldn’t let this true history be leaked out. It’s all part of the Temple’s collected secret history.” Leng Lingyun’s tone was extremely cold, completely unfeeling.

Camille stroked his beautiful chin and asked while looking at the marshland, “This marshland is the so called black marshland?”

Li Mingyu looked doubtfully at the black marshland and asked skeptically, “It should be, but why would the deity beast choose to descend here?”

“Perhaps the deity beast doesn’t know.” Walter said a little darkly.

“We’ll know after we stand guard here.” Claire looked around and said coldly, “There’s so much food on hand.”

The surrounding magic beasts suddenly shivered.

As night descended, the group camped about a hundred Li from the marshland. They couldn’t stand the marshland’s putrid smell when they were close. There was a large empty space around them because the magic

beasts didn't dare to be close.

Li Yuewen was a bit at a loss for words seeing Claire's actions. Claire had dug up all the magic cores from the magic beasts that were killed. Jean and Li Mingyu were roasting meat. Claire brought Ben and Walter to clean out all the magic beasts in the surroundings just for their magic cores. Claire had said, there aren't this many good opportunities, they're all money.

After making a few rounds, the three came back with plentiful profits. Claire dropped and piled up the magic cores right in front of Li Yuewen. "You guys should have an interspatial ring, right? Put it away, later sell it once we're back in a city. They're all fifth or sixth grade magic beast cores, but it should be enough to sell for 200,000 gold coins."

Li Yuewen froze. What did that little girl mean?

"Aren't you training me? Just treat it like it's my learning fee." Claire sat down and said heedlessly.

Li Yuewen suddenly realized. A warm feeling spread through her body. She knew that Claire was making money for her. Claire had still remembered the words of Hua Nantian when they were on the boat.

"Don't assume that this is enough!" Li Yuewen was moved, but she acted angry on the surface.

"I know, just first treat this as a loan." Claire waved her hand indifferent then turned and looked at the marshland. The sky had gradually darkened and the surroundings were slowly engulfed by darkness.

"Light! Ah, there's light!" Summer suddenly stood up excitedly. She looked at the marshlands and waved her hands frantically. As an outstanding thief, Summer was exceptionally sensitive towards anything out of the ordinary. Intuition told her that the light meant something extraordinary.

Of course, Claire had also seen it, the faint glow at the edge of the marshland.

"Let's go and see." Li Mingyu set down a piece of roasted meat and stood

up.

"I'll wait for you here. I'm not interested." Ben sat down and didn't move, yawned, then lied down.

"That's fine, keep watch here." Claire nodded and everybody started walking over to the marshland.

As they walked to the edge of the marshland, they were shocked by the scene before them. Amidst the darkness of the night, in the middle of the marshland, rainbow colored light was radiating. Shining in the darkness, it seemed very natural and was like a heart beating.

"How pretty." Summer stared vacantly at the rainbow lights and muttered.

Nobody spoke another word. Instead, they held their breath and watched the mass of rainbow lights attentively.

Suddenly, the light became brighter, radiating more violently. The surrounding magic beasts started getting more agitated, a few even started grunting.

"It's about to come out." Leng Lingyun said in a low voice.

The rainbow lights started to become brighter and brighter. Gradually, the mass of light seemed to be striving to make to breakthrough as it started to shine increasingly brighter while the surrounding magic beasts also became more and more excited. The entire marshland started to become lively.

As the night became darker, the mass of light became brighter.

Slowly and gradually, the mass of light broke through the sludge of the marshland's surface, displaying it's true appearance.

A round, pale white egg floated into the air. The rainbow rays instantly surged in the sky, incomparably radiant, almost making one unable to open their eyes. Everybody squinted as they watched the magical scene unfold. The round, white egg just floated lightly in mid air, slowly revolving, releasing rainbow colored, magnificent lights.

Oddly, at this moment, the painful cries of magic beasts came one by one. In an instant, a thick, bloody smell permeated the air.

Someone has come! Claire's gaze turned cold. It seems it wasn't just them; someone else had gotten wind of the situation and came!

The next instant, there was a string of footsteps. With the rainbow lights, everybody saw five people appear, three male, two female. From his clothes, they could tell that the rugged tall man was a warrior. He had a giant axe on his back and was scratching his black chest hair. Another was a thin male magician with a reedy complexion and hawkish nose and eerie beady eyes. Then there was a male archer of slim stature, ice cold expression. But they couldn't tell what class the two similar looking women were. They were twins.

The two groups faced each other.

"Oho, someone actually came before us. But it doesn't matter, dead people have no way of going against us." The formidable looking warrior scratched his dark chest hair and said disdainfully.

Meanwhile the skinny archer had already starting aiming silently. Without any warning, he released the bowstring.

The approaching "Swoosh..." sounded alarms for Claire's group! This attack was definitely not simple! Also, most importantly, the slim archer didn't even notch an arrow! What did this mean? It meant that they were the same as Qiao Chuxin, they used a magic bow! And from their posture just then, it was evident that they hadn't even used thirty percent of their power!

"Bam!" The arrow burst into the night air.

Leng Lingyun immediately set up a barrier, blocking the attack. The arrow exploded onto the barrier. It was a flame arrow!

Immediately after the arrow exploded, a coy female voice reproached, "Ah, damn you, don't hurt that beautiful man! Leave him to us sisters!"

"When can you two have better tastes? You guys took a liking to that pretty boy? Only people like me are considered men. Look at my muscles,

look at my chest hair!" The warrior with the big axe on his back said peevishly.

"Pah! You look like a bear! How can you and that beautiful man compare?" Another voice that was so coy you would shiver said angrily.

"F*ck! I, your father, will now turn that pretty boy into mince meat, let's see how you'll like him then." The formidable warrior roared, grabbing his battle axe and then directly bounded over to Claire and the rest abruptly without going around the marshland. Instead, he stepped directly into the marshland! He stepped in the marshland with his giant body, but didn't sink down! Instead, he ran over powerfully, lightning fast!

Claire's expression changed. She knew that they had met strong enemies today!

Tonight, there was going to be a bitter battle!

As the formidable warrior howled as he bounded over, Jean's expression went cold. He nimbly pulled out his sword to meet him face on.

Then came the clanging of weapons clashing, sonorous in the night.

Then came the sound of an explosion. Their magician had released attacking magic. Unexpectedly, he was also fire attributed. Just when Jean and the bear like warrior clashed, the magician attacked Jean underhandedly. Naturally, Claire also immediately cast magic and intercepted it. As the magic from the skinny magician clashed with Claire's, they exploded in mid air with countless sparks flying, making the surroundings even brighter.

Their archer shot another arrow and there were even more explosions. Leng Lingyun erected a barrier, blocking the archer's magic arrows. The arrows exploded onto the barrier. Qiao Chuxin's gaze instantly turned coldly. She speedily aimed at the other archer.

Qiao Chuxin's magic arrows whistled through the air as they attacked. The other archer froze for moment. Evidently, he didn't think that the other archer would also use magic arrows. Instantly, their magician erected a barrier and blocked Qiao Chuxin's magic arrows. The zapping

sound of the magic arrow hitting the barrier could make one's hair stand on end.

"Oho, the people we're facing this time have got some substance." One of the twins said in surprise, covering her mouth.

"Stop wasting your breath, hurry up and do something." The skinny magician was completely solemn. He cast magic using his hands with low grunts. He could already cast magic without chanting incantations!

What made even Claire shocked was that the robust warrior fighting against Jean was emitting silver Dou Qi! He was a Sage warrior! Jean was also having a bitter battle.

Summer gulped as she shifted to hide behind Claire. Just as she was about to say something, Camille's cold voice came. "Claire, protect me."

"Aren't you an assassin king? You still need someone to protect you?" Summer said disdainfully.

"Fighting straight on isn't my strong suit after all," Camille said self righteously, then was about to gracefully move stand behind behind Claire. Graceful movements, but not graceful actions.

"You!" Summer said coldly. She was about to say something, but was shocked frozen by what happened next.

A cold glint flashed, a sharp dagger about to viciously stab Claire in the back!

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If it was anyone else stabbing, then Claire would have been able to dodge! But the person stabbing was Li Yuewen! Li Yuewen could take Claire's life without any notice. She had this kind of capability!

In an instant, Camille reached out without any hesitation, blocking. The dagger fiercely went through Camille's hand and also stabbed Claire!

"Yuewen! What are you doing?!" Li Mingyu cried in surprise, looking incredulously at the vicious Li Yuewen.

Li Yuewen stared at her hand, her gaze also filled with disbelief! She actually attacked Claire!

The dagger was whipped back. Camille's hand was filled with blood as Claire became unsteady, then slowly slid down. Leng Lingyun grabbed Claire to support her. Meanwhile, blood continuously gushed out of her back, rapidly dying Claire's clothes red.

"What's going on?!" Walter shouted fiercely.

"I, I didn't, I..." Li Yuewen's gaze was full of shock. She stared at her hand, unable to speak properly.

"Ahahaha... truly interesting." Shrill laughter came. "Who's next?"

Li Yuewen's eyes widened, full of astonishment and fear! Her body was moving on its own! It was moving without her meaning to!

"It's those two women! She's controlling Yuewen's body!" Li Mingyu immediately came back to his senses, whipping his head to look at them.

Leng Lingyun's face turned cold. He frowned deeply. He supported Claire with one hand while continuously casting healing magic with the other.

"Chuxin, quickly shoot those two women, they can control your body! Hurry!" Summer cried out in alarm frightfully, fearing that she herself would be the next target. If she did anything to harm Claire, then she would definitely not forgive herself!

Even without Summer saying anything, Qiao Chuxin knew what to do. She was already aiming at the two women. But just as she drew the bowstring to full length, Qiao Chuxin stopped her actions.

“Chuxin? Chuxin?” An ominous premonition arose in Summer’s heart as she called out anxiously.

“Hurry, hurry up and go now!” Qiao Chuxin’s voice was completely frenetic.

At this point in time, Li Yuewen’s body relaxed. She could move herself now. The restrictions on Li Yuewen’s body was not gone, but now Qiao Chuxin’s body was being controlled instead!

Qiao Chuxin’s eyes were full of shock and worry, but her body moved swiftly, completely out of her control, aiming an arrow.

Walter let out a yelp, hurriedly setting up a barrier.

The sound of an explosion, a bang, sounded within the crowd. Lightning magic exploded past, naturally hard to receive.

“Ahaha, how entertaining.” The two women laughed, eyes full of bloodlust and joy. At this point in time, the other archer had stopped what he was doing. He was standing at the side, looking very indifferent. Evidently, he had much faith in the two women. Meanwhile, the magician was attacking with many small little fireballs of small power that were neutralized by Walter easily. But Walter and the rest were already beaten and exhausted in any case.

Li Mingyu had already hit away Qiao Chuxin’s bow. Without a bow on hand, Qiao Chuxin’s fighting power was greatly reduced.

Leng Lingyun was also starting to look a bit unsightly. He never expected them to be able to control people’s bodies. What were they using to control? Spiritual control? No! If it was using spiritual control, then the people controlled would have been delirious. But just now Li Yuewen and Qiao Chuxin were very clear minded! Then what were they using to control others?!

“How boring, switch!” The twin sisters saw that Qiao Chuxin’s bow was

on the ground after being hit and were currently preparing to switch to another person to control.

After they said these words, Walter's group started becoming restless. The unease rapidly rose.

"Ah..." Claire slowly woke up at this time.

"Claire, are you alright?" Leng Lingyun asked worriedly, seeing the pale Claire.

"I'm fine..." Claire replied weakly, but she understood that if it weren't for Camille blocking the attack, then her heart would have already been pierced. If it weren't for Leng Lingyun's timely healing, she would have definitely died of bloodloss! She had brushed past the god of death this time!

"Don't make any sudden movements. Your wound..." Before Leng Lingyun finished speaking, his expression changed, because he instantly felt something was wrong with his body! The twin sister's target this time was actually him!

"Ahaha, Handsome, quickly kill the woman next to you, come to us instead." The twin sisters laughed wildly, swinging their hips. Their revealing clothing became even more revealing after these movements.

Everybody's expressions changed greatly. They all knew how strong Leng Lingyun was! Li Mingyu wrested Claire from Leng Lingyun as fast as possible and hugged her tightly, watching Leng Lingyun alertly.

Leng Lingyun frowned deeply. His body hadn't moved, but his whole body was trembling slightly. It seemed like he was resisting some kind of power.

"What? He can actually resist us!" The twins cried in surprise. Then the two stood up, their hands clasped together as they started to make strange movements.

Leng Lingyun frowned more deeply. It was very apparent he was fighting with all his might against the power trying to control him.

Claire laid weakly in Li Mingyu's embrace, however her eyes were watching alertly. It couldn't continue like this! If it continued like this, then they would definitely lose! What exactly were they using to control people's bodies? It wasn't spiritual! Because the people controlled were very awake. Then what was it?

At this time, Walter was dealing with the magician's small fire balls. The concentrated cluster of fire balls lit up the darkness. Jean was still fighting against the warrior, too busy to spare any attention. It a high level fight, one distraction could take your life! Jean knew very clearly, if he lost, then there would be one more powerful for Claire, so he couldn't lose!

"Go! Go now!" Leng Lingyun said resolutely through clenched teeth.

"What magic is that exactly?" Camille asked skeptically. He was a bit unsmiling, frowning slightly, but he had no indications of running away. He knew running was no use.

"That uneducated black dragon, why doesn't he come at this crucial time?" Summer was so worried she was about to cry. It was so loud over here, so why was that uneducated damn black dragon still not here?

"Hahaha, Handsome, don't struggle anymore, come to us." Everybody heard the twins' creepy laughter.

"Claire, what do we do now?" Summer sobbed, looking at Claire.

Li Mingyu and Li Yuewen were solemn, watching Leng Lingyun alertly. Li Yuewen tightened her grip on her dagger. Internally, she had made a decision: it seems that they could only take care of him first!

"Shadows! They're using our shadows to control us!" Claire hurriedly said, enduring the acute pain from her back.

Everybody froze. They had frozen too from shock. The twins' minds went blank and in that instant, Leng Lingyun immediately struggled free.

They realized immediately that it wasn't spiritual control, but using shadows to control! No wonder that magician kept on casting small fire balls with little power to attack! In turns out that the low grade magic wasn't to hurt them, but to cast light and make their shadows more

distinct! It was for the two twins to make their moves!

Walter couldn't bear it anymore. He instantly cast Dark magic and the Dark aura rapidly engulfed the surroundings, spreading out, also covering the light of the round egg. Naturally, their shadows were also engulfed by the darkness.

Leng Lingyun turned to Walter, his gaze icy.

This person who had been with Claire was actually a Dark magician?!

The surroundings became dark. The tiny sparks from Jean and the other warrior clashing in the distance were naturally not enough light. The twin sisters cried out and cursed at their magician, "You idiot, make light for us now. How can we control them without shadows?"

"They have a Dark magician!" The magician called out fretfully.

"Who cares if they have a Dark magician? Hurry!" The two sisters shouted.

But then there was the sound of an explosion along with their cries of alarm. Qiao Chuxin was able to discern their positions from their voices and had already shot quite a few arrows in a row. Meanwhile, their magician had sensed something off about the air flow and had set up a barrier.

"Hide behind the trees!" Li Mingyu immediately urged in a low voice. Since Qiao Chuxin was able to shoot, their archer could also know their position!

Everybody swiftly hid behind trees. Sure enough, a few fire arrows whistled as they flew and ended up where they had been standing moments before.

Walter's delicate face was currently completely nasty. Just thinking about when Claire on the verge of death drove him mad. They actually dared to mount such a despicable attack! Walter hid behind a tree and peeked his head out. Slowly, he started to chant in a low voice. A mass of jet black fog slowly floated over.

“Ah…” There were shrieks once more. This time, they were filled with fear and accompanied by the sound of thud of bodies falling to the ground. It was from the two sisters and evidently, they had both fallen.

Walter stiffened. The Dark aura he released shouldn’t have reached them yet and nobody else had done anything. What were they afraid of?

“What is this?” The two sister’s cried out in alarm.

“Shut up, stop talking. They’ll be able to sense our positions,” an angry voice quietly berated them.

“What did you f*cking say? Can we move now?” The ear piercing coy voice was full of anger, but after she said this, she regretted it. She was practically telling the enemy, I can’t move, hurry up and attack me.

Chapter 105: [No Title]

Nobody saw that at this point in time, Dong Fenghou had just woken up and was mumbling something. He was always painfully slow. Even when Claire had already been wounded and Leng Lingyun was being controlled, he still didn't fully understand what was going on. Now he finally understood and felt like he should do something.

"It's a low level earth elemental fairy!" The magician's voice finally sounded frantic. "They have a summoner!" Only then did Walter understand that the muddle headed Dong Fenghou was using his summoning skills.

Their voices exposed them. How could they let this chance go? Qiao Chuxin's arrows were clustered so densely, they were like raindrops as she shot them. They could hear the frequent explosions of arrows hitting the barrier, showing the strenuous efforts of that magician.

Leng Lingyun really wanted to do something, anything, but once his light attributed magic was used, then the surroundings would brighten and give them the chance to control them again. He crouched down and clenched his fists so hard his knuckles whitened. It was the first time he felt a sense of defeat.

"Ah, what's going on?! Why..." Their voices were fearful and uneasy, and then they quieted down.

A sliver a smile appeared on Walter's lips. The darkness was his domain. Only when there was darkness could he be in his element. They were too careless dealing with only what Dong Fenghou had summoned while neglecting the mass of Dark Qi that was approaching them silently in the night. The Dark aura was Walter's best magic for screwing people over, carrying Dark Qi that could paralyze people.

Because of the loss, the strong warrior lost focus for a moment. It was only a slightly distraction, but Jean took this opportunity! A small step towards victory!

"Humph!" Walter sneered, then stood up immediately. With a wave of

his hand, all the Dark Qi dispersed and the surroundings gradually turned hazy and then brightened. The deity beast egg floating in the air was still slowly turning, casting rainbow rays and brightening the surroundings.

Everybody looked up, astonished, at the four people before them who were twitching on the ground, unable to move. The twin sisters' feet were gripped tightly by four little hands, so tight there were faint red marks on their feet. Sure enough, they were low level earth fairies! They were summoned by Dong Fenghou.

"Ah..." a painful cry suddenly sounded right after. Everybody turned to look and saw that one of the formidable warrior's hands were chopped out by Jean, blood flying everywhere. Also, the giant axe had fallen to the ground. Without giving the warrior any chance to even breath, Jean agily skewered the warrior's, pinning him to the ground. The warrior's eyes widened, blood seeping out of his mouth as he stared unflinchingly at Jean, still alive.

"Elder brother!"

"Elder brother!"

The paralyzed people cried out mournfully, their voices sounding somewhat pitiful, because their whole body had been paralyzed, meaning their tongue was on the verge of becoming numb too.

"Hehehe..." Walter smiled darkly, breaking into a run. The paralysis effect had a time limit, so of course they had to finish them off during that time.

Li Mingyu carried the weak Claire and also followed Walter. Feng Donghou, that slow guy, was still crouched on the ground and continuously mumbling to himself while waving, still summoning low grade earth fairies to pull on the twins' feet. Later on, this slow guy was shouted at by Summer and Qiao Chuxin, but then Camille said, how smart can someone who summoned giant sea beasts to submerge a city just because he was tied up be? Only then did Summer and Qiao Chuxin let the pitiful, innocent looking Dong Fenghou off.

Everybody rushed over, watching the number of people on the ground.

Every person's expression was grieved or hateful. They all stared unflinchingly towards Jean. Jean still hadn't pulled the sword out of the warrior's chest yet.

Li Yuewen charged forward at the very front, looking furious. She pulled out a dagger, preparing to viciously stab them in their chest. The twins showed fear in their eyes. It was the first time death had felt so close.

Unexpectedly, Walter called out at this moment, "Wait!"

Li Yuewen furiously turned around and sneered, "What do you mean? Did you fall for these twins or something?"

"How's that possible?" Walter frowned and said disdainfully, "Killing them just like that is letting them off too easily."

Hearing this, Li Yuewen's expression changed, but she continued with her actions. She stabbed viciously into the wrist of one of the women. Blood flowed and the woman screamed. Li Yuewen pulled out the dagger and then stabbed through the other woman's wrist.

"What you said was correct, directly stabbing them to death is letting them off too easily," Li Yuewen said through clenched teeth. She stood up and kicked the woman's wrist wound, then cruelly applied pressure. The woman showed a painful expressed, cursing in a low voice. No one understood Li Yuewen's current state of mind. Ever since she had wounded Claire without meaning to, she had felt endless regret and was drowning with guilt. During the time she had spent with Claire, she had already deeply taken a liking to what appeared to be a vile brat.

"Jean, kill that warrior." Claire said quietly and emotionlessly.

"Don't! Please don't." The four paralyzed people on the ground all had remorseful and begging expressions.

"I hate people like you the most! Shameless, pah!" Summer kicked the magician, who was closest to her, and shouted angrily, "You all act like killing others is fine, completely jolly. Even if someone begs for their life, you definitely won't spare them. But once it's your turn to be killed, you start crying for your mom, begging for forgiveness. Why do we have to

forgive you? You kill as you please, so why can't someone else kill you as they please?"

The four people lying on the ground were suddenly ashen faced, eyes full of despair. The knew that tonight, they were finished.

Jean was expressionless as he pulled out the sword from the warrior's chest with force. He raised it high and with one swing, the warrior's head was chopped off. The blood flew everywhere and the black surface of the water was dyed red. The scene was completely abnormal.

"You bastards!" The thin magician clenched his teeth, his eyes full of animosity. They had never thought that there would actually be a day when they would be defeated and didn't believe that their incomparably strong elder brother's head would be chopped off even more so! But now they were completely bound and unable to move. They had never been in such a dangerous situation!

"You're even lower than bastards." Summer stepped on his face and like Li Yuewen, pressed down hard. She thought to herself, if she had stabbed and wounded Claire, then she wouldn't know what to do.

"Kill them all now. The deity beast is about to come out." Claire frowned, her words a little strained.

"Yes, kill them now. The paralysis effect doesn't last that long." Walter pulled out his own dagger and crouched down. Instead of piercing their vitals, he aimed at their limbs and abdomen. Immediately, blood splattered, creating a thin bloody mist along with low miserable cries. At first they cursed in rage, but their voices slowly turned weak and then slowly turned into voices begging for forgiveness. But Walter remained unmoved. There was wrath and hatred in the depths of his eyes that nobody saw, especially when he was slashing the twins. Walter was even more vicious as he pierced the twos' palms. They low, painful cries continued on unceasingly. The situation was cruel and bloody, but nobody did anything to stop him. Including the Temple of Light's Divine Prince, Leng Lingyun. Leng Lingyun watched everything coldly, without any indications of stopping Walter. They deserved to die. As for how they died,

he didn't care.

Summer already couldn't stand the bloody scene before her. She turned around and crouched down, vomiting. But everyone else watched indifferently, remaining unmoved.

"Alright, Walter. There's no need to waste time." Claire said softly. Walter humphed coldly. Only then did he slit each one of their throats.

Right after he finished, Walter stood up and sighed. He turned, preparing to ask about Claire's condition, but was met with Leng Lingyun's clear, cold eyes.

"You are a Dark magician?" Leng Lingyun's faint and icy voice sounded quietly, carrying an unknown meaning.

Walter became petrified. Behind him, a cold wind blew, a chilling nip in the air. Just then, the situation was urgent and he made his move hastily. Now he remembered that Leng Lingyun was also in their group. The pretty boy was a high ranking person in the Temple of Light, high ranking person... the chance of danger was actually really high. He had already died because of Leng Lingyun; Walter really didn't want to repeat that fiasco again. Most importantly, he didn't have a Spiritual Stone that his soul could attach to this time. Walter slowly took a few steps back, watching Leng Lingyun alertly.

Leng Lingyun didn't say a word. He just calmly stood there, silent as he watched Walter, the cold, clear light in his eyes making Walter shudder. Everyone else also instantly went quiet. They all watched without saying anything. Light and Darkness were forever enemies, as incompatible as water and fire.

The atmosphere was on edge. Everybody was nervous and stiff.

Finally, a voice broke the standoff.

"Yes, he is a Dark magician," Claire said lightly. Although her voice was soft, it was incomparably resolute. "If you want to fight against him, I won't allow you."

Everybody saw the pale faced Claire with different expressions. Walter

didn’t say anything. He only stared straight at the resolute Claire, a warm feeling rising in his heart.

Chapter 106: [No Title]

“I didn’t say that.” Unexpectedly, Leng Lingyun smiled faintly. He said in a relaxed manner, “I was just asking, that’s all.”

Walter froze. He turned to Leng Lingyun whose attitude seemed genuine, becoming suspicious. He gave up just like that? He didn’t want to fight against him?

“My current identity is a member of the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps, healer class.” Leng Lingyun smiled at Claire as he said this. “And you are my commander. That’s all.”

After Leng Lingyun said this, everybody relaxed. Walter sighed in relief. But Claire didn’t say a word. Nobody knew what she was thinking at this moment.

“Then, you are our healer. Shouldn’t you heal me… Your secondary commander?” Camille said icily, his tone a little annoyed. “So the commander’s wound is a wound, but mine isn’t?”

Everybody’s gazes shifted over and they saw Camille’s hand covered in blood. Only then did they remember that just then, Camille had extended his hand blocked the fatal strike. And only he could have such reflexes! If Camille was called the number one assassin, then Li Yuewen would be called the number two assassin. If it wasn’t Camille standing behind Claire and someone else, who knew if Claire would still be alive.

“Haha, I forgot.” Leng Lingyun smiled embarrassedly and hastily walked over, starting to heal Camille. However, Leng Lingyun’s embarrassed smile made everyone feel like they had seen wrong. Since when did the Divine Prince smile like this? In their minds, he always had a fake smile, always had a formal, suffocatingly elegant bearing. But today he had showed this kind of expression. Was he possessed or something?

While Leng Lingyun healed Camille at a side, everybody else glanced at each other. Only then did they come back to their senses and all go to ask about Claire’s condition. White Emperor also worriedly watched Claire while crouching on Li Mingyu’s shoulder.

“I’m fine now,” Claire said faintly. “Go and see if they have anything good on their bodies.”

Jean walked to Li Mingyu and extended his hand. He took Claire away naturally and carried her in his embrace. Everyone else started searching. Strangely, Summer ducked away to the side, pale faced. The bloody mangled corpses looked simply too disgusting.

Walter crouched down, preparing to search, but he saw that the low level earth fairies were still gripping the twins’ corpse’s’ feet tightly.

“Dong Fenghou, you idiot, hurry up and summon back your earth fairies!” Walter furiously turned around cursed at Dong Fenghou who was still crouching at the edge of the marshland and mumbling to himself, “You really are as dumb as a pit. Not doing anything when we need you to and only doing things when we don’t need you to!”

Finally, Dong Fenghou summoned the low level elemental fairy back. Then he stared vacantly into space, like he was wondering what he should do to not be like a pig.

After Leng Lingyun quickly finished healing Camille, he continued to heal, healing Claire. Amidst the brilliant white light, Claire’s wound soon healed, no traces of anything left over. Without the heart being pierced and being treated immediately, Claire really had the best of luck.

“Ahaha, there’s so much,” Walter called out happily, then called out again loudly, “Are these interspatial rings? It can’t be, they have interspatial rings?”

Claire already didn’t have any major problems; she only had a slight headache. She struggled free from Jean’s embrace and walked over to Walter’s side, then said faintly, “Let me see.”

“Oh.” Walter didn’t think much of it as he pulled the ring off the magician’s finger and handed it to Claire.

Claire emotionlessly received it, then pulled out a small dagger. She pricked her finger with it and dropped a drop of blood in the ring. She was still expressionless as she said, “It’s mine now.”

“Holy shit! It really is an interspatial ring!” Seeing Claire’s bold and shameless behavior, Walter got so mad, he started jumping up and down. “Didn’t you just say you were looking? Why did you directly drop your blood and become the owner? Too unfair, too shameless! Who acts like that?” Unless the previous owner renounced ownership, nobody else could be the owner of an interspatial ring unless the owner died. Would the little devil renounce ownership? Only in his dreams! Everyone else also enviously stared at the interspatial ring on Claire’s finger. Claire completely disregarded them.

“Eh, the space isn’t very big, it’s only one cubic meter. But the stuff inside...” Claire ignored Walter’s protest and started checking for what was inside instead. Although the space inside was very small, the interspatial ring was still extremely rare and precious.

Under everybody’s incredulous gazes, Claire pulled out precious items one after another: a ninth grade magic core, five eighth grade magic cores, nine seventh grade magic cores, along with a few enchanted scrolls, a few bottles of potions, a few uncommon ores and rare herbs. They were all extremely valuable.

“We’re rich...” Walter stared wide eyed as Claire pulled out the items and heehee-ed. He inspected one of the potions and after sniffing it, started crying out more exaggeratedly, “Gender changing potion! Holy, I wonder who they were, they actually have something this valuable. Ah, and this! Heavens, this can transform your body, transform your body into, hehe...” Walter laughed vulgarly and stopped talking.

“Transform into what?” Claire grabbed the potion and started inspecting it, but couldn’t tell what was unordinary about it.

“Transform you into someone completely different. It can transform you into a super beauty, make your chest big, waist small, butt big. The way you look now...” Before Walter finished speaking, he was hit flying with a fist and started crying ‘aiya’ mournfully.

Claire withdrew her first and stared skeptically at the bottle in her hand. Internally, she was surprised. Something so magical existed?

Right at this moment, a slender, white hand reached over. Claire looked up and was met with Leng Lingun's violet eyes, so she loosened her grip and Leng Lingyun took it away.

"It really is a beautifying potion," Leng Lingyun said certainly after inspecting it. "I've seen it before. Even if it's an ugly woman, after they drink this potion, they'll become a beauty. But it's related to how they look originally. For example, if an ugly woman drinks it, they will become an ordinary beauty, but if someone who was originally a beauty drinks it, they will transform into a stunning beauty. However, it has a time limit. Drinking a small sip can last for five or six hours. The more you drink, the longer it lasts."

Walter glowered at the pretty boy, not understanding how the pretty boy would know such peculiar knowledge. Didn't people from the Temple of Light pretend to be noble and looked down on things like this the most? But this guy actually said he had seen it before?

"This is a transforming potion, if you drink a small sip, you will transform into your original appearance, it also lasts for only five to six hours and also lasts longer the more you drink." Leng Lingyun continued to inspect the other potions and sighed, "These things are all really valuable, so what are their identities? They actually have interspatial rings and items as precious as these."

Claire put away the potions away and said without change in expression, "Now they're mine."

Everyone felt contempt, however, they were all thinking of Leng Lingyun's words currently. Who exactly were these people?

"I know who they are now." Li Minyu said, his voice low. Currently, he was holding a small badge. The small badge was white and had a very simple design, a lightning bolt. But the lightning bolt was black, sharply contrasting against the white background.

"It's Black Lightning..." Leng Lingyun's expression changed. He frowned, which he rarely did. "That explains why those five's strength was so powerful and they had such precious items."

“Black lightning?” Qiao Chuxin asked while blinking, confused.

“It’s a lightning bolt that’s black, Black Lightning.” Li Mingyu’s expression started to become a bit unsightly. “We have provoked powerful people now.”

“Powerful? Haven’t they already died?” Qiao Chuxin was even more confused. Didn’t the corpses on the ground speak for themselves? How powerful could they be? They had already died, afterall.

“They’re just low level people among Black Lightning.” Li Mingyu pinched the badge and said icily, “After we finish gathering everything, we need to destroy the corpses quickly, not a trace can be left behind.” What? They were all shocked. They were still considered low level? A warrior evenly matched with Jean, a magician who could instacast, an archer who could use magic, and the twin sisters who could control people with shadows, these people were considered low level? These people who had almost defeated them were actually only low level people?!

“Do as he says.” Camille’s expression was actually also solemn right now. A profound sliver flashed in his eyes. They could only tell that Camille also knew the Black Lightning organization.

The always gently smiling Camille actually had on such a solemn expression currently. Everybody understood that this time, the situation was definitely not so simple.

“Dong Fenghou, come over here.” Camille beckoned towards Dong Fenghou who was still pondering over what to do. “Now we can use you.” Dong Feng went “Oh” and immediately realized, scampering over. Everybody was shocked. The young man had proven how stupid beyond words he was once more.

“The egg is about to crack open,” Li Yuewen suddenly called out.

Camille stroked his beautiful chin and smiled as he said, “Then first quickly get rid of the corpses and then see what exactly is inside the egg.”

Dong Fenghou scampered over as Camille beckoned with his finger. After he obediently ran over, Camille gave an order.

“Summon things from another dimension that can eat corpses.” Camille instructed. When everybody heard this, they thought it was good idea: eating everything cleanly, then summon the strange beasts back to their dimension. Who would be able to figure it out then?

Chapter 107: [No Title]

“Ah?” Dong Fenghou was frozen. He just stared blankly at Camille, looking completely confused.

Camille rubbed his temples, somewhat self blaming, then said quietly, “Summon something that can eat meat.”

“Oh.” Dong Fenghou suddenly understood.

Everybody sweat. Dong Fenghou’s inability to understand and communicate were unmatched.

Dong Fenghou chanted a few words while waving his hands. With a quiet rumble, all of a sudden, they could only see purple. Without any warning, a bloody smelling gust of wind blasted at them. Of course, they weren’t people who would willingly wait to be attacked, all nimbly dodging.

Once everybody saw clearly what was going on, they froze. A giant purple flower was shaking back and forth wildly, two roots split open like feet. It had a wide, bloody mouth, the two rows of teeth that glinted scarily. Currently, it was swallowing the corpses one by one, making crunching sounds as it chewed. Pieces of flesh went flying, and you could see organs through the gaps of its teeth. Then the purple flower sucked in deeply, sucking the organs back into its mouth. After it finished eating, it even licked the blood on the ground. Only after it licked everything cleanly did it stop. When the giant had first appeared, its first thought was to eat the living people! After they dodged, it naturally ate the corpses that couldn’t resist. Before they reacted, the purple flower actually ran with loud thuds towards the majestic warrior’s corpse and didn’t sink into the marshland. After it ran to the corpse, it ate the corpse in one gulp. It also swallowed the head that had fallen to the ground in one gulp. More disgustingly, it didn’t leave the blood on the marshland untouched, swallowing both the black, filthy water along with blood cleanly. Camille finally couldn’t bear it, his stomach churning somewhat. This was a different kind of 恶心 than Walter’s attitude when he was killing people! Everybody hadn’t come back

to their senses from the disgusting spectacle. Then there were the sounds of thuds as the purple carnivorous flower started charging towards them!

"Ugh... Dong Fenghou, send it back!" Camille stifled the churning in his stomach as he shouted angrily at Dong Fenghou.

Dong Fenghou went "Oh", then muttered a few words. The carnivorous flower then disappeared before their eyes.

Camille's complexion greened. He told Dong Fenghou to summon something that could eat meat, but he didn't expect that it would be such a strange species. He actually summoned such a disgusting flower! Which dimension did that species come from?

But it wasn't just Camille; everybody's complexion was unsightly. It was the first time they had seen something so disgusting.

"Next time, don't, don't summon something so disgusting." Summer stuttered, turning pale.

"But in any case, it ate everything cleanly. Even the blood was swallowed cleanly," Li Yuewen added.

Claire stopped their meaningless discussion. "Whatever, let's stop talking about it. The egg has started to crack, it's about to come out." She stared at the white egg floating over the marsh.

Sure enough, gradually, there were quiet cracking sounds. The round egg now had a few, thin cracks. The rainbow rays slowly started to diminish while blinding white light shot out from the cracks.

"Chirp chirp..." White Emperor was crouching on Claire's head as of this moment, squinting as he watched the strange phenomenon.

Suddenly, the round egg started rotating swiftly, the cracking sound never ending. The egg shell was breaking open rapidly. The egg broke open completely with the sound of a crash, blinding white light shooting up into the sky, so blinding, they couldn't hear to open their eyes. Everybody unconsciously reached out to block the exceptionally intense light. After a moment, the light gradually dissipated. Only then did they open their eyes and look towards the direction of where the egg had been.

Nothing was there! Only a few egg shell pieces were on the ground. Besides this, there was nothing else!

Where was the deity beast? Where was the deity beast that had attracted so many magic beasts?

It was completely quiet. Everybody looked around expectantly, all looking for anything out of the ordinary, looking for any traces of the deity beast that had just been born, but they found nothing!

Suddenly, the silence was broken.

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor called out from on top of Claire's head. His voice sounded a little unhappy.

Everybody turned to look towards the top of Claire's head and one by one, their mouths dropped open. A black furry creature with tiny little wings was flying silently over Claire's head. It had a round head, a round, furry body, tiny, tiny claws, and a pair of small wings flapping on its back. It stared at White Emperor.

No aura or sound! No wonder nobody sensed its existence.

"What is it?" Everybody frowned as they watched the small creature flying above Claire's head. As Claire turned her head, the little creature also turned, so she couldn't see how it looked like.

"What is it?" Claire asked again.

"Don't know." Everybody shook their heads. "But he's looking at White Emperor."

The moment she heard this, Claire immediately pulled White Emperor off. The small creature also flapped its wings and flew die, glaring at White Emperor. White Emperor also glared at the little creature.

Claire finally saw what the little creature looked like, the round body and the wings on its back that were flying without making any noise. But why was it glaring at White Emperor?

"Chirp chirp!" While everybody was still confused, something strange suddenly happened. White Emperor extended its claw and viciously gave

the small creature a slap.

“Peep peep!” The small creature also became angry, charging at Claire’s bosom, biting White Emperor’s head.

“Chirp chirp!” “Peep peep!” “Chirp chirp!” “Peep peep!”

The two little things started brawling in Claire’s embrace, rolling back and forth.

Everybody went 囧, even Claire’s mouth went 囧.

What kind of situation was this?

Just when Claire was confused, the small creature actually opened its mouth and nipped at Claire’s hand, and a familiar strong, supreme power poured into Claire’s body. Just as it entered for a moment, it was cut off. White Emperor had smacked the head of the other little creature, hitting it flying.

Claire then understood that just then, the small creature was trying to force her into a contract just like White Emperor did! The small, round ball was actually the same kind of mysterious creature as White Emperor! Then was it also able to explode in power periodically like White Emperor, also able to transform into a human form?

“Peep peep!”

“Chirp Chirp!”

The meat ball and the round ball were already fighting on the ground, the two little things brawling into a mess.

Everybody stared, their mouths wide open as they saw this scene, unable to come back to their senses no matter how they tried. What kind of situation was this?

Claire also stared. She then looked at the wound on the back of her hand, and then watched the two extremely tiny things fight. Hurriedly, she crouched down and separated the two little guys. But just as they were separated for a moment, the small round ball pounced on Claire, about to bite her, wanting to initiate a contract again. Of course, it was met with

White Emperor's claw, and then they started fighting again. After Claire separated them a few times, it ended up in that situation again. In the end, Claire finally gave up. She stood up and then leaned on a tree, watching the little two guys scuffle helplessly.

"Claire, what, what's going on?" Summer stuttered out.

"I don't know either." Claire shrugged helplessly. "But one thing's for sure, the two little guys seem to have some kind of enmity."

These words made everybody else feel more incredulous. Just when the small round ball had been born, it seemed to recognize White Emperor and even seemed to have some kind of shared, deep hatred. The two started fighting immediately. How could it be explained?

"Then, then what do we do now?" Camille was also somewhat helpless. On the ground, one small white creature and one small black creature were having a scuffle.

"Let's go." Claire shrugged, leading them away. Everybody was confused. Was it ok to just leave behind White Emperor and the so called deity beast or small creature whose species they didn't really know?

Claire walked without glancing back even once while everybody else was confused as they followed her from behind.

White Emperor and the round ball stopped what they were doing when they saw everybody leaving. One hopped as it chased after Claire while the other flapped its wings.

The two little things quickly raced forward, each taking over one of Claire's shoulders. They glared at each other, both looking like they were itching to get it on, about to fight at any time.

"This is a deity beast?" Summer frowned and humphed.

Everybody ignored her, but the meaning in their eyes was clearly no.

Only Claire knew that the black, little round ball was definitely not simple!

After the group returned to the camp and Summer saw the situation, she

was so angry, she started kicking things. Even when they had been fighting so intensely, they never saw the uneducated black dragon. It turns out, he had actually plugged his ears and was sleeping!

Summer dashed over and started shouting. “You uncivilized dragon!” She grabbed Ben’s shoulders and started shaking him awake with courage even she didn’t know she had.

“Ah? Ah? What is it?” Ben’s voice was like thunder as he asked in a loud voice while opening his eyes.

Summer pulled out the things Ben had used to plug his ears and snarled at him, “You actually just slept here. Do you know that just then, we almost died? Claire also got injured seriously and almost died.”

“What?” Ben gave a start. He turned to Claire in shock, but then calmed down. “Isn’t she fine?”

“That’s because we had a healer, Leng Lingyun, there.” Summer was even more angry when she saw Ben’s attitude.

Claire stopped Summer from continuing her rampage. She sat down and said quietly, “Alright, Summer, we already had the agreement that he couldn’t do anything lightly. Although just then it was very dangerous, everybody is fine right now.”

“Oh? Claire, where did that little black ball on your shoulder come from? One black, one white, how amusing.” Ben asked curiously, suddenly noticing the two lil’ things on Claire’s shoulder.

“Just picked it up somewhere,” Claire said casually.

“Peep peep!” The black ball waved its little claws, seeming like it was very unsatisfied with the way Claire spoke. Just when the black ball called out, White Emperor chirped threateningly, waving its own claws, like he was giving a warning.

Chapter 108: [No Title]

“Claire, how do you feel now?” Leng Lingyun asked quietly after sitting down.

“There’s already no major issues, I just have a bit of a headache,” Claire replied.

“It’s because you had too much blood loss earlier. If you allow it to heal, there will be no problem. But traveling further into the mountains is not suitable for your body. Your body cannot heal in this kind of environment.” Naturally, Leng Lingyun knew how strong his treatment was.

“Yeah, thank you for saving me again.” Claire had a slight smile on her face.

Before Leng Lingyun spoke, Camille stepped in, narrowing his eyes in an unsatisfied manner. “You seem to be thanking him, but shouldn’t you thank me first?”

“Haha, yes, thank you, esteemed secondary commander. In this group only you such quick reflexes,only you have such quick hands.” Claire smiled slightly while complementing Camille. Camille was in a state of bliss, happily smiling through closed eyes.

Meanwhile, there was only one person whose face had paled. And that was Li Yuewen. Listening to others, her face had turned to a more uncomfortable color.

“Oh right, Elder Li Yuewen, you still haven’t paid the price for hurting me yet,” Claire suddenly said in a heavy tone.

Li Yuewen froze, her expression changing a little. She looked back, trembling, at the serious-faced Claire. Her heart wouldn’t calm down.

However, Li Mingyu had a calm demeanor. He knew that Claire wouldn’t really blame Li Yuewen.

Li Yuewen head drooped as she said softly said in a low voice, “Yes, it’s all my fault. My mistake harmed you……”

“Yeah, you almost stabbed me to death. If it weren’t for Camille and Leng Lingyun, I would have died.” Claire’s voice was very cold.

Li Yuewen bit her lip very hard, biting so hard, it nearly bled.

“So you have to pay the price.” Claire’s tone suddenly took a turn. She said steadfastly, “I lost too much blood, my head is dizzy, you have to take care of me. Right now, I am still weak, so I cannot continue practicing. Let’s go back now and after being fully rested, then I can go to your family’s training ground to train. Also, don’t pull any pranks in the middle of the night, let me have a nice sleep. My eye-bags are getting heavier.”

And so, Claire’s words came in a long and windy stream. Li Yuewen looked up, gaping at Claire. This was her payment?!

“What? You think I’m too harsh?” Claire frowned at Li Yuewen as she asked Li Yuewen.

“No, not at all.” Li Yuewen shook her head wildly like a string drum. “Okay, okay, then tomorrow, let’s return to our country. We’ll slow down our pace, and I’ll take care of you throughout the trip and stop pulling pranks on you in the middle of the night.”

“Heehee, you said so, so don’t come in the night. I haven’t slept properly recently at all.” Claire yawned as she confirmed, satisfied.

“You think I’ll go back on my word?” Li Yuewen raised her brow let out a humph while asking.

“No, no, haha, I am starving. After I eat something, I’m going to go sleep.” Claire shook her head in a satisfied manner.

After she finished eating a few things, Claire went straight to the tent to sleep, disregarding everyone else. One black round ball and one white meat ball also followed her in, but the two little things both didn’t sleep. They both crouched in front of Claire, starting at each other with wide eyes, not blinking. One wanted to bite Claire and set a contract while the other would not let them, so naturally, this deadlock arose.

Early morning, sunshine glittering, dew drops still twinkling on tree leaves. All the magic beasts had been long gone. There were no traces of a

fierce battle at all.

With clear and refreshing autumn weather, a cozy, little carriage slowly left a small town. It was the town's best carriage which Jean bought at a high price. Qiao Chuxin rode the wind leopard forward at a slow pace. Everybody else walked on foot, following the carriage sluggishly. Claire had already changed back into female clothing and leaned snuggly into the backseat while Jean led the carriage forward. Only Claire was enjoying the carriage. One, because the carriage could only seat two people and no matter who got on, it didn't seem right. Two, Claire was enjoying it with no qualms, relaxing satisfyingly.

It seemed like the young miss of a rich family traveling while a few mercenaries were hired for her protection.

The journey was naturally very smooth. No robbers would blindly attack them. There was obviously a seventh grade magic beast and cold couchman actually a sword strapped to his body. Who would attack this kind of line up?

And like so, they traveled for three days, arriving at the closest city, Fenghua city. This city was flourishing but also chaotic because it was the closest major city near Wandering Mountain. Many adventurers would come here and sell their gains from adventuring in Wandering Mountain: ores, magic cores, young magic beasts, valuable herbs.... So the city was exceptionally bustling. However, the people who came here to sell their goods were all unordinary people. They were all people who had come out of Wandering Mountain alive, so naturally, they were all not simple. If there was a conflict of any sort, there was no way it could be resolved with a little chit chatting. The busiest place in the city was the public order office. Often, they would be running around until their legs gave out. Therefore, how prosperous and how chaotic the city was was directly proportional.

Also, this city didn't require an entrance fee. Instead, there was a fee for leaving the city.

And like so, Claire's group entered the city easily. The city was bustling

with noise, all sorts of shops on the street: magic cores were sold, weapons, clothes... every chop had customers. There were many different people on the street. There were the local residents but also adventurers covered in dust. The city was built with layers of large rocks, including the city wall, houses, and the pavement on the street.

Claire laid down inside the carriage, her eyes half closed, satisfied. Soon, their party would arrive at a clean inn in the city.

"Miss, we've arrived." Jean stepped off, opened the door for Claire, and extended his hand.

Claire naturally supported herself off the carriage with Jean's hand.

"Wow, today we can finally wash a hot shower!" Summer approached Claire happily and said while clasping Claire's hand.

"Mmhm, last time we ended up not washing, but this time you will," Claire said to Summer, smiling.

"Hehe, hurry, hurry." Summer pulled Claire's hand, dragging her to the inn's entrance. Everybody else followed closely from behind.

Just as they arrived at the entrance, an unknown object flew out the inn's door. The object rolled around on the floor. After rolling around a few times, they arrived at Claire and Summer's feet.

Claire and Summer looked down to see that surprisingly, it was a person who had rolled to their feet.

"F*ck! You group of thugs! You actually treat your leader like this!" The person on the ground cursed as he gathered himself up. Looking up, he faced Claire and Summer. After he froze for a second, a smile appeared. He laughed, "Beautiful Miss, it's you."

"Who are you?" Summer asked as she frowned with annoyance seeing the burly man smile mischievously. Such a scoundrel was actually hitting on Claire.

"Are you Miss's friend? I am Jackson, the leader of the seventeenth squad of the Iron Blood mercenary corps and also miss Claire's friend."

The burly man called Jackson was surprisingly someone Claire and Jean had met long ago at Gale Gorge. He still remembered Claire clearly.

"Really?" Summer looked at the frivolous burly man doubtfully. This kind of guy was Claire's friend? Perhaps it was his own wishful thinking.

"That's right, that's right. Haha, Miss Claire, how have you been?" Jackson said to Claire while smiling. Claire nodded slightly.

"Fine. We're tired now," Claire said faintly. Right after Claire finished speaking, she went directly past the burly man with Summer through the door.

Jackson scratched his head, smiling awkwardly. Suddenly, he spotted Jean. He immediately approached him, laughing heartily. "Brother Jean, you're here too, haha, what a coincident. We actually bumped into each other here."

"Yes," Jean said stiffly, not wasting any breath.

"Haha, where are you going?" Jackson asked. He followed Jean from the side, curiousy watching the large group of people behind him. They passed to two, following Claire in the door.

"To Lagark." Jean didn't want to reveal too much, so he only spoke tersely.

"Ah? Really? Wonderful, we're also planning on going to Lagark, why don't we go together? We have plenty of time so we can wait for you and go together. It's best to look after each other." Jackson smiled widely.

"Why are you going to Lagark?" Jean said casually. Whether or not they would go together would depend on Claire.

"To send a few things to the Feng clan's chamber of commerce." Jackson said with his mouth drawn back. "The Feng clan's chamber of commerce. You know, the wealthy family that everybody is jealous of."

The Feng clan? Feng Yixuan's clan?

"Oh. So it's like that." Jean replied softly.

"Then when will you all depart? Let's go together." Jackson asked while

following Jean in the door.

"About that, I'll have to ask my commander and secondary commander," Jean replied carefully.

Jackson immediately became curious and he asked, "Commander? Secondary commander? You guys became a mercenary group? What kind?"

"Yuan Bao mercenary corps." Jean, having a favorable impression of Jackson, replied patiently.

"Hehe, congrats, you guys are now a mercenary group." Jackson congratulated them.

"Thank you." Jean replied softly.

"Brother Jean, this meeting is such a good opportunity, let's got and drink something." Jackson elbowed Jean with a very relaxed voice.

"No need," Jean declined politely.

"Haha, you are too polite. You guys just came, eat and rest first." Jackson smiled.

"Yes." Jean nodded.

The lobby of the hotel had tens of tables with a few people sitting small groups. When Yaks and Jean came in together, the table in the corner had people yelling and laughing out loud. They were the mercenaries under Jackson and also the ones who had thrown Jackson out.

"Miss, Secondary Commander, they invited us to go on the journey with them tomorrow, how will we reply?" Jean walked over while questioning Claire and Camille.

Chapter 109: [No Title]

“Our secondary commander can decide,” Claire replied, looking completely exhausted. It was simply too uncomfortable to sleep in the carriage. Strangely, she felt even more tired. She longed for a hot shower.

“Then tell them we’ll go together tomorrow,” Camille said quietly.

Even after Claire’s group went upstairs, Jackson was still staring at Claire’s figure from behind.

“Perverted wolf, come back already.”

“You ruffian, what are you looking at?”

“Your eyes are about to fall out.”

The ruckus in the corner were Jackson’s underlings.

“F*ck, you group of animals, I still haven’t gotten back at you guys yet.” Jackson shouted as he ran over and then grabbed one of their necks tightly.

“Commander, why does that golden haired green eyed girl look so familiar? I feel like we’ve seen her before. She was a bit far, I didn’t see clearly,” one of the young magicians asked.

“It was the beautiful miss we met at Gale Gorge.” Jack smiled. “I never expected to bump into them here. They even became a mercenary group.”

“Which mercenary group?” someone nearby asked casually.

“Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps.” Jackson smiled as he spoke, but then his smile froze. Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps?! They were actually the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps? The newly created, powerful mercenary group?

A few people at the table were also frozen, all staring at their commander with wide eyes.

“Yuan.. Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps?” Jackson’s mouth twitched, squeezing out these words. It would be considered normal for a commoner in a distant areas to not recognize this name, but it had already spread within the mercenary world. Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps, a strangely

named small mercenary group that had never taken on a mission before suddenly exploded within one night in the mercenary world. With the strength of a few people, they drove away sea beasts, averting the crisis of Placid Waters being flooded. And then right after that, they eradicated the notorious Red Skull pirates with one attack. The problem the imperial army was powerless again, the headache for mercenaries, the Red Skull pirates, was actually eradicated. Although later on it was said that the captain escaped successfully, there was absolutely no way he could revive to such a level ever again. What Jackson never expected was, the Yuan Bao Mercenary Corps was Claire's group?

"Sir, I think you shouldn't even think about it. Careful that they might pierce you through with holes like a honeycomb. Also, with this bear-like body of yours and your old age, tsk tsk... she's a petite little girl, after all," a nearby group member said, eliciting nods of agreement. Seeing this, Jackson became angry. The lounge became louder than before.

At night, Claire held her breath as she drank the blood-enriching medicinal drug Li Yuewen had been pestering her to drink recently, about to go to sleep.

Only after Li Yuewen left Claire's room and her room was fully shut off did Claire calmly look down towards her right hand. She was still wearing the glove that Feng Yixuan had given her. Claire slowly stroked the glove, envisioning the resolute expression Feng Yixuan had before leaving. He wanted to become strong, but what about her? She slowly took off the glove and stared at the Dark mark. She stiffened. The mark had darkened significantly.

"Peep peep!" the round ball crouching on Claire's left should cried out seeing the mark and then started flying. He landed on the back of Claire's hand.

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor jumped down, kicking away the black ball.

Another battle ensued.....

"Old Ma, Old ma..." Suddenly, Golden Lotus's voice appeared.

“Golden Lotus?” Claire was confused. Golden Lotus hadn’t appeared in a while, so why was Golden Lotus speaking up today?

“I just work up from my long slumber. What exactly is that black ball? It feels really similar to White Emperor with potent hidden power but unable to release it at will. It also feels like this isn’t his true appearance. It’s intellect could also be classified as immature.” Golden Lotus yawned.

“Sleeping? You had been sleeping this whole time?” Claire watched the two little guys tumble around as they battled with interest.

“I need to cultivate too. I needed to digest the heavenly lightning that I swallowed to convert it into power,” Golden Lotus replied self-righteously.

Only then did Claire suddenly realize it. No wonder Golden Lotus didn’t appear when Li Yuewen was trying to kill her; he was asleep.

Claire slipped the glove on and brought out the Treasured Lotus Style grimoire*. She thought back to Li Mingyu’s words: the monstrous group of five were actually considered low level members of an organization! How strong was the Black Lightning organization? How vast was this continent? And how many of the strong cared to make their existences known? Claire squinted at the Treasured Lotus Style grimoire. She understood deeply that she had to become powerful as fast as possible.

**TL: using the word grimoire now, it sounds so much better than book, can’t believe I never thought of it before

“Golden Lotus,” Claire called out.

“Huh?” Golden Lotus said questioningly.

“Why can’t I sense the Earth element like last time nor order them?” Claire finally asked this question that had been constantly in the back of her mind. She had never been able to sense the earth element ever since she battled Alice’s elder cousin.

“Last time I was helping you. Old Ma, don’t fret. The first nine levels of the Treasured Lotus Style can only increase the might of your flames. You haven’t seen anything yet. You will understand the vastness of the Treasured Lotus Style after you comprehend the last levels,” Golden Lotus

said mysteriously.

Claire did not question anything, understanding that she wouldn't be able to get anything out of Golden Lotus if he was purposefully baiting her like this. What an arrogant child. Claire couldn't understand how she was the one who "gave birth" to him. How was she similar to her? Claire opened the grimoire and infused Lotus power into the pages, starting to practice the fourth level of the Treasured Lotus Style. Claire truly wanted to learn to the seventh level in one go, however, there was heavenly lightning. The Lotus power traveled through her body energetically. She smoothly arrived to the highest point of the third level, stopping just from reaching the fourth because of heavenly lightning.

"Old Ma, let's go out of the city. Might as well cultivate to the seventh level all at once. Fortunately, I've already absorbed all of the heavenly lightning from last time," Golden Lotus chuckled. "Don't worry, just focus on breaking through. Leave the rest to me. I won't let you get hurt at all. The amount of magic and Dou Qi you have right now is more than enough to help you learn to the seventh level. Then you'll understand how profound the Treasured Lotus Style is."

Claire thought about it. "Yes." Even though she was feeling a little tired and unwell, there weren't any major obstructions. Becoming strong as fast as possible was her greatest desire. Claire rose. The meat ball and round ball who had been wrestling with each other immediately stopped and lept onto Claire's shoulders.

Claire went to Jean's room and knocked on the door. Jean opened it with surprise, not understanding what Claire came to see him for.

"I'm going out of the city. Do you remember how when we battled with the golden dragon and after I ascended in power there was lightning? I'm going to break through again. Guard me," Claire said plainly.

Jean was frozen, but internally, he was filled with indescribable joy.

Claire came to ask him to protect her!

"Yes ma'am." Jean said concisely, and nodded. He immediately prepared to leave with Claire.

Cold wind blew outside the city. Claire and Jean both rode the wind leopard, bounding out of the city. The wind lifted Claire's long hair, and a sweet scent drifted into Jean's nose. Jean rigidly watched Claire before him, falling into a daze.

The wind leopard casted Wind magic on its feet, dashing out quickly. A bright, full moon hung in the sky, occasional bird calls sounding in the distance.

When they arrived at a desolate area, Claire glanced around. Right ahead was a precipice and the area was empty. Claire looked up towards the bright moon.

"This place will do." Claire dismounted. She was very satisfied with the surrounding terrain. The precipice was surrounded by an endless abyss, deathly dark. Nobody would be able to come up from there, so Jean wouldn't need to cover as much ground.

"I'll guard over there. I won't let anyone close," Jean said quietly. Promptly, he turned back towards the area leading to the precipice. His low voice was filled with resolution and determination. The wind leopard lapped its tongue, preparing to leave.

"You two should also go." Claire tossed the two little guys on her shoulder towards the wind leopard. The two landed on the wind leopard's back stably. Then the wind leopard left with Jean.

"Old Ma, now it's up to you. You just need to break through. Give me a feast, haha," Golden Lotus urged impatiently.

In truth, Claire longed to break through even farther than that. How mysterious was the Treasured Lotus Style? What kind of surprise would it give her?

Claire stood serenely on the high precipice. A cold wind blew, lifting up her golden hair, her sleeves rippling in the breeze. She looked ahead calmly. Slowly, she sat down in the lotus position and started to use Lotus power. She broke through into the fourth level immediately!

The cloudless, refreshing night sky instantly changed. Dark clouds

surged from all directions, lightning flashing from within as they speedily amassed overhead more and more. The moon was immediately covered by dark clouds, the surrounds now all dusky. Meanwhile, the moon shone still everywhere else.

Seeing the strange scene from far away, Jean's expression was somewhat complex. What was Claire training in? Why would it instigate such a strange scene?

At this moment, lying on a bed far away, Leng Lingyun suddenly opened his eyes. He swiftly made his way to the window and saw the black clouds assembling in a direction outside of the city. There was even lightning flashing within them. This strange scene compared to what he had seen when he had just arrived back at the capital was exactly the same! Then……

Leng Lingyun immediately went to knock on Claire's door. But there was no response.

"Claire? Claire?!" Leng Lingyun called out in a low voice as he knocked the door. But again, there was no response.

As expected! The strange scene in the sky was caused by Claire. Claire wasn't inside. Leng Lingyun frowned. He thought about it for a while and then turned around, preparing to leave, but was faced by Li Yuewen, Li Mingyu, and Camille, all with their doors open and looking towards him.

Chapter 110: [No Title]

"What is it?" Camille asked.

"Claire isn't inside her room. She's outside the city." Leng Lingyun frowned, his expression dark because although Claire's body seemed fine, in reality, it still hadn't fully healed yet. There had been too much blood loss at the time.

"What? That brat left at such a late time? Where did she go?" Li Yuewen cursed out angrily. "That brat, does she understand the state of her body?"

"I'll go find her." Leng Lingyun left, flying out the window.

Li Yuewen and Li Mingyun froze. It was the first time they had seen Leng Lingyun fly. Was it the Wind element? No, Leng Lingyun only used Light magic. How was he able to fly?

"It's an ancient technique. You Li siblings also hold an ancient name. You should have your own techniques too," Walter said quietly, seeing Leng Lingyun's open window. He had also appeared, unbeknownst to anyone. Leng Lingyun's figure disappeared into the distance. Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu suddenly understood with Walter's explanation.

(TL: arcanum -> technique)

"We should give chase and go see too." Naturally, Li Yuewen was very worried for Claire. She immediately dashed into Leng Lingyun's room and nimbly descended down out the window, landing on roofs as lithely as a swan as she followed Leng Lingyun in pursuit, her gaze following into the far distance.

Li Mingyu also lept out the window without another word, following in pursuit. Camille stroked his bangs. With a helpless sigh, he also lept out the window. That brat kept on making trouble for others.

Walter was rooted in place. He grumbled as he watched the few people disappear, a bit angry. They were rather quick to directly chase without another care. What about him? He could only follow with his two thin, weak legs. That evil little devil, not even letting them have a good night's

rest! But just when Walter was about to angrily go downstairs to follow, he suddenly remembered there were a few other people in the inn, so he knocked on Summer's door. After a brief explanation, they dashed downstairs.

During this time, Claire was sitting in lotus position on the precipice, her body glowing a faint golden hue. Currently, Golden Lotus was slowly taking shape, gradually wrapping around Claire. Claire's beautiful face was also covered by a faint layer of golden light, looking incomparably holy.

The giant golden lotus petals gradually enclosed Claire tightly. Claire closed her eyes, entering an indescribably empty state of existence. A warm feeling flowed through her body, spreading through every limb and bone. It was incomparably comfortable.

Meanwhile, dense, dark clouds hung overhead, thunder rumbling threateningly. Jean gripped the sword at his waist, watching the precipice tensely. His heart was already very tight. Although he had already known that this would happen, facing this situation would still make one's heart tremble. He was even more worried for Claire who would be facing the lightning.

"Rumble!"

"Rumble!"

"Rumble!"

Three incomparably large lightning bolts struck down in succession, no pauses in between. The pure white lightning lit up the surroundings, ripping apart the dusky night, looking like a malevolent face.

As Jean watched the three berserk lightning bolts strike in a daze, his heart almost stopped. The lightning had struck Claire's golden lotus so furiously. Would Claire be okay? Would Claire be alright? Jean's fist was already clenched tightly. He stared fixedly at the dazzling bright golden lotus, resisting his urge to charge over.

But just when Jean almost couldn't handle it any more, the golden lotus

opened gradually. Claire's calm face appeared from within. She slowly opened her eyes, her gaze crystal clear.

"Cla-..." Jean called out softly.

(TL: Sorry to ruin the mood, but are there any good synonyms for slowly? The author keeps on trying to make it dramatic by making everything like kdrama slo-mo, but "gradually" and "slowly" can only go so far. Any suggestions?)

Claire slowly turned to Jean and nodded, indicating for him not to worry. Only after seeing this did Jean calm down.

Claire frowned slightly. The painful burning on her back told her another petal was unfurling!

"Old Ma, quick, quick, continue. This amount of lightning isn't even enough to chew," Golden Lotus urged Claire.

Claire suddenly frowned once more, feeling something had changed. With a slight wave of her finger, a small mass of flames appeared at her fingertip. It was actually white! Claire was shocked. White flame, different the golden flame from before. What kind of flame was this? With another flick of the finger, a mass of golden flame appeared. Claire stared at the two different colored flames, a bit at a loss for words.

"Old Ma, stop playing, first finish up with your breakthroughs, test out changes after breaking through. It's even more interesting later on," Golden Lotus urged impatiently.

Claire extinguished the flame. She took out the Treasured Lotus Style book and infused Lotus power while reading speedily.

"How is it, Old Ma. It goes so smoothly, huh? Haha. Magic and Dou Qi can help you reach the seventh level of the Treasured Lotus Style. The farther you go, the more you'll realize that the Treasured Lotus Style is the most important. Magic and Dou Qi is useless," Golden Lotus bragged arrogantly.

Claire put away the book, concentrating as she closed her eyes and started to use Lotus power once more.

“Old Ma, hurry up, haha, quickly. Get to the seventh level in one go,” Golden Lotus cried out excitedly.

Claire still had her eyes closed, concentrating as she infused the Lotus power throughout her entire body, applying as it had been recorded in the book. Just as Golden Lotus said, there were no obstructions. She finished exceptionally smoothly.

While Jean watched in shock, Claire’s entire body started glowing a golden hue once more and the giant golden lotus slowly encircled Claire within. The thunderclouds that had just started to disperse gathered quickly once more but there were still more clouds from even farther away flying over. The thunder was even more clear. Every time lightning flashed, the surroundings would instantly turn pure white, making one extremely uncomfortable.

The loud thunder sounded again. The crazy lightning bolted towards Claire inside the golden lotus as if mad. This time, there was one more lightning bolt. Exactly four giant lightning bolt brimming with berserk energy struck, each strike more frantic than the last, each strike sooner than the last. But once they struck the golden lotus, they would silently disperse without any resistance. But Jean frowned and stared steadfastly at the giant golden lotus, extremely worried. Was this going to continue? How many more lightning bolts? Would the golden lotus still be able to support it?

Suddenly, there was a quiet sound from behind in the far distance. Jean gripped his sword and turned around abruptly, but then he saw it was Leng Lingyun dashing forward. Leng Lingyun stopped beside Jean and quietly looked towards Claire, whose entire body was faintly glowing golden. He knew that the strange situation before him was caused by Claire. Soon, Li Yuewen, who had been close behind, rushed to the scene look extremely worried. Not far behind was Li Mingyu and Camille.

“Jean, what’s going on? What did that brat do?” Li Yuewen asked worriedly, about to run to Claire’s side.

Clang!

It was the clear sound of sword clashing. A sword blocking Li Yuewen's path.

"Jean? What are you doing?" Li Yuewen turned and was faced with Jean's handsome yet icy cold face.

"Until Miss has finished, nobody can come close, including you." Jean's voice was ice cold, lacking any warmth of feeling. He blocked Li Yuewen's way without any intention of moving aside.

"Humph! You think you can block me?" Li Yuewen's expression had also hardened, about to attack. Before Leng Lingyun even opened his mouth to speak, another voice stopped Li Yuewen.

"Yuewen! Stop!" At this moment, Li Mingyu, who had been chasing from behind, immediately called out to stop Li Yuewen.

"Elder brother, this guy actually dares to block me!" Li Yuewen said furiously.

"If you go now, not only will you be in danger, perhaps Claire will be in danger as well." Li Mingyu said in a low voice, his expression serious as he watched the golden lotus slowly open to reveal Claire.

Li Yuewen froze for a moment, then frowned as she looked towards Claire with her shocked and worried gaze.

What was that giant golden lotus? And what was the golden hue around Claire all about? Also, how could the lightning and thunderclouds be explained?

In spite of the burning sensation on her back, Claire quickly infused Lotus power into the Treasured Lotus Style book and speed through the pages. After she broke through the fifth level, Claire could clearly feel another different sensation in her body, but it wasn't the right time to deal with it. She had to ascend to the seventh level before people gathered!

"Old Ma, haha, I feel so good, it tastes so good, continue, continue," Golden Lotus called out gleefully. "Quick, let me eat enough. I'll cultivate afterwards."

“Will Claire be alright?” Li Yuewen looked up with worry at the strange scene in the sky, her heart already tight.

Li Mingyu frowned as he watched the giant golden lotus wrap around Claire. “This is an ancient technique,” he said in a low voice. That was all he could surmise with his current knowledge. After all, it wasn’t magic or Dou Qi, so it could only be explained with an ancient technique.

“How would Claire have an ancient technique?” Li Yuewen was even more confused.

Li Mingyu turned to look at Camille. Camille shrugged. “Don’t ask me, I don’t know.”

At this time, the sky was becoming more and more dark. A few people looked up towards the sky and were frozen with fear at the shocking, abnormal scene in the sky. The thunder rumbled incessantly, like a marching drum. The thunder and lightning rolled within the clouds. The scene of pure bright white on one side and dark nothingness on the other was a bizarre side to behold.

Li Yuewen watched the giant golden lotus anxiously, resisting the impulse to dash over. And there was no way anyone else was not worried.

With Golden Lotus’s urging, Claire broke through with all her might. Fourth layer, fifth layer, sixth layer, all the way to the seventh layer. Meanwhile, the lightning bolts that had started with three strikes became six strikes in the end! And the lightning bolts had become more powerful with each strike. Jean and company’s hearts had tightened and tightened.

But once the last six lightning bolts struck, the dark clouds dispersed immediately, not gathering as they had before, disappearing out of sight. They understood that it was finally over.

Chapter 111: [No Title]

The giant golden lotus was currently opening. Golden Lotus's excited voice sounded in Claire's mind. "Old Ma, I'm full now, I'm going to go cultivate now. With your current strength, if you meet any experts, at the very least, you'll still be able to escape unscathed. I'm going to be gone now." Before Claire responded, Golden Lotus disappeared in the blink of an eye. There was no response no matter how much Claire called.

The faint golden hue gradually disappeared. Claire slowly stood up slowly and looked into the distance. She felt the burning sensation of another flower petal. Power, an indescribably large power flowed through her entire body. She silently clenched her fist. There would definitely be a day when she could remove the Dark mark! She definitely wasn't the type of person who would wait to be slaughtered. God of Darkness! Just wait, not only will you remove this shameful mark, I will return the humiliation and disgrace two-fold!

"Claire!" Li Yuewen called out and ran over. Her clenched heart finally calmed down.

Claire slowly turned around. Seeing the group of people behind her, she suddenly smiled a strange, faint smile. Under everybody's alarmed gaze, Claire extended two arms, smiling as she fell backwards.

But behind Claire was a bottomless abyss!

"Claire!"

Multiple alarmed voices rang out at the same time. Everybody moved instantly. What was Claire doing? Was she crazy? Suicide? Their hearts beating crazily, they charged madly to the edge of the precipice.

Leng Lingyun had already thrown himself over, preparing to fly off the cliff to save Claire.

But just when they reached the edge, boiling hot aura blew at them, making their entire body stiffen.

Whoosh....

There was the quiet sound of air flow. Golden light, dazzling.

Claire flew up slowly, smiling sweetly. She just floated gently.

Everybody stood rooted in place, eyes wide as they stared at such a scene.

Behind Claire was a pair of golden flames!

Molded flames?!

The golden light shined on their faces. Their eyes were affixed to the beautiful scene, all dumbstruck and at a loss for words. It was the first time they had seen such a technique! Flames could actually be molded into wings! And Claire's clothes were still perfectly intact. The wings hadn't damaged her clothes at all.

Claire flapped her wings and slowly flew upwards. She looked down towards them, a faint smile appeared on her face. "Sorry, I have worried you all."

"You, you brat!" Li Yuewen came back to her senses. She angrily berated Claire. "You came here to mess around instead of sleeping? Don't you know your body still hasn't fully healed yet?"

"I'm sorry to have worried you." Claire smiled and was about to fly down when she spotted a white figure approaching. Leng Lingyun also sensed it and turned around and saw the quickly approaching white figure. It was a human and their power was rather strong!

The people on foot also followed the two's gazes and saw the white figure speedily approaching. It was probably an expert attracted by the strange anomaly.

"Let's go, more people will come soon. We'll talk more after getting back," Leng Lingyun said quietly.

"Yes." Claire nodded. This place, Feng Hua city, was a hidden den of talents. Individuals who could traverse into Wandering Mountain were no ordinary people. Soon, there would be many people rushing over.

But when they were in the middle of conversing, someone had already

come. It was a stern middle aged man draped in a long, moon-white robe, a golden belt around his waist. They felt an indescribable pressure emanate from him. He was staring at the flame wings behind Claire.

Claire and Leng Lingyun slowly descended and Claire dispersed the flame wings.

"Let's go," Claire said to everyone else.

"Wait. Little lass, did you see who caused the strange scene in the sky?" the stern middle aged man asked. In his heart, the middle aged man didn't think that it had been caused by any of the people before him. With the lightning from a few minutes ago, whoever was bearing it must have been injured whereas the people before him were perfectly fine. Clearly, they must have been attracted to the scene like he was and were just fortunate enough to be near at the right time so they were able to get here earlier than him.

"We didn't see. When we got here, there was already nobody around," Claire shook her head slightly, calm. They were just about to leave, but the middle aged man wasn't willing to let them go just yet.

"Wait, little lass."

"What is it?" Claire asked faintly.

"Are you from an ancient clan?" the middle aged man asked. His question was reasonable because of Claire's flame wings. They were definitely not magic nor Dou Qi.

Claire shook her head; she didn't plan on getting involved with the middle aged man. She turned around, about to leave.

But the middle aged man quickly stopped Claire.

"Wait!"

"What else is it?" Claire frowned, a little annoyed.

"Do you know of a hidden sect on this continent?" When the middle aged man said this, a proud expression surfaced.

Claire stopped for a moment, shook her head, then looked towards

Camille.

"Hidden Sect*, a formidable secret sect, a powerful force towering at the peak of the continent. All disciples of this sect are unordinary, all people of ancient clans with their own ancient techniques. Hidden Sect has over a thousand ancient techniques. Many people wish to join and find an ancient technique suitable for them. After all, Dou Qi and magic has its limits but there are countless variations of ancient techniques. Also, once you join you must follow the regulation of not interfering with the outside world." Camille's words made them apprehensive because Camille never exaggerated. Since he had already described the secret sect this way, it could only be imagined how powerful it was.

*TL: gah there's no way to tell when they are referencing A hidden sect or THE hidden sect, I asked my native Chinese friends but still, nope

Leng Lingyun's expression also shifted slightly. He knew a little about them. Even the pope avoided the subject, but because the Hidden Sect paid no attention to the outside world, the pope never worried that it would become a threat to the Temple of Light. But just because the Hidden Sect didn't pay attention to the outside world didn't mean they weren't capable. Rather, on the contrary, the Hidden Sect could decimate a country if they wanted to, and quite easily at that.

"Not bad, you actually know about our secret sect." The middle aged man smiled proudly, then said to Claire, "I am Elder Huo* Xiyu of the Hidden Sect. Today, I was impressed by you, little lass, and I felt you were worthy. Are you willing to join our Hidden Sect and become my direct disciple?"

*Elder means a high position in the sect b/c filial piety Chinese culture, and Huo means fire (TINY SPOILER: he specializes in fire)

Becoming the direct disciple of an Elder of the Hidden Sect was definitely an opportunity many people would yearn for. Becoming part of the Hidden Sect would mean having an extra shield. Not even the temple of light would be able to harm the shield. It would mean walking the path (*dao) of the strong.

But Claire refused without any hesitation. “No. Thank you for your kind intentions. We are currently engaged in business and we’ll be taking our leave.”

Huo Xiyu’s expression changed. It was the first time he had offered to take on a disciple. Never did he think that this would be the result. The young girl had actually refused!

“Understand that by joining the Hidden Sect, your prospects will be limitless,” Huo Xiyu started to explain, holding back his temper. He felt that perhaps, the little lass didn’t understand how formidable the Hidden Sect was.

“I’m not interested,” Claire once again refused coldly. She did not wish to be bound by shackles, and she already had a master. Not interfere with the outside world? There was no way she could ignore the Hill family, her warm mother and headstrong yet likable Lashia. She had been been craving to join Claire on her journey but in the end, stayed behind to protect Mother.

Huo Xiyu finally could not control his temper.

“Ignorant fool, do you know how many people want to join the Hidden Sect but are unable to join? Even though you are not from an ancient clan, I was going to make an exception and accept you as my disciple, but you foolishly refused!” Huo Xiyu was finally angered. To his understanding, making an exception and accepting a someone who was not from an ancient clan was already a earth shattering favor. But this girl before him actually dared to refuse such kindness!

Hearing this, Claire frowned and retorted, “There must be mutual agreement for a master-disciple relationship. So what if I’m unwilling? Besides, I already have a master.”

But Huo Xiyu didn’t care. Instead, he flew up, reaching out with the intentions of grabbing Claire unreasonably.

“Your talents will grow best under my teachings. Come with me right now.”

Clang!

Jean stopped him with his sword and brandished it towards Huo Xiyu, but a terrifying power suddenly exploded. Huo Xiyu was scowled and immediately waved his hand. A visible Qi energy attacked towards Jean. Jean's expression changed. Dou Qi bursted out as he parried with his sword.

Swoosh...

Jean had been pushed back very far. A visible straight line trailed on the dirt ground.

Huo Xiyu laughed coldly and said disdainfully, "Humph! A trifling Sage warrior, an ant." In one moment, he had discovered Jean's true strength, but his tone was disdainful.

"Don't be unreasonable." Claire's expression hardened. According to Camille, the Hidden Sect was not simple, standing at the peak of the continent. How could a sect that even the narcissistic Camille praised be simple? She wanted to avoid any conflicts if it were possible.

"Making an exception and accepting you as my disciple as already a great favor! Go!" Huo Xiyu said coldly and arrogantly. He reached out to grab Claire again.

"Unreasonable and self aggrandizing! What bullshit Hidden Sect, actually daring to force someone to become a disciple! Is the Hidden Sect such a trashy sect?" Li Yuewen proclaimed angrily. She had already pulled out her dagger and was in front of Claire to protect her.

No! But before Claire could protest, Huo Xiyu had already exploded with fury.

"You dare!" Huo Xiyu roared. With one wave of his hand, a violent, large Qi energy attacked at Li Yuewen. Leng Lingyun immediately created a barrier, but Claire still pulled Li Yuewen behind her. The barrier wouldn't be able to withstand the blow. The Qi attack would smash and pass through the barrier and attack straight at Claire.

Chapter 112: [No Title]

Seeing this, a frantic expression flashed through Huo Xiyu's eyes. He didn't want Claire to die!

Whoosh.... Bang!

Flame scattered in all directions.

A flash of happiness gleamed in Huo Xiyu's eyes.

In an instant, Claire had constructed a giant flame shield to block his attack and the color of the flame was white! Unique fire! The girl could use another unique flame! Before, she had used moldable golden flame and now she was using white flame!

Such a rare talent! And most importantly, the girl did not look to be more than fifteen. Coupled with her age, the girl's prospects were unmeasurable!

"Good! Very good! Today, you must come with me! Whoever obstructs me will die!"

"The Hidden Sect is not supposed to interfere with the outside world and stand aloof from worldly affairs. Since when could they such lowly things such as forcefully abducting disciples?" Camille said coldly.

Now, both Camille and Li Yuewen had agitated Huo Xiyu.

"Humph! I'll kill you all, who would know?" Huo Xiyu's eyes flashed venomously, already filled with killing intent. Their words made him lose face and what happened today could definitely not be spread!

Everybody's expressions shifted because they could tell with his last attack that his strength far surpassed theirs. None of them were his match!

Claire looked coldly at Huo Xiyu who was so furious he was emitting killing intent and then slowly clenched her fist.

One needed power to speak out!

Today, if Huo Xiyu didn't die, then they would all die.

“In a moment, even more people will come. Will you be able to kill everybody in the city?” Li Yuewen said hatefully to the stubborn man.

“Humph!” Huo Xiyu sneered. Suddenly, he clasped his two hands together before his chest and shouted, “Enclosed Sky!” As he separated his two hands, blue flames burst forth. Speedily, the flame formed into straight lines and then turned, becoming a giant quadrilateral. Afterwards, the flame rose up, forming walls that completely trapped them within.

Blue flame? Everybody watched with amazement. It was the first time they had seen a flame this color. What kind of unique flame was this?

Barrier? Was it a barrier? They were completely trapped by flames!

“Compress!” Huo Xiyu smiled coldly as he floated in mid air. The flames surged inward, closing in on everybody inside.

The boiling hot aura came closer and closer, bringing unbearable heat. And the land the flames passed over became scorched into nothingness. No matter if it was grass or trees, even rocks, they all turned to dust. Even the dirt smelled burnt. It was obvious what would happen once it reached them.

Jean frowned and prepared his sword. With a low grunt, he burst forth with silver Dou Qi, exerting all of his strength for this one attack. The powerful sword Qi left a long trail on the ground and reached the blue flame. But, this attack that Jean had used all of his strength on only created a tiny seam in the blue flame before the seam disappeared. The blue flame continued to advance.

Everybody else’s expressions all changed. They all knew how powerful the silver Dou Qi was but it only created a tiny crack!

Leng Lingyun used Light magic. His bright light attacks attacked incessantly, quick and fierce, but produced the same result, only creating tiny seams. The boiling heat became more and more intense; the danger came closer and closer.

With a snap of Huo Xiyu’s fingers, a small blue light flickered over Claire and then disappeared. This was Huo Xiyu’s imprint. This way, even

though everyone else would become ash, Claire would be perfectly fine.

But Claire stepped forward.

“Humph!”

“Claire!” Li Yuewen called out quietly. She wanted to say something, but was stopped by Claire’s sudden rise in Qi.

Claire slowly closed her eyes and raised her right hand.

“Flame Sword!”

Whoosh...

Instantly, a giant flame sword formed within Claire’s right hand. The golden flame was bursting forth with hot energy but did not harm Claire in the slightest.

Molding flame again! Huo Xiyu stared at the flame sword in Claire’s hand. The girl gave him even more, even greater surprises! Everybody else watched Claire’s flame sword with amazement. What secret technique did Claire use exactly?

“Break!” Claire raised the sword above her head with both hands. With a loud shout, she went forth, wielding the blade with all her strength.

A giant golden pillar of flame exploded forth in an instant.

The giant flame collided with the blue flames, creating a large explosion.

Boom!

Extraordinarily hot firework-like explosions appeared.

More than half of one wall of blue flame had been destroyed. As the flame wall started fusing to fix itself, everybody charged out successfully without any injuries.

“Very good, exceptionally good. Unexpectedly, you are very well versed in flame molding.” Huo Xiyu’s voice was filled with satisfaction. If he had known this was the first time Claire had tried something like this, perhaps he would have been even more exuberant.

The surrounding dirt gave off a hard to describe scorching smell. The

environment had already become a bare patch of land.

In the distance, you could hear sounds approaching quickly. It was the sounds of people attracted by the strange scene in the sky.

But Huo Xiyu only tilted his head cockily. With a snap and of his fingers, a small blue flame ball appeared from the tip of his finger. The blue flame whistled as it rapidly soared through the air. Before Claire's party could react, the blue flame ball gradually expanded, accompanied by cries of alarm. Then the blue flame ball landed on the ground and exploded. There were no more cries of alarm because where the group of people had been was now a large, deep crevice, so deep and dark you could not see any corpses!

"You! How evil!" Li Yuewen cried out hatefully. "Those people were unrelated to you, but you killed them all!"

Huo Xiyu snorted coldly, his eyes filled with disdain. They were just a group of ants after all. Even though the Hidden Sect had a rule of not killing innocents, everybody here was going to die anyways, who could prove that he broke the rules? After that little girl becomes his disciple, she would learn that power dictated the world from this experience.

Claire knit her brows tightly. His power was unfathomable. Today, would they be the ones to die?

Whoosh...

Claire extended her golden pair of wings and flew up quickly. She aimed a flame sword directly at Huo Xiyu.

"What? You think you can beat me?" Huo Xiyu started smiling, amused at Claire's actions.

Claire didn't say anything, only dashing forward with the sword.

"Really now," Huo Xiyu sighed a little helplessly and then snapped his fingers. A transparent barrier locked Claire within. Claire attacked the barrier with her sword, but could only hear clear, crisps clanks. The barrier was not harmed in the slightest.

“I’ll first take care of these people then take you to the Hidden Sect.” Huo Xiyu flew up steadily, passing by Claire, eyes filled with killing intent.

“Claire, what’s going on? There was even an explosion.” At this moment, Ben, who was already in his original form, appeared, flying over. He had burns of various sizes, looking very pitiful. He was hugging a few people: Summer, Qiao Chuxin, Walter, and Feng Donghou.

Walter made a big fuss. “What’s happening? I almost got killed. If it weren’t for Ben transforming back at the right time to protect us, we would have ended up like those other people who have turned to ashes.”

“You guys shouldn’t have come!” Li Yuewen said anxiously through gritted teeth.

Huo Xiyu raised a brow seeing the giant black dragon. Who would have thought he would see a dragon here? But it didn’t matter.

“Huh?” Walter didn’t understand. Before he could even ask, a boiling hot aura surged over, a fatal attack nearing once more.

“What the – !” Walter called out in alarm, immediately about to make a countermeasure. But chanting a spell required time. The blue flame could be seen reflected in his eyes, it was so close.

Whoosh...

A strange magic beast suddenly appeared, swallowing the blue flame with one gulp.

Everybody was shocked and looked towards Dong Fenghou, dumbstruck, understanding it was a strange beast summoned by him. The magic beast that had swallowed Huo Xiyu’s flame attack was currently chewing.

A strange beast that could eat fire? They all looked towards the strange beasts, eyes filled with glee. If it were like this, then their chance of winning had greatly increased.

But Huo Xiyu did not display any shock at all. Instead, he was smiling faintly, disdainful.

Then under everybody’s astonished gazes, the strange beast started

groaning and then disappeared.

“What happened?” Walter asked.

“Indigestion. Went back.” Dong Fenghou was also stupefied. Evidently, he had never seen such a situation before.

“How could my fire be eaten by such a lowly beast?” Huo Xiyu sneered, about to attack once more.

“Bastard, stop!” Claire shouted, brandishing her sword and attacking the barrier, but the barrier still would not budge.

Huo Xiyu smiled coldly, his gaze venomous. His killing intent rose.

Huo Xiyu started rotating in a circle, his hands waving strangely. He called out, “Whirling fire dance!”

TL: man, that must be cancer to the eyes, what even

In that instant, blue flame appeared revolving around him as he rotated. Gradually, a whirlwind took shape. The flame had turned into a whirlwind inferno! Then, with Huo Xiyu at its core, it started growing bigger and bigger.

“Everybody, be careful.” Leng Lingyun’s expression turned heavy. He stepped back, rapidly erecting a shield with his hand, making several layers overlap one at a time. Li Yuewen, Li Mingyu and Jean stepped back too while Ben’s group stayed at the side. Ben had already turned back to his human form. His entire body was covered with burn wounds, cutting a sorry figure.

Chapter 113: [No Title]

Leng Lingyun watched the whirlwind inferno grow and approach them apprehensively. He understood that just some shields wouldn't do to defend against his attack.

Wherever the whirlwind inferno passed though, only ashes were left behind.

Leng Lingyun's erected shield was destroyed in an instant, it's power not even on the same level as the whirlwind's.

If they were touched by such terrifying fire, the result would be too horrible to imagine. Even Ben's durable body had been burned to such an extent, then it was obvious what would happen to their normal, human bodies.

Leng Lingyun could have flown away and escaped, but there was no way he would leave anyone behind. Their worries were a bottomless pit. White Emperor clenched his little claw, chirping at Claire, anxious because she was trapped inside the barrier, however, the black ball just watched on with its head tilted.

"Ben! Bring them away!" Claire bellowed. "This is the first promised order, carry it out now! Turn back to your original body fly away with them immediately, right now!"

Roar.....

Ben bellowed into the sky and turned back to his original form. He grabbed everybody with his two claws and threw them on his back, the started flapping his wings, rising to the sky. Currently, he was at the point where it didn't matter he was losing dignity for the dragon race by running away nor breaking his vow that he would never let lowly humans ride on his back.

"Want to run? Humph!" Huo Xiyu sneered. With a wave of his finger, the blue whirlwind inferno started rising and following Ben.

"Bastard!" Claire's grip was so tight, her knuckles lost color. She made

the sword disappear instantaneously then brought both of her hands to her chest, desperately trying to draw out power. As she separated her palms, one hand emitted golden flame while the other emitted white flame. Then, she rapidly brought the two flames close, fusing them.

Huo Xiyu's gaze landed on Claire. "What are you doing?" His expression changed greatly. What Claire was currently doing was extremely dangerous! She actually wanted to fuse two types of unique flame then blast open the barrier! The space of the barrier was limited, so she would definitely be injured.

Without a word, Claire fused the flames together then blasted it towards the barrier.

The barrier broke open!

Claire's flame shot towards Huo Xiyu.

Huo Xiyu was caught unawares, so when he had finally gotten back to his senses, his arm had actually been burned.

Claire extended her wings in mid air, staring coldly at Huo Xiyu without any warmth in her eyes.

"You... you actually predicted I would open the barrier. It was only because of that that you were able to injure me. From the very beginning, you had never thought of opening the barrier. Instead, you planned on forcing my hand." Huo Xiyu said through gritted teeth while covering his arm injury. Just then, Huo Xiyu had been burned by Claire's unique flames the moment he opened the barrier.

Claire didn't say a word, only glaring at Huo Xiyu coldly.

Because Huo Xiyu had been distracted, his mental waves had been disconnected and the whirlwind inferno had disappeared.

"Ignorant fool!" Feeling the exceptional pain from his injury, Huo Xiyu's face twisted and he cursed, "You're so ignorant, you might as well die."

Claire clenched her right hand into a fist, a strange smile appearing at her lips. She said coldly, "What a pity, I'm not going to die. You're going to

die instead."

"Such audacious words!" Evidently, Claire's words had angered Huo Xiyu. Huo Xiyu's expression darkened. He humphed coldly, then grabbed the air with one hand. A net of blue flames appeared around Claire. Huo Xiyu sneered, his eyes full of malice. "Let's see you boast now!"

Claire was smiling strangely and only stared coldly at Huo Xiyu. Seeing Claire's calm indifference at the face of death, he became more furious.

"Ignorant fool. It's too late for you to beg now. Go die!" Huo Xiyu spat out harshly. He clenched his fists, about to tighten the flame net.

Just looking at Claire made him sick.

Claire suddenly called out angrily to the air, "How long are you going to wait? Are you going to appear only after I die?"

Huo Xiyu froze for moment, stopping what he was doing. Who was she talking to? Was there someone there? There was not a soul in sight, only air. Was she bluffing?

"Humph, if you think you can trick me in order to escape, you're rather naive... " But before Huo Xiyu finished his words, his expression changed greatly.

An incomparably powerful pressure suddenly appeared, but there was still nobody around. The terrifying pressure made it almost impossible for him to fly. His legs were already shaking, almost on the verge of kneeling facing this immense pressure!

Who was it? Who was it?!!

Huo Xiyu just stared intensely at Claire as she smiled strangely. The next moment, Huo Xiyu was shocked to find that he couldn't move at all.

"What... what did you do...." Just as Huo Xiyu spit out these words, his throat suddenly tightened, as if a pair of invisible was choking him. Now he was unable to make a sound. Huo Xiyu just stared at Claire with wide eyes. Blood started leaking out of his eyes. The blue fire net that had been around Claire disappeared.

Claire sneered as she watched Huo Xiyu. Of course she knew she was his match and that nobody among them were his match. She also knew that if she threatened to kill herself to open the barrier, then he would definitely open it for her. And she knew that with his narrow minded and vicious nature, he would definitely go back on his word and kill them all. She even knew that the god of Darkness would save her but not the others, which was why she forcefully made Ben bring them away. Now, the god of Darkness finally made his move.

"I didn't do anything, but now I'll be." Claire smiled coldly, raising her hand high.

Whoosh...

A golden spear of fire now appeared in her hand.

"Now it's my turn to say 'go die'." A brilliant, charming smile appeared on Claire's face as she pulled back the hand holding the spear.

Huo Xiyu's complexion turned ashy pale. His eyes were full of terror and despair, his body becoming ice cold. He didn't understand at all how the situation had come to this. Who exactly was it that he was completely unable to contend with to the point that he was powerless?

"Thank you for killing all the people who had come to see what was going on. Now nobody will know how you died." Claire smiled icily. She used all of her strength to throw the huge, golden spear of fire at Huo Xiyu.

The golden spear of fire whistled through the air and ran though Huo Xiyu's body. Huo Xiyu's incredulous and despairing gaze landed on Claire and then he slowly started burning. The golden flame spread across his entire body and turned him to ashes.

The flames slowly disappeared into the night sky. Even after he died, Huo Xiyu didn't know what was the cause of his death.

Claire descended to the ground then looked up towards the night sky, smiling brilliantly. She said quietly, yet clearly, one word: "Thanks."

Humph! There seemed to be a cold humph. Then, the surroundings

quieted down.

Claire stood silently at the edge of the precipice, cold wind blowing past. She took a deep breath, then closed her eyes. Frustration engulfed her, submerging her heart. She broke through over and over yet this was the result! Unable to withstand a single blow! She had thought she had become strong, but in truth, she didn't count as anything. There were simply too many powerful people in this world and she was simply tiny star in the vast sky. When would she stand at the peak of this world? When would she be strong enough to stand up for herself? When would she become powerful enough to undo the Dark Mark?

Claire clenched her hands into fists hatefully until her knuckles turned white.

Hidden Sect, Spirit Hall.

Thousands upon thousands of copper lights lit up the wide hall. Every light represented someone of the Hidden Sect. These were their spirit lights. If their light extinguished, that meant they had died.

A light suddenly extinguished and underneath it was three words: Huo Xi Yu.

A guarding disciple discovered it with shock.

"Oh no, Elder Huo Xiyu's spirit light has extinguished. I'm afraid he's had a mishap," a disciple said worriedly.

"Quickly report it to the Fire Grandmaster," another disciple said urgently.

Once the disciple of the Spirit Hall relayed the information to the Fire Hall's Grandmaster, a dignified old man, the Fire Grandmaster only sighed. "With Huo Xiyu's nature, this was bound to happen. And today just happened to be the day." But although he said this, the grandmaster was secretly surprised. Who did Huo Xiyu meet that actually had the power to kill him? After all, Huo Xiyu was from the Hidden Sect and also an Elder of the Fire Hall. The grandmaster's face darkened. The killer had to be found.

At this moment, Claire was still standing at the precipice and taking in the wind, feeling the changes within her body.

A disturbance in the air came from behind her. Claire turned and saw Ben had actually flown back, everybody on his back with worried expressions. Only when they saw Claire standing safely at the precipice did they sigh in relief.

The numerous injuries on Ben's backs had already been healed by Leng Lingyun.

Ben descended. Everybody else dashed over to Claire.

"Claire, are you alright?"

"Claire, what happened to that guy?"

"Claire, are you injured?"

Each concerned voice warmed Claire's heart. She shook her head slightly, then smiled. "I'm fine. He, on the other hand, has neither bones nor ashes left."

"Who killed him?" Everybody asked at the same time. Of course nobody thought Claire had killed him. His power had far surpassed Claire's.

Chapter 114: [No Title]

“His enemy. His enemy had been hunting him down and left after killing him.” Claire didn’t plan on letting everybody know about the situation with the god of Darkness after all.

Was that really what happened? Everybody looked at Claire suspiciously. But if it weren’t, then how could his death be explained? Claire couldn’t have killed him whereas there was no way with his vile attitude that he would leave himself. Was it really his enemy who had killed him?

Claire frowned, then looked at Ben who had turned back to his human form, her tone slightly displeased. “Why did you all come back?”

“We couldn’t stop worrying,” a few voices said at the same time.

“Sigh, really now.” Although Claire sounded displeased, in her heart, she felt warmth. She turned towards Ben and said, “You didn’t complete my order so it doesn’t count.”

Ben’s mouth twitched. Claire still had the energy to think of that at this moment.

Claire looked up at the bright moon in the sky, her heart filled with sighs. In this world there were as many experts as the clouds, each a whole mountain higher than the other. She was still far from powerful.

Nobody noticed the unresigned feelings in Jean and Leng Lingyun’s eyes. They had been so weak facing such a formidable enemy. Jean’s hand was on his sword hilt. It was the first time he had so desperately desired strength.

“Alright, let’s leave this place quickly,” Camille said quietly. He gave another of his standard charming smiles.

Everybody nodded. It was true they shouldn’t stay for long here.

But just as she took a step forward, a black blur flashed before her eyes. Before anybody could sense what had happened, the black ball had already flown to Claire’s shoulder lightning fast and taken a bit out of

Claire's fair neck! This time, so fast even White Emperor didn't stop him in time!

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor chirped furiously, jumping onto Claire's shoulder.

But it was too late. A familiar overbearing force surged once again in Claire's body. It was the power of another forced contract.

Claire swayed. She was on the verge of being unable to stand. Jean, who was closest, supported her immediately.

"Claire!" Everybody cried in alarm. It truly was, as the saying goes, a new problem arising before the old is resolved.

A cocky voice invaded Claire's mind forcefully. "My name is Black Feather." Claire understood immediately that it was the black ball's name. It turns out his name was Black Feather!

A wave of dizziness hit Claire. The overbearing power was surging within her body aggressively. Also, he was trying to break her and White Emperor's contract and replace White Emperor.

Two overbearing and powerful forces started clashing within Claire, both unwilling to give in. But it was Claire who suffered! The two similarly powerful forces wreaked havoc, each trying to drive the other into submission. Meanwhile, Claire's expression turned more and more pained. She fet like her body was about to explode, it was so painful.

"Claire! What's going on?" Leng Lingyun's expression changed. He immediately used healing magic, but it seemed to be no help. Instead, Claire's expression turned more and more painful. Large beads of sweat rolled down Claire's forehead.

Jean's expression also changed. He had been supporting Claire's back with his hand and could feel that it was now drenched in cold sweat!

"What exactly did you do?" Li Yuewen bellowed in rage, reaching out towards the black ball.

But the black ball flew up and peeped twice, watching Claire with a

tilted head.

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor lept onto Li Yuewen's shoulder, chirping anxiously as if he didn't want Li Yuewen to do anything to the black ball.

"He seems to be trying to prevent you from harming the black ball," Camille stroked his chin, pondering. "What exactly is going on?"

"Perhaps... it's forming a contract?" Jean realized. When White Emperor had first appeared, this had happened too.

Hearing this, Li Yuewen became more frantic. "What? Forming a contract? A person can only contract on beast!" At this point in time, she was already well aware that White Emperor was Claire's contracted beast.

Summer was also frantic. "What do we do now? Will Claire die?"

"What are you talking about, of course now!" Qiao Chuxin immediately retorted. "Claire will definitely be fine."

"We can't touch the black ball right now because we don't know what will happen to Claire if we harm him. Even White Emperor is trying to stop you from attacking. He should understand the situation better. Don't do anything for now. We'll talk more after leaving first," Jean said in a low voice. After he finished speaking, he scooped up the pained and nearly unconscious Claire.

Li Yuewen came back to her senses and said hurriedly, "Right. First return to the inn to get Claire some rest."

"Why go back to the inn when we can go to our next destination? In any case, all of our belongings are in Claire's interspatial ring." Ben turned back to his original form and turned to say unwillingly, "I'll make another exception to let you humans ride on my back, but never again. Come on quickly."

"Thank you," Summer thanked Ben with relief, seeing Claire turn more and more pale.

"It's best if I hold you so you don't throw up on my back." Ben swiped Summer with one claw.

“Ahh! You damned uncultured dragon!” Summer yelled in fear, but was unable to break out of his clutches.

Once everybody was seated on Ben’s black and Black Feather also flew and landed on Jean’s shoulder, Ben started flapping his wings, soaring through the sky. Accompanied with Summer’s screams, the group left. Summer screamed the entire time and ended up vomiting continuously. Although it had been very urgent when they had escaped on Ben’s back, Summer didn’t vomit at all, but now, she vomited uncontrollably.

Ben flew very quickly. Under Li Yuewen’s directions, in order to avoid starting a panic, they ended up landing outside Lagark’s capital. The city gates were shut tightly, but once Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu revealed their identities, the small captain guarding ended up opening the gates. Although the Li clan had declined quite a bit, they were still one of the four major clans. Small figures such as he could not afford to offend such powerful people.

Jean’s expression became more and more dark because now, Claire had completely passed out! Her tightly knit brows indicated that currently, she was suffering an unimaginable amount of pain.

The group hurried through the streets. The east was already started to lighten. The sky was about to turn bright.

Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu led the group to an ancient and wide residence.

Two young men were guarding at the door. When they saw the two siblings, their eyes lit up with joy.

“Young Master, Second Miss, you have returned! Those old fools keep on trying to make things difficult for us every day,” One of the young men said happily to Li Mingyu.

“Mm. Let’s talk later. I will deal with them. Right now, my friend needs rest.” Li Yuewen waved gestured impatiently.

Two two’s gazes landed on Claire who was in Jean’s embrace with a little bit of shock. Friend? It was the first time they had ever heard Second Miss

say this word! The cold, arrogant Second Miss actually had friends? Were all these people her friends? She actually brought back so many people at once?

Li Yuewen didn't waste any time on words, leading everybody away. Everybody followed closely.

The two young men stood in place, watching the group disappear. They glanced at each other, both seeing surprise and joy, and also hope.

"Did you hear that? Second Miss actually said she had a friend?!"

"I did! I even thought I heard wrong, but the Second Miss truly did say that. Also, Second Miss seemed very worried for that young lady."

"Did you notice that there were quite a few experts among them? Is it to help Master and Second Miss?"

"I hope so. Ah! I forget to ask Master and Second Miss how their journey went."

"They must have been successful. Those old fools are always thinking of ways to force Master off his position of Patriarch. Humph! A group of ignorant old fools."

Soon, Claire was settled on a large, warm bed, caring expressions surrounding her. Leng Lingyun sat at the side of the bed, examining Claire. Everybody's worried and hopeful gazes watched Leng Lingyun, hoping Leng Lingyun would say something to ease their hearts.

"There are two powerful forces battling within Claire's body, which is what is causing Claire pain." Leng Lingyun frowned.

"What?!" Everybody cried out in alarm. They understood that the two powers were the two magic beasts fighting over the contract. A person could only contract one beast! Claire's body was now a battlefield?!

"What do we do now? Kill that black ball bastard? What exactly is this black ball anyways?" Walter asked a bit anxiously. He stared venomously at the black ball crouched next to Claire's bed.

"No, otherwise Claire will be in danger." Leng Lingyun shook his head,

his expression severe.

"Then what do we do? Is there nothing we can do now?" Walter asked angrily.

"We can only wait." Leng Lingyun looked at Claire's pale face and said helplessly, "The only thing we can do now is wait. Wait for one of the two magic beast's power to overpower the other."

"Then isn't Claire in great danger?!" Li Yuewen asked anxiously.

"Just wait. I believe in Claire. She will be fine," Camille said softly.

Qiao Chuxin was crouching next to the bed. She grasped Claire's hand tightly, her voice resolute. "Right, Claire will be fine. She will definitely be fine!"

"Won't die. If die, nobody give food." Dong Fenghou's unclear voice came. After he said this, everybody looked at him coldly. He stared back blankly, not understanding what he had done wrong.

Chapter 115: [No Title]

"You all should go rest. I'll take care of her," Li Yuewen said to everybody else then continued, "Elder brother, bring the others away to rest. I'll keep watch over her here until she wakes up. I believe in her. She wouldn't die that easily."

Li Mingyu wanted to say something, but when he made eye contact with Camille, Camille nodded. "It's no good waiting here anyways. Let's just get some rest. Maybe by tomorrow this kid will be bouncing around, wanting me to make tea for her. Besides, she needs some peace and quiet."

The last sentence made everyone agree to first leave the room to rest. Everyone else left with only Jean standing by the entrance, waiting.

Seeing Jean silently standing there, Li Mingyu couldn't help but say, "Go and rest. You'll be in the room next door. If anything happens, you can come over quickly."

"No need, I will wait here until Miss wakes up," Jean said a bit indistinctly, but his tone was incredibly resolute.

Seeing this, Li Mingyu could only leave.

"Master, master, the three Elders wanted to meet you after hearing of your return. They're already waiting in the main hall," a young maid hurried over, her tone a little worried. Everybody knew that those three old men were had been eyeing the position of Patriarch since forever, waiting for an opportunity. What were they going to try now?

Li Mingyu's expression darkened. Of course he knew that those old foxes were looking for him for. He had spent a lot of energy and money on the journey to find the Azure Ripple blade, but had come back empty handed. It would be tricky this time without a proper explanation.

Li Mingyu nodded slightly. "I understand. You may leave. Tell the elders I will arrive immediately."

"Yes, Master," the maid replied with worry, then turned and left.

Li Mingyu looked back at the room at both Claire who was lying on the

bed and Li Yuewen who was sitting nearby. He sighed, then turned and left.

Nobody knew, but at this time, Claire was battling the two forces within her body.

Master-servant contract? Nice try!

Li Mingyu sighed quietly, then headed to the main hall.

The main hall was well lit. Giant silver candlesticks hanging from the ceiling, all lit. Triangle candle holders also decorated the walls, each holding a lit candle. The Li clan could not afford beautiful ores any more, using candles for light instead. The formerly glorious Li clan was no more.

Three finely dressed old men sat at the top of the main hall, looking from above. Their clothes were decorated with beautiful, precious jewels, but they were from the past. They wore rings of all kinds of gemstones and sat with solemn expressions. Their appearances were all similar as they were all brothers of Li Mingyu's grandfather. And sitting beside them were their sons and grandsons, all glowering at Li Mingyu. Li Mingyu sighed in his heart. These people, they just would not let go of Li clan's former glory and all eyed his position. Until when would they accept reality?

"Mingyu, I trust you haven't disappointed us with the results of your journey?" The eldest Elder who was sitting at the foremost smiled and said, but his smile was clearly fake. And his form of address was belittling Li Mingyu's status, as if his status was higher than Li Mingyu. Li Mingyu was already the Patriarch, but none of the Elders addressed him like so. And they had such fake attitudes with all their niceties.

"That's right, Mingyu, I believe you've returned with the Azure Ripple blade," Second Elder said, also with a fake smile.

"You vowed that you would definitely find the Azure Ripple blade. That was the only reason why we lent you the Azure Ripple bronzeware to find the Azure Ripple pearl," the third Elder smiled smugly, gazing profoundly at Li Mingyu.

The people standing next to the first Elder all watched Li Mingyu coldly,

malice flashing through their eyes. They had seen Li Mingyu walk in without a sword and Li Yuewen didn't have the sword either. With their personalities, there was no way the artifact would be stored in an interspatial ring. Judging from these facts, there absolutely did not find the Azure Ripple blade! Humph, what was their young and promising Patriarch going to explain himself? If it weren't for the fact that they weren't a match siblings, they would have used force to drive him off the Patriarch position long ago.

"I didn't bring back the Azure Ripple blade," Li Mingyu said softly.

The first Elder's expression changed greatly. He furiously roared, "What?! Li Mingyu! Do you understand what you're saying? The national martial arts tournament is happening two months later, a chance to take back the Li clan's glory. But you said you didn't bring back the Azure Ripple blade?!"

His address had now changed from Mingyu to Li Mingyu*. His aged face was now energetic and menacing.

*TL: Think of like "Joe" vs "Joe Smith"

The second Elder furiously slapped his chair's armrest as bellowed, "How are you qualified to be our Patriarch?" His wrinkles became more pronounced.

"Li Mingyu, hand over the Azure Ripple bronzeware, hand over the Patriarch Seal!" The third Elder even stood up to yell. His entire body was shaking, as if he was doing a heroic deed.

But Li Mingyu was unaffected. "Forgive me for not being able to do so," he said coldly.

"What?" Everybody's expression changed. They never expected Li Mingyu to be so bold even though he had failed his task.

"Li Mingyu, not only did you fail your task, are you going to let the Li clan's thousands of years of foundation be destroyed in your hands? If your dead grandfather and father knew, perhaps they too wouldn't agree." The first elder said viciously, his wizened face now twisted into an ugly

sight. His words had been a slap to the face.

"It is BECAUSE I don't want the Li clan's thousands of years of foundation to be destroyed that I cannot leave the Patriarch position," Li Mingyu said insipidly. He sweeped his disdainful gaze over the Elders and the people around them. These people, they were all thoughtless and cared about material goods. If the Patriarch position was left in their hands, the Li clan would be truly finished.

"What did you say?!" the third Elder thundered. He pointed at Li Mingyu and yelled, "Are you saying that none of us are qualified to be the Patriarch? Unable to lead the Li clan?"

Practically nobody in the Li clan would be able to bear such criticism. And they were the Elders of the Li clan, the oldest authority, the most renowned people of the Li clan!

But...

Without a change in expression or his clear cut tone, Li Mingyu spat out a few words. "That is exactly what I mean."

Now, the first elder was also so furious, he slapped down on his arm rest and stood up. The armchair instantly turned to dust. "You!! Li Mingyu, you are currently revolting. Do you think that nobody here can control you?"

But Li Mingyu's expression still hadn't changed. He said softly, "Does this mean you have already chosen someone to represent the Li clan at the national martial arts tournament two months later? And they will definitely win?"

With one sentence, everybody in the hall was silenced. If they all faced him at once, then perhaps they could beat him, but for the martial arts tournament, there was nobody in the Li clan who was Li Mingyu's match one on one.

"Don't think you can threaten us with this. Do you think that besides you, there's no one else in the Li clan? The fact that you failed your task is true! You must hand over the position of Patriarch! As for the tournament two months later, it is your duty to participate as a member of the Li clan!"

The first elder's face was completely distorted. He thundered, "Come, arrest him and search his body for the Patriarch Seal!"

But just as they were about to arrest Li Minyu, the unexpected happened!

A powerful, frightening sword Qi attacked.

It passed by like a tornado, destroying everything in its path. Whether it were the tables, the chairs, or the floor, they were all destroyed.

A terrifying crack appeared in floor and started expanding rapidly, heading straight to the Elders. Their complexion paled because there was absolutely no way for them to contend against the terrifying power!

In an instant, it was pandemonium.

The prestigious Elders who had been so threatening and imposing a moment ago were now the fastest to dodge, all cutting sorry figures as they tried to avoid the attack. And their sons and grandsons were even quicker on the uptake.

Boom!

Where the Elders had been sitting was now a pile of rubble.

The hall was permeated with smoke, a complete mess.

"Haha, I've never seen such shameless people. You have truly opened my eyes. Not qualified for the position of Patriarch but pressing for it anyways, don't have the capabilities to participate in the tournament, but boasting like dogs with all bark and no bite, and not only that, you even want to send someone you've deprived the position of Patriarch to represent you. It's the first time I've seen such shameless vermin!" A clear, caustic voice brimming with disdain rang within the main hall.

"Who?" All the Elders asked angrily. Who dared to insult them with such words! Dogs? Vermin?!

As the smoke finally cleared, everybody's gaze was drawn to the person standing at the entrance.

A girl with golden, lustrous hair and enchanting emerald green eyes

stood at the entrance. She looked on coldly and arrogantly, a sword in her grip that she had stabbed casually into the ground. Standing next to her was Li Yuewen, who was completely furious.

“Where did a little b*tch like her come from, so rude and daring to insult the Li clan?!” A member of the Li clan cursed angrily.

Claire glanced coldly at the young Li clan member. With just one glance, he shivered as his blood ran cold as if he had been locked inside a freezer. He felt utterly powerless, his entire body going weak.

“Should I cut off your tongue? Or maybe one of your hands.” Claire had a conflicted expression, as if she didn’t know which one of the two options was better. “Even though you are a member of the Li clan, you still deserve punishment.”

The next moment, Claire raised her sword and waved it slightly. A visible sword Qi shot towards him like lightning.

Bam! There was a giant sound. The rude young men slammed into the wall behind him, creating web-like cracks, a shocking scene. The young man’s body slide down weakly. He spat out blood. There was no way to tell whether or not he was alive. Everybody was stunned. Everybody had seen the young girl attack, but nobody was able to stop her!

Chapter 116: [No Title]

“Azure – Azure Ripple blade!” The first elder stammered out in surprise. The Li clan’s library had a recording of the Azure Ripple Sword, so naturally, he was able to recognize it at once. But how was the precious sword that could only recognize someone of the Li clan as its owner land in the hands of this foreign girl?

“What? The Azure Ripple blade?!” Everybody else was now also shocked. Their tone made Claire sneer disdainfully.

“You bunch of trash. Do you think it’s only because I have the Azure Ripple blade that I’m able to overpower you all?” Claire smiled coldly and threw away the sword casually. A giant flame sword materialized in her hand. She laughed, “Why don’t I massacre the Li clan and kill you all today?”

Everybody’s blood ran cold hearing this. It was the first time they had seen someone mold flames! And although the young girl was smiling, she gave them a incomparably ruthless and cold aura. She wasn’t joking around. Also, she had such power! She had the power to kill everybody there!

The terrifying Qi Claire emitted made their terrified incessantly. A murderous aura spread, filling the entire main hall. Nobody dared to move thoughtlessly. The man who was either dead or barely alive was a warning to them. He had only said a few words to end up like that! Who exactly was this terrifyingly powerful girl?

“Patriarch, Patriarch!” the first Elder spoke hurriedly, pleading. Now he wasn’t calling him Mingyu or Li Mingyu, but calling out Patriarch respectfully.

“Patriarch, save us. Second Miss, save us. You are also members of the Li clan. Will you just watch on as an outsider kills us?!” the third Elder begged, his voice shaky.

“She isn’t an outsider.” Li Yuewen coldly humphed. Her sentence made everybody freeze.

Li Mingyu was also shocked. He whipped his head towards Li Yuewen, not understanding why Li Yuewen chose to spill it at a time like this. Was it the right time? Even Claire herself didn't know yet.

Claire also paused. What did she mean by that?

"She is Aunty Rui's child and has the Li Clan's blood. The fact that the Azure Ripple blade accepted her as its owner isn't strange at all. Also, she will be the one to participate at the tournament two months later. I believe that none of you dare to say you are more powerful than her," Li Yuewen said calmly.

The main hall started heating up.

Claire frowned at Li Yuewen, completely confused.

"You mother's true name was Li Ruihuan, our father's younger sister. In order to marry your father, she left our clan," Li Yuewen said to Claire in a low voice. Her voice was clearly filled with resentment towards Claire's father.

Claire stared at Li Yuewen with shock, but Li Yuewen was serious. Claire knew that she wasn't lying. Suddenly, she understood why the Li siblings had always given her a faint feeling of familiarity and warmth. This was why! In other words, Mother was from the Li clan, but left the clan and country because she fell for Father? Mother renounced her entire clan for Father? That was the reason why Li Yuewen was so resentful towards her father. So Li Yuewen was her cousin*? And Li Mingyu too? Claire's head spun. Such a change in identity was too much to absorb at once.

*TL: whole meaning is actually "older female cousin via female line" and similar thing for Li Mingyu but you get my drift.

"She's Li Ruihuan's daughter?" The first elder's expression turned unsightly. His ton was filled with deep hatred and disdain. Everybody else also had similar expressions. That woman had abandoned her entire family, thrown away her cultivation and power, and married into another country just for one man. And this girl was actually her daughter. Now that they looked more closely, they did seem to look similar.

“No! How can we let that woman’s child represent our Li clan?!” the second Elder immediately protested. His disdainful address “that women” revealed great loathing.

“Haha, you’ve got something against my mother?” Claire raised her sword towards the second Elder and sneered. No matter what, Claire wouldn’t allow anybody to disrespect her warm and gentle mother!

“That woman destroyed her cultivation base just for a man. She’s already banished from the Li clan! She doesn’t have the face to return, which also means you don’t have the qualifications to represent our Li clan! Even if there was nobody left in the Li clan, there’s no need for the daughter of a traitor to represent us!” the first elder roared.

“Shut your bird beak.” What Claire said next not only made the first elder’s face grim, everybody else’s expressions darkened too. She spoke unhurriedly, neither fast nor slow. “Represent the Li clan? What a joke. You think that the Li clan is so prestigious that I would want to represent you? Take a look at your thick face. How revered is it? Listen up, you trush. I’m only participating in the tournament for Cousin Li Yuewen and Cousin Li Mingyu. It has nothing to do with your Li clan. If you feel unwilling, then you can challenge me to a fight. If I lose, you can just go participate in the tournament yourself. But if I win, you will pay with your life. I will not be merciful any more.” Near the end, Claire’s voice was incomparably icy. Her ruthless voice pierced through their ears, pierced through their hearts. On the other hand, hearing Claire calling them cousin, Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu felt warmth surge in their hearts.

“You!” The first elder gnashed his teeth with clenched fists, wanting to curse out. But facing a wave of boiling hot energy, he swallowed back his words. The rest were also furious yet to cowardly to speak. The overbearing and ruthless girl could take their lives and without even blinking! Practically a heartless monster! A demon! Li Ruihuan had actually given birth to such a terrifying daughter!

“Am I being unreasonable?” Claire sneered, knowing what the first elder was on the verge of saying.

Before the first Elder replied or anyone else spoke, Claire dispersed her flame sword and crossed her arms. She tilted her head as she watched everybody, spitting out each and every word clearly. “So what if I’m being unreasonable? So what if I’m forcing you weak people? If you feel unsatisfied, then go out and cultivate. Then when you become stronger than me, you can also oppress the weak. Right now, you’re just like dogs with tails in between your legs.

Unreasonable! Unreasonable! Everybody clenched their fists, but not a single person dared to say it out loud. Because one needed power to speak out!

Li Yuewen raised a brow slightly, but her heart throbbed with warmth. This girl was completely different from her mother, so vile and evil. But she liked it, she liked the vile aspect of the girl, haha! She felt so good. These old things had never been insulted like this before. Today was the day they would experience humiliation.

Li Mingyu’s expression was complex. His heart was filled with joy, but also worry.

“The sky is bright now. Beat it, do what you’re supposed to do. What, have you not had enough?” Claire gave a cold humph and stepped forward two steps, materializing the flame sword again. The golden flame sword ignited more intensely than before, its boiling aura making their hearts shudder.

The moment Claire had stepped forward, they had hurriedly backed away. Their expressions were completely fearful. Currently, in their hearts, the girl was an unpredictable devil! Able to take their lives away at any moment!

“Alright, disperse,” Li Mingyu said quietly. “Act as if today never happened. I hope our Li clan will never experience infighting again.”

They left quickly, all with differing expressions. The heavily injured man on the ground was also carried away.

In the blink of an eye, the main hall was tranquil. Everybody had left. Only they three were left, along with Jean, who was waiting at the

entrance.

Li Yuewen turned stiffly, surveying the main hall. Seeing the terrifyingly messy hall, she whipped around and grabbed Claire's through, saying angrily, "You damn brat, I'll murder you! Look at what you've done. Do you know how much this place costs?! We're broke right now, broke!"

"It's just a bit of money, you can get money easily." Claire started sweating. Just then, she was only thinking of shocking the old things, how would she be able to consider this?

"Pay up, pay up!!" Li Yuewen was still angry.

Li Mingyu stopped her. "Alright already, Li Yuewen, stop shaking with anger. Claire still hasn't recovered yet."

Only then did Li Yuewen let go, letting Claire go frantically and immediately.

"Claire, what happened? How did you wake up so quickly? What happened to the two little things who were trying to form a contract with you?" Li Mingyu's mind was filled with questions.

The moment he raised the topic, Claire revealed a soft yet proud smile.

Li Mingyu blinked. He didn't see wrong, the always emotionless Claire was currently smiling proudly!

"I contracted both of them." Claire smiled widely. One other thing she couldn't tell them was that the master-servant contract had been altered into an equal contract. The relationship she had with White Emperor and Black Feather was like a triangle, and she was even at the higher tip of the triangle, controlling and balancing the contract's powers. Relatively speaking, she had a slight advantage. At the very least, it wasn't a master-servant contract any more!

"What? You've contracted two beasts now?!" Li Mingyu cried out with astonishment, his gaze filled with shock. To his knowledge, whether or not it was a high level or low level beast, a person could only contract one beast! It was supposed to be impossible to contract two beasts, but now Claire had done the impossible. Although the identity of the two little

magic beasts were still unknown....

"Yes." Claire turned and looked towards White Emperor and Black Feather, who were crouching on Jean's shoulders, a faint trace of a smile on her face. Equal contract, haha. If she continued working hard, she would definitely become their master one day. Claire also knew clearly that the reason why the contract was altered into an equal contract wasn't because of her own power, but because of her luck. She was only able to restrain the two because of their infighting, thereby altering the contract into an equal contract. Claire was amazed; she had already broken through to the Treasured Lotus style's seventh level but she was only barely able to alter the contract into an equal contract. Then just how powerful were White Emperor and Black Feather?

Chapter 117: [No Title]

“How were you able to contract two beasts?” Li Mingyu stared at Claire incredulously.

“It just happened,” she shrugged. She dispersed her flame sword, then turned pick up the Azure Ripple blade that she had casually thrown away just a moment ago. Surveying the area, she raised a brow. “Wow, so poor you only use candles as lights.”

Li Yuewen instantly turned furious.

“Cousin, when are you going to change your impulsive attitude?” Claire turned and grinned at Li Yuewen, then added, “It’s just money, you can make it whenever.”

“Easier said than done. Nobody in the Li clan is talented at commerce. Even if there were, it would be futile. The Feng clan has practically monopolies of everything! Eighty percent of all industries are under the Feng clan,” Li Yuewen said, somewhat vexed.

“Really?” Claire stroked her chin, blinking as she said, “So what? Just because you don’t have the talent for commerce doesn’t mean I don’t.” Claire said meaningfully.

An inexplicable gleam flashed through Jean’s eyes. Was Miss planning on finding Feng Yixuan for help? But he quickly dismissed the thought. With Miss’s personality, she definitely would not do that. Then, what exactly was Miss thinking?

“I’m going to sleep first. I’m tired to death. Cousin Yuewen, Cousin Mingyu, good night. I’ll deal with everything else once I’m rested.” Claire stored the Azure Ripple blade back into her interspatial ring, then turned away and headed towards her bedroom. Jean silently followed her from behind.

Inside the main hall, only the Li siblings were left. They glanced at each other.

“Elder brother, do you think that brat can really change our current

situation?" Li Yuewen said softly. She bit her lip.

"I only know that a storm is coming," Li Mingyu said with a solemn expression.

The east was gradually brightening. Claire was in deep sleep.

Black Feather and White Feather were on Claire's pillow, one on the left, one on the right.

Swoosh...

Hair white as snow, eyes like the moon.

White Emperor's true form appeared, his expression cold. His handsome face was entirely cold as he stared icily at Black Feather.

Black Feather flapped his wings.

Swoosh...

Hair black as ebony, eyes like the night.

A man clad in black emerged. His handsome face carried a trace of arrogance, as beautiful as a masterful painting. He glared coldly towards White Emperor.

White Emperor waved his finger. Claire's fluttering eyelashes stilled. Once again, she was in deep slumber.

"It's been a long time since we last saw each other." Black Feather smiled icily, his cocky attitude distinct in his provoking tone.

White Emperor was silent, still staring at Black Feather coldly.

"Don't look at me like that. Lucky for you, we have the same contractor at the moment, although the little girl is a bit weak currently," Black Feather laughed coldly as he watched the sleeping Claire. "I never expected you would have chosen such a weak little girl as your contractor."

"Didn't you also choose her?" White Emperor said coldly.

"As long as you want something, I want it too!" Black Feather smiled madly.

“And you ended up being restricted by the girl,” White Emperor said coldly, his mocking tone clear.

Sure enough, Black Feather’s expression changed. Anger and a wild look passed through his eyes. “Not for long.”

“Yes, not for long. But whether or not you become the master, or the little girl you speak of becomes our master remains undecided.” White Emperor coldly watched Black Feather’s expression change.

Black Feather frowned. “I really am curious whether or not she can truly become my master!”

“Then wait and see.” White Emperor nodded likely. Watching the deep asleep Claire, an ineffable gleam flashed through his eyes. He reached out and stroked Claire’s face gently.

“What, do you feel something for this little girl?” Black Feather watched White Emperor with ridicule in his eyes.

“You really think she’s a little girl?” White Emperor didn’t look up, still looking deeply into Claire’s face.

Black Feather’s expression changed once more. He also lowered his head to look at Claire, saying in a low voice, “This body’s soul is beautiful. And her original form is actually doubly black, black hair and black eyes!”

White Emperor was silent, acknowledging Black Feather’s words.

“Is this why the god of Darkness shamelessly took a liking to her? And marked her?” Black Feather grabbed Claire’s right hand roughly.

“No. If it were only this, the god of Darkness wouldn’t have chosen her,” White Emperor shook his head.

Black Feather pulled off the glove on Claire’s right hand, asking as he stared at the black mark, “Then why?” In any case, the current owner of the body was his contractor. Of course he had to understand clearly.

“She is the perfect union of darkness and light, evil and righteousness,” White Emperor said solemnly looking at Claire’s peaceful face.

“What?! In other words, she will become an offering for that...” Black

Feather's expression finally changed drastically.

White Emperor was silent, but his serious expression revealed that Black Feather's conjectures were right.

"F*ck! Just been reborn and found a contractor but it's already such a nuisance," Black Feather cursed in a low voice.

"Once my power returns, I will stop it." White Emperor grabbed the glove from Black Feather and carefully slipped it onto Claire's hand.

"Whatever, whatever." Black Feather clicked his tongue in annoyance. "I can't stay in this form for long and my power hasn't recovered completely either." Black Feather floated back next to Claire's pillow. With a swish, he turned back into the black ball. He laid down on the pillow and started sleeping again.

White Emperor watched Claire calmly, quiet for a while. Finally, with a swish, he turned back into a white ball, curled up next to Claire's pillow, and also started sleeping.

Murkiness and darkness surrounded her. Underfoot was a uneven stone path. Claire raised her head, but it was a field of darkness. She couldn't see anything, not a soul in sight. The Li siblings weren't there, Jean wasn't there, Walter wasn't there, Summer and Qiao Chuxin weren't there, Camille was also not there... All there was was deathly silence.

Where was she?

Claire took a few steps forward on the stone path and stepped on a sharp shard, injuring her foot. Blood slowly flowed out of the wound.

Instantly, the darkness around her slowly condensed into a mass of black gas with a pair of blood red eyes within, staring piercingly at Claire.

God of Darkness?!

"Claire, you have already been marked by me. You are my precious offering," the ice cold, terrifying voice said with a low voice.

"I! Will not be your offering without a fight!" Claire clenched her fist and bellowed at the frightening mass of black gas.

“You think you can escape me? You’re mine, remember. Once the time is ripe, I will definitely be back,” the god of Darkness laughed, cold and menacing.

Claire felt a burning sensation from the back of her right hand. She looked down and saw that the mark had already turned completely black.

“You can’t escape and you can’t beat me.” The god of Darkness sneered. Then, a cold, black net enveloped Claire, binding Claire tightly, then gradually tighten, tighten... The suffocating feeling made Claire sweat.

“No...” Claire shouted. She opened her eyes abruptly, but only saw gorgeous bed curtains hanging overhead.

A dream?

“Miss?” Jeans knocked on the door frantically, his voice full of worry. “Miss, are you alright?”

Claire tried to sit up, but found that the two little things were lying on her chest, round little Black Feather and furry White Emperor. They were both in deep sleep. Claire bit her lip. No wonder she had a nightmare. It was all because these two little fellas were sleeping on her chest.

“I’m fine, Jean. It was only a nightmare,” Claire said quickly to console Jean. She knew that if she didn’t say anything any longer, Jean would break open the door.

“Oh. As long as you are fine, Miss.” Jean’s voice was obviously relieved.

“You should go rest.” Claire let out a small sigh. She reached out and scooped the two little fellows off and set them beside her pillow.

“Yes,” Jean replied, about to leave.

“Wait a moment. What time is it right now? How long have I been asleep?” Claire asked.

“It’s morning now. Miss, you’ve slept for a day and a night,” Jean replied from outside her room.

“Oh.” Claire got up. Her stomach rumbled awkwardly. Claire frowned slightly. “I’ll be up soon. Call someone to prepare me food. I’m hungry.”

"Yes, Miss." The sound of Jean's footsteps gradually disappeared.

After Claire got up and was dressed, she was still thinking back to her dream. The suffocating feeling was so intense, so realistic. She would definitely not let it come true! Claire clenched her fists. After she finished dressing, she left out the door.

Today, the morning was unusually busy. Because Claire had woken up safely, everybody ate a peaceful meal joyfully.

Claire gracefully wiped her mouth after eating and then said, "Cousin Yuewen, tell me about Lagark's capital's current economic situation. Also, tell me as much information as possible about the chairmen of each chamber of commerce."

"Each chairman?" Li Yuewen was a bit puzzled. It was reasonable to want to know about each chamber of commerce, but each chairman?

Claire accepted the flower tea Camille passed over, took a large, satisfying sip, then continued asking, "Mm. Are there going to be any big events in the capital soon? Anything that would attract people's attention?"

"Huh? What does that have to do with making money?" Li Yuewen asked, puzzled.

Claire couldn't explain to them the effects of advertising. She could only respond confidently. "Yes. So, are there any big events?"

"Yes." Li Yuewen nodded. "Two weeks later, the capital will hold a donating convention. The donated money will be construct a clinic for the poor people who can't afford to be treated. That day, both the crown prince and the capital's number one beauty will be there."

"Prince? Number one beauty?" Claire asked, puzzled. She set down her teacup.

"Haha, Claire, in truth, there are three great beauties. Of the great beauties, one is the Hua clan's Hua Xiuning and one is the Shui clan's Shui Xinmei." Li Mingyu explained, amused.

“And the last one?” Claire raised her teacup and Camille poured in more tea for her. Claire took a small sip. He had only mentioned two. Who was the third beauty?

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“The third great beauty is your cousin, Li Yuewen.” Li Mingyu laughed, ignoring Li Yuewen’s warning gaze.

“Splurt…” Claire spit out the flower tea ungracefully. Sitting across from her, Walter was completely drenched. Next to him, Summer and Qiao Chuxin were also sprayed a little. Walter turned gloomy but didn’t dare to retort.

“Damn brat, what’s with that attitude?” Seeing what Claire had done, Li Yuewen turned crazy, about to attack Claire.

“Haha, my bad, my bad alright? Great beauty cousin Yuewen….” Claire begged for mercy while laughing. “Then, great beauty cousin Yuewen, are you going that day too?”

“No.” Li Yuewen humphed coldly. “We don’t have money to donate, in any case.”

“That’s right. Nowadays, out of the three great beauties, Shui Xinmei has already been married into the Feng clan whereas your cousin, Yuewen, rarely appears in public, so currently, Hua Xiuning is taking the spotlight,” Li Mingyu said with a low voice, his gaze complex.

Claire understood Li Mingyu’s feelings. The Li clan was declining every day, its glory gone.

“Hua Xiuning has the spotlight?” Claire stroked her chin, deep in thought.

“Right. Think about it. That day, that woman will take the spotlight again, meaning the Hua clan will also take the spotlight.” Li Yuewen humphed coldly. The Hua clan and Li clan had always been rivals. Just thinking about it made Li Yuewen unpleased.

“Cousin Yuewen, don’t be so angry.” Claire laughed, her eyes turning to slits.

“Damn brat, what you thinking? How am I angry?” Li Yuewen grumbled.

“I’m thinking of…” A strange smile appeared at her lips. “Taking the spotlight!”

“Take the spotlight? How?” Li Yuewen looked at Claire, baffled.

“Cousin Yuewen, you will attend the convention this time and not only that, you will bring someone with you! We also need to bring outstanding treasure,” Claire said solemnly.

“Bring someone? And since when did we have any treasure?” Li Yuewen looked at Claire with confusion, not understanding what exactly Claire was planning.

A sly smile appeared at her lips. Claire turned to the currently eating happily Dong Fenghou and said, “Don’t you think Dong Fenghou is pretty?”

Everybody’s gazes were drawn toe Dong Fenghou. Dong Fenghou currently had no class at all, currently stuffing his mouth with food, his mouth wide open. Dong Fenghou was enchantingly beautiful, but currently, he had no connection with beauty. Crumbs at the corners of his mouth, oil all over his hands! Dong Fenghou suddenly sensed that something was off, looking up to see that everybody’s gaze was directed at him.

“What?” Dong Fenghou mumbled. Although he was slow, he was still able to sense that there was something unusual with Claire’s gaze.

“No, he’s too stupid and his words are unclear. Even if he was disguised as a beauty, he wouldn’t be able to act as one.” Camille saw through Claire’s plan and refuted it.

Ah?! Everybody suddenly understood what exactly Claire was planning on doing. If Dong Fenghou was dressed as a girl then he would be devastatingly beautiful! Saying that thousands would fall for him wouldn’t be an exaggeration. If he appeared in the convention like that, then he would definitely attract everybody’s gaze. But Dong Fenghou only knew how to eat. What else could he do? Everything would be ruined the moment he opened his mouth.

“That’s true.” Claire stroked her chin, nodding a bit unwillingly. She almost forgot that the charming, devastatingly beautiful youth was like a pig. There was no way he could attend!

Claire’s gaze shifted to Summer and Qiao Chuxin, but rejected the idea. These two little girls, their appearances were both delicate and innocent, not capable of seducing anyone. Walter? Leng Lingyun? Jean? Claire automatically rejected them all. These people would prefer dying before crossdressing.*TL: nuuuu

Then what should they do? Claire was conflicted. The best candidate, Dong Fenghou, wouldn’t work. Then who else would work?

“Are you trying to find someone even more beautiful than Huo Xiuning? That won’t be easy. Huo Xiuning is truly beautiful.” Li Yuewen walked through the loopholes of Claire’s plan. “Hua Xiuning has a very high goal. She has always been aiming for the crown prince in order to become the crown princess and in the future, the empress, so she’s always been searching for chances to meet the crown prince.”

“But she hasn’t succeeded?” Claire smiled coldly.

“How did you know?” Li Yuewen asked, a bit surprised. “The crown prince has never declared anything.”

“If she succeeded, then you wouldn’t have such a tone,” Claire teased, raising a brow.

“Damn brat, you dare to mess around with me?” Li Yuewen was finally able to sense the hidden meaning of Claire’s words.

“Actually, there is a suitable candidate.” Camille stared at Claire, smiling.

Everybody else’s gaze shifted to Claire. Claire frowned, a bit displeased. “Really now, do you really think my petite frame can beat those seductive and mature women?”

“Beauty potion,” Leng Lingyun suddenly said, then continued on eating breakfast with his head down low. Everybody looked at him. His facial expression didn’t change, completely calm and tranquil as he drank juice,

as if the person who just spoke wasn't him.

"Right, beauty potion. Heh heh, Claire, even with your petite frame, you can become a curvy beauty... ahhh!" Before Walter finished his words, he had already fallen out of his chair, crying out miserably. Claire threw a piece of bread at him, but it wasn't as simple as that; she even used a bit of Dou Qi. How could a weak Dark magician contend with such strength? And so he tumbled brilliantly onto the ground with this blow.

Claire sent a murderous gaze, as if saying 'serves you right. But when she turned, she saw everybody eyeing her.

"I'm telling you right now, don't even think about it. I won't agree." Claire stood up, about to leave.

"Come on Claire~~ Are you just going to cold-heartedly watch are Li clan fall? Are you going to just watch on as your mother's relatives are in dire straits?" Li Yuewen pulled Claire by the arm, her tone almost sickeningly gentle. She gazed profoundly at Claire, eyes glittering.

Claire felt goosebumps rise. She pulled back her arm, her lips trembling in disgust. "Elder cousin Yuewen, has anyone ever told you that that tone and gaze does not suit you at all?"

"You're looking for a beating!" Li Yuewen immediately turned to back true self, becoming angry.

Claire sat down and continued "Alright, let's not talk about this for now. First, let's settle the matter of treasure."

"How would we have treasure?" Li Yuewen frowned. The only things they had of worth were the magic beast cores that Claire had given, but she had been planning on selling them to repair the main hall Claire had wrecked and save the rest for later.

"Ben." Suddenly, Claire called out Ben's name, who had had been sitting quietly.

"What?" Ben asked blankly, looking up at Claire.

"Don't all dragons love treasure?" Claire asked Ben. Although she was

asking, her tone was not so much as questioning as resolute.

"No." Ben denied immediately, but the flicker in his eyes gave him away.

This kid! Claire bit her lip. It seems he had learned quite a bit from her, but not enough. When he lied, his gaze flickered. She had heard long ago that dragons had such a hobby, collecting treasures, all rare and valuable. It seems it was true.

"You don't? As the venerable prince of dragons, you don't even have a decent treasure trove?" Claire sighed, her tone pitiful. "Your life sure has been tragic. You must be the poorest of all dragons."

Everyone else kept quiet. Li Yuewen stared rigidly at Claire. Would anyone fall for such simple goading? Impossible?!

"Nonsense! My treasures are the most valuable of all!" Ben yelled, standing up emotionally.

After he said this, the dining room fell silent. They all stared at Ben. Li Yuewen's jaw dropped to the ground, staring incredulously at Ben. It couldn't be? Someone would actually fall for such simple goading?! This stupid dragon!

Summer shrugged, as if this was to be expected. This uncultured dragon, not only was he rude, he was stupid to the point of insanity. So this was completely expected.

Ben noticed the crafty glint in Claire's eyes and suddenly felt an urge to cry. Claire, that fellow, truly was the craftiest. Like Walter said, how could she be human? She was a little devil? His treasure, all of his treasure! He couldn't let them all land in her hands!

"Don't think that getting a few is enough." Claire's next words shattered Ben's hope. "What do you need treasure more? You can't eat it and it can't bring you joy, status, increase your strength or fulfill your wishes. Ben, just listen to me, they're worth as much as clouds."

Ben turned glum. He knew all that, but gathering treasure was a dragon's second nature, yet she wanted to rob him of all the treasure he had spent his life on gathering with just one sentence! But in his heart,

Ben made a decision. Yes, just as Claire said, the treasure couldn't benefit him. But when the days he had spent with Claire, he had experienced everything. The feeling he had with Claire and everybody was very good, very warm. And when he was protecting someone else, he also felt a sense of satisfaction. He had never known the helping someone would bring such happiness. When Claire was blocking before him, he discovered that the feeling of being cared by others was so warm, so moving. He had never experienced these before. He hoped such feelings would continue forever. Plus, he had a strange feeling towards the skimpy little thief girl. Every time he saw her, he wanted to tease her. What was this feeling?

"Then that's settled. We'll wait for you to come back with all your treasure," Claire smiled widely, sealing the deal. How could she know Ben's feelings right now? She was focused on extortion.

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Ben gritted his teeth, squeezing out a “uhuh” and then didn’t say anything else.

“What exactly is your plan?” Although Camille had guessed the gist of it, he still asked.

“First, we must leave a deep impression on everybody in the capital. Since even the prince will be coming along with that so-called beauty, naturally, many noblemen will be going.” Before Claire finished, Camille already understood fully.

“At the convention, the Li clan will present an incredible treasure, then announce that the Li clan has numerous amounts of it. A stunning beauty, treasure, these will attract all gazes towards the Li clan. At that time, naturally, many people will come knocking on the door, some for treasure, some for the beauty,” Camille said in a low voice. “But there’s a limited amount of treasure. Even if we sold them all, it wouldn’t be sustainable economically.”

“Yes. The next step would be to open up to the market. The Feng clan has basically everything underfoot: clothes, food, appliances, decorations. The Li clan is known best for its forging weapons, right? But then that position was taken by the Feng clan, so your smithy was closed down,” Claire said with low voice. “Then let’s first focus on forging weaponry. There are many adventurers so the demand is high. Also, if we’re able to obtain the right to be the supplier of the royal army, then as one can imagine, the profits would be huge.”

Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu sucked in a deep breath. How ambitious!

Right to be the supplier for the royal army? This was originally the right of the country’s own weapon forgers, but later, the Feng clan had obtained the right through unknown means. Would it be so easy to take away from the Feng clan?

“That.. seems too difficult, a bit improbable.” Li Yuewen bit her lip.

“The Li clan’s forging is worse than the Feng clan’s?” Claire sneered.

“That’s impossible! Even if our Li clan sunk any lower, we would still be the country’s number one!” Li Yuewen stood up emotionally, banging the table with a fist.

“So how do you know without trying?” Claire smiled coldly, a profound gleam in her eyes. “Since I’ve made my decision, I’ll carry it out properly.” Claire curled her lip. Who else could do it besides her?

“Give me information about the prince too,” Claire added with slitted eyes. If she wanted to have the right of being the weapon supplier, then it would be fastest to first attract the emperor and crown prince’s attention. Naturally, before this could happen, she needed to have a better understanding of the prince, such as his weak points, not just how much power or property he owned, or some kind of secret, strange hobby. Even though she didn’t want to become intentionally seductive for everybody to see, but the more she thought about it, it was just for a short while. Afterwards, nobody would know. Once the effects of the potion were gone, nobody would be able to find her, disappearing mysteriously. People were strange beings; the more mysterious something was, the more they would chase after it. It was time for the Li clan to become the focus of attention.

Since they had finished making their decision, then they would start!

And the target was the biggest catch, the crown prince!

Once Claire obtained the information about the crown prince, she had a bit of a headache. He was practically perfect! Whether it was appearance, strength, morales, prestige, he was completely impeccable. He didn’t have any unhealthy habits or hobbies and nothing he particularly liked.

Claire threw the data onto the table and leaned back in her chair. Just because the data indicated so didn’t mean that the crown prince didn’t have any weaknesses. All humans have weaknesses. As for what it was, she would have to find it herself.

Ben’s treasures were truly magnificent, worth whole cities. Just thinking of it made Claire’s eyes light up with satisfaction. He actually had some pretty ancient stuff, pretty surprising.

“F*ck! Damn that b*tch Hua Xiuning!” Li Yuewen suddenly slammed over the study’s door, her face dark as she sat down.

“What is it?” Claire raised a brow. “Did you cross paths?”

“Humph, I met Hua Xiuning, that nasty woman, flirting around,” Li Yuewen said hatefully. “Saying that she hoped to see us at the convention.”

Hearing this, Claire couldn’t help laughing. So her proud elder cousin Yuewen had been taunted by her enemy.

“Cousin Yuewen, don’t be so angry. Tomorrow, I will regain your dignity.” Claire had a strange smile.

“Mm. I’ve already prepared the clothes you wanted to wear tomorrow. I asked a Li clan member to personally sew it based off of your designs. They’re definitely trustworthy, not someone under those old fools. And your design was destroyed just as you instructed.” Li Yuewen had come specifically to talk about this.

“Mm. Is everything else ready?” Claire rapped the table and asked.

“Everything has been prepared as you instructed. It cost quite a bit of money,” Li Yuewen said a bit painfully.

“That’s nothing, Cousin Yuewen. You must sacrifice for the greater good. When the time comes, your gains will make up for it by the thousands,” Claire said, a little annoyed.

“Sacrifice for the greater good?*” Li Yuewen digested the words carefully, nodding.

*TL: Literal: Give up the child for the wolf…. An ancient proverb… “You know what, it’s a proverb, it shouldn’t make sense at all” – Eric

“Alright already, cousin Yuewen. You should go rest. The coming days will be busy,” Claire said. “Tomorrow, the Li clan will once again take the stage in history. Let us welcome this moment together.”

“Mm.” Li Yuewen stood up, but was internally perturbed. Would tomorrow go smoothly?

The next day, the autumn day was cool. Many large carriages were heading towards the same place in the early morning, the capital's square. The large convention was to be held there today, hosted by the emperor with the crown prince attending. Who of the nobility wouldn't want to appear to show loyalty to the empire, reverence towards the emperor and benevolence to the commoner? It was a chance for aristocrats to show off.

Everybody appeared, leaving the streets empty. Not only the noblemen, but the commoners could also go to the square to witness the elegant crown prince and number one beauty.

When the crown prince appeared with luxurious, ivory clothes, a clamor started.

"Long live the prince!"

"May the prince be blessed for a thousand years!"

Energetic cheers arose. In the commoners' hearts, the crown prince was benevolent and magnanimous.

The crown prince smiled, waving at the crowd from above on stage, fueling more cheers.

"The crown prince sure is awesome." Summer and Qiao Chuxin were at a corner of the square. Summer was eating some street food Qiao Chuxin had bought. "The commoners love him so much."

Qiao Chuxin took a bit of her food and said seriously, "No, Claire is. Claire's said before, commoners are the foundations of a country's strength. There's a reason why Lagark grows stronger by the day. Claire's also said that relationship between the emperor and the commoners is akin to a boat with water. Water can keep a boat afloat, but can also flip it over."

"Of course. Claire's intelligence is beyond human." Summer chewed. If she wasn't so good, then how would she be able to control them so well, without leaving any room for them to resist.

The two's conversation was very quiet, so normal people wouldn't be able to hear them. But for experts, it was different. An old man dressed in

fine, black clothes glanced at them. He had heard the words they had just said clearly. Claire? Who was she? She had such insight, able to create such a fitting analogy for the relationship between the emperor and his people. The people were the foundation of the empire's might. There was someone else who had spoken these words and also deeply influenced their current emperor, which was why Lagark was prospering by the day.

"Lady Hua has arrived!" a voice announced suddenly out of nowhere. Then a luxurious carriage stopped at the entrance.

"The Hua clan has arrived," a chamberlain announced.

Everybody's gaze turned that way. Commoners craned their necks, wanting to see the capital's number one beauty.

The door opened slowly. A jade white hand reached out. The butler who was already waiting outside hastily supported her out. Wearing a snow white, luxurious dress, a glossy black pearl necklace around her neck emphasized her grandeur. A jewel bracelet of different gems adorned her wrist, clearly of considerable value. With jade-like skin, an enchanting smile, eyes like crescent moons, a delicate nose, and ruby red lips, when she smiled, she charmed everybody within sight.

Many noble youths stared fixedly at Hua Xiuning. They hadn't come just to put on a show for the crown prince, but also to see the love of their dreams, Hua Xiuning. Of the three great beauties, one was married, while another was cold and nobody dared to try. Only Hua Xiuning was both charming and friendly.

"Crown Prince, your highness." Hua Xiuning slowly walked up stage on the red carpet, then gave the crown prince a curtsy. Her eyes were filled with unconceivable love. Hua Xiuning was not only eyeing the position of crown princess, she had been completely charmed by the perfect, handsome prince.

"Lady Hua." A faint smile surfaced on the crown prince's face, but his eyes were empty.

Disappointment flashed in her eyes. She had spent so much effort on preparing for today, yet the crown prince's gaze didn't linger on her, not

even for a second. Why?

"Donating Convention, commence..."

A voice announced, their voice drawn out. The convention had finally begun. The convention was very simple with no ceremonies. Because it was a donating convention, naturally, there wasn't any wasteful spending for appearance's sake.

The aristocrats started coming upstage one by one to donate. Some donated money, others donated gifts. The butler of the Feng clan straight up donated ten million gold coins, supplying half the cost of what it would take to set up the clinic. Naturally, there were many cheers. This man was the old man who had overheard Summer and Qiao Chuxin talk about Claire!

"Your majesty, the Hua clan will be donating..." Hua Xiuning smiled gently, quietly speaking to the crown prince, just about to order the person behind her to bring up a decorated box when she was interrupted.

"The Li clan has arrived..."

Li clan?!

Astonishment flashed in the crown prince's eyes. The Li clan, one of the four main clans, had already been gone from the public eye for so long. Why were they here today?

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An unnoticeable trace of rage flashed through Hua Xiuning's eyes. She also turned to look towards the entrance, her heart full of disdain. Internally, she laughed. The Li clan actually dared to show their face here?!

An incomparably luxurious carriage stopped at the entrance. The first to come out of the carriage and jumping off as she did was the well known Li Yuewen, a rose with thorns. Who knew how many people had tried to pluck this flower but were pricked miserably. Today, Li Yuewen donned extravagant clothes, dazzling and brilliant, making quite a few people gasp, deserving of being called one of the three great beauties.

Li Yuewen? Humph! A profound and vicious look flashed through Hua Xiuning's eyes. Li Yuewen, was yesterday's humiliation not enough? Are you trying to destroy yourself?

But Li Yuewen did not then go to walk up the red carpet. Instead, she extended her hand to someone in the carriage. Everybody was puzzled at Li Yuewen's action. Who was worthy of Li Yuewen supporting off the carriage?

A slender, jade white hand slowly reached out the carriage. In a split second, everybody's gaze was sucked over. Just her fair-skinned, beautiful arm already made them unable to shift their gazes away. Who was she?

Gradually, slowly, the person Li Yuewen was supporting stepped out of the carriage gracefully.

Under the sunlight, in an instant, every single person in the square froze. During this moment, their breath was stolen away, minds blanking out, completely losing their capability to think.

She was a completely magnificent, stunning beauty!

Her silky long golden hair was like sunlight, with gentle folds. A lock of hair hung down over each of her smooth cheeks. Her fair, thin neck aroused them like no other. The pure white flowers above her ears

enhanced her stunning and unique appearance. Her emerald green eyes were like whirlpools, sucking one in so deeply they wouldn't be able to break free. With her jade like features, her smile was so dazzling, blinding even. It was so brilliant, their hearts were stolen away. Raising her head slightly, the stunningly beautiful woman looked ahead, standing silently. She wore a pale lavender dress, suiting her figure perfectly. Her mysterious charm sent off ripples. No one had ever seen such a dress before. Without any jewelry or makeup, she was like a pure white, holy lotus flower, or a delicate and refined peony. At that instant, everybody was a loss for words.

The crown prince stared fixedly at the woman who had suddenly appeared. He just stared, unable to say a single word, unable to think.

When she smiled brightly, it was as if the sun itself was shining. When she stood tranquilly, it was as if the pure, full moon had risen.

She was a goddess with moonlight as her guide descending onto the mortal world, making them lose their sense of selves.

Li Yuewen helped the stunning beauty down. They walked slowly down the red carpet, step by step.

Something most shocking then happened.

Wherever the stunning woman stepped, a small, golden lotus appeared underfoot!

Lotuses appearing with every step!

The entire square fell into pandemonium!

With such devastating beauty, one smile would throw a city in turmoil and another would wreck a country! Her beauty charmed all living beings.

And the most mysterious and shocking thing was whenever the woman took a step, a small golden lotus would appear underfoot, dazzling bright. Even the experts present were in shock. Although they knew this was some kind of secret technique, how did she do it?

And so the stunning woman strode forward with Li Yuewen's support, creating lotuses with every step, her graceful steps attracting everyone's

gaze. Her refined and delicate face smiled faintly, bewitching, so much so that many people thought it would be worth death if only she smiled at them.

Hua Xiuning glanced at the frozen crown prince from the corner of her eye, immediately shooting out fire with her eyes. Where did this woman suddenly appear from?!

Currently, in the presence of this stunning woman, two of the capital's great beauties lost their luster. The stunning woman's brilliance far surpassed everyone else.

And so, Li Yuewen supported Claire as they slowly made their way up stage. Camille followed with two boxes from behind.

"Greetings, your majesty, the crown prince." Li Yuewen gave a slight curtsey.

The stunning woman spoke, her voice as melodious as the sound of pearls landing onto a jade plate."Greetings, your majesty." All the surrounding male aristocrats gazed dreamily at the stunning woman who had suddenly appeared, completely unable to come back to senses. Even when their female companions pinched their arms fiercely, they were still not responding.

As no ordinary person, the crown prince regained his senses quickly. He smiled elegantly at the stunning beauty. "Miss Li, may I have an introduction?"

After he asked this question, everybody perked up their ears, all wanting to know who the stunning woman was. They had never heard of such a beautiful person in the Li clan, not to mention having seen her. The eyes of the aristocrat youths were glued to the stunning woman.

"Your highness, this is my younger cousin, Lan Ling." Li Yuewen smiled, but everyone was confused. The crown prince also watched Li Yuewen with confusion. Younger cousin? Li Yuewen had such a cousin? Such a devastatingly beautiful person, why hadn't they heard of her before?

"Could it be? Is she the daughter of the woman who had shattered her

cultivation and renounced her clan?" Nearby, Hua Xiuning spoke out, her voice filled with clear disdain. She was trying to provoke the woman, hoping the woman would break out in anger.

"Today, I have finally seen the grace of Lagark's number one beauty." Under the alias Lan Ling, Claire smiled faintly. Her voice was gentle but to the point. Everybody's gaze shifted to Hua Xiuning, glaring. Some had the urge to explain that Hua Xiuning was only the capital's number one beauty, not Lagark's. Now, the so-called number one beauty had angered many people by criticizing the stunning beauty.

Hua Xiuning's expression changed greatly, her face instantly reddening. She hurriedly looked towards the crown prince. Sure enough, she saw a flash of disgust in his eyes. In an instant, Hua Xiuning was regretting, truly hating that she had said such words thoughtlessly, forgetting about her surroundings.

Li Yuewen wasn't someone who would take a beating lying down. She retorted with words even more hurtful, leaving Hua Xiuning unable to protest. "Hua Xiuning, please watch your language. The Li clan's private matters are not to be discussed publically. Also, my cousin's name true last name is Lan, but you automatically assumed she was from Amparkland's Hill clan, how inconsiderate."

"You!" Hua Xiuning was so angry, she almost gnashed her teeth. She wanted to retort with even harsher words, but with the crown prince nearby, all she could do was hold back.

"Your highness, my cousin came recently to visit the Li clan. Hearing about this convention, she wanted to come." Li Yuewen smiled towards the crown prince.

"I heard long ago that your highness is magnanimous and caring. I see the rumors are justified." Claire smiled, looking at the crown prince gently. Although it was just a polite remark, the crown prince started smiling. "The rumors are exaggerated. I'm only doing my duty."

"Not only is your highness caring, you are also humble." Claire smiled gently and continued, "Today, the crown prince is working for the benefit

of the people. Our Li clan will also naturally follow suit. Your highness, please accept our gifts."

Claire motioned toward Camille to bring the boxes up stage.

Before the crown prince could ask, Claire had already reached out her jade white hand and opened a box. When the box was opened, Hua Xiuning revealed a look of disdain, quietly muttering, "What is that? Just a stupid.. an ordinary sword." Hua Xiuning finally had finally learned her lesson, switching from "stupid" to "ordinary".

Li Yuewen smiled at the crown prince. "Your highness, may I borrow your sword for a moment?"

Without any hesitation, the crown prince handed over the sword from his waist. Holding the prince's sword in one hand and the ordinary looking sword in the other, Li Yuewen gently crossed the swords in mid air. With a clang, the crown prince's sword had instantly shattered, but the ordinary sword was left perfectly intact.

The crown prince's expression shifted. His sword was specially designed, forged by the country's best craftsman, but today, with just a slight touch, it shattered!

Hua Xiuning was dumbstruck. The nearby noblemen were also frozen.

What kind of valuable sword was the unremarkable looking sword in Li Yuewen's hand?

"Your highness, I'm so sorry, your sword was actually destroyed by my cousin. I hope that your highness will visit our Li clan so we can replace it with a better one," Claire said a little bashfully. Her soft voice made every man present take pity on her. Nobody had the heart to reproach her. Currently, all the men present wished they could say 'it's nothing' in place of the prince.

Hua Xiuning's face was ashen. This foreign woman actually dared to take the initiative to invite the prince to her house! How brazen!

The prince seemed to be a bit at a loss, still staring at the sword in Li Yuewen's hand.

What? Replace it with a better one?

This sword they were donating wasn't their best one?

"Your highness, I hope you won't condemn me," Li Yuewen said, also a bit embarrassedly.

"No, it is a truly good sword." The crown prince came back to his senses and smiled warmly, an undetectable glimmer in his eyes. A good sword, a truly good sword indeed. If the royal army was all equipped with such swords, then....

"We have another item to donate." Li Yuewen walked up and opened the other box.

It opened gradually. When the box was open just a crack, countless rays of golden light shot out.

What was it? Everybody craned their necks to look.

The box finally opened completely.

"The Andleen Crown!" the crown prince exclaimed in a low voice.

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“The Andleen Crown!” the crown prince exclaimed in a low voice.

The commoners present didn’t understand what his words meant, but the nobles recognized the significance of his words, understanding the meaning deeply. When they saw what was in Li Yuewen’s hand, all of the nobles expressions changed greatly. The dazzling golden crown was inlaid with multiple types of precious jewels, exceptionally exquisite. Under the sun, it glistened.

The Andleen Crown was the favorite crown of the founding emperor of Lagark. The crown was created by the country’s top ten or so craftsmen, and made out of the most valuable jewels in the empire, one of a kind because after the craftsmen finished the crown, the emperor executed them. The later generations pitied the craftsmen. As the country later fell into war, the crown was lost in the chaos, never to be seen again, but today, they saw it here! All of the nobles present, including Hua Xiuning, recognized that the crown was definitely the Andleen Crown! Because there was no ways of recreating it! Within the royal treasury, the portraits of the founding emperor all had him wearing this crown! How did the Andleen crown suddenly appear here?

“We acquired it by chance.” Claire smiled faintly. “We will be taking our leave now.”

“Your highness, we are taking our leave.” Li Yuewen supported Claire as they turned and walked gracefully away, only leaving behind a faint, sweet scent in the air.

The crown prince nodded, his expression complex.

The nobles craned their necks, watching Claire’s figure disappear dreamily. But the crown prince’s gaze lingered on the crown, countless thoughts flashing through his mind.

Who was the mysterious beauty? Why would they have the Andleen crown? From her tone of voice, the valuable crown was only a trifling thing in her eyes. And her purpose was very clear. The items donated were

to be auctioned as funds to start the clinic, but this was originally from the royal family. Naturally, nobody would dare to bid for it. The royal family could buy it even if they used a low amount of money. The mysterious beauty would give away such a huge favor just like that? Just how powerful was her background?

And like so, Claire, Li Yuewen, and Camille left.

Everybody was deeply stunned, unable to come back to their senses. The mysterious beauty had arrived brilliantly, like fire works, but after stunning everyone, disappeared immediately.

Hua Xiuning's face paled, then darkened, then greened. She clenched her fists tightly until her knuckles were white, nails piercing into her flesh.

The day was an important page of history.

Even after a long, long time, people would still remember this day, when a lady as beautiful and holy as a goddess appeared in the capital square. Her grace was matchless and her unparalleled complexion was dazzling, charming everyone. Her mysterious and luxurious dress added a deeper impression.

Inside the carriage, Claire stretched, cracking her neck, then leaned back, giving a cold humph. "Hua Xiuning, you dared to insult my mother? I will make you pay."

"But today really was awesome." Li Yuewen smirked. "Every time I think back to how angry she looks, I just want to laugh."

"You should think of our next step. Also, has the matter of the clothing store been settled yet?" Claire said quietly.

"Oh... the incoming tides of waves... " Li Yuewen face palmed, a bit dismayed, then changed her tone suddenly. "Oh wait, Claire, I never expected that you were so talented at designing clothes. When the clothing store opens, business will be booming, haha."

Claire wanted to say something, but didn't. How could she explain that the cheongsam was one of the most important aspects of Oriental culture? They would definitely not understand.

But in any case, the first step was completed successfully. Now they were truly going to start!

Night, cold and calm as water.

The palace, in the study.

“It really is the founding emperor’s Andleen Crown,” A dignified middle aged man inspected the Andleen Crown carefully. He was dressed in luxurious ivory clothes with golden designs. The large jasper ring sitting on his thumb revealed his identity: Lagark’s emperor, Collin Kiel. Although he was now in his middle ages, you could tell that in his prime, he was very handsome.

“Yes, Father*. This is a memory crystal. You can see what happened that day.” The crown prince, Albert Kiel, handed over a clear crystal.

*Literal is father king, used every time he addresses his father

The palace magician standing at the emperor’s side immediately received it then infused magic in, starting the memory crystal.

As the situation in the magic crystal developed, the glint in the emperor’s eyes changed accordingly.

He had never heard of such a stunning beauty before. Lotus flowers with every step? How was it possible?

The emperor set down the crown, smiling as he asked the crown prince, “Albert, what do you think?” He was most proud of his only son, similar to him in every aspect: wise, calm and collected, magnanimous, and farsighted. His exceptional military talent was even more praiseworthy. The emperor foresaw that under the leadership of his son, Lagark would enter a more prosperous and glorious era.

“This woman is very mysterious. But one thing is certain. There is a strong power backing her whose existence we are currently not aware of.” The crown prince analyzed in a low voice, “First, the woman herself is very strong. The lotus flowers were a creation of her own technique. Second, she handed over the Andleen crown that has been missing for so long without any care. Third, I have never heard nor seen such attire before.

And lastly, her devastating beauty. How could such a stunning beauty be unheard of? But today, she appeared, creating a commotion. She must have been raised secretly for her own protection."

"Not bad." A flash of admiration glinted in the emperor's eyes, but he paused and reverted back to a heavy tone. "Albert, your analysis is logical, but it is not enough to be sure she has a powerful backing. You know what I am most interested in, not this crown or treasures more valuable than this either."

"Yes, Father, I understand." The crown prince smiled. "Father must be thinking of the ordinary looking sword."

"Yes." The emperor nodded in approval. "Worthy of being my son. You understood immediately what I was thinking about."

"I have already sent people to investigate. The weapon was actually forged by the Li clan. Much more time, effort, and materials were spent than for an ordinary sword. Although such a weapon cannot be mass produced, a slightly inferior version could be. If our soldiers were equipped with such weapons..." The crown prince's eyes were shining.

"Albert, go. Didn't that woman say she was going to gift you another weapon? Approach her and investigate her background. She was able to donate so much at the convention. Go investigate clearly what her aim is." The emperor's gaze shifted back to the Andleen crown. There was a flash of shock in his eyes. The crown was incomparably refined, its luster even more captivating. No wonder it had been so famous. It was so valuable, but didn't seem to be anything important in the stunning beauty's eyes. Then what other treasures did the beauty have? In an instant, the emperor curiosity was piqued.

"Yes, Father. I will be taking my leave." The crown prince bowed, about to leave.

"Wait, Albert." The emperor called out, stopping the crown prince, smiling.

"Does Father have any other orders?" the crown prince asked with confusion.

“Albert, wait and see if the woman truly has a powerful backing. I think that she has the right to become your crown princess. Oh, you have always set your sights high.”

“Father...” The crown prince’s expression became unnatural, slightly embarrassed.

“You are my son. How could I not understand? Go.” The emperor smiled.

The crown prince left with a bit of embarrassment. Only after the study door closed did the emperor rub his temples a little helplessly. “Lisa, can you come down now?”

With a whoosh, a woman in fiery red appeared before the emperor’s eyes. See seemed no more than thirty with a beautiful countenance, an imposing aura about her, fiery red hair, jet black eyes staring at the emperor. Her entire being emitted grandeur.

“Lisa, don’t look at me like that.” The emperor rubbed his temples with a bit of a headache. Of course he knew why the fiery beauty was displeased.

“You want to hand over the right of supplying the royal army to the Li clan from our Feng clan?” THe woman slammed a fist onto the desk, causing it to shake violently. At the side, the palace magician was not surprised at all. The woman was the only person in the entire country who dared to be so rude to the emperor without any worry of being punished. She was Lagark’s current minister of defense!

“Lisa, listen to me. If the Li clan can forge weapons like the one at the convention, wait, no, even half as good as that and equip our army with them, then think of how might it would be!” the emperor explained patiently, obviously a little afraid of the fiery woman.

The woman’s beautiful eyes slitted, staring at the stunning beauty in the memory crystal as she humphed,

“We can consider it. But I need to meet this woman. That woman, humph, is not simple.” What kind of support did the Li clan find to lean on? She wanted to see for herself.

“What do you think?” The emperor seemed to be interested in the

woman's opinion.

But the woman only said, "Not simple."

"Yes, I can't see her through either. I've already sent Albert to investigate." The emperor said.

"I kno, I heard everything just now. I need to congratulate your majesty. You son has finally fallen for a woman." The woman raised a brow, teasing as she said, "At the time, you had even thought there was something wrong with your son."

"Enough. Didn't you think there was something wrong with your son too and even sent people to examine him? Oh right, how is Feng Yixuan doing right now?"

*TL: the pinyin for Lisa is Lisha or Lisuo and the author does not refer to her full name like she usually does for anyone with an ancient last name so I English-ified it to Lisa. It seems like her name is meant to sound English/European too.

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“Enough. Didn’t you think there was something wrong with your son too and even sent people to examine him? Oh right, how is Feng Yixuan right now?” the emperor asked casually. Only before this woman could the emperor be relaxed.

“That damn brat, he went mad and tried to undo his seal and almost died, unconscious for three days and nights. But when I thought he was going to actually die and was preparing to cry at his funeral, he woke up.” The fiery woman rolled her eyes, shrugging.

“Is that how a mother should talk about her son?” The emperor was a bit flabbergasted. From the way she spoke, she sounded almost like it was a pity her son didn’t die.

“That damn brat deserves it! He’s never tried to so hard for his own mother or protect me, but for a woman I’ve never seen before, he was willing to risk his life to become strong, saying some bullsh*t that he was going to protect her.” The fiery beauty gritted her teeth, not caring that she had cursed right in front of the emperor.

You need someone to protect you? You, a t-rex woman of steel, people fleeing the moment they meet you, beasts dying at the sight of you, flowers not daring to bloom in your presence, need someone to protect you?! The heavens would personally thank you if you stopped being so harmful! The emperor blinked, naturally not daring to actually say these words out loud. And he would not mention that she was being jealous of her future daughter in law even more so.

“Enough. I’m going back. Notify me when there’s more news.” The female t-rex yawned, preparing to leave.

“Mm. Also, tell young Feng there’s never an end to making money, so make time to have a cup of tea and play chess with me tomorrow,” the emperor added as Lisha* was about to leave. Young Feng was the emperor’s nickname for Feng Yixuan’s father.

*Looked ahead to check, just as suspected, she is usually referred to by

her full name. In China, close friends refer to each other by their first names only.

"Alright," the female t-rex waved offhandedly, then left.

The study's door shut once more. The emperor leaned back in his chair and his eyes landed on a small frame. Inside was a little painting with two young men smiling and a young girl in between smiling widely. Of the two young men, one was him and the other was Feng Yixuan's father. The girl in the middle was naturally the female t-rex. His thoughts wandering far away, the emperor suddenly thought of when his two good friends risked their lives to save him and thought of when the female t-rex planned each step to reach the throne and young Feng did all he could to help him win it. Had it already been ten years? Time flies fast. The emperor smiled gently.

"Achoo!" Claire sneezed loudly, then rubbed her nose. She frowned as she looked up at the round moon in the night sky. "Is someone talking bad about me behind my back again?"

"Not talking bad about you, but showering you with compliments and presents!" Li Yuewen suddenly appeared behind Claire like a ghost.

"Cousin Yuewen, are you a ghost? Not knocking on the door before entering..." Claire said, displeased.

"You didn't even close it, how could i knock on it?" Li Yuewen retorted indignantly. "Within just one afternoon, we've received so many flowers and gifts along with many invitations, those people change favor so quickly!" Li Yuewen cursed disdainfully.

"Don't get impatient. The person we're waiting for will definitely come." Claire smiled slyly, looking up towards the bright moon.

But for the next three days, the crown prince did not come. Other aristocrats came, all with the purpose of seeing Claire, or to be more accurate, wanting to see the stunning beauty Claire had transformed into, Lan Ling, but were blocked by Li Yuewen. She only said that once it was her younger cousin's birthday, they would host a banquet and invite them all. Only after pestering Li Yuewen and being sure they would receive an

invitation did the nobles leave reluctantly. Making Li Yuewen both amused and annoyed at the same time was that among them, not only were there young aristocrats, there were also some middle aged and old men without wives.

Inside the study, Li Yuewen finally could not hold back and asked Claire, who was sitting at desk, “Claire, why hasn’t the crown prince come yet?”

“You yourself have said that the crown prince is unordinary. If he rushed over like those other lowly nobles, I would find it surprising. Don’t worry, he will come soon,” Claire replied casually. She was flipping through an account book. “Cousin Yuewen, there’s something strange about about expenses. How come we’ve only used half of what I expected?”

“Heh heh…” Li Yuewen smiled slyly. “After the convention, the original price we had set for buying the store previously dropped by half.”

Claire’s face fell. She immediately understood what was wrong. Since when was her cousin was competent in business?

“Then did they have any conditions?” Claire twirled the fountain pen in her hand, her tone displeased. A feeling of unease arose in her heart.

“The store is the Intymen clan’s. They specialize in furniture and magic beast pelts. They hoped that they could send a set of their high class furniture.” Li Yuewen said proudly. She had thought Claire would praise her, but Claire suddenly threw down the fountain pen and reprimanded her angrily, “Cousin Yuewen, do you know what a loss you’ve made? And a large loss, no less!” Claire felt a twinge of a headache coming on. Sure enough, the Li clan was incompetent at business.

“Why? The Intymen clan gave us half off and even sent a set of high class furniture!” Li Yuewen was completely baffled. This was clearly a great deal, why was Claire saying they had made losses?

“What do you know?” Claire said helplessly. “That shop’s original price was thirty thousand gold. Half off means a profit of fifteen thousand. But they gave us a set of furniture. If they advertise that the stunning Lan Ling used their furniture, what do you think will happen? Will the Intymen clan only profit fifteen thousand gold?”

Before Claire finished speaking, Li Yuewen's expression had already changed. She finally realized that not only did she incur losses, but it was a huge loss! If they really did as Claire just said, then many people would buy their furniture. Would their profit be just fifteen thousand gold? Of course not. Perhaps it would even be more than 1.5 million?!

"Go and set a contract with them. Make them send their best furniture and make sure we get five percent of the profits. Only then can they advertise that Lan Ling used their furniture." Claire starting flipping through the account book again.

"Five percent of their profits? And what about paying for the store? Are we really going to ask for five percent of their stock and pay nothing?" Li Yuewen looked at Claire strangely. Did Claire think they were idiots? She wanted five percent of the profits without doing anything?

"Just go. Tell them that they can advertise every time. For example, if they start selling beds, they can advertise that it can help preserve your figure and that Lan Ling had been using their bed. If they don't agree, then say that we've already discussed this with other merchant clans and that they will agree immediately," Claire said impatiently, continuing to flip through the account book.

Li Yuewn looked at Claire doubtfully, wanting to say something, not willing to leave.

Standing behind Claire, Camille persuaded Li Yuewen, "Miss Li, just do what Claire just said. They will definitely agree."

Only then did Li Yuewen leave, albeit hesitantly.

"Claire, no wonder the Li clan declined to this state." Camille smiled widely as he poured another cup of flower tea for Claire, but his next words were piercing. "Currently, the most powerful members, Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu, are completely incompetent at business. The others aren't even worth mentioning."

Claire closed the account book and looked up at Camille, smiling. "Perhaps not. Perhaps there are some people in the Li clan competent at business, but are simply currently suppressed by those elders and hasn't

shown themselves yet."

"So?" Suddenly, an ominous premonition arose in his heart. Camille watched Claire cautiously. "What do you want?"

"I hope that our wise and brilliant secondary commander can use his foresight to search for capable people and then develop them. Only our talented and unparalleled secondary commander can do this. Your brilliance is unmatched. My cousins aren't even a hundredth of what you are." Claire raised the cup to her lips gracefully and took a sip, her expression unchanging as she spoke. "Even the flower tea you make is unique, incomparable."

A few moments later, Jean, who was guarding at the door, saw Camille prancing out, looking like he was floating. Jean stared, blinking a few times. Yes, Camille was prancing! His bizarrely giddy expression seemed to be asking for a beating.

Li Mingyu passed by the prancing Camille in the hallway and immediately stopped. He watched after Camille prancing away with confusion. Once he turned and saw Jean's mouth twitching slightly, he understood immediately. Claire must have used her usual method of persuading Camille again.

"Claire!" Li Mingyu called out as he walked into the room.

"What, Cousin Mingyu. Did that person come?" Claire raised her head, taking another sip of the flower tea, then setting it aside. Next to her, Black Feather and White Emperor were fighting over a piece of chocolate cake. A pair of white and another pair of black claws were tugging the cake stubbornly.

"How did you know?" Li Mingyu asked with a bit of amazement. Based off of Claire's tone, she seemed to have known long ago that he was going to come today.

"Just think about it. It's about the right time." Claire rose up, smiling faintly. She pushed her chair in, about to leave.

"You're going out like this? Without transforming?" Li Mingyu frowned

slightly.

"No need." Claire smiled. "Bring the other sword to the main hall."

Li Mingyu was confused, but he still listened to Claire's command, also leaving to fetch the sword.

In the main hall, the crown prince was sitting quietly, waiting. Many servants were busily moving gifts and flowers. The crown prince frowned. He didn't expect that after three days, the Li clan's residence would still be as bustling as a marketplace. But in any case, it seemed that the stunning woman, Lan Ling, had never shown herself.

Just as the crown prince was pondering, there was the sound of footsteps at the entrance. When he raised his head, he saw Li Mingyu and a young girl walking over. Lan Ling still wasn't showing herself? The crown prince frowned. Lan Ling wouldn't even meet him?

"Greetings, your highness, the crown prince." Li Mingyu and Claire bowed.

"Duke Li, she is?..." The crown prince could see the similarity between Claire and Lan Ling and already had a guess, but he still asked.

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“This is my other younger cousin, Lan Yue, Lan Ling’s younger sister,” Li Mingyu introduced Claire according to her instructions.

“Greetings, your highness.” Claire smiled and bowed again. She was neither servile nor overbearing.

“Haha, Miss Lan, hello.” The crown prince was smiling, but he was actually secretly astonished. Although the girl was so young, her features were already extremely refined. It could be seen how beautiful she would be when she grew up. At the very minimum, she would not lose to her elder sister, Lan Ling.

“Your highness, this is the sword my sister owes you.” Claire took the box from Li Mingyu and handed it to the crown prince.

“This...” The crown prince was a bit uncomfortable.

“Elder sister said that she’s very apologetic for breaking your highness’s sword that day.” Claire was raising the box to the crown prince, no intentions of taking it back.

The crown prince accepted the box. Meanwhile, his gaze was wandering. Li Mingyu secretly felt amused. Sure enough, as Claire predicted, the crown prince was looking for Lan Ling.

“Your highness, if you’re not busy, please stay for a meal.” Li Mingyu invited, smiling.

“That’s fine. Is Miss Lan Ling not here?” The crown prince finally couldn’t help but ask.

“Cousin Lan Ling just arrived at our country. She hasn’t adjusted yet and is resting.” Li Mingyu lied on the spot.

“Oh, is that so.” The crown prince paused. Li Mingyu’s words seemed suspicious. But in any case, why was Lan Ling not seeing anyone, including him? Unless she was actually feeling unwell?

That afternoon, the Li clan elders were full of awe. How long had it last

been when the Li clan was at a level where they could eat with the crown prince? And yet, currently, the crown prince was sitting at the main seat, conversing with Li Mingyu and laughing at times.

Claire ate peacefully, noticing out of the corner of her eye that the crown prince was a little distracted. Of course, she knew what he was thinking about. She sighed inwardly. Who would have thought that the crown prince was also ordinary, actually fascinated by Lan Ling. Although it wasn't very obvious, it was already beginning to show. But Claire wasn't too worried. She could see that the crown prince was no simple figure. He knew how to see the big picture. Even if he was very pleased with Lan Ling, if it came down to it, he could sacrifice Lan Ling for the greater good of the country in a heartbeat. Such a person was a true ruler.

After lunch, the crown prince still hadn't met who he had came to see, but he couldn't say it either, so he just left.

The Li clan was still as busy as a marketplace, flowers and gifts continuously sent in. Even Li Mingyu felt a little bit of a headache. Meanwhile, the Li clan elders were extremely excited. How long had it been since the Li clan had been so active? Could the Li clan reclaim its radiance? Their gazes towards Claire were now completely different. Before, their gazes were filled with hatred and fear, but now, they were fawning and full of hope. They could see the chance of the Li clan reclaiming its glory! Just thinking about it made them enthusiastic. They couldn't care less about who was the one bringing back their glory any more.

At nightfall, Claire stood alone at a high rooftop, a soft breeze greeting her face, her thoughts wandering far away. Reviving the Li clan would strengthen Lagark. Was it right or wrong? If Grandfather knew, would he be angry? If Mother knew, would she be content?

"Wifey, what are you worrying about? Such an expression doesn't suit you at all," a familiar voice suddenly crept right into Claire's ear.

Claire's eyes instantly widened. She turned around quickly and saw the person floating beside her.

“Feng Yixuan...” Claire stared fixed at the person before her. His red hair was still so flamboyant, his dark eyes staring at Claire intensely, just floating, smiling. Claire hadn’t even sensed when he had come near!

Wait a minute! Claire stared at Feng Yixuan with wide eyes. He was floating? And there was a wind whirling around him?! Looking carefully, there was actually a pair of translucent wings extending from Feng Yixuan’s back, transparent and shapeless! She watched intently as Feng Yixuan descended and stood beside Claire, grinning.

“You’re different.” Claire said finally after a long time. Yes, the feeling Feng Yixuan gave off was completely different from before. He had become powerful! Extremely powerful!

“My seal was undone.” Feng Yixuan laughed. “In the future, I can protect my wifey. And I will continue to become stronger until I can destroy the mark on your hand.” Although he was laughing, his eyes were filled with determination.

“Weren’t you ice attributed?” Claire was a bit puzzled as she watched the wings on Feng Yixuan’s back slowly fade away.

“Now I’m ice AND wind attributed,” Feng Yixuan said a little cockily. “What do you think? Aren’t I awesome? I’m now a double elemental magician.”

“You undid your seal?” Claire’s eyes sharpened as she asked in a low voice, “I remember Shui Wenmo said that you were currently totally unable to bear the power of the seal. Also, what is the seal?”

“Aren’t I standing here perfectly fine?” Feng Yixuan shrugged and said casually, “My seal was created the moment I was born, because every few generations, an exceptional person possessing the powerful ability to control wind appears in the Feng clan*. But because the power is too strong, many people of the past were shredded by wind blades before they could use the could control the power properly, so every time such a person is born, their power is sealed immediately.” Although Feng Yixuan was saying this very casually, Claire understood exactly how dangerous Feng Yixuan’s actions where. No wonder Shui Wenmo had tried to stop

him so desperately. One mistake and he would have been torn to shreds.

*Feng means wind. Dunno if I mentioned that before. BTW Shui means water so hmmm

“But hah! I’m perfectly fine right now. Ah, wifey, you’re still wearing the glove I gave you, haha. One day, I’ll personally take off the glove for you...” Feng Yixuan grabbed Claire’s right hand with one swipe, laughing heartily, but before he finished speaking, Feng Yixuan’s handsome face was greeted with Claire’s fist.

Feng Yixuan hugged his face, grimacing painfully as he howled and squatted down.

Claire retracted her fist coldly. “If you keep on screaming, I’ll beat you until your face is full of bruises. If you touch me again, I’ll slaughter you.”

Feng Yixuan, still covering his face, muttered, “It’s not like there’s anyone else around.

As Claire’s eyes sharpened, Feng Yixuan immediately shut up.

Claire stared at the crouching Feng Yixuan, her feelings complex. He had actually risked his life to undo the seal.

“Right, how did you find this place? How did you know I was here?” Claire suddenly thought.

“Humph!” Feng Yixuan bounced up and down very proudly. “Of course I knew. I’ve known where you were the moment you entered the city. And I also know that you will represent the Li clan at the martial arts tournament.”

Claire’s eyes instantly flashed. Right, the Feng clan was one of the four major clans of Lagark. How could they not be aware?

“Yes, I will represent the Li clan.” Claire nodded slightly.

“When the time comes, I will be representing the Feng clan. Shui Wenmo will be representing the Shui clan and the sworn enemy of the Li clan, the Hua clan, will send Hua Yilin. Hua Yilin is very brutal and cunning and, unfortunately, is truly strong. Before, both Shui Wenmo and

I weren't his match. But now, humph!" Feng Yixuan's tone had turned icy as he finished speaking. Evidently, both Feng Yixuan and Shui Wenmo had suffered in the hands of this person called Hua Yilin.

Claire fell silent, pondering.

"I hope I face him the first round so I get the chance to beat him," Feng Yixuan said coldly, gritting his teeth. Of course, he was hoping that Claire and Hua Yilin would not become opponents. It was too dangerous. Although the martial arts tournament was only called a friendly competition, if there really was a mishap, there would be no way to confirm if it was on accident or on purpose. He didn't want Claire to be the insane Hua Yilin's first opponent.

"Is he a magician or a warrior?" Claire inquired.

"Both. Actually, he shouldn't be classified as a warrior or magician. He can control water with his ancient technique and mold water. He's so proficient, he can condense water from air, difficult to deal with." Feng Yixuan was completely serious.

"I understand." Claire nodded. Fortunately, she had learned about him beforehand for if she drew lots and faced him in the first round before witnessing his capabilities.

"Claire, I need to go back. I only have half an hour. See you two months later, wifey. Take care of yourself." Feng Yixuan flew up immediately with a swoosh, fast enough so that Claire couldn't react in time and punch him again. He glanced meaningfully at Claire, then left, flapping away.

Claire watched as Feng Yixuan disappeared into the night, silent for a while.

"How thoughtful of him. He came specially just to tell you about Hua Yilin." Li Yuewen's voice suddenly appeared behind Claire.

"Cousin Yuewen." Claire turned and was met with Li Yuewen's apathetic expression.

"That guy was Feng Yixuan?" Although it was a question, her tone was certain.

“Yes.” Claire nodded.

“After that fellow was defeated by you at Amparkland, he became a running joke. After he returned, that t-rex mother of his chased him for hundreds of streets.” A delighted smile appeared on Li Yuewen’s lips, taking joy in his misfortune.

Claire went 囧. If Li Yuewen hadn’t mentioned it, she would have forgotten about it.

“But in any case, if you face him in the tournament, what will he do?” Li Yuewen crossed her arms, looking far into the distance of the dark night.

If she faced Feng Yixuan in the tournament, what would happen?

Claire stared into the vast darkness of the night, silent.

Chapter 124: [No Title]

“Oh right, Claire, the Intymen clan actually agreed to give us five percent of the profits without us doing anything. How unexpected.” Li Yuewen suddenly came back to her senses, smiling radiantly.

“Of course,” Claire said, a little displeased. This cousin of hers was so talented in many aspects yet completely incompetent at business.

“Claire, you’re formidable after all,” Li Yuewen praised sincerely. The more she knew about this younger cousin of hers, the more impressed she was.

“Oh right, has the weapons shop been opened yet? How about the clothing store? Has Camille selected anyone yet?” Claire sat down simply.

“It’s opened. Many people are paying attention. The first day it opened, there were many orders, all seeking the type of sword showcased at the donating convention. As for the clothing store, just as you instructed, we first sent a set of clothes for the princess and have changed the styles of the month accordingly,” Li Yuewen reported. “The effects of showcasing at the convention are evident. Camille has also selected a few people who are currently engrossed in work.

“Mm. Have those old foxes made any movements? Is there any chance of them resisting and fleeing to the Hua clan?” Claire stroked her chin. Of course Claire had the insight to see the possibility.

“Don’t worry about that. Claire, although those old fools don’t use their brains, they are extremely loyal to the clan and will never become traitors. And there has never been any traitors before either. This is the reason why they are so against your mother. Now...” Li Yuewen all sat down. Saying out of the corner of her mouth, “Now they all treat you as a savior and want to approach you and help at the weapon and clothing shop. The old things all want to meet you and talk to you, but you have kept on preventing them.”

“It’s enough to let them forge metal.” Claire looked up into the night sky. “Cousin Yuewen...”

“Mm?” Li Yuewen turned to Claire. Unexpectedly, she saw a trace of grief in Claire’s expression. “What is it?” Li Yuewen sensed something was wrong.

“I will achieve all of Mother’s dreams. Mother definitely would want to see the Li clan’s revival. But if the Li clan is revived, Lagark’s power will rise. Lagark and Amparkland’s relation will become more and more strained...

“Claire!” Before Claire finished speaking, Li Yuewen interrupted her. “Look at me, Claire.”

Claire turned. Facing Li Yuewen’s serious face, she grew puzzled.

“Claire, even if you said you wanted to go back to the Hill clan, I would not stop you. I will not stop you from doing anything. Of course I hope for your happiness. If the day Lagark and Amparkland become enemies arrives, I will try my best to...” Before Li Yuewen finished speaking, Claire was already smiling brightly.

“Cousin Yuewen, I’ve never regretted any of my decisions and I won’t in the future. If that day truly arrives, nothing will matter. I will try to protect the people I care about the most. So, Cousin Yuewen, don’t worry. I will become strong, strong enough to protect everyone.” Claire’s eyes glinted resolutely, her words powerful.

“I have total faith you will do so.” Li Yuewen stared unflinchingly at Claire. “The martial arts competition is in two days. Are you prepared? Has there been any changes with the Azure Ripple blade?”

“This stupid sword?” Claire retrieved the Azure Ripple blade from her interspatial ring and twirled it in the palm of her hand casually. “I haven’t noticed anything special about it. How useful is it supposed to be?”

Stupid sword? Li Yuewen’s mouth twitched. The artifact crafted painstakingly through the Li clan’s blood and sweat was being called a stupid sword?

Then something strange happened.

The sword started vibrating in Claire’s hand, as if it were protesting.

“What? Are you unsatisfied with my words? I’ve never seen you do anything particularly outstanding.” Claire gave the sword a hard flick, creating a melodious “ting” sound.

Li Yuewen was surprised for a brief moment before she started smiling. The Azure Ripple blade had a will afterall, so this behavior could not be considered unusual. But in any case, the sword and Claire seemed like two stubborn little children, one flicking “ting”s, the other vibrating more and more intensely.

As the sword started vibrating more and more furiously, CLaire finally realized something was amiss. The Azure Ripple blade wasn’t protesting, but warning!

But what was it warning about?

Claire stood up abruptly and looked into the vast night, frowning as she humphed. “Who is it?” A feeling of unease arose. Who could it be? Who was hiding? Unexpectedly, she couldn’t sense their aura at all. If it weren’t for the sword’s vibrations, she would have been completely unable to sense there was someone hiding.

Li Yuewen’s expression also changed. There was someone hiding in the area? If so, then their power was terrifying. She actually couldn’t sense them at all!

“Whoooooosh...”

An attack shot towards Claire with a long, drawn out sound of the air being slashed. Claire lept out of the way lithely. Turning around, she saw a person draped in black hovering in the air. The person’s clothes was wrapped tightly about them. Claire could only feel a penetrating icy gaze. Li Yuewen’s entire body tensed as she stared at the person floating in mid air. She knew that the person before them was powerful, extremely so. She wasn’t their match at all.

Not waiting for Claire to regain her bearings, the person suddenly pounced, brandishing a sword. Claire parried with her own sword.

With a clang, small sparks flew, melodious and sharp in the quiet night.

“Who are you?” Li Yuewen pulled out her dagger, glowering at the person, secretly extremely worried. Their power was indiscernible. What was their purpose in attacking Claire? Were they from the Hua clan? Impossible. Claire had never revealed herself in public. There was no reason for them to assassinate Claire. The Hua clan had no way of knowing Claire had killed Hua Nantian either.

Claire also had a heavy expression. The opponent’s power had surpassed her anticipations.

“If you don’t want the Li clan to be destroyed, follow me,” the person in black said, their voice muffled. They sheathed their sword, turned around, and flew off.

Both Li Yuewen and Claire were able to discern from their voice that they were a woman. Although she purposefully deepened her voice, it was obvious she was a woman.

Without any hesitation, Claire sheathed her sword too. A pair of golden wings extended from her back and she followed after the figure.

Seeing Claire chasing after the woman, Li Yuewen shouted with worry, “Claire! You stop right there!” but Claire and the woman disappeared into the night. Li Yuewen wanted to chase after them, but understood that it would be to no avail. She hurriedly descended to the lower floors to find Ben. Only Ben would be able to contend with that woman.

Claire followed the woman closely, understanding one thing. The woman had no malicious intentions. If she wanted to do anything against her or the Li clan, she would have attacked just then. But she purposefully led her outside the city. Why?

Outside of the city, cold wind blowing.

The woman finally descended. Claire also stopped.

Before Claire said anything, with a wave of the woman’s hand, an enormous ice pillar brimming with wild energy shot forth. Although puzzled, Claire did not dare to be careless. With a wave of her hand too, she sent out a flame to parry the attack.

With a loud bang, shards of ice and sparks flew.

In the air, the flames were extinguished, but a small part of the ice pillar remained intact, shooting at Claire. With another wave of her hand, Claire brandished her sword of flames, slashing through the remains of the ice pillar. The ice pillar instantly disintegrating and the air was filled with a fiery aura.

“Oho?” The woman exclaimed softly, as if surprised by Claire’s actions.

The next moment, Claire was already in front of the woman, about to slash with her sword.

“Swish!”

With a wave of her hand, an ice sword appeared in the woman’s hand.

The two swords clashed in mid air.

Ice and fire.

Gradually, the ice sword entered into the flame sword. To be more accurate, it was about to cut Claire’s flame sword in half.

An inevitable difference in strength.

Once again, Claire experienced that there were many hidden tigers and dragons in the world who simply chose not to display their strength.

“Hah!” Claire suddenly uttered in a low voice. Instantly, white flame arrows shot out of the flame sword aimed directly at the woman’s face.

Shocked, the woman instantly applied more pressure, forcing Claire back, then erected an ice shield to block the white flame arrows.

Claire’s fingers were numb from the sudden increase in pressure, her hands shaking. She understand that the woman had originally not been serious, but was serious at that instant.

“White flames...” The woman muttered. Suddenly, she emanated a terrifying aura.

Sensing the abnormality in the ground, Claire’s eyes widened. She shot up into the air. The next moment, a huge field of icicles appeared instantly

from where she had been standing moments ago. The sharp icicles glinted viciously under the moonlight.

"Go!" the woman shouted. The field of icicles turned alive, spiraling towards Claire crazily.

Claire's expression changed. "Break!" Grasping the flame sword tightly, she slashed down fiercely. A golden flame dragon instantly appeared, roaring as it broke through the crazily attacking icicles.

In that instant, golden light flashed, the sound of shattering in multitudes. Claire exploded with a fiery aura, the air so hot one's throat would be dry. The icicles were destroyed, glowing from the intense heat before they disintegrated.

Chapter 125: [No Title]

The woman stopped attacking. Instead, she withdrew, maintaining a distance from Claire, then stared at Claire for a while from her position.

“At just this level, there’s no way you can win the martial arts tournament,” the woman said coldly, then rose up in the air, about to leave.

Claire paused for a moment, not understanding what the woman’s intentions were. Did she come just to test her strength? It didn’t seem like it. So strange, what exactly did she want? Claire suddenly discovered that there were times when she too could not read someone.

The woman rose up and flew straight into the city, not caring about Claire any more. Claire did not attempt to follow. She only stood there, watching as the woman disappeared into the darkness. The woman had the strength to kill her, but after luring her out, she didn’t. Who was she? What were her intentions?

When Ben, Li Yuewen, and Jean had arrived, they only saw Claire standing there alone, lost in thought. The surroundings were both dry and wet at places. Some of the ground was burned, other parts damp. The nearby trees and rocks were in greater disorder. It was apparent a large battle had occurred.

“Claire!”

“Miss!”

They hurried over. White Emperor and Black Feather hopped from Jean’s shoulders to Claire’s, chirping and peeping.

Claire raised her face and said with a low voice, “I’m fine.”

“What happened? Where did that woman go? Are you injured?” Li Yuewen examined Claire worriedly.

“I’m fine. Let’s go back,” Claire said indifferently. “I’m tired. Let’s go back and rest.”

Li Yuewen wanted to ask more questions, but seeing Claire's apathetic expression, she kept them to herself. What exactly had happened? Why did Claire look reluctant to answer any questions?

At the same time, the mysterious woman cloaked in black descended into a remote alley in the city, then took off her cloak and walked directly to the Feng mansion. Only now would they be able to see that under the cloak was a stunning beauty with flamboyant red hair.

A maid hurried over and greeted the woman. "Madam, his grace has been waiting in the study for a while." At home, the woman was no longer the minister of defense, but a wife and mother. This was the promise she made with Feng Yixuan's father long ago, so at home, all the servants addressed her as madam, not duchess.

The woman was An Lisha, Feng Yixuan's mother. When she heard the maid's words, her expression changed. She walked towards the study apprehensively.

Pushing the door open softly, she entered the room. A refined and handsome man was sitting quietly before a desk, reading something. His appearance was similar to Feng Yixuan's, but he emitted a completely different aura. Feng Yixuan was arrogant, wild as fire, but he was as gentle and calm as the surface of a lake.

"Dear..." An Lisha called out in a small voice, apprehensive.

The refined man took no notice, continuing to read.

"Dear..." An Lisha raised her voice, but was still apprehensive. The fiery woman feared nobody, nothing except this refined man who didn't know any magic or Dou Qi.

The refined man closed the account book he had been reading and looked up towards his beloved man and said quietly, "In the end, you still followed our son." The refined man was the talented money maker, chairman of the Feng clan chamber of commerce and Feng Yixuan's father, Feng Yihan.

"I..." Currently, the normally fiery An Lisha was not wild or arrogant at

all, looking completely like someone who had made a mistake as she lowered her head, not daring to speak.

"You... sigh I really can't do anything about you." Feng Yihan smiled gently. He simply couldn't bear his wife looking so pitiful. He stood up and reached out, saying gently, "Come over here."

With a little cheer, An Lisha jumped into Feng Yixuan's arms, completely cute and lovable.

Who knew what would happen if an outsider witnessed this. Perhaps they would cough up blood and faint. How was she the female t-rex? The t-rex woman of steel who people fled from the sight of, beasts dying when they met, flowers not daring to bloom in her presence?

"Did you meet her?" Feng Yihan brushed aside his beautiful wife's bangs gently.

"Yes." An Lisha nodded enthusiastically.

"What kind of girl is she?" Feng Yihan asked softly. He was also curious. What kind of girl would was his wild and reckless son so infatuated with to the point that he was willing to risk his life to undo his seal?

"Oh... a stubborn girl. She's very pretty and strong, but not strong enough." An Lisha snuggled into Feng Yihan's bosom, her voice soft.

Hearing this, Feng Yihan couldn't help but laugh. "Haha, it seems she's passed your preliminary test." He understood his dear wife's personality better than anyone. Getting her approval was harder than reaching the heavens. Such an evaluation was already pretty good, coming from his wife.

"I still don't know if she likes our son or not," An Lisha mumbled, then started laughing again. "But I have faith in our son, He will definitely woo back a beautiful wife."

"Who is she the daughter of?" Feng Yihan sat down, motioning for her to do so too. An Lisha turned around and sat down on his leg, wrapping her arms around his neck.

“Her background is a bit troubling. She’s Claire Hill of the Hill clan in Amparkland, the one I told you about, the person Feng Yixuan lost to in the competition between countries.” An Lisha frowned slightly as she remembered and humphed coldly. “So disgraceful, he was actually stepped underfoot.” Although Shui Wenmo later told her it was because Feng Yixuan himself had bent down in surrender and Claire couldn’t stop her movement fast enough that she had stepped on him, the truth of the matter was, Feng Yixuan was still stepped underfoot and made a fool of himself!

“Oh, that child again?” Evidently, Feng Yihan had not forgotten. “You already chased him over hundreds of streets and gave him a sound beating.”

“Let nature take its course then. The situation will resolve itself in the end. Dear, let’s first not think about it...” An Lisha lowered her head, her enticing red lips meeting Feng Yihan’s warm lips.

Then the study was filled with “tender feelings”.

At this time, Claire had already returned to her room. She was sitting cross legged in the lotus position, starting to cultivate the Treasured Lotus Style. She had already passed the seventh level, but made no progress with the eighth. Just as Golden Lotus said, breaking through to the seventh level was easy, but reaching the eighth would be difficult.

Claire was still thinking back to what the woman cloaked in black had said.

At just this level, there’s no way you can win the martial arts tournament.

With her current strength, she still couldn’t win? Claire frowned slightly, recalling how Feng Yixuan had been able to approach her without her sensing him at all now that his seal had been undone. Did Shui Wenmo also improve? What about Hua Yilin of the Hua clan? And who was the woman cloaked in black? Was she too going to compete in the tournament? If so, then her strength was truly far from enough.

Claire clenched a fist and shut her eyes tightly, starting to cultivate the

Lotus power once more, but she still made no progress.

She wanted to ask Golden Lotus, but no matter how she called, Golden Lotus did not respond, still sound asleep.

Claire laid down, frustrated, staring at the bed curtains above. The eighth chapter of the Treasured Lotus grimoire was very bizarre with only one word: circulate. What was it supposed to mean? Repeat endlessly? With only one word, how would she break through the eighth level? What made Claire even more annoyed was that both her magic and Dou Qi were not improving either. It seemed she had reached a bottleneck.

She lacked the last step to break through.

The next morning, after breakfast, Claire went straight to the Li clan training grounds. When she reached the training grounds, she discovered that there were already quite a few children training there. The moment they saw Claire, they started crowding around her, wanting to give their greetings.

“Cousin!”

“Cousin, you’ve come!”

Everybody surrounded Claire and called her Cousin affectionately with hopeful expressions, eyes full of gratitude.

Claire looked at all of their faces but could not remember a single one. She only knew that they were all children of the Li clan.

“Elder Cousin, thank you. Before, whenever I ventured out, I would always be looked down upon. Now nobody dares to,” A little girl with black hair squeezed to the front, her gaze full of adoration.

Everybody else echoed her words, their collective voices indiscernible.

Claire smiled faintly. She patted the little girl’s head. “Then do you know why they don’t dare to any more?”

“Yes, it’s all because of Cousin Claire,” the little girl said firmly, raising a fist.

“No, it’s not like that.” Unexpectedly, Claire’s expression turned serious.

The crowd froze, not understanding what Claire meant.

"It's not that they don't dare to be disdainful, but because they want to use the Li clan, want to create a relationship with the Li clan. They want the swords forged by the Li clan, they want to meet Lan Ling. This is fawning, not fear. If it were fear, at best, it would be only be fear of the crown prince's current interest in the Li clan, not fear of the Li clan itself." Claire said, exceptionally serious. "What would make others truly afraid of the Li clan is if the Li clan continuously grows in strength. Power is the source of authority."

The children's expressions fluctuated continuously. Clearly, Claire's words had left a strong impact.

"I understand now! Once they lose their interest in us, they will switch back to their previous attitude," the little girl said fiercely, her eyes fiery. "We will train diligently until we are as powerful as you! Then nobody will bully us!"

Chapter 126: [No Title]

“Yes, you all must become strong. Children, you are the future of the Li clan.” Claire smiled at the young children. “Also, my strength is not at a level to be strived for. Your goal should not be me, but even stronger people. On this continent, powerful people are aplenty.”

“But... I was born with a weak body and cannot train in any techniques.” a weak voice said.

Claire turned around and saw a skinny little boy who was looking down cast.

“If you cannot succeed in martial arts, then find another path. Develop anything you are talented in, whether it be art, business, literature or forging.” Claire scanned the crowd and found that just as expected, some of the children had low aptitudes for martial arts. “Every person must find their own path and strive to walk it with their utmost strength. You will definitely be successful!” Claire understood that over the years, the Li clan had only focused on martial arts, neglecting other fields, so in the end, there was no one from the Li clan as officials at court, nobody managing business. Of course the Li clan would be in continuous decline!

The children fell into deep thought, pondering over Claire’s words. Although there were many children who did not understand, some children understood the full implications of Claire’s words.

Standing not far away, Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu also heard Claire’s words. They looked at each other and saw amazement in each other’s eyes.

“Perhaps our focus on martial arts was a mistake. Just as Claire said, they should focus on what they are talented at. That way, their achievements would be two-fold,” Li Minyu said with a heavy tone. They had always deemed martial arts supreme. The children first learned magic and Dou Qi, then literature. Art, poetry, sewing and so on were wrong paths to follow, completely useless.

“Now is not too late to change.” Li Yuewen smiled, gazing intently at

Claire.

"But in any case, Claire still hasn't thought of a way to deal with the crown prince. The crown prince actually invited her to the theater. It seems that this time, it will be hard to decline." This was why they had come to find Claire.

"The martial tournament is soon." Li Yuewen bit her lip, a bit hesitant as she said, "This time, the Hua clan will send Hua Yilin. Will Claire win?"

"I don't know." Li Mingyu's complexion darkened. "The Hua clan has always been our enemy. They will definitely take this chance to harm us."

Hearing this, Li Yuewen became worried. "Then isn't Claire in great danger? Elder brother, I or you should participate instead.

"No need. It is for this very reason that Claire must participate." Li Mingyu frowned. "Although Claire's identity will be discovered sooner or later, they will not be able to figure out Lan Ling's background. Also, they will be sure that Lan Ling and Claire have a close relationship. Because of the crown prince's interest in Lan Ling, the Hua clan will not be able to kill Claire," Li Mingyu analyzed.

Having heard this, Li Yuewen calmed down. "Whew, good."

"What are you two chattering about?" Claire walked over slowly, frowning at the two siblings as she asked.

"We were discussing what a great babysitter or teacher you would be. Those children actually listen to you," Li Yuewen joked.

"Since you heard what I said, you should implement what I said as soon as possible. Don't bury their talents." Claire could not say the chinese idiom "in every trade, a master appears".

"You also heard what we said. For your own safety, you should have a good relationship with the crown prince. So, stunning Lan Ling, prepare yourself. The crown prince is coming to pick you up soon." Li Yuewen smirked. Many people were trying to investigate Lan Ling's background. Even some young men from the Li clan wanted to know where this relative of theirs had appeared from. But the stunning beauty was like the short

lived blossom of the Aristolochia, never had appeared since, mysterious and beautiful, making many crazy for her.

"Just this once." Claire waved offhandedly impatiently. "Once the matter of the right to forge for the army is settled, I will never appear as Lan Ling again."

When the news that Lan Ling accepted the crown prince's invitation to the theater, young noble flocked to the theater in droves. That day, the theater would reach the pinnacle of its existence.

The crown prince waited at the entrance for Lan Ling to appear. When she finally arrived, the crown prince froze with shock, astonishment flashing through his eyes.

Today, Lan Ling was wearing a lavender dress with long and sleeves rippling with the light breeze, giving off an exceedingly aloof air. Her supple long hair hung simply, like beautiful silk. She stood there silently, as if all the sun rays in the world were focused on her.

"Greetings, your highness." Claire gave a slight curtsy.

"Miss Lan, meeting you is quite difficult," the crown prince joked. He approached her while smiling, extending his hand.

Claire smiled gently and reached out, letting the crown prince help her into the carriage.

Jean stood silently at the entrance. Watching the carriage disappear into the distance, an unexplainable irritating feeling arose in his heart. White Emperor and Black Feather were crouching on Jean's shoulders, also watching silently as the carriage went into the distance.

Once the crown prince and Claire arrived at the theater's entrance, they found the theater already filled with the nobles who had come to see Lan Ling. It was the first time the theater had been so full. The entrance was tightly sealed. The crown prince frowned slightly seeing the people who were standing by the entrance and not going in. Of course he knew why they had come. They all wanted to see Lan Ling, the stunning beauty. The crown prince turned around and extended his hand, helping Claire out of

the carriage. When they saw Claire, they started gasping in low voices. Their burning gazes focused on Claire. She had not appeared ever since her dazzling first appearance at the donating convention. Today, they could witness her beauty again.

The nobles all came to pay their respects to the crown prince, but they gazes kept on drifting to Claire. They wanted to talk to Claire, but fearful of the crown's warning dark expression, none dared to speak rashly.

"Okay, let's all go in. No need for formalities, we're simply here to watch a show." The crown prince finally could not hold back, contempt in his voice. He waved offhandedly, indicating for the nobles to all go in. The nobles reluctantly withdrew their gazes slowly, about to go in.

Just at this moment, a carriage suddenly appeared and stopped abruptly at the entrance. There was the sound of urgent footsteps.

"Wait, your highness!" The urgent footsteps grew louder as they approached.

The crown prince stopped in his steps and turned. It was Hua Xiuning running hurriedly, her skirt raised.

Because the crown prince had stopped, Claire also stopped in her steps. Thus, everybody present stopped.

Hua Xiuning scanned the surroundings first. Almost every prestigious noble of the capital was there, even the prime minister's son. This was good! A gloating light glinted in her eyes. Everybody turned towards Hua Xiuning, sighing in their hearts. Once with the status of being one of the three great beauties, she lost all her radiance before the stunning beauty Lan Ling.

"Miss Hua, do you need anything?" The crown prince asked quietly.

"Your highness, I understand that I should not disturb you," Hua Xiuning apologized insincerely. She shifted her gaze to Claire, raised her chin, and said in a gloating manner, "But, your highness, there is something I must report. I cannot let you continue to be deceived."

Hearing Hua Xiuning's words, there was a ripple in the crowd. Hua

Xiuning had dared to say such words in the current situation. What were her intentions?

The crown prince frowned slightly. He watched Hua Xiuning without a word. The reason he had always stayed away from this woman was because her eyes were filled with too much greed and ambition.

Claire was also watching Hua Xiuning. Hua Xiuning shot Claire a provocative glance, then turned back to the crown prince and said loudly, “Your highness, this woman is not from the Li clan at all! Li Yuewen does have younger cousins* without surname Li, but are of surname Hill, not Lan, of the Hill clan from Amparkland. Her younger cousins are the daughters of Li Ruihuan, the woman who betrayed the Li clan. But that woman only had two daughters, Claire Hill and Lashia of ages fourteen and thirteen respectively. Lan Ling’s mother is not from the Li clan. A Lan Ling of the Li clan does not exist in the first place!”

*The children call her cousin too but they are not actual cousins. It’s like calling a man about the age of your dad uncle in Chinese.

Hua Xiuning’s voice was loud, loud enough to let everyone hear her voice clearly. It seemed from the sound of her voice that she cared deeply for the crown prince. The ripple in the crowd grew bigger. They all shifted their gazes to Lan Ling. Hua Xiuning became to gloat. This woman of unknown origin, humph! She actually dared to deceive his highness, deceive everyone, saying she was Li Yuewen’s younger cousin! Now she would pay for it.

Claire’s eyes glinted coldly. The stupid woman was too ignorant. It was the second time she had insulted her mother in public. She would definitely pay!

“So?” The crown prince asked indifferently. He seemed completely unsurprised.

“S-so...” Hua Xiuning was a bit taken aback. She completely hadn’t expected the crown prince’s calm reaction. Calming herself, she said in a low voice, “She is of unknown origins and deceived your highness, deceived everyone.”

“When did I say my mother is from the Li clan?” Claire smiled gently, her voice quiet as she said, “Since when did I say my mother is from the Li clan?”

After she said this, there was another ripple in the crowd. Everybody looked worriedly towards Claire. What did she mean? Currently, many were starting to get worried for the stunning beauty. Would his highness really punish her for deceiving him? He wouldn’t, would he? Such a stunning beauty, who could bear to see her suffer? In the worst case scenario, they would plead on behalf for the stunning beauty. These thoughts flashed through many nobles’ minds.

Chapter 127: [No Title]

"You! You dare to quibble around?!" Hua Xiuning started to get anxious. Just when she was about to say more, Claire smiled sweetly and said gently, "When I met Claire Hill for the first time, we hit it off so well, we became sworn sister. Naturally, her elder cousin is my elder cousin. Is there a problem?"

Hua Xiuning became completely baffled. She stared rigidly at Claire.

Claire smiled like a flower blossom and continued gently, "The manners of the number one beauty of Lagark, Miss Hua, are so... sad as you rub salt onto other family's wounds, being the face of the Hua clan. Do you truly find joy in the pain of others?"

In that instant, numerous murderous gazes whipped towards Hua Xiuning, sharp as knives. Hua Xiuning was so angry, her face was beet red. Biting her lip, she glared at Claire. If those words were said by an ordinary woman, she would have been dismissed and said as too aggressive, considering Hua Xiuning's status. But said by such a stunning beauty, the one to be indignant towards would be her. Everybody's low whispers reached Hua Xiuning's ears, quietly commenting on her lack of manners and such.

Hua Xiuning trembled with anger. She wanted to vent her anger, but with the crown prince and so many present, she could only hold it in. She understood what kinds of creatures men where. When a woman was so beautiful, they seemed out of reach, men would strive their hardest to reach her using all means. No matter what the beauty said, it was right. And no matter what the beauty wanted, they would do their best to achieve it. Even if what the beauty said was immoral, they would still do it. Many men were just this lowly*! Hua Xiuning understood this and had often used it to her advantage, but today, Lan Ling, a woman more beautiful than her, was present. It was quite easy to see how those shameless men would switch sides and stand up for Lan Ling instead. Hua Xiuning never thought that the very trick she used so often would be used against her!

*Disclaimer: I do not believe this, this is just part of the story.

“Miss Hua, I had already known everything you just said. Did you think the royal family would not know that? Did you think the royal family is that easy to deceive?” The crown prince’s voice was icy, without any trace of warmth. Clearly, he was a bit angered. The farce had irritated him.

Hua Xiuning’s mouth opened wide, but she couldn’t say a word. She only stared at the crown prince helplessly. In that instant, boundless remorse arose in her heart. She had been too impulsive! If the Hua clan would be able to discover these facts, then how could the royal family be unable to? The prince had known all along, he just never showed it!

“I hope such a farce will never occur again.” A trace of disgust flashed in his eyes. Naturally, the crown prince understood why Hua Xiuning had come today. The jealousy of a woman was so ugly.

An undetectable glint of surprise flashed through Claire’s eyes. It turns out, the crown prince had known for quite awhile. In such a situation, he had been so calm and collected, worthy of being the heir of Lagark’s throne. But Lan Ling would still be a mystery to him, because she didn’t exist in the first place. Claire suddenly felt amused.

The crown prince motioned for Claire to enter first, so Claire simply turned and left. Meanwhile, Hua Xiuning was shaking with anger under disdainful gazes. Even when everybody had dispersed, Hua Xiuning was still trembling.

Detestable woman? What were her origins? Who was she? She had to find out! And make her disappear forever!

Meanwhile, Claire had the crown prince had already entered a spacious and refined theater box. It was the best box of the theater.

After the two sat down, the crown prince looked towards Claire. In a low voice, he said, “Who are you really?”

“Who do you think I am?” Claire smiled at the crown prince, answering his question with a question.

“I don’t know. Your appearance is so beautiful, it seems unreal. If it were

simple your beautiful appearance, I wouldn't have have taken much notice. But from being able to have lotuses appear with each step and give away the Andleen Crown so heedlessly and your seemingly careless refuting of Hua Xiuning, I know that you are no ordinary woman. The Li clan is once again in the spotlight because of you." Claire had not expected the crown prince's words.

Claire laughed inwardly. Appearance so beautiful it seems unreal, hah! Congratulations, you are correct. But of course, she could not say such words aloud.

"What does your highness think my aims are?" Claire kept smiling like a flower.

The crown prince's eyes glinted as he asked in a low voice, "Is it as simple as drawing gazes to the Li clan?"

"If I said yes, what would your highness think?" Claire smiled.

"Then I would believe you." The crown prince nodded seriously, but in his heart, he was puzzled. Such a mysterious woman. No matter how he investigated, he could not find her identity or background. Everything about her was a mystery.

"Good." Claire smiled. "Having witnessed the forging skill of the Li clan, I believe your highness should already have made a decision. Or should I say his majesty, the emperor, has made his decision." Claire's expression turned complex. The Li clan's forging was already near the peak of metalsmithing and it was with some of her guidance with the knowledge from her previous life that they were able to forge such sharp weapons. Was this the right move?

The crown prince fell silent. He turned and looked down at the stage below, calm. "The right to equip the army has been held by the Feng clan for a long time. To change it isn't so easy. And Father's trust in and reliance on the Feng clan's duchess is unimaginable."

"So?" Claire was now also looking down at the stage too. She understood that the crown prince still had more to say.

“So the Feng clan gave one condition. At the martial arts tournament in two months, the Li clan must win,” the crown prince said in a low voice. The crown prince himself was confused. An Lisha always supported anything that benefitted Lagark, but this time, she had given such a condition. What were her intentions?

Claire now understood that the reason why the crown prince had invited her today was to pass on the message. The condition seemed both reasonable and unreasonable.

“Then please tell the Feng clan that the Li clan will definitely win at the tournament.” Claire’s voice was soft, but firm.

“I’m looking forward to it.” The crown prince smiled at Claire.

Claire smiled without a word.

The martial arts tournament would truly become a sight to behold and it was all because of a golden haired, green eyed girl!

Time flew by, two months passing in the blink of an eye. During those two months, the clothing store and smithy of the Li clan had caused a huge ripple in the capital. Enormous profits rolled in. The noble women flaunted the newest dresses bought from the Li clan’s clothing store while noble men compared swords forged at the Li clan’s smithy.

Fall arrived with leaves dancing and chilly wind blowing.

Claire leaned against a pillar silently, watching the children of the Li clan train at the training grounds some distance away. A faint smile appeared on her lips.

Tomorrow was the day of the national martial arts tournament. Anyone was allowed to compete as long they were under the age of twenty. No matter what background or gender, all could sign up. Those who displayed their talent could be recruited by the empire, so many were willing to give it a try.

“Claire...” Li Yuewen’s called out from behind Claire.

“Cousin Yuewen, I will definitely win on behalf of the Li clan. Then I will

go home." Claire didn't turn around, her voice soft as she spoke. She did not shift her gaze from the children.

"Yes..." Li Yuewen's voice was quiet, carrying a hint of sadness.

"Don't worry, I will definitely win." Claire turned around, smiling at Li Yuewen.

"Claire, you must always remember that this is also your home. Our doors are always open for you. You can return whenever you want." Li Yuewen gazed at Claire. Unexpectedly, her eyes were flickering.

"Cousin Yuewen, are you crying?" Claire chuckled softly.

"You damn brat!" Li Yuewen grabbed Claire's arm. Claire laughed. Just when she was about to struggle, Li Yuewen suddenly pulled her into her embrace.

Claire was stunned. She stood there silently, not moving.

Li Yuewen hugged Claire tighter, mumbling, "Be careful. You must definitely be careful tomorrow. You must be safe and sound, do you understand?"

Claire lowered her gaze, a hint of a smile on her face, her heart warm.

"Yes, Cousin Yuewen, don't worry. I will definitely be fine," Claire pledged solemnly.

The next morning, there was a clear sound of a bugle, the long note heard across the entire capital.

The tournament would take place at the large square in front of the palace. The constructed stadium had a large expanse for a stage, thick and sturdy. Stands had been constructed long ago for viewing. The highest stand was for the royal family then the officials and nobility. The ordinary stands farthest away were naturally for the commoners. Currently, the square was already quite full. The contestants were to draw lots to determine the preliminary line up.

With too many contestants each year, the competition always started with a mass elimination. Competitors of the same type of lots would go up

and fight against many with the last standing as the winner who would proceed to the next round. A barrier would be erected around the stage so the audience would not be accidentally injured.

Claire and all the other contestants sat quietly at their designated spots, waiting. Meanwhile, Li Yuewen and Li Mingyu were sitting at the stands of the arena, watching.

Claire suddenly felt an intense gaze. She turned to see Feng Yixuan watching with a fiery gaze, eyes fill of unconcealable delight. He had wanted to get up and go over many times, but was stopped by Shui Wenmo, who was next to him. Shui Wenmo would always mumble something that would cause Feng Yixuan to sit back down angrily. Reading Shui Wenmo's lips, Claire understood. Shui Wenmo had said, 'don't forget what you promised your Ma'.

Chapter 128: [No Title]

The current atmosphere was at its peak. Fireworks burst splendidly, bugles blew, pigeons were set free, filling the air, and colorful flags flapped in the wind. With a gentle hubbub, all gazes were fixed on the stage.

“Begin!” An official with a loud and clear voice relayed the emperor’s command.

The stadium clamoured with excitement. Only cheering and applause could be heard.

It was time to draw lots. The mass elimination had begun.

The first group did not include Claire, but Feng Yixuan walked up towards the stage.

Shui Wenmo didn’t get up, but was itching to do so. He waved his fist excitedly, shouting continuously. “Yixuan, go get ‘em! Finish ‘em! Finish it quickly!” But then wind would blow. Shui Wenmo hastily arranged his hair. Then he would return to his bellowing. It was indescribably strange and hilarious. That hair freak!

Claire watched the people on stage and counted. There were actually about forty people. The mass elimination was such a disarray?

The crowd grew excited. Peddlers hollered to advertise drinks and snacks.

With this command, the competition had formally begun.

But before the crowd had spent their energy, they were thoroughly dumbstruck.

Feng Yixuan stood at the center of stage. With an evil laugh, he closed his eyes and clasped his hands together, saying forcefully, “Wind Carnage!”

Instantly, with Feng Yixuan as the center, a violent cyclone formed and swept outwards.

Instantly, with such wild winds, everybody was swaying, as if they were

on the verge of being blown away. Shrieks rang out, hats flying. On the stands, the tablecloths of the nobles were sent flying with the hurricane. Everything turned to disarray. But then An Lisha snapped her fingers. A large barrier formed and the stands quieted down. But everybody was shocked. With just one move, Feng Yixuan had destroyed the stage's barrier!

The wild wind had also blown Claire's golden hair into a mess. She stared dumbfoundedly at the indifferent Feng Yixuan. Was this Feng Yixuan's true strength?

Previously, there had been many people on stage, but now, only Feng Yixuan was left! Feng Yixuan stood arrogantly at the center, wind blowing his long hair wildly, his clothes also whipping in the air.

Of the contestants that had been on stage, the weak ones had been directly blown into the air and had landed in random places in the stadium. The more powerful ones had still been blown off, cutting sorry figures.

"That guy... he's always so arrogant. Why can't he try to be a little more modest?" Feng Yihan said helplessly seeing the messy result of his son's attack, feeling a bit of a headache.

"That's my son, haha..." An Lisha laughed.

"Ahhhhhhhh! Feng Yixun!"

"Feng Yixuan!"

"Feng Yixuan!"

In that instant, screams rose and fell in succession across the stadium. It was the screams of many girls, whether they were commoners or nobility. The red haired, handsome youth stood so arrogantly on stage, so attractive. Shui Wenmo also stood up excitedly, shouting, "oh yeah~ oh yeah~", a strange sight. The rest of the contestants watched Feng Yixuan with shock, quite a few congratulating themselves for not having to face such a frightening person.

"Look, my son is so popular." An Lisha swung her hips delightfully,

completely not caring about her public image.

But before Feng Yihan said anything, he was stopped by a savage, angry roar.

“What the f*ck are you shouting for! Shut the f*ck up!” Feng Yixuan hollered at the shrieking girls, his expression dark. But this only made the girls even more excited. Such a wild, handsome, strong Feng Yixuan was so attractive. After cursing, Feng Yixuan glanced at Claire nervously.

An Lisha and Feng Yihan saw everything.

An Lisha’s mouth trembled as she said dejectedly, “Finished, my son is finished!”

Feng Yihan smiled without a word and continued to watch the stage.

The referee had returned onstage to announce Feng Yixuan’s advancing to the next round. The palace magicians were reconstructing another barrier, this time stronger. Feng Yixuan humphed coldly, exhibiting an arrogant “as it should be” aura as he exited the stage.

The referee then announced the list of contestants in the next group. Right after he said Claire Hill, he said Hua Yilin!

Feng Yixuan stopped in his tracks and he whipped his head around. He stared at the referee who was still reading the rest of the names.

His greatest fear had come true! The two were going to face each other during the mass elimination!

Right when Feng Yixuan was about to march towards the referee, Shui Wenmo dashed over and grabbed Feng Yixuan’s arm. He said hurriedly, “What are you worried about? His win is not absolute. Do you think it would make a difference even if you interfered? Don’t put your Ma in a difficult position. Even if Hua Yilin, that bastard, wanted to kill her, your Ma wouldn’t let him. Don’t forget what you promised your Ma!”

Only after hearing Shui Wenmo’s words did Feng Yixuan leave the stage extremely reluctantly. He watched nervously as Claire slowly walked upstage.

“Claire sure has guts, actually signing up with her real name. But the crown seemed to already know, so it doesn’t matter.” Shui Wenmo stroked his chin and mumbled, “Claire’s sworn sister has been the center of attention these past few days, a stunning beauty, even though I’ve never seen her before. Tell Claire to introduce us after the tournament, heh heh.”

But Feng Yixuan didn’t hear a single word, his gazed fixed on Claire.

“Did you hear anything I just said? F*ck!” Shui Wenmo yelled at Feng Yixuan with frustration.

Feng Yixuan pushed away Shui Wenmo’s approaching face, still watching Claire intently. Shui Wenmo wanted to something but couldn’t, a little depressed.

Jean and the rest sat at the ordinary stands nearest the stage, their gazes all following Claire. At one of the higher stands, Li Yuewen’s fists were already clenched tightly. Like Feng Yixuan, she had not expected Claire to face the insane Hua Yilin during a mass elimination round. Li Mingyu was also frowning, his eyes focused on the stage.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the stage, Hua Xiuning revealed a cruel smile. She had purposeful instructed her little brother to injure Claire heavily beforehand. Sworn sisters, was it? She would show what would be the result of being sworn sisters today. But even so, Hua Xiuning felt a bit vexed thinking of this brother’s attitude. He held her in complete disregard. But when she said to give Claire a good beating if he faced her, Hua Yilin had actually said in a cold voice very heedlessly that he would destroy any Li clan member even without her wasting her breath. Hua Xiuning’s eyes followed Hua Yilin as he slowly walked onstage, clenching a fist, frowning. Hua Yiling disregarded everyone. Not even Mother or Father could do anything about it. Really, where did that attitude of his come from?

Then, Claire entered Hua Xiuning’s vision. Hua Xiuning’s smiled again. Humph! That Lan Ling actually was not here, otherwise she would be looking forward to seeing Lan Ling’s expression as her sworn sister was

destroyed. Hua Xiuning could not understand her brother's twisted personality any more clearly! Claire would either die or become a cripple!

"Start!"the referee announced before running offstage as if his life depended on it, because this round, there was Hua Yilin!

Claire concentrated as she sensed the power of each individual then sighed in relief inwardly. There was only one strong individual.

"Tsunami!"

A low voice said suddenly, ice cold without any emotion.

Claire instantly shifted her focus. A giant, terrifying power surged towards her. Claire instantly erected a fire shield. Next came the the sizzling sound of water and fire colliding. Claire was forced back a few steps by the pressure on her fire shield, realizing with shock that this was Hua Yilin's ability, controlling water! If it weren't for the white flame shield, the results would be unimaginable. Soon, Caire understood what would happen if she her hit directly.

The next moment, painful screams erupted. The water vapor disappeared, revealing the sorry state of the stage. Many people were whimpering miserably as they lay onstage while others who had been struck flying had hit the barrier and were now gradually sliding down. Some had stabbed through, left with bloody wounds, some with broken arms, feet... In just one moment, painful groans filled the stadium. There were only two people left standing, Hua Yilin and Claire.

The stadium instantly fell deathly silent. The emperor was frowning, the crown prince's expression dark. Although Hua Yilin was strong, he was too cruel.

Claire stood calmly, watching the youth before her cautiously. Blue hair, blood red eyes. His handsome features combined together into a sinister expression. He stared at Claire fixedly, his gaze like that of a hunter stalking its prey.

When the audience came back to its senses, they immediately started yelling out angrily,

“Murderer!”

“Too cruel!”

“Leave!”

Hua Yilin didn’t give so much as a glance. He raised his right hand expressionlessly.

With a loud bang, water attacked the barrier explosively, a shocking sight. The barrier started shaking and the audience paled with fright. They instantly shut up.

“Pause!” A palace magician flew up into the air. “The injured contestants need to be treated.”

“You have five minutes.” Hua Yilin did not care to glance at the palace magician either as he spoke. He was still eyeing Claire coldly.

“Claire, he is a dangerous opponent,” Leng Lingyun said softly from amongst the crowd.

Chapter 129: [No Title]

Jean frowned, a little apprehensive. White Emperor and Black Emperor were currently crouching on Jean's shoulders.

"Claire's loss is not assured!" Summer humphed coldly.

"Then how about a bet, little thief?" Ben raised a brow. He had long seen through the strength of the two onstage. The blue haired fellow's strength was above Claire's. Claire was really unfortunate, going to be eliminated on the first round.

"Fine! You think I'm afraid of betting?" Summer said fiercely. She really disliked Ben's tone of voice.

"Alright, I'll bet Claire will lose. If I win, you must fulfill three of my requests. If I lose, I will fulfill three of your requests," Ben snickered.

"Alright! Claire will definitely win!" Summer huffed.

Camille's eye slitted. He leaned back in his chair, watching the two on stage silently.

Dong Fenghou was currently munching on the snacks Qiao Chuxin had bought from the peddlers.

To hide his identity, Walter was wearing a hat. He pushed it down further, trying to hide his worry.

The five minutes passed by quickly and the injured people were swiftly carried away for treatment.

"Resume," the referee announced, far away from the barrier. Even so, he still sprinted away to a safer area, as if sprinting the hundred meter dash. He had a feeling the barrier would break sooner or later.

"You're weak!" Hua Yilin sneered. He burst forward towards Claire, a sword of water appearing in the palm of his hand.

Water molding!

Instead of facing him straight on, Claire retreated back swiftly. She could sense that the strength of this person before her was not something she

could face. Both his outer strength and inner strength were far above her own. She wouldn't be able to win directly, so she could only outsmart him.

Splash!

Hua Yilin's sword struck where Claire had been standing loudly. Subsequently, the stage started shaking and there were loud tremors. Before everybody's stunned fazes, the stage collapsed! Smoke and dust flew and it was starting to become hard to see what was happening inside the barrier.

Feng Yixuan stood up abruptly. Right beside him, Shui Wenmo grabbed him tightly, fearing that Feng Yixuan would not be able to bear it and rush upstage.

As the dust settled, two figures could be seen.

Golden flame wings extended from Claire's back, gently flapping. Hua Yilin too had a pair of wings, transparent, made of water. Seeing this, Feng Yixuan left out a breath.

"Well, well. Our Lagark has quite a few talents. First, Feng Yixuan becoming able to mold wind after his breakthrough. Now, it seems, Hua Yilin also made a breakthrough to mold water." The emperor's eyes slitted.

The crown prince remained silent. As he watched the two, a sudden feeling of unease arose, but as for why, he could not say.

Li Yuewen's palms were sweaty, still clenched in fists. Li Mingyu's brows were also knit tightly. They could both sense that Claire held a disadvantage in close combat!

Hua Xiuning's expression was cold, a hint of a smile in her eyes.

"Go, Claire!" Summer clenched her fists too, extremely worried.

Ben had an assured expression, sure that he would win. Ben hoped he could win the bet, but at the same time, he had already made a decision in his heart. If the blue haired kid dared to try to kill Claire, he would disregard everything else and transform back to his real form and beat him up until even his own mom wouldn't be able to recognize him!

Floating in the air, Claire eyed Hua Yilin coldly. “Enclosed... Sky!” Jean and the rest were astonished. Claire’s expression turned ice cold. She understood that Hua Yilin was not trying to compete, but kill her! A thick murderous aura emanated from the bottom of his eyes! Since he had already decided to kill her, why should she hold back?

Enclosed Sky?!

The technique that Elder Huo had used?! The barrier that none of them bad been able to mar?

Hua Yilin froze for a moment. He watched as Claire abruptly clasped her two palms together before her then open them quickly. White flame appeared from out of her two hands. They seemed to be alive as they ran past Claire’s sides, then turned and trapped Hua Yilin inside. In the end, a square shape was formed.

Hua Yilin sneered disdainfully. “Are you messing around?”

But just when he finished speaking, the square abruptly shot up and then closed at the top, forming a cube, trapping Hua Yilin inside. The boiling hot aura even leaked out of the stage’s barrier, causing the audience to feel hot, tongues dry.

The giant white flame barrier stunned everyone. It was the first time they had seen such a strange sight. Most of them had never even seen a flame this color.

Hua Xiuning’s expression changed. She clenched a fist, scrunching up a handkerchief. Would the undefeated Hua Yilin would be defeated today by that girl?

Claire’s expression hardened. “Compress!”

In an instant, the cube started to shrink. But Hua Yilin was not one who would wait for death!

There were constant loud explosions from inside the cube. Hua Yilin was attacking the flame barrier, but to no avail. A small crack would appear occasionally only to close up immediately.

Hua Xiuning finally couldn't keep her cool anymore, crossing and uncrossing her legs repeatedly. Hua Yilin had never lost before! Was he really going to be defeated today?

Summer waved a small fist excitedly. It seemed to her that Claire was definitely going to win. But Ben still had his arms crossed, uncertain who would win.

Claire did not dare to be careless at all. She focused her gaze on the shrinking barrier. She understood that Hua Yilin was not going to end here. Enclosed sky was that Elder Huo's technique, but the power of her Enclosed Sky was far from the Elder's!

The barrier suddenly stopped shrinking and started to tremble. It seems a powerful force was resisting the barrier.

The cube started shaking more and more violently.

The next moment, countless pillars of water shot through the barrier, riddling it with holes. The ear piercing sizzling sound startled the audience. Everybody's hearts lept to their throats. Some couldn't help but stand up excitedly.

At this moment, Claire was unusually calm. She floated silently in mid air, closing her eyes.

What was she doing? Hua Yiling was about to break the barrier at any second now, but Claire had her eyes closed? Was she crazy? Or did she give up?

Feng Yixuan clenched a fist tightly, staring fixedly at Claire. How could Feng Yixuan not notice that that bastard Hua Yilin already had a murderous aura? He was planning on killing Claire!

"Calm down, calm down. The results are not set in stone," Shui Wenmo repeated constantly as if reciting a buddhist scripture. What he feared the most was Feng Yixuan recklessly dashing upstage. At that time, there would be countless trouble!

Suddenly, bright light shone, everything white. The barrier was broken. Fire and water scattered. The golden light and the silver shine of water

droplets sparkled, a dazzling sight to behold.

Hua Yilin grasped a huge sword tightly, floating in mid air, his eyes full of bloodlust and excitement.

In the audience, Hua Xiuning revealed a cruel smile. Hua Yilin was serious! Claire, you will die today.

At this time, Claire's eyes were still closed shut. Hua Yilin brandished his sword, aiming at Claire, a bloodthirsty smile on his face. "Good. I acknowledge you. I will kill you seriously."

But Claire's eyes remained closed. Hua Yilin laughed coldly and dashed forward.

"Vanish..." Claire's eyes opened abruptly, emitting golden rays of light, a magnificent sight.

In that instant, a thick, golden barrier enclosed both Claire and Hua Yilin inside.

What was she doing?

"Flames? Another flame barrier?" The female t-rex stroked her chin, pondering. The barrier was very thin, yet the flames were golden. Why?

Soon, the experts present understood why.

Although the barrier was thin, it was exceptionally strong. The heat it emitted was much higher than that of normal flames. And what was most astonishing was that the huge sword of molded water was slowly turning smaller and smaller until it disappeared completely!

The barrier actually prevented water from entering?!

Instantly, low exclaims rang out in the stadium.

The golden flames actually had such an effect?

But it wasn't just that. Hua Yilin was shocked to discover that the water vapor within the barrier was slowly decreasing too!

What a lunatic! Astonishment flashed through Hua Yilin's eyes. This girl was actually more insane than him! Not only did she isolate them from

water, she was also steadily burning up all the water vapor in the air inside the barrier! If this continued, both of them wouldn't be able to breath! The barrier would gradually burn up all of the air inside!

"Good, good! My determination to kill you has been strengthened." Excitement, madness, bloodlust, all of those emotions flashed through his eyes.

"Waste of breath!" Claire finally said. It was the first time she had said anything, but these first words angered Hua Yilin!

Fighting is fighting! Why did he talk so much?

With a quiet whoosh, an ordinary looking sword materialized in Claire's hand.

Claire raised the sword, a cold smile on her face as she said softly, "Azure Ripple blade, let me see your true power today. Otherwise, I will only use you to chop firewood from now on."

The next instant, the sword started vibrating, as if reacting to Claire's words. At the same time, a sword materialized in Hua Yilin's hand too. Evidently, Hua Yilin also had a rare interspatial storage ring!

A cold glint flashed in her eyes. The air was about to run out, so he wouldn't be able to use water magic any more. It was now down to Dou Qi. Relatively speaking, her Dou Qi level was lower than his, but what if they were in a situation where they almost couldn't breath? Would he still be able to exert his full strength?

Chapter 130: [No Title]

Holding one's breath was one of the basics of being an assassin!

Although compared to Camille or Li Yuewen as an assassin, she was lacking, but she far surpassed Hua Yilin in this aspect!

Shui Wenmo gritted his teeth and couldn't help but say,

"Is Claire crazy? Does she want to die from asphyxiation?" But he had forgotten that Feng Yixuan was right next to him! Wasn't he pouring oil into the fire? Wasn't he encouraging Feng Yixuan to dash onstage recklessly?

But when Shui Wenmo prepared himself for the worst, Feng Yixuan did not move.

He did not move a single inch. Feng Yixuan only sat quietly, his gaze still fixed on Claire, firm and calm.

Shui Wenmo blinked, completely confused. He reached out and waved in front of Feng Yixuan? No response! Did he go into shock?! Frightened, Shui Wenmo started waving more rapidly. Slap! Shui Wenmo's nose was met with Feng Yixuan's fist. He spit out very calmly, "Stop blocking me view."

"F*ck!" Shui Wenmo cussed, rubbing his nose. Then he shifted his gaze back to the stage. What he saw next left him with his eyes wide and mouth agape. He stared, dumbstruck, unable to move his gaze away.

On stage, Claire's agile movements were like that of a leopards, attacking Hua Yilin rapidly. Comparatively, Hua Yilin's movements were much more sluggish. Although the color of his Dou Qi indicated his level was higher than Claire's, he was unable to exert his full strength, only able to barely parry Claire's agile attacks with no strength left to counterattack.

The tables had turned once more, making the audience excited. The savageness Hua Yilin had exhibited when eliminating the other contestants had left him unpopular among the crowd. All of the commoners were cheering for Claire.

Only the high level experts understood what had transpired.

The female t-rex frowned as she watched Claire steadily gain the upperhand. An undetectable trace of praise flashed through her eyes. This girl actually used such a crazy plan to win.

Now, Hua Yilin was extremely irritated. The air was growing more and more thin, making it even harder to breathe. He started to feel a bit dizzy too. But the girl seemed unaffected, the speed and agility of her attacks not dropping. On the contrary, her attacks seemed to grow more vicious. Every time Hua Yilin attempted to break open the barrier, Claire would instantly appear and block him from doing so! How could Hua Yilin know that assassins were proficient in holding their breaths? Under Claire's attacks, Hua Yilin's movements grew more and more sluggish.

Claire suddenly brandished her sword. With a deep intake of breath, she cried, "Azure Ripple blade!" as if she was admonishing it, but at the same time, summoning strength.

Suddenly, a sharp, melodious sound rang out.

Shiiiiiiiiiiiing!

The Azure Ripple Blade was was illuminated brightly, shooting out all sorts of colors in all its glory. A tremendous Sword Qi shot out, aimed directly at Hua Yilin.

His eyes widened instantaneously. With a loud shout, he burst forth with Dou Qi, using all of remaining strength to attack this attack. He understood very deeply that this attack was not ordinary!

But his Dou Qi was annihilated in an instant and dispersed. Without a sound, it vanished.

Splurt!

Hua Yilin coughed up blood. His body had been sent flying and he had slammed forcefully onto the flame barrier. In an instant, a scorched smell pervaded the air. He slowly slid to the ground. Unable to control his trembling chest, he heaved up more blood. Hua Yilin struck the ground with his sword and tried to support himself up, but with his lack of air and

severe injury, he failed to stand up.

Stunned silence. The audience held their breath as they stared at the scene before them, not even blinking, as if they were afraid with one blink, they would miss something. Li Yuewen, Li Mingyu, and the rest of the Li clan grew impassioned. Was that the true power of the Azure Ripple blade? Was that power from the sword of their Li clan?

Did she win?

Did Claire win?

Summer waved her little fist at Ben happily. “See? I told you Claire would win!”

Ben’s mouth twitched. How could he have anticipated Claire would use such a near suicidal method to win?

Camille’s eyes were slits. He didn’t say a word.

Jean quietly let out breath. Only now did he realize that the palms of his hands were covered in cold sweat.

Leng Lingyu silently watched the stage, an ineffable emotion in his eyes.

Had she won? Far away, the referee watched nervously, pondering over whether or not he was to declare Claire the winner.

But just at this moment, the unexpected occurred! The situation changed in an instant!

Thousands of blood red arrows shot out of Hua Yilin’s body, penetrating everything they hit!

The golden flame barrier was riddled with holes by this sudden attack, then slowly dissipated.

Seeing this, Claire immediately erected a fire shield, but the blood red arrows shattered the shield upon impact. One sharp arrow flew past Claire’s face and a cut appeared. Blood flowed out slowly.

Once again, the whole stadium fell silent, their gazes fixed on Hua Yilin.

Hua Yilin stood up, his face a bit pale, but he had an absolutely

bloodthirsty, excited smile.

Unable to summon water, Hua Yilin had actually used his own blood! The numerous, sharp blood red arrows had been created through his own blood!

Hua Yilin was even more crazy than her! Perhaps only he could be able to use such a suicidal attack!

Blood misted in the air, a ghastly sight.

Many people were completely frozen in place. The whole stadium was silent, no whispers, nothing. No one was able to break free from this deep shock.

Hua Xiuning's face was deathly white. Although she disliked this brother of hers who disregarded everyone, her arrogant brother was the future of the Hua clan! If he died lik this, the Hua clan would lose too much! It was too brash, too reckless! Such a suicidal method was even more crazier, bloodier, and stubborn than Claire's!

Hua Yilin stared at Claire, his eyes bloodshot. He started laughing madly, incredibly creepy as it echoed through the stadium.

The Hua clan people felt an ominous premonition. Hua Yilin's current state... he didn't care about anything anymore! He didn't care about the situation or who his opponent's background was or the consequences. Right now, the only thing he could see was Claire and the only thought he had was to kill the girl who had made him serious!

"Your highness, I implore you to stop the tournament!" A voice asked the emperor. It was not Li Yuewen nor Li Mingyu. Hua Xiuning was standing up, her expression heavy.

On the high stands, the emperor, crown prince, and officials were all surprised. Hua Xiuning had unexpectedly made such an informal request? Was it because Hua Yilin was about to lose, his face pale, on the verge of madness, that had caused Hua Xiuning to make such an unreasonable request?

Hua Xiuning clenched her fists, extremely worried. Her reason was not

as simple as they imagined! Hua Yilin was already out of control! He was going to try to kill Claire without any care for the rules, even if the Hua clan was implicated!

"But there is no clear winner yet and Hua Yilin has not surrendered." The emperor frowned slightly.

"It's not that, your majesty..." But before Hua Xiuning even finished speaking, there was a loud explosion accompanied by numerous screams.

Hua Xiuning whipped back her gaze and sucked in a cold breath of air.

Hua Yilin had used explosive water attacks to attack Claire, who was floating in the air. Because she was dodging so agilely, the attacks had landed on the stage barrier and shattered it instantly. The leftover strength of the water attack was was unfortunately spent on the commoners. Everybody was screaming and trying to get away.

A mishap had occurred just as she suspected! Hua Xiuning's expression turned ugly, the worry in her heart continuously growing.

Nearby, the palace magicians erected barriers to block the leftover, wild power.

"Your majesty, please stop the tournament." Hua Xiuning's worry had reached its peak.

But the emperor frowned slightly without a response. Because the emperor hadn't given the order, nobody dared to interfere.

"Die!" Hua Yilin laughed madly, his arms outstretched as he summoned water wildly.

Claire hovered in mid air, solemn. She could sense the water element rushing towards Hua Yilin excitedly, as if it were returning to its parent, amassing together madly!

An Lisha's expression was grave. She stood up abruptly and erected multiple barriers one after the other. "Your highness! Please take a step back."

Hua Xiuning plopped down, defeated. Finished! Everything was finished!

The trouble Hua Yilin had created could not be described as a disaster any more! It was a calamity! As for how many people would be implicated, Hua Xiuning did not know.

The palace magicians lined up orderly and constructed many barriers. The commoners' safety was their first priority.

Feng Yixuan finally couldn't sit still anymore, about to get up and rush onstage.

But Shui Wenmo grabbed him. "Yixuan! Look at Claire's expression. If you go now, will she forgive you? This battle is a battle of honor. Claire is fighting on behalf of the Li clan. If you go help her now, what would all her efforts count as?"

Feng Yixuan stopped in his tracks abruptly. He looked up towards Claire's face and saw her tranquility. He gritted his teeth, his expression turning furious. "F*ck! Who cares? My, your father's, wife is currently in some danger! Who cares about anything else!"

Feng Yixuan threw off Shui Wenmo, about to rush onstage.

But then, it was too late to interfere.

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The sound of explosions covered up all other noise. Violent, huge waves of power surged outwards from the stage.

It was as if the earth and heaven itself were being destroyed.

The giant waves of power surged incessantly, steadily increasing in power.

The highest stands were protected by An Lisha and barriers erected by other high level experts, so it remained relatively unaffected.

The other stands were originally already a distance away from the stage. With the protection of the barriers of the palace magicians, there were no deaths.

But the same could not be said for the stage.

The stage had collapsed earlier, but now, it looked even more terrifying. It was simply a large cavity, bare.

With nothing inside!

Only Hua Yilin stood standing at the center of the cavity, laughing uncontrollably.

The sinister, wild laughter echoed throughout the arena.

Claire was nowhere to be seen!

In an instant, Feng Yixuan felt his heart stop, his mind blank out. He felt his chest as it was torn to pieces and was submerged in pain.

A few others felt the same suffering.

Jean and the others stared blankly at the wide expanse, Hua Yilin's mad laughter ringing in their ears. They couldn't break, couldn't think. Leng Lingyu stared numbly, feeling as if his heart had been gouged out.

Li Yuewen stared at the empty stage, her eyes vacant.

Just as he was on the verge of breaking down, Feng Yixuan's hair was tugged on.

Shui Wenmo said with a strange tone of voice, “Are your eyes blind? Why don’t you look up…”

Feng Yixuan whipped his head up and froze.

Floating in mid air with her long, golden hair flying gently with the breeze, her emerald green eyes overflowed with indifference. She was covered with multiple bloody wounds, dying her tattered clothes red, but her face was completely tranquil.

She didn’t die! Claire was fine!

Feng Yixuan was immersed in joy.

Shui Wenmo shrugged offhandedly. Idiot Feng Yixuan had experienced his greatest and worst emotions within one day.

Cheering erupted!

The girl hadn’t died even with such a terrifying attack!

Still alive, still alive!

On the high stand, the emperor’s eyes slitted slightly.

Jean’s knuckles were white with fright. His heart had almost been wrenched out of his body.

When Leng Lingyun came back to his senses, he relaxed his tense body and sat down. It was only now that he realized he had been tense. The previously empty cavity in his heart seemed to be full once more.

Walter sniffled, wiping his nose, all the while cursing internally. That little devil, she only knows how to make other people worried about her, f*ck! F*ck! F*ck! F*ck! She’s basically inhuman! Right, she’s a devil!

Summer and Qiao Chuxin were hugging each other, crying and smiling at the same time. Camille and Ben both leisurely leaned back in their chairs with slitted eyes. They hadn’t been worried because they had sensed that Claire’s aura hadn’t disappeared! Only Dong Fenghou looked on blankly at Summer and Qiao Chuxin, not understand. Claire was alive, what were they crying about?

“Humph!” Hua Xiuning’s expression turned extremely ugly, abnormally unsightly.

“With the next attack, I’ll destroy you so much even your bones will turn to dust!” Hua Yilin laughed madly, his arms outstretched again.

“You think you can still attack me?” Claire’s voice was very soft, very faint, but everybody heard it clearly.

She floated calmly in the air, a brilliant smile blossoming on her face. With a slight wave of her hand and a flick of her finger, numerous tiny golden lotus buds filled the entire stadium, surrounding Hua Yilin instantly.

Hua Yilin sneered coldly, eyes full of disdain. He reached out and attempted to grab a golden lotus bud, but his hand passed through it.

What was this?

Hua Yilin’s expression finally changed slightly.

“Golden lotuses, bloom!” Claire’s soft voice echoed across the stadium, her smile calm. Floating gently, she looked so holy, so divine.

As Claire finished speaking, all the golden lotus buds blossomed instantly, a vast expanse of brilliance.

Golden rays shot outwards, a dazzling sight.

The gorgeous scene was absolutely stunning.

The young girl covered in blood actually seemed so holy and pure as countless golden lotuses bloomed around her.

Hua Yilin laughed disdainfully. “What kind of show are you performing? Acrobatics?” Hua Yilin started summoning the water element again.

“Thousand... Terrors!” Claire tranquil voice echoed in everybody’s ears.

The countless golden lotuses gradually started to spin, emitting magnificent golden light, stunning.

Suddenly, Hua Yilin stopped in his actions, standing dumbfoundedly in place.

Claire's gaze was icy. She just stared coldly at Hua Yilin below her.

Everything fell silent.

Hua Yilin remained where he stood, not moving an inch.

What was going on?

Slowly, they discovered what was wrong.

Hua Yilin's expression was slowly changing! First a frown, then an expression of pain, sinister, endless pain.

"Ah—!" Hua Yilin shrieked towards the sky, his scream bloodcurdling. Then his eyes became unfocused and he dropped to his knees, convulsing. He would never be able to stand again.

"No! It's not like that! No!" Hua Yilin knelt to the ground, convulsing painfully. He seemed to be hallucinating.

What was going on?

The stadium was shocked seeing this huge shift. They had no way of understanding what was happening.

"No—" Hua Yilin shook with more pain. Under everybody's shocked gazes, tears dropped from the corners of his eyes!!

Hua Xiunin was utterly dumbfounded seeing this unimaginable situation. She almost couldn't believe that her unruly younger brother was actually crying! Sobbing, even!

"What the f*ck is going on, that bastard is crying?! Yixuan, am I dreaming?!?" Shui Wenmo rubbed his eyes, trying to confirm what he was seeing was real.

Feng Yixuan stared fixedly at the Hua Yilin who was convulsing with tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. His gaze was also filled with disbelief, but he didn't forget to give Shui Wenmo a hard punch in the face to tell him that he wasn't dreaming.

Shui Wenmo wiped his bloody nose subconsciously, then sniffled. "The actual f*ck? I'm actually not dreaming? That bastard is actually crying?"

“What is the current situation?” The emperor frowned, also confused.

“I am also unsure. It seems Hua Yilin is undergoing a painful event.” An Lisha was also puzzled. She could only guess that Claire had used a type of spiritual attack.

Summer danced around happily and sang, “Haha, you uneducated dragon, do you agree acknowledge that you’ve lost?” Hua Yilin had lost his mind, so how could he fight Claire anymore?

Ben twitched his lip and didn’t answer.

Jean let out a long breath. A complex emotion arose in his heart. Claire had already become so strong? Did he still have the qualifications to protect her?

Watching the holy looking Claire, Leng Lingyun suddenly understood why the Temple of Light wanted to recruit Claire a little. But, for some reason, Leng Lingyun felt his heart instinctively oppose this notion. Was it was really a good idea to have Claire join the Temple of Light?

Walter wiggled his shoulders excitedly. Won, the little devil won! That damn little devil, always making others worried!

“Yaaay, Claire won!” Qiao Chuxin waved a fist excitedly.

And so, Hua Yilin remained sprawled on the ground, never to be able to move again with endless anguish.

Everybody had weaknesses.

Claire looked down at Hua Yilin quietly. Even she was curious. What did Hua Yilin see?

As Thousand Terrors’ name* suggests, one experiences thousands of terrors. It pulls out the darkest reaches of one’s heart, the most painful regrets and resentments, then replays it over and over. Naturally, one will fall apart. Truthfully, put in more vulgar terms, one would be mindf*cked thousands of times.

*The actual thing means thousands of thousands of plunders/robbing/coercion/seize by force/calamity. I think it’s more of

the pulling darkest part that the name is supposed to imply but I think thousand robbings or something really doesn't sound right...

Hua Yilin had lost his ability to fight, his eyes empty. His mouth continuously repeated the word "no". He would never be able to stand again.

After finally returning to his senses, the referee yelled at the top of his lungs, "I declare Claire Hill as the winner!" This brought the rest of the people back to their senses.

Won!

Claire won!

Instantly, cheers erupted in the stadium, their voices reaching the skies.

The golden haired, green eyed girl had won.

Although it was only one of the preliminary mass elimination rounds, it was so marvelous, so rousing.

Many people stood up to applaud. The enthusiastic atmosphere moved everybody. This competition, the tables had turned many times and had finally ended. Many people's hearts had risen and dropped greatly, extremely high strung.

Many years later, people would still recount this day. The holy, beautiful girl, blossoming lotuses, completely astounding.

With a flick of her finger, the countless golden lotuses vanished.

Hua Yilin was carried down stage to be treated.

The emperor's eyes slitted as he watched Claire who was hovering in mid air, a cold glint in his eyes.

Seeing this from the corner of her eyes, An Lisha's heart sunk. She knew that the emperor had killing intent now! Claire was only fourteen, but she already had ungodly strength, destined for greater heights in the future! But the emperor seemed to have forgotten one point. Claire was not only someone from the Hill clan, but also a priest of the Temple of Light! And she had a very close relationship to the Li clan. No matter how you looked

at it, making a move against her was unwise. An Lisha also understood that although the emperor had revealed such gaze, this was the normal response of a true ruler. Even though he had killing intent, the emperor would never be foolish enough to face the Temple of Light.

But amidst the cheering and applause, there was suddenly a strange development in the sky. The clear autumn sky was suddenly darkening.

Claire's expression changed. She speedily flew away, hurrying out of the city.

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The burning sensation on her back steadily grew more intense.

She had passed the eighth level of the Golden Lotus grimoire!

Which meant the tribulation lightning would soon follow!

This time, Golden Lotus was in deep sleep, so she wouldn't have Golden Lotus protecting her! For the eighth level, she had to face seven strikes of lightning!

Without Golden Lotus's protection, how was she going to withstand seven strikes?

Claire's rapid departure left most confused. All of their gazes followed after the figure leaving in a hurry.

Without a word, Feng Yixuan extended his wind wings and chased in pursuit. Shui Wenmo cursed in a low voice and dashed after them on foot.

Jean and the others naturally understood what was going on. Claire had another breakthrough!

The emperor frowned then turned to ask Li Mingyu, "Duke Li, what is going on?" Li Mingyu's face was full of worry.

"Your highness, we have some private matters to attend to. May we take our leave?" Li Mingyu requested, watching CLaire's figure disappear into the distance, farther and farther away.

Before the emperor could reply, An Lisha said hastily, "Your majesty, please take care of the situation. I will explain once I return." Immediately after, An Lisha flew up and followed after Feng Yixuan in pursuit.

Jean and the rest also hurriedly left, dashing out the city.

The emperor frowned slightly, watching An Lisha disappear into the distance, but he still immediately waved his hand to settle the crowd. The stage had already been destroyed so the tournament could only be delayed until tomorrow.

In the air, Claire flew as fast as she could followed by Feng Yixuan and

An Lisha. In the sky, thunder clouds were already amassing.

Claire's heart sunk lower and lower. She had already sensed that the lightning would be different this time. Without Golden Lotus, would she be able to withstand them all?

"Claire! Claire!" Feng Yixuan anxiously called from behind.

"The hell are you shouting for!" An Lisha said. She speedily gave chase. After passing by Feng Yixuan, she caught up to Claire.

"Follow me!" An Lisha grabbed Claire by the wrist immediately, forcing her to stop.

"It's you!" Claire looked at An Lisha with shock. This woman was the one from that night! With absolute certainty!

"Ma, what are you doing?" Feng Yixuan also reached them.

What? This woman was Feng Yixuan's mother?

"Claire, your heavenly tribulation is coming, correct?" An Lisha's words made Claire freeze with shock. How did Feng Yixuan's mother know?

"Yes, so I cannot stay inside the city. The heavenly tribulation will not be so small this time. If I stayed, many people would have been involved." Claire did not try to hide anything.

"Go!" An Lisha grabbed Feng Yixuan with her other hand and made all three of them stand together. Then she pulled out a scroll and tore it. With a white flash of light, the three's figures disappeared on the spot.

Also able to fly, Leng Lingyun was the first to arrive. From far away, he could see the three had disappeared abruptly, so he understood that the woman had used a small scale spatial teleportation scroll! An extremely valuable spatial teleportation scroll that could teleport up to five people!

Where did they go? Leng Lingyun frowned, scanning about, but unable to find anything. He looked up at the sky. The dark clouds were dispersing rapidly. No! Not dispersing, but quickly chasing after another direction! They disappeared in an instant!

Jean and the rest had also arrived at this moment, but they only saw

Leng Lingyun floating in the air alone, his expression solemn.

"Leng Lingyun, where's Claire?" Summer scanned around anxiously, only to see no one.

"She was taken away." Leng Lingyun said quietly. He slowly descended.

"Taken away? Who took her away?" Summer grew worried.

"The woman who had just been chasing, Lagark's minister of defense, An Lisha." Of course Leng Lingyun knew An Lisha's identity. Although the main temple of the Temple of Light was not located in Lagark, the Temple of Light was very familiar with the state of affairs in Lagark.

"What!" Walter exclaimed. "She took away Claire? To where? What does she want? Why didn't you stop her? What if she wants to kill Claire now that Claire is wounded?"

Walter's worries were not unfounded. The relationship between Amparkland and Lagark was very strained. With the strength Claire had displayed, Lagark would definitely take notice and be on guard.

"I do not know. When I had arrived, An Lisha had already taken Claire away with the spatial teleportation scroll. But you should not worry because Claire is currently a priest of the Temple of Light. Lagark will definitely not instigate a fight with the Temple of Light." Leng Lingyun's voice was low, but exceptionally certain. Even the most successful and strongest country, Amparkland, would not dare to go against the Temple of Light, not to mention Lagark, whose strength was below that of Amparkland's.

"In other words, Claire is safe?" Summer let out a long sigh of relief. She had almost forgotten that Claire was currently a priest of the Temple of Light!

Jean frowned deeply. Even if Claire was safe, where was she? Where did that woman take her to? What was her purpose?

Jean stood silently, not moving.

"Don't worry, nothing will happen to Claire. If my guess is correct, that

woman wants to help her," Leng Lingyun said in a serious voice.

"F*ck! Where are they?" At this moment, Shui Wenmo had also bounded over energetically, glorious, but he only saw Jean and the rest of the group standing there.

"She was brought away. An Lisha used a spatial teleportation scroll," Leng Lingyun said faintly.

"Aiya! Why didn't they bring me too?" Shui Wenmo yelled angrily.

"Do you know where they went?" Jean turned and said to Shui Wenmo in a low voice, a trace of worry evident in his voice.

"I don't know." Shui Wenmo shrugged, serious.

"If you don't know, then don't say such misleading words!" Summer humphed coldly. She had become a bit angered seeing Shui Wenmo's attitude.

"Aiya, long time no see, little thief," Shui Wenmo laughed and greeted Summer.

"Humph!" Summer turned away, ignoring him.

"In other words, Lady An wants to help Claire..." Li Mingyu said with a low voice. "We don't even know where they went, so all we can do is wait.

Li Yuewen looked worried, wishing to speak, but stopped after she caught Li Mingyu's eyes.

"Let's return and wait. There's no way Aunty An will harm her future daughter in law. Perhaps they will appear with great bravado." Shui Wenmo stretched lazily. Clearly, he had great faith in An Lisha.

Shui Wenmo did not notice that his usage of the phrase daughter in law had caused a ripple in a few people's hearts when they heard this.

Future daughter in law? Why did this phrase cause a sense of unease? Jean lowered his gaze. He silently turned away and left. Leng Lingyun watched Jean's retreating figure, sighed softly in his heart, then followed. Walter cursed internally. Just because you say she's An Lisha's future daughter in law she will be? F*ck, what a joke.

In the end, they all returned.

Right at this moment, Claire opened her eyes and discovered that she had arrived somewhere unfathomable. With a sweep of her gaze, she found that there were a few wooden houses circled by a low, wooden fence with a few large trees nearby. It seemed like a very ordinary farmer's home, but once she looked in a different direction, she discovered what was strange. Lifting her head, she saw that the blue sky was without clouds, yet there were birds flying. She squinted. Those small birds were seabirds! This was an island?! Listening closely, Claire actually heard the sound of intense wind whipping past. Claire concentrated her senses and was shocked once more. The small island was surrounded by a wind barrier. An unusual, intense layer of wind surrounded the small island, isolating it completely from the outside world.

"Master... master, hurry and come outside!" An Lisha yelled at the top of her lungs.

"The hell are you shouting about? You just arrived and you're already yelling!" An energetic yet coarse voice retorted from inside the house.

"The lightning is about to strike, how could I not shout! Come out to block it right now!" An Lisha was even more rude, her voice yelling back louder than before.

"Huh? What lightning? What you're cultivating will not draw any lightning." Even though the voice inside the house sounded doubtful, there was the sound of quick footsteps.

An old man in faint blue appeared at the entrance of the wooden house, his pair of eyes bright. He emitted an ineffable, bold aura. His brows and beard were already white, long, yet combed neatly.

"Master, hurry and save us! The lightning will arrive any second!" An Lisha anxiously said.

But the old man ignored An Lisha and turned to Feng Yixuan, smiling widely. "Oi, you brat. You're already this big."

"Ah, old man, you've become more energetic. Your brows and beard

became even more manly," Feng Yixuan laughed as he replied.

Claire was a bit shocked. Feng Yixuan, who was usually so unruly and arrogant, was actually acting so lovable and obedient?

"Of course." The old man did something that made Claire go 囧. She watched as the old man pulled out a small comb out of one of his wide sleeves and started combing his brows carefully, then his beard. He appeared extremely pleased.

Now Feng Yixuan switched to the topic at hand. "Old man, hurry and help my future wife, and block the lightning."

"What?! You brat, you actually started chasing after girls?!" the old man exclaimed loudly. Only then did his gaze land on Claire. Claire was currently in a very sorry state, her clothes torn, and although her wounds had already stopped bleeding, her clothes were still stained with blotches of red. She looked very terrifying.

"Master!" An Lisha started getting a bit urgent. Storm clouds had already started gathering overhead.

"Hmm?" went the old man lazily. Then he looked up towards the sky and stroked his beard gently. Only then did he say disdainfully, "What the heck are you getting worried for, isn't it just seven lightning strikes?"

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Hearing his words, An Lisha's expression turned happy. It meant that Master would help!

But Claire stood in shock at those words. This old man actually knew how many strikes of lightning she would be facing!

"Little lass, how old are you this year, actually being able to draw seven strikes of lightning..." The old man leisurely spoke while sizing Claire up. "Also, what kind of cultivation technique are you practicing? Huh? Why does it feel a bit familiar?"

Claire hesitated for a moment. Should she tell this old man the truth? Even if she did, he wouldn't know.

After a moment of deliberation, in the end, she still said, "Treasured Lotus Style." With the current situation, the old man was the only person who could help her block the lightning, so it was better to cooperate.

But who would have expected that after Claire said this, the old man's expression would change.

"What?! Treasured Lotus Style? Did you just say Treasured Lotus Style?" Unexpectedly, the old man dashed forward and grabbed Claire by the shoulders, then shook her furiously, not caring for his image at all. His expression was very fierce. "Say that again!"

Feng Yixuan's expression changed greatly too. He had seen the old man so frantic. Just when he was going to dash forward, An Lisha pulled him back. Feng Yixuan looked at An Lisha anxiously, about to say something, but she shook her head slightly, indicating that Claire wasn't in danger.

Claire also stood dumbly. She didn't have a clue of what was going on with the old man's overreaction, but there was no killing intent from him. What was going on?

"What is your relationship with Si Konglin, that old thing? Speak! It's impossible! That old fart would never teach the Treasured Lotus Style to others!" the old man sad madly, his expression and his actions completely

not matching his age.

"I do not know Si Konglin." Claire's quiet reply made the old man stop in his haste.

The old man stopped his actions. He looked at Claire dumbfoundedly, then said, "Then how can you use the Treasured Lotus Style?"

Claire's next words made the old man almost cough up blood. "I just found the Treasured Lotus grimoire somewhere so I learned it."

"J-just found it?" Claire's words echoed in the old man's bind. She learned it just because she found it somewhere.

The old man wanted to spit, wanted to yell, wanted to throw himself onto the ground laughing.

"Ahaha! Si Konglin, that idiot. I never expected that his unique techniques would actually be learned by a stranger. Hahaha, I'm going to die of laughter. That stupid, stingy idiot! Serves him right!" The old man was laughing while jumping, making Claire, An Lisha, and Feng Yixuan stare with their mouths wide open. What the?

An Lisha had never seen her master so out of control, and so she asked cautiously, "Master, can you discuss this afterwards? The lightning will strike any second now."

Claire and the old man looked up towards the sky. Sure enough, there were thick layers of clouds, lightning flashing ominously within.

"Little lass, I'll block the lightning for you, but you must tell me everything after." The old man was visibly very happy.

"Okay, but, senior, are you able to?" Claire frowned, facing the sky. Lightning flashed and thundered continuously within the clouds. Claire understood clearly that she wouldn't be able to block the lightning by herself this time. She could only rely on the old man before her. If she only had to tell the old man how she obtained the Treasured Lotus grimoire for him to block the deadly lightning strikes, then it was a great deal. The way she had obtained the grimoire had been too easy.

“No problem. All of you get out of the way!” With a serious expression, the old man motioned for An Lisha and Feng Yixuan to distance themselves.

Seeing the old man’s serious attitude, Claire understood that this time, the lightning was definitely not normal.

Her expression also turned more serious.

“Hah!” The old man faced the sky seriously, blocking in front of Claire. Then, he placed clasped his hands together before his chest and frowned deeply.

An Lisha and Feng Yixuan watched anxiously, but could do nothing to help.

The surroundings became darker and darker because the black clouds in the sky grew thicker and denser. The sound of thunder also grew louder and clearer.

“Seven strikes of lightning, huh. Little lass, at such a young age, you’ve actually broken through the eighth level of the Treasured Lotus Style. I wonder how that old fart Si Konglin could react. Probably angered to death.” The old man frowned at the dark clouds, his expression serious, although his tone a little gloating.

Claire inferred a few things from his words. The Treasured Lotus grimoire was in all likelihood created by Si Konglin and he must have a special relationship with the old man.

“Open!” The old man bellowed, his palms separating. Two brilliant streaks of white light shot out from his palms, then morphed into a circle surrounding Claire and himself.

The old man frowned and with a wave of his hand, two more streaks of light shot forth then surrounded An Lisha and Feng Yixuan, the magnificent barrier protecting them.

“Hmm, there’s one thing missing...” The old man gently stroked his beard, pondering.

After thinking for a while, he whipped his hand and a small, clear disk appeared. His expression solemn, with a gentle throw, the disk flew to Claire and started hovering over her head while starting to rotate. The disk emitted a soft, white light. Claire understood that it was definitely not ordinary, probably a defensive type of treasure.

“Alright, everything’s ready.” The old man nodded seriously, then turned his face towards the sky.

The lightning was about to strike!

The situation was truly worrisome. An Lisha frowned slightly, watching the slowly spinning disk above Claire’s head. Master had actually used that item. It seems the lightning really wasn’t trivial this time! Feng Yixuan was even more anxious, clenching his fist until his knuckles were white.

“Fierce Wind!” The old man brought together his index and middle finger, and with a forceful wave, A violent wind surged with the barrier in its center, sweeping up everything and leaving the group of people in a spacious void while the surroundings were violently swept up in a tornado.

Claire was shocked at such a scenario before her. In her heart, she thought to herself, exactly how profound was this old man’s cultivation technique?

Boom!!!

A long, lightning strike full of terrifying strength struck down.

Feng Yixuan’s heart was already tense. He stared fixedly at the two people in the midst of the circle.

The old man’s expression was also very grave, making them even more concerned.

However, the next scene left the three people watching completely speechless.

“Hup! Hah!”

The old man bounced around and lightly flicked his finger. A powerful blast streaked up to clash with the lightning.

Bang!!

In a split second, the sky lit up. The powerful lightning had been completely blocked by the old man's force, breaking apart and dispersing. The broken specks of lightning looked like a firework mid bloom; it was a dazzling sight.

...This easy? This simply?? It only took a flick of a finger??

"Mhm, a pretty sight. Hah!" The old man rolled his shoulders, showing off, and continued to flick his finger at the next lightning bolt striking down. Splendid lightning fireworks sparkled in the sky again, and in that moment, nothing could be more beautiful.

An Lisha's lip twitched, utterly speechless.

Feng Yixuan gulped, watching the sky filled with sparks dumbfoundedly, unable to speak.

Claire watched as the old man shimmied his shoulders, showing off, and then shifted her gaze up at the spinning disk overhead, then the splendid barrier around the group and violent yet magnificent tornado whirling about, wanting to ask the old man, what were all the preparations for? If he could deal with the lightning so easily, why did he set up such complex arrangements?

The old man even found time to tidy up his beard, which had been blown messy by the wind, before continuing to deal with the lightning effortlessly.

And just like that, the seven strikes of lightning were dealt with by the old man easily. He then fished out a small comb from his sleeve and started brushing his beard and eyebrows prudently, muttering, "Humph! It got me all messy."

The dark clouds slowly dispersed, revealing an azure sky again, a peaceful expanse.

The old man waved his hand and the splendid barrier, whirling tornado, and translucent disk all disappeared.

“Let’s go inside. Lisha, go make some tea.” The old man started walking towards the house, smiling widely.

“Wait! Master!” An Lisha’s voiced trembled slightly, showing how she had been holding back but couldn’t take it any more.

Seeing An Lisha walk over almost violently, the old man asked with confusion, “What?”

“Master, why did you do all that even though you were able to deal with the lightning so easily? What’s with the barrier and that so-called Fierce Wind!” An Lisha was almost driven a bit mad. She had asked what Claire and Feng Yixuan were wondering too.

“What do you know? Elaborate arrangements are a must, otherwise how could I display my magnificence?” The old man rolled his eyes at An Lisha, sounding like it had been as a matter of course. “Let’s go. Little lass, you must tell me everything.

Claire went 囧, An Lisha went crazy, and Feng Yixuan’s mouth twitched as he didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

Claire followed the old man in. The old man plopped onto a chair, then motioned for the others to sit too.

“Little lass, tell me how you obtained the grimoire. You have to understand, that old fart Si Konglin treasured his techniques so much, he wasn’t even willing to exchange it for my Heavenly Astral Wind.*” The old man gritted his teeth a little.

*罡风 – in Daoism, astral wind on which immortals may ride (literal dictionary definition, did not know it was a thing...)

With every detail Claire told the old man that had led to her obtaining the grimoire, the old man’s eyes widened even more.

Feng Yixuan frowned. He had remembered how he was present when Summer had been caught, but he had been unaware Claire had obtained

the grimoire at that time.

“Can I borrow it for a glance?” But even as the old man said these words, he understood that it wasn’t proper.

“Master, how can you do that?” An Lisha had entered carrying tea at this time, her tone angry.

“Haha, I also know that’s crossing the line a little...” The old man laughed awkwardly. Unexpectedly, his old cheeks had reddened.

“At least you’re aware of it. Even though you helped Claire block the lightning, asking to see her grimoire is too much.” An Lisha did not give her master any face at all, her tone chiding.

“I won’t see, alright?” The old man muttered from the corner of his mouth embarrassedly.

But Claire’s next action left An Lisha and the old man astounded.

“I’ll let you see.”

Chapter 134: [No Title]

The grimoire materialized in her hand from the interspatial storage ring. She handed it to the old man.

“What? You’ll let me see?” The old man gazed at Claire incredulously, echoing her words.

“Mhm. Go on,” Claire said calmly.

“Old man, where’s your medicine? Claire is wounded,” Feng Yixuan exclaimed with panic, noticing her wounds. Ever since they had left the capital, Claire had never said a word, leaving her wounds untreated. Coupled with dealing with the lightning, they had completely forgotten Claire’s wounds.

“Oh, oh, medicine.” The old man hurriedly rummaged through his interspatial storage ring, the pulled out a small blue and white porcelain bottle. He shook out one small pill and handed it to Claire, saying, “Eat this, I guarantee you’ll feel much better immediately. Si Konglin gave me this medicine and it cost me quite a bit to trade for it.” The old man said this with a bit of a heartache. It was clear he was only being this generous because Claire had promised to let him see her grimoire. His words were also meant to be friendly.

Claire didn’t hold back and swallowed the medicine in one gulp. Sure enough, a cooling sensation spread throughout her whole body, lingering especially her wounds, and her aches and pains quickly melted away. She felt refreshed and exceptionally comfortable. What was the medicine? Claire was extremely shocked. Treatment from priests and alchemists could not compare with its effects.

Claire handed over the grimoire and the old man received it happily. But after he impatiently glanced over the cover, his expression changed.

“Wha-what are these words?” The old man frowned, blinking as he asked. He seemed to be talking to himself, yet also asking Claire.

Claire remained silent.

After pausing for a moment, the old man immediately continued on, about to flip through.

But then something strange occurred. The grimoire remained shut!

“Hmm?” The old man frowned, then tried to flip it open again, but once again, he was still unable to open it.

They all froze. What was going on?

“Old man, are you trying to be dramatic again?” Feng Yixuan asked seriously, his gaze sharp.

“Be dramatic my ass! Which one of you see I’m trying to be dramatic? Would I really open just a book so dramatically?” the old man fumed at Feng Yixuan.

Feng Yixuan froze. In other words, the old man was really unable to open it?

“Why can’t I open it?” The old man fumbled around with the book, inspecting it.

Claire was also surprised. Originally, she had thought it wouldn’t matter because he wouldn’t be able to read Chinese. If he could, that meant he had also come from another world like her and it would be another matter to deal with.

But she had not anticipated this situation. He was actually unable to open the book?

The old man tried to open it while exerting strength, but the ordinary looking book did not budge.

After trying for a while, the old man finally gave up and asked Claire suspiciously, “This is the grimoire?”

Before Claire said anything, Feng Yixuan said a little angrily, “Huh? Old man, what are you trying to imply? How could Claire try to trick you!”

“It is the grimoire.” Claire walked over and took the book, also very confused. What was this situation? With a light flip, the book opened immediately.

Instantly, the room fell silent.

Thousands of expressions passed through the old man's face. Feng Yixuan and An Lisha watched on in a daze. Claire frowned, a surge of confusion in her heart.

"Let me see." The old man grabbed it angrily, glaring with wide eyes at the words. But he couldn't read it! Thus, the old man tried to flip to the next page, but he couldn't!

Claire calmly helped old man flip to the next page. But again, the old man could not understand.

The old man turned rigid, sitting stiffly in place.

Claire's expression remained tranquil. She continued to flip the ages and the old man continued to not understand.

"F*ck! Si Konlin, you dared to screw with me!" The old man bellowed, extremely angry. He turned and bounded over to Feng Yixuan. "Come over, boy, check if you can flip it!"

Feng Yixuan obediently dashed over and flipped the pages easily.

The old man's face greened.

"Si Konglin! You shameless old thing! You actually restricted me! Won't let me see or learn? Discriminating against my Heavenly Astral Wind? You just won't allow my Heavenly Astral Wind to be bound to your Golden Lotus? Then I'll do just that!" The old man stood up, angry now, stomping all about.

The other three remained frozen.

"Little lass! You must learn Heavenly Astral Wind from me! I'm going to teach you every single thing! I'm going to piss off that damn Si Konglin!" the old man hollered angrily. Now they understood what he meant by bound together!

After the old man said this, Claire was frozen in place as were An Lisha and Feng Yixuan.

"Boy, conveniently, you should also learn along the way. Your wind

blades are pretty good. Doesn't it feel great after being unsealed?" the old man ordered without care for their opinion.

An Lisha was filled with glee. Master was going to teach Feng Yixuan so easily? The reason why she had never taught Feng Yixuan Heavenly Astral Wind is because she vowed to her master she would not teach others it and because she understood how much he cared about it, but today, he had agreed to teach him so easily. And it was simply out of convenience. Her eyes settled on Claire, sighing in her heart. Whether it was because of the girl's luck or Feng Yixuan that brat's good foresight was unknown.

"But, Senior, I am fire attributed," Claire said softly. Meanwhile, Claire had determined one thing: the person named Si Konglin was probably from the same world as her! He was the one who created the grimoire in Chinese. It was only unknown how he had lost it.

"So what? That doesn't matter. From now on, you must learn from me! It doesn't matter how many levels you learn! You just have to learn! Even just one level is fine! Since you know the Treasured Lotus Style, you must learn my Heavenly Astral Wind, otherwise, how else can I anger that old thing to death?" the old man bellowed angrily, then added a little shamelessly, "After all, I blocked seven lightning strikes for you today! Can you at least humor me? Even if it's just one sentence, you must learn it!"

Claire was completely like 囧*. Her lip twitched, wanting to say something but not knowing what to say. The old man sure was strange. Since when was this kind of exchange a thing? Was she even allowed to refuse? Claire felt a bit of a headache coming on.

*reminder: this means her expression turned into the same way the Chinese character looks. It's often used as an emoji

"But I already have a master," Claire said after thinking for a moment. Although she knew that learning the old man's supreme techniques would probably save her life if necessary, she couldn't become his disciple. And Claire understood that being fire attributed, she wouldn't be able to learn the essence.

"I wouldn't become your master even if you wanted me to." The old man

swung his hips gleefully. Of course he had a plan in mind. Firstly, the girl seemed to be An Lisha's future daughter in law, so he couldn't accept her as his disciple, or else their relationships would become a mess. Secondly, the girl was neither his nor Si Konglin's disciple, but would be able to practice both of their techniques. What would Si Konglin's expression be after he found out? Just thinking about it made him giddy.

Eh? Claire watched the giddy old man a bit blankly. Teach her without becoming her master?

"Girl, what's your name? It's on the tip of my tongue." The old man stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Claire Hill," Claire responded.

"Oh good. From now on, call me senior Feng Astral!" the old man instructed, wagging his finger.

"Senior Feng Astral?" Claire repeated. It sounded so weird and was definitely not his real name.

"What? Got a problem? Doesn't this name sound very profound and domineering?" The old man shot a glance at her.

"N-no problem." Claire shook her head a little depressedly.

"Alright. An Lisha, return and do what you need to do. Wait for when I think these two fellas are ready," the old man instructed An Lisha.

"Oh, Master. Ok. I'll leave Claire and Feng Yixuan to you," An Lisha agreed with a smile. She turned to Claire. "Just humor Master for saving your life for now. Even if you learn just one level, consider it fulfilling his wish."

Since An Lisha had already said this, Claire couldn't find an excuse to refuse.

"Wait, what about the competition?" Claire frowned, remembering that Lagark's competition didn't seem to have finished yet.

"You've already brought glory to the Li clan. Don't worry, I'll had over the royal weaponry rights to the Li clan. Also, I'll instruct Shui Wenmo

and Feng Yixuan to get rid of the others, then surrender. The Li clan will be considered the winner," An Lisha declared her decision, smiling.

"But..." Claire glanced at An Lisha with a complex expression, unable to speak.

"Don't misinterpret it as us helping you! With your current strength, both Shui Wenmo and Yixuan are not your match! So the winner was going to be the Li clan anyways." An Lisha's expression turned serious as she explained. "Just cultivate here without worry."

Chapter 135: [No Title]

Claire slackened at these words. A flash of determination gleamed in Feng Yixuan's eyes at the same time. Claire had made a miraculous breakthrough during the tournament, so he had to become stronger and stronger, strong enough to protect Claire!

"Don't worry about the Li clan for now. Do you want to explain anything to your friends? I will lend you a memory crystal and pass it onto them. You can just cultivate here without worry," An Lisha said very simply.

"Right, girl, just cultivate here. Hahaha, you can't run away anyways. There's fierce wind all around the island and anything that tries to pass through gets ripped to shreds. Only after you've finished learning will I send you out," the old man laughed heartily.

Her lip twitched. It seemed the situation had already developed passed her means. In any case, it was the first time she repaid someone like this.

"Then I'll have to burden you with sending my friends the memory crystal," Claire said to An Lisha politely.

An Lisha only nodded.

"Also, thank you for bringing me and thank you for finding the elder to teach me," Claire thanked solemnly.

An Lisha smiled. "Thank Yixuan. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have done anything."

Feng Yixuan started to twist uncomfortably at these words. Claire's expression turned a little unnatural.

"Enough, finish up and return. Really now, I'm about to start teaching them, stop wasting time," the elder waved offhandedly, impatient.

"I know! Also, I just used up a spatial teleportation scroll, give me two," An Lisha said powerfully. She handed over the memory crystal to Claire.

"What kind of logic is that? Robber! You're a robber! Why do you ask for two when you've only used up one?" the old man started to squabble.

“I need to use one to return...”

“You robber! Robber!”

Claire started explaining to the memory crystal that she didn’t know how long she would stay and that they could do as they wanted. If they couldn’t find anything to do, then return to the Hill manor and wait for her there. And Jean should take White Emperor and Black Emperor back.

After finally being able to force over two spatial teleportation scrolls, she left with Claire’s memory crystal.

“Alright. Little lass, boy, we start today. The demonic training starts!” The elder said seriously, his hand at his hip.

“Uh, senior Feng Astral, I want to take a shower and change clothes.” Claire pointed at her bloodstained, torn clothes.

“Oh... Alright, go then. First familiarize yourselves with the surroundings. The kitchen is over there and there’s a hot spring in the woods behind the house for washing. We can start training tomorrow.” The elder stroked his chin, pondering.

They started the next day.

Gradually, Claire became familiar with the lay of the land. The island wasn’t large, but you couldn’t see the ends from one end to another. Surrounding the island was a high wind wall, spinning quickly. Claire tested by throwing a stick and the stick instantly shattered! Stones turned to dust when thrown. They were truly isolated from the world.

The training was bitter and boring. Claire and Feng Yixuan trained at separate areas and only met at night. By then, they were both exhausted and would go to sleep immediately after eating. They spent most of their time at two far ends of the island. As the elder had said, if they trained close to each other, they might hurt each other on accident. Feng Yixuan cultivated smoothly ever since his seal had been undone. But Claire was the opposite. Because she was fire attributed, she couldn’t sense the wind elements, so the elder’s shouts filled her days.

The days passed one by one. And just like that, half a month passed,

when suddenly, news arrived that disrupted their training.

An Lisha appeared and brought Claire a letter.

“What did you come here for? They’re far from finished,” the elder grumbled. Especially Claire. She hadn’t made any improvements after such a long period of time.

“I came to find Claire and give her something.” An Lisha pulled out a letter and handed it Claire, who was confused.

“Did something happen to the Li clan?” Claire asked with a frown. “Or did something happen to my friends?”

“Neither. Your friends all left to do their own business and your knight also returned to Amparkland. This letter was sent to me by your knight. I don’t know what its contents are,” An Lisha answered truthfully.

Claire watched the sealed letter, an ominous feeling arising in her heart. She tore it open and her expression changed instantly.

Cliff was in trouble!

“Senior Feng Astral, I have some business and must leave! Please agree.” Claire put the letter away, her face determined.

“You’ve only learned the first level. Yixuan’s already entered the fifth level. You want to leave after only having learned so little?” the old man fumed angrily.

But Claire didn’t waver, determined as she said, “Someone dear to me is in danger. I must go to him. You also said yourself that learning just one level is fine. My attributes are not suited for your Heavenly Astral Wind. Senior Feng Astral, you know this already. No matter how I tried for these past few weeks, I wasn’t able to break through any more.”

Feng Astral paused, unable to say anything seeing the determined glint in her eyes.

“Who are they to you?” An Lisha saw that Feng Yixuan was a bit at ill ease.

“My master, Master Cliff.” Claire understood what An Lisha meant.

“Oh, it’s her master. You heard that. When a master is in trouble, how can his disciple not go? If you were in trouble, would I just stand by and watch?” An Lisha saw from the corner of her eye Feng Yixuan relaxing.

“That’s true.” Feng Astral stroked his beard. “Alright. Girl, you can go. In any case, you’ve already learned my Heavenly Astral Wind, even if it’s just one level. Haha, that’s already enough to anger Si Konglin to death. We’ll continue our training and you can go.”

We? Feng Yixuan frowned. What did he mean?

“I want to go with Claire too!” Feng Yixuan suddenly understood.

“Tough luck! You’re even more talented than your T-rex mother. Just stay here and learn from be obediently. I’ll teach you all I can about my supreme techniques. Haha, let’s go!” Before Feng Yixuan could reacted, Feng Astral picked up Feng Yixuan, laughing heartily as they left to the other side of the island.

Feng Yixuan’s shouts as he struggled came from far away, but it was no use.

Claire and An Lisha shared a glance, wordless.

“M-madam An, I’ll be in your care,” Claire forced out after some thought. She had always felt awkward trying to figure out how to address An Lisha.

“Please call me Aunty An, haha. Let’s go. Your night is waiting.” An Lisha pulled Claire close and tore a spatial teleportation scroll. Their figures vanished.

Claire’s heart sunk lower and lower. In order to break through, Master had actually gone to that place!

Once Claire’s eyes opened, she discovered they were now in a secret room. An Lisha started explaining. “The scroll is set to the secret underground chambers of the Feng clan. Let’s go. Your knight is waiting in the main hall.”

An Lisha led Claire through the chambers, navigating through multiple

twists and turns. Along the way, servants bowed and gave their respectful greetings. Claire noted keenly that they all had respect, some even fanaticism, in their eyes. She couldn't help but wonder who exactly was An Lisha.

Upon arrival, sure enough, Jean was sitting upright wordlessly, Black Feather and White Emperor perched on his shoulders. When they saw Claire, the two creatures dashed towards her excitedly, taking over her shoulders. They rubbed her cheeks affectionately.

"Miss!" Jean stood up abruptly, his eyes so fixed on Claire. There was something throbbing about his gaze.

"Jean, let's go. We shouldn't tarry. I'll question you along the way." Claire was extremely anxious. She turned around and bowed deeply to An Lisha. "Aunt An, thank you for your help. I will never forget your kindness. If there ever comes a time when you need me, I, Claire, will do my utmost to serve you."

"Go, Claire. Be careful." An Lisha smiled and nodded gently. "I'll see you out. I'll also inform the Li clan of your leaving. You don't need to worry about the Li clan any more. It is already shining gloriously."

"Thank you, Aunt An..." Claire felt warmth towards the warmly smiling woman. She didn't know how to thank her for all she had done for her.

"It was all through your own efforts. I didn't do much. Alright now, you still have matters to attend to. Hurry up and be on your way," An Lisha said, understanding.

Claire nodded. And without further ado, she followed An Lisha out the entrance of the Feng clan.

A carriage was already waiting for them and they got on. Before Claire asked, Jean answered all her questions.

"Miss, after you were brought away, we saw your explanation in the memory crystal. Because we didn't know when you would return, everybody decided what they would do in the meantime. Ben went to go train, saying he needed to improve his strength and reclaim his title as

Dragon King. Walter though he was too weak, so he left to traverse the continent and also improve his strength. Camille returned to the capital to continue being a famous scholar. He also wanted to pass on the message to call him if there was anything interesting and that he welcomes serving you tea at his place any time. Qiao Chuxin, Summer, Shui Wenmo, and Dong Fenghou also decided to journey. Leng Lingyun returned to the Temple of Light to carry on with his duties. And Lashia is currently taking care of the wind leopard." Jean reported on each person concisely.

Claire nodded. She took out the letter and frowned. "What had happened in this case?"

Chapter 136: [No Title]

"I was instructed by Sir Lawrence to pass that onto you." Jean had not read the letter, but Lawrence and urged him very seriously to send it to Claire as soon as possible, so Jean had done so without any delay.

Claire closed her eyes and sighed quietly.

And it really was all Sir Lawrence could do. To make a breakthrough, Master had actually went to Devil Field and Sir Lawrence had wanted her to stop him. Devil Field. It wasn't a true realm with devils, but an extremely perilous region with unknown and dangerous creatures everywhere. The terrain was also hazardous with an eerie atmosphere. There was a terrifyingly strong barrier around Devil Field that was easy to enter through, but difficult to leave from. Rumors said that they were powerful creatures from the devil realm there and many powerful people who went there to train never made it out. Because Sir Lawrence failed to persuade Cliff, he could only write a letter to Claire to stop him.

"Miss, is the situation dire?" Jean asked softly, seeing her serious expression.

Claire opened the letter again to see the date on it. Cliff had already left a few days ago.

"We must go and stop Master, he is going to Devil Field!" Claire gritted her teeth.

"What!" Jean's expression changed instantly. He was fully aware of what Devil Field was. Once, a powerful man from Amparkland tried to train there. The barrier was easy to enter, but afterwards, he never made his way out. It was rumored creatures from the devil realm had made their way there and the place was also forbidden for high experts. So many experts had entered and never returned, so Devil Field had become a forbidden topic.

"It's already been a few days since Master set off." Claire frowned worriedly. "The Devil Field is far from here. Even if I fly, it's impossible to sustain through the days and nights, I will run out of magic." Claire was

now a little frustrated. Even if she persevered and flew without sleep, she would need time to replenish her magic, but it would waste time.

"Miss, don't fret, I'll send you there as fast as possible," Jean said resolutely.

Claire was a bit puzzled seeing how determined his expression and how certain his tone was. He was only a warrior and only knew Dou Qi. What did he mean by those words?

"The situation is so dire, I must give up on caring so much." Jean lifted the curtain of the carriage window and gazed outside, his face tranquil.

What did he mean? Claire didn't understand what he was looking out the window for.

"Coachman, once we arrive at the woods, let us out and you can return," Jean instructed the coachman.

"Yes." The coachman agreed without question. With a crack of the whip, the carriage's speed increased.

"Jean, what are you planning?" Claire couldn't help but ask seeing his solemn expression.

"Miss, it would take months to reach Devil Field by carriage from here. By the time we reached there, Master Cliff would have already entered Devil Field and it would be too late." Jean let the curtains down. He gazed at Claire.

Claire nodded. Indeed, she had known this. But what was Jean planning on?

"Miss, I will send you to the outskirts of Devil Field within three days." Jean's eyes glinted with determination.

Three days? Claire was shocked. How was that possible? Perhaps it would have been possible if Ben were there. Speed and endurance of dragons completely surpassed that of ordinary beasts. But at this crucial moment, Ben was in the middle of cultivating elsewhere. Did Jean have a ride with such speed? Wait a minute, all knights have mounts. What was

Jean's mount? Claire searched through her memories, but realized that this piece of information was missing.

The carriage was fast. After it entered an enclosure within the forest, it stopped. Jean and Claire left the carriage and the coachmen left as per instructed.

"Jean, just what are you planning?" Claire asked with confusion.

Jean didn't reply. Instead, he faced the sky, his gaze intense.

"Answer me! My contractor!" Jean called out quietly. His eyes grew vacant.

In that instant, a strange rune surfaced in his forehead. Claire recognized it to be a contract mark. He was summoning something, perhaps his mount?

She pondered. As a knight, it was mandatory to have a mount. The mounts of the royal knights, the Griffin Squad, were naturally Griffins. Further down the ranks, there were war horses while some knights had unique magic beasts. Was Jean's mount a flying type? Is that why Jean said he would send her there in three days?

It must be. Only a flying magic beast could send her to the outskirts in such a short amount of time.

Claire raised her head towards the sky, waiting for Jean's summoned mount.

A moment later, the sky darkened overhead. Claire watched dumbfoundedly as a giant creature circled overhead, completely shocked.

She had guessed Jean's mount would be able to fly and indeed, she was right.

But how was the beast so big? Why did it seem like a dragon?

Because it was a dragon! Jean's mount was unexpectedly a dragon!

(Author's note: Dragon knights are very rare, Amparkland only has two dragon knights in total, Lagark has two, with one being Beluke, and Jean is Amparkland's secret third dragon knight.)

With a “swoosh”, the dragon descended before the two. Claire stared at the dragon fixedly, unable to come up with words to say.

The dragon extended its neck, nuzzling Jean affectionately. Jean revealed a rare smile and reached out to stroke the dragon’s head.

“Vermilion, let’s go. Bring us to the outskirts of Devil Field.” Jean guided Claire over by the hand.

But the dragon puffed out cold air in a displeased manner, completely losing its previous affectionate air. It kept on snorting while glaring at Claire.

Claire instantly understood. The dragon was rejecting her, not willing to let her to ride.

“Vermilion!” Jean warned coldly, his face darkening.

The dragon whimpered, then lowered it head, its eyes dimming.

“Miss, this is my mount, Vermilion. She still doesn’t know how to talk. In dragon years, she’s still a baby, a little temperamental. But it’s ok.” Jean patted Vermillion on the head.

Claire nodded. She understood why Vermilion protested. Mounts of knights were supposed to be exclusively for their contractors only, so naturally, she rejected Claire, who was not her knight.

“Let’s go, Miss.” Jean helped Claire mount onto the dragon, then seated himself.

“Go, Vermilion. I’m sorry it will be arduous this time. Use all your strength to bring us to the outskirts of Devil Field.” Jean patted the dragon. The dragon roared, then shot up, gliding swiftly into the sky.

Wind whipped by her ears. Claire looked at Jean who was sitting in front of her, her mind full of thoughts. Jean had originally hidden his real strength and followed her. Then, she found out he was secretly helping the second prince under her grandfather’s orders. Now, it turns out he was actually a dragon knight. There were only two known dragon knights out of all of Amparkland, mysterious and powerful. But as far as she knew,

Jean was not one of them. That meant his identity as a dragon knight was secret! Jean. How many more secrets was he holding from her?

Vermilion flew as fast as she could under Jean's urging, not stopping to rest for an entire day. Only at night did they land at a secluded area to rest. Vermilion was so tired, she just laid there, unmoving.

Seeing how Vermilion was simply sprawled on the ground, unable to move an inch, Claire couldn't help but suggest, "Jean, isn't this too tiresome for a young dragon? Let her rest tomorrow."

"If we continue flying tomorrow, we can reach Devil Field by late evening. We must stop Cliff from entering, or it'll be too late," Jean insisted.

Claire turned to look at the exhausted Vermilion, then thought of the consequences of Devil Field and soon became conflicted. "Vermilion is still a young dragon. If she continues like such, she will overwork herself. What would happen then?"

"It's fine. After a good night's rest and another day of flying, it'll be over." Remorse flashed in his eyes, but when he thought of the consequences of Devil Field, his eyes hardened.

After the two ate, they went straight to sleep.

Early morning the next day, Vermilion started flying again.

Exhausted, Vermilion finally reached the outskirts of Devil Field at nightfall. Much to her surprise, Claire noticed the below, mountains and rivers stretched as far as the eye could see, however, such a vast area was covered by a barrier. As soon as she landed, Vermilion collapsed onto the ground. She still controlled herself enough as to not crush the two people who fell off her back.

"Vermilion!" Jean cried out worriedly.

Claire had landed lightly just as Jean had. She stood to the side, watching Vermilion lie on the ground with a complex expression.

Vermilion tried to raise her head desperately. She licked Jean's worried

face with her tongue, trying to console him.

Jean stroked Vermilion softly, eyes remorseful and tender.

Claire remained silent, sighing in her heart, but not knowing what to say.

“Right now, Cliff shouldn’t have arrived yet.” Jean stroked Vermilion’s head.

“Yes,” Claire replied softly. She scanned the surroundings. They had landed at a valley with deep forests between two steep mountains that were so high, they disappeared into the horizon. This was an entrance to Devil Field?

She couldn’t see the end of the barrier. Who had created it? How powerful were they to be able to create such a field?

“Jean, stay with Vermilion. I’m going to explore the area,” Claire turned around and instructed Jean.

“Miss, not matter what you do, don’t enter the field,” Jean cautioned solemnly.

“I know.” With a wave of her hand, golden fire wings extended from her back instantly. She flew up into the sky and started to scan the general vicinity.

Chapter 137: [No Title]

Soon, Claire discovered an anomaly. Although the forest was dense and full of living creatures, there wasn't a single one within five hundred meters from the barrier. That could mean only one thing. The natural instincts of the animals warned them of danger, so they kept far away.

She flew slowly, inspecting the ground below, when suddenly, something flashing caught her attention. She slowly flew down. When she saw what it was, her expression changed.

It was Cliff's! One of the crystals he used to make medicine! There was no doubt about it. Those kinds of crystals were rare, but Cliff had many onhand. And this place was a forbidden region, so it would be too much of a coincidence if someone else had left it there. There was only one explanation: Cliff had already entered. The worst scenario had happened! Cliff had entered Devil Field!

Claire picked up the crystal and then flew back to Jean at top speed.

At that point in time, Vermilion had already recovered a little, but she still lay on the ground resting.

"Miss." Seeing Claire's heavy expression, an ominous feeling arose in his heart.

"It's very likely Master has already entered." Claire showed the crystal. "Master has many of these crystals. There are not living things around, not to mention humans. It's highly unlikely someone else lost it accidentally while passing by."

"Miss, perhaps not. Perhaps Master Cliff hasn't entered yet. Let us wait and see," Jean said hurriedly. He understood that with Claire's personality, if she was certain Cliff had entered, she would definitely follow him in.

"Jean, I know you don't want me to follow him in." Looking at the crystal in the palm of her hand, Claire sighed softly. "But you are also certain that this is Master's, correct?"

Jean paled instantly, unable to say a word.

“I must enter.”

Claire raised her head, looking at him seriously.

“No! Miss, you cannot!” Jean hurriedly tried to stop her. He was fully aware of how dangerous Devil Field was.

But Claire was resolute. “Jean, wait for me outside. I will bring back Master safely.”

“No! Miss, you don’t know how terrifying Devil Field is. Once you enter, you can never leave! You can’t go in!” Jean stood up abruptly, frowning.

“Wait here with Vermilion for me. I will definitely return.” Claire had her heart set. No matter what Jean said, she would not change her mind.

“Miss, if you must go, then I will accompany you.” Jean sighed in his heart, understanding that he would not be able to convince her otherwise. As he thought of this, Jean became calm. Solemnly, he said, “Miss, I am your guardian knight. I would follow you to the depths of hell if I had to.”

“Jean, the circumstances are different this time. I don’t want you to follow me in.” After some thought, Claire made up her mind. She raised her right hand, slowly pulling the glove away, revealing the shocking dark mark.

Jean’s expression changed. Of course he knew what it was. But what was Claire revealing it for?

“You know that the the god of Darkness left this mark. I am already his offering. The time has not come yet for him to take away my soul. In other words, I currently have a very terrifying, fearsome guardian. He will protect me.” Claire paused for moment before continuing. “So I don’t need your protection right now, understand? Wait for me outside. I will definitely come out.” Although she knew these words would pain Jean, she had to say them in order to prevent Jean from following her into danger.

“Miss...” Pain and unwillingness flashed through his eyes.

“The Fire hall elder was not killed by one of his enemies, but I, with the help with god of Darkness,” Claire said slowly, her voice low. Seeing Jean’s

lost expression, Claire felt an array of emotions.

Jean sat down, despondent. His spirit had been utterly crushed. Crimson red dripped from his clenched fist, but he didn't seem to notice. The feeling of despair enveloped him.

"Jean, I will return. You just need to wait." Claire took a deep breath, then turned around, heading towards the barrier. Jean's head drooped, his expression unknown.

As she neared the barrier, she reached out and gently touched it. But before she could read its undulations, she passed through the barrier!

And so Claire had entered Devil Field.

She was facing a dense thicket of forest, yet it was unusually quiet. At least, at the moment, she sensed no signs of life.

Claire turned around and extended her hand to touch the barrier, but to her astonishment, she discovered she couldn't read the undulation of the barrier nor pass through it. It felt completely different from a moment ago when she had passed through it easily. But now was not the time to care about that. Master was the priority.

The place was too eerie, so beautiful, yet with no signs of life. Was there some kind of dangerous creature that all other creatures were avoiding or was this place always simply this eerily calm?

"Chirp chiiirp"

"Peep peeeep"

Crouching on her shoulders, White Emperor and Black Feather started tweeting. Claire immediately detected the slight rustle and turned around abruptly. She was faced with Jean's determined face.

"Jean!" Claire's expression changed. "Why did you come in? Aren't you fully aware of the dangers? I told you not to enter!"

White Emperor and Black Feather hopped onto Jean's shoulders. Relatively speaking, Jean's broader shoulders were more comfortable.

"Miss, I did say I'll even follow you into the depths of hell." Jean was very

calm. Determination glinted from the depths of his eyes.

Claire was at a loss for words. She only stared at him, dumbstruck. It wasn't as if Claire hadn't seen the developments of this man. From originally disdainful and loathing to loyal ever since, she had felt these changes deeply.

"Let's go." Claire said these two words softly, but an indescribable feeling welled up in her heart intensely.

"Yes." A gentle smile surfaced as Jean followed Claire from behind.

"Oh right, how is Vermilion?" Claire suddenly remembered the exhausted dragon outside the barrier.

"She's fine. After resting for a bit, she'll return," Jean replied softly with a laugh, his tone carrying slight guilt.

Claire did not press for any more answers and continued forward.

It stayed eerily calm without any signs of life.

"Miss, it's very strange here." Jean glanced around, naturally discovering something was off.

"Yes, there doesn't seem to be any living beings." Claire nodded. "I just wonder if it was originally so, or if there was some kind of powerful being that drove them all away."

Just as she said these words, her expression changed. A large and terrifying power was approaching at flying speed.

Jean had already dashed in front of Claire, his sword drawn.

When the two saw what kind of creature was advancing towards them, they were both stunned. An wyvern! A ninth grade magic beast! Blue scales flickered about, sharp spikes lined on the back of its neck. It thundered forward powerfully, tail thrashing powerfully. What a domineering and dangerous creature! If they really fought against it, neither Claire or Jean were confident they would win. Wyverns were exceedingly rare and they hadn't expected to see such a high grade magic beast so soon after entering Devil Field. But the powerful magic beast's

eyes were filled with fear, rushing as fast as it could, as if something terrifying was chasing after it.

The wyvern flew past frantically, not giving them so much as a glance. Instead, it raced forward with all its might.

What was it that would incite fear from such a powerful and dangerous magic beast?

“F*ck! Run if you want! I, your father, will cook you alive!” a gruff voice cursed. The wyvern ran even faster, crying in its heart.

*reminder: ‘I, your father,’ is just a very arrogant way of referring to oneself

The next instant, before Claire and Jean saw who it was, there was a flash and a figure appeared before them.

“Huh? Humans?” A skinny youth stood before Jean and Claire. They had long, ebony black hair, and his delicate features did not mask his arrogance and cockiness. And his eyes were blood red!

One from the Devil race!

It really was the Devil race!

Devil Field actually had devils!

Before Jean could act, the red eyed youth reached out gently and caught the tip of Jean’s blade with two fingers. With a flick of his wrist, Jean’s sword shattered. The magic sword had been destroyed so easily!

“Hey girl, come on, let’s eat together.” And then suddenly, with a slight wave of their hand, Jean vanished into thin air!

“You! What did you do? Where’s Jean?” Claire’s expression changed, completely alarmed as she watched the youth with red irises! The person, no, this devil’s power was on a completely different level!

“Jean? The one who just pointed their sword at me? I, your father, just sent him somewhere in here.” The devil youth started laughing arrogantly. “Let’s go girl. I, your father, will let you eat the wyvern with me.”

“Who are you?” Claire started backing away. With just one wave of his hand, Jean, along with White Emperor and Black Feather, had been teleported away! What terrifying strength! The devil did not emit a powerful aura, but his strength was so fearsome. Who was he?

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"I, your father, am a devil," the red eyed youth replied good naturedly.

"A girl shouldn't refer to herself as I, your father." Clare watched the devil cautiously, trying to divert her attention. Claire didn't want to be destroyed right after entering Devil Field and before she found Master. And although the devil looked like a boy appearance wise, she was definitely a girl!

"I, your father, just like calling myself that way. Oi, girl, how did you know that I, your father, was a girl?" The devil's interest was aroused. She sized up Claire. "You sure have good vision, is there something unusual about your eyes? Maybe I should gouge them out and take a look."

Claire eyed the devil before her, knowing she definitely had the strength to do so. And the devil's savagery and fierceness was renowned, evident from how she had just chased a wyvern to eat it!

"Look at how nervous you are." The red eyed devil started laughing heartily. "Girl, recently, nobody talks to me, your father. The idiots on the other side all ran the moment they see me, your father, so I, your father, moved to this side of the area to play and relax, but f*ck, they all run the moment they see me, your father!"

Claire watched the devil laughing wildly, a little shocked. She tried to think of who the devil could be. What did she mean? The idiots from the other side? There was another side? The Devil Realm?! If the devils of the Devil Realm ran the moment they saw her, then who was she? How strong was she?

"There's no need to figure my, your father's, identity. I'm in a good mood today." The red eyed girl grabbed Claire's hand, her tone threatening like that of a gangster. "Come on, I, your father, will give you a tour of the place. First, we'll find that wyvern, not to eat today, but to be our mount."

Claire didn't know whether to laugh or cry. No matter how she looked at it, the situation was bizarre. It was as if she had been intercepted by a gangster trying to pick up chicks who said, let's go, lemme take you for a

spin on my bike, but the gangster was a girl! And what made her feel most helpless was the fact that she could wrestle out of the girl's grip at all. The only thing Claire knew for sure was that the girl was the strongest person she had ever met. Even the Fire Hall elder could not compare. She couldn't see through the girl's strength at all. Besides her sharp, red eyes, she looked like an ordinary girl, but her true strength was terrifying.

Then, there was the sound of a bang, something running into the barrier. Claire blanked for a moment before realizing that the wyvern had been so terrified, it accidentally ran into the barrier.

"You have three seconds. If you don't appear immediately, I, your father, will definitely eat you. But today, I, your father, am in a good mood. Hurry up and get your ass over here to be our mount. I, your father, am going to give a beauty a tour," the red eyed girl hollered, extremely impatient.

Instantly, really in an instant, there was a gust of wind and the wyvern stood obediently before them.

Claire stared wide eyed at the wyvern who stood there obediently like a housewife called upon. Was this the legendary wyvern known to be vicious with fiendish strength? In the presence of the devil girl, it was more obedient than a lamb! Just who was she?

"Oh right, girl, what's your name?" As her eyes slitted slightly, the wyvern immediately crouched down to let the devil girl on. The devil girl pulled Claire on by the hand.

"Claire," Claire mumbled. At the same time, however, she was worried about Cliff and Jean's safety. There were in a mysterious and dangerous zone and she didn't know how they were doing currently. But the devil girl seemed very temperamental and any doing anything she might disapprove of would be unwise.

"A nice name. What did you come here for?" The red eyed girl patted the wyvern and the wyvern started to move, but because it was too nervous and fearful, its front legs matched its back legs, the same way arms and legs would move together robotically.

"I came here to find my master who entered Devil Field," Claire

answered honestly.

"Oh, your master?" The red eyed girl stroked her chin, thinking. "Oh, I remember. A few days ago, an old human came. Devil Field? That's what humans call this place?" The red eyed girl humphed, very disdainful.

When she heard this, her heart started beating as she said, "Really? Then do you know where my master is?"

The red eyed girl reached out to tear off a leaf from overhead. "Yes," she replied leisurely.

"Really? Then can you take me to my master?" Claire asked, still anxious.

"No. You must accompany me, your father. When I, your father, am in a good mood, I, your father, will take you there. If I, your father, am happy, perhaps I, your father, will send you all out. There's no want for any of you to leave by yourself." The red eyed girl started playing around with the leaf in her hand.

Claire's mouth twitched. As she expected, she sure was temperamental. And what was most troublesome was that her strength seemed boundless!

After thinking for a while, Claire could not resist. "Who are you?" Currently, Claire still did not know what of powerful figure she had met.

The red eyed girl started laughing. "Pretty girl, even if you knew, it would be useless. Let's go, I, your father, will give you a tour of this place."

"Then how should I address you?" Claire asked carefully. Although the red eyed girl was beaming right now, Claire knew that she was the kind who could be smiling at one moment and killing in the next. There was no warmth in her eyes, no emotion. She was a callous devil!

"Oh... Let I, your father, think." The devil girl tiltered her head, pondering.

Claire inspected the surroundings. It was still devoid of life. Was this all because of the devil girl?

"I can't tell you my name. Just call me young master, like everyone else,"

the devil girl replied after finally coming up with an answer.

Young master?! Claire was stunned, an unbelievable thought crossing her mind. Young master? The child of some kind of lord in the Devil Realm? If she was just the child of a lord, yet so powerful, then what of the lords? And of ranks above the lord? What kind of existence was the Devil Realm? And how did the girl arrive in this realm from the Devil Realm? So many questions were left unanswered.

“Young master, why is it so quiet here with no signs of life?” Claire asked what had been puzzling her as she scanned the surroundings.

“Oh, they were either eaten by me, your father, or scared away by me, your father,” the young master snorted disdainfully.

Claire sensed an obvious shiver from the wyvern as the young master said this.

“It’s so boring over here, f*ck! At first, when they saw me, your father, they wanted to eat me, but now they run away as fast as possible when they see me*!” the young master said indignantly, giving a the sharps spikes on the wyvern’s neck a hard flick moodily. A spike fell off. The wyvern shuddered, scared to death.

*I can’t stand it any more. Assume she says I, your father/me, your father unless indicated otherwise.

Claire remained silent, not knowing what to say. But there was one thing that was clear: the girl changed moods easily, one of the worser ones!

“Pretty girl, this realm is so boring. Isn’t there anything fun to do?” the young master asked lazily.

“Um…” Claire didn’t know what to say. Something fun to do? What did she find fun? “Young master, what would you like to do?” Claire asked finally after a moment of thought.

The young master raised her brow, saying casually, “My hobby is to battle with those stronger than me, then crush them underfoot and enjoy their misery.” However, her lip then twitched. “But I can’t do that anymore, f*ck!”

Hearing this, Claire went 囧 and was completely astonished!

Who exactly was the girl?

Likes to challenge the strong to battles and defeating them, but unable to do so anymore! Was the girl the strongest in the Devil Realm? How could that be? How could merely the child of a lord be so powerful?

“Are all the devils in the Devil Realm not your match?” Claire asked cautiously.

“Almost. There’s just one person I don’t dare to fight who I can’t win against either.” The young master’s mouth twitched, annoyed. The only devil was she didn’t dare to fight against was her father! Her actual father!

With just this sentence, her identity was exposed!

Young master! Not the child of a lord, but the child of the king of the Devil Realm!

Claire sucked in cold breath. The girl was actually the young master of the Devil Realm! Why would she be here? Was it really because there was no one for her to beat that she came to this world?

Now Claire understood why she was able to teleport Jean so easily! Suddenly, Claire thought of a question. The Devil Realm was another world. Between the king of the Devil Realm and the gods of the Human Realm, who were stronger?

“Boring, boring. Pretty girl, what are you interested in?” The young master was now playing around with a few things red and green. When Claire saw what they were, her mouth twitched. They were all ninth grade magic cores! Although there was only one numerical difference between eighth and ninth grade beasts, there was a huge gap in strength. Even Claire would have difficulty against a ninth grade beast. But the young master had several of their magic cores!

“I’m interested in... bullying others and ordering them around,” Claire answered truthfully as she eyed the shocking beast cores.

“Ah?” The young master looked up at Claire with surprise, then started

laughing. “Not bad, pretty girl, you sure are interesting. I’m starting to take a liking to you. If I were a man, I would have whisked you away back home and married you. Then we would be able to bully and order others around together.”

Claire didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

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Following Claire's gaze, the young master noticed Claire was staring at her hand. She blinked with realization. "Pretty girl, if you like these, then I'll give them to you." The young master handed over all of the magic cores.

"Huh?" Claire snapped out of her daze and accepted them, then put them into the storage ring.

"Pretty girl, is that a storage ring?" The young master asked, eyeing the ring on her finger.

"Yes, but the storage space isn't big," Claire answered truthfully.

"Come on, pretty girl. I'll take you somewhere." The young master gave the wyvern a kick. "Go, bring us to the central area of this place. Hurry up, or else I'll fry you!"

Immediately after he said this, it was as if the wyvern was on drugs, dashing forward at a wild speed. The surroundings became blurred as they flew past, making Claire dizzy. Were wyverns supposed to be this fast? Weren't they known for their strength?

It was chaotic the whole way. The wyvern ran the entire way, something crossing into other magic beasts' territories. Each time, they would come out, roaring, wanting to fight the wyvern, but once they saw who was sitting on its back, they were immediately terrified and ran away instantly. Not a single magic beast dared to block their way, all trying to escape for their lives.

All of this made Claire wide eyed, shocked. Was the devil girl really so terrifying?

As the wyvern bolted the whole way, clouds of dust formed. Soon, they stopped. It was a clearing, just grass with no trees. The wyvern stopped, panting.

The young master jumped off and pulled Claire off roughly by the hand, then kicked the wyvern. "Go. Since you behaved today, I won't eat you."

The wyvern ran away with joyous tears in its eyes without looking back.

“Let’s go, pretty girl. I’m going to help you pick up some trash.” The young master let go of Claire’s hand, squatted down, then clasped her hands together. With a quiet, yet forceful, “Open!” as she separated her hands, a crack opened in the ground. A dark stone stair away appeared.

Pick up trash?

Claire was confused as she inspected the stone stairway that had suddenly appeared. Where were they going?

“Let’s go!” The young master pulled Claire and they went down the steps.

In the dark and moist stairway, with a flick of the young master’s finger, numerous orbs illuminated overhead all the way to the depths, lighting the path.

“What is this place?” Clare asked softly, gazing around at the cracked walls. The young master continuously pulled her forward with a very tight grip.

“Dunno whose underground palace this is, but in any case, there’s some trash you could probably use there,” the young master replied casually. “I discovered it by accident a while back.”

The stench of mold greeted them. Claire watched on at the long, winding stone stairs, very puzzled. The number of questions she had since meeting the red eyed girl had only increased ever since.

After some time, they finally descended to the bottom, arriving at a wide expanse of space.

It was an abandoned ancient palace, walls crumbled and cracked, white jade pillars that had lost their luster long since. However, the grandeur of the palace at its prime could be well imagined.

“We’re going inside.” The young master walked in front of her. “There’s no one here, only bones. Who knows when they died.”

Claire glanced around. It was deathly silent, suffocatingly so, eerily quiet.

Claire followed the young master into the depths of the palace. As they walked into the grand hall, Claire looked up to see a huge treasure chest sitting on the throne. Unexpectedly, there were no signs it had been opened.

"Come over here, pretty girl. Take this as payment for conversing with me today." For the first time, the young master didn't refer to herself as "I, your father". She walked up and opened the chest, lip curling in disdain. "These are of no use to me. Maybe you could use them."

Claire walked up a little hesitantly, puzzled. When she saw what was inside, she was stunned. Scattered about messily inside, there were eight rings, beast cores, gems, and precious ores.

"These rings are..." Claire already guessed what they were, but she couldn't believe it.

"Storage rings. The amount of space they hold is alright," the young master answered absentmindedly, glancing around.

Shocked, Claire picked up one of the rings and felt for the space inside and almost jumped up with fright. The amount of space was actually as large as the grand hall they were in!

"They're all useless to me." The young master yawned and added lazily, "You should take them, they'll be of use to you."

After some thought, she put away everything. They were so precious, yet the young master called them trash....

"Pretty girl, why do you keep that glove on your right hand?" Although the young master was asking, she had already grabbed Claire's hand and pulled of the glove.

Unable to resist the young master, Claire could only watch on as the young master pulled it off.

"Aha! The mark of the god of Darkness!" the young master exclaimed excitedly, as if she had discovered another world.

Claire wasn't surprised at all that the young master recognized it, but

was puzzled by her excited tone.

"You were actually chosen, hmm. What is it that makes you special?" the young master seemed to understand the meaning of the mark. She raised gaze, watching Claire suspiciously as she stroked her chin.

"You know the god of Darkness?" Claire asked, trying to probe for information. How would the devil girl know the god of Darkness? The Devil Realm and Human Realm were two entirely different worlds. Was it possible they intersected somehow?

"Pft! What does the god of Darkness count as?" the young master scoffed disdainfully. "If he appeared before me, I would beat him full of bruises."

Claire was dumbstruck. Just how powerful was this girl? Did she really have the strength or was she just boasting?

"Pretty girl, humans have really strange beliefs. Sit down and let me tell you." The young master sat down on the stairs and patted the spot next to her, indicating for Claire to sit down.

So Claire sat down obediently.

"You think the god of Light you humans worship is actually a god?" the young master laughed coldly.

Claire paused, staring fixedly at the young lord, not understanding what she meant.

"Gods, what are gods? They are really just the strongest among humans, an existence that just surpasses everyone else, standing at the peak! The only true gods of the Human Realm are the Mother Goddess and Father God. They created the Human Realm. The so-called goddess of Light and god of Darkness and such are all replaceable. The Sprite race was also created by the Father God and Mother Goddess. Their god of Sprites is really just the strongest of the sprites." The young master's calm explanation completely stunned Claire. She wasn't able to say a word.

"The only reason why the god of Darkness would choose you is because of your soul. You soul is the perfect union of righteous and evil, light and darkness. If he offered your soul to the Mother Goddess, She would be

very satisfied and might even switch the positions of the god of Darkness and goddess of Light." These words had made Claire almost lose her ability to think.

Switch the positions of the god of Darkness and goddess of Light?

Make the god of Darkness worshipped by millions and the goddess of Light spurned by millions?

As this scenario appeared in her mind, Claire wondered why she felt such a scene was oddly satisfying.

"Does the goddess of Light know you have such a mark?" the young master asked as she stared at Claire's right hand.

Claire shook her head slightly.

"That makes sense. Otherwise, you wouldn't be standing here perfectly safe and sound. If the goddess of Light knew, she would use all her might to erase your existence." The young master suddenly frowned at Claire. "Normally, the goddess of Light would be able to foresee this and win you over to her side before the god of Darkness discovered you."

The young master's message was clear. The goddess of Light would have either tried to win her over or she would kill her.

Understanding the young master was confused, Claire explained, "I am a priest of the Temple of Light."

"Oh, of course." The young master had a smug expression because her conjecture was proven correct.

Claire looked down at the mark on the back of her hand, frowning slightly. The next time she returned to Amparkland, she would inevitably cross paths with the Temple of Light. If the mark was discovered, what would happen?

"Pretty girl, want to play a game?" The young lord's eyes slitted dangerously, a predator watching its prey as she stared at Claire.

Claire remained silent. She understood that from the very start, the girl from the Devil Realm was only treating her as entertainment. To her,

Claire should be nothing.

However, Claire sensed something different from her words.

“What do you want to play?”

“It’s not fun if you’re discovered by the goddess of Light quickly.” The young master pulled over Claire’s hand and then, her finger raised, tapped the black mark on Claire’s hand. Instantly, the black mark started to become transparent at a speed visible by the naked eye until it disappeared!

“Don’t rejoice too soon. I cannot remove this. The only want to remove the mark is to kill the god of Darkness, but the god of Darkness won’t appear before me unless he’s looking for trouble. All I did was make the mark invisible so no one can see it.” The young master withdrew her hand and continued on with interest, “It will depend on you for how the situation shall enfold. Anyhow, you don’t seem like someone who’s going to wait patiently as someone else kills you.”

Of course I won’t!

Claire withdrew her hand. She stared at the back of it, which seemed to have turned to its original appearance, humphing coldly in her heart.

Everything the young master told Claire had shattered her original understandings of this world. Gods were not true gods, but the strongest among humans! What did this signify? If her strength reached the highest among humans, she could topple the goddess of Light!

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The young master was extremely excited as she saw the change in Claire's expression. There were still much more she had not told Claire because it was more interesting if Claire discovered it herself. She had a feeling that in the near future, it was going to be entertaining. Haha, just thinking about it made her excited.

"Pretty girl, let's go. I'll bring you to your master and send you all out." The young master seemed very excited, saying this as she stood up.

Claire watched the merry young master, not understanding the source of her excitement.

"The sword behind your chair should be useful for you too. Take anything you can find!" the young master instructed, her eyes slits. Right now, she was exceedingly excited, longing after the future entertainment. If she wanted to see it, she would have to give a push and help the girl become stronger.

Naturally, Claire didn't object. The sword behind the chair was already rusty. As she grabbed it, she was astonished. The old looking sword was unexpectedly heavy! Claire had to secretly use Dou Qi and only after exerting all her strength was she barely able to store the blade into the storage ring.

"That sword is a magic blade. Once you give it to your knight, you'll understand how special the sword is." The young master crossed her arms and leaned on a pillar lazily.

"Thank you." Although Claire did not understand why the girl was helping her, she was still helping her, so naturally, Claire thanked her politely.

"Oh right," the young master suddenly remembered. She fished out something from her bag. "Have this, pretty girl. You can block a fatal attack, but only once."

"Why are you helping me like this?" Claire asked, although she accepted

it readily. How could she not accept such a good thing for free?

"If you die too early, then it's not as fun." The young master's reply was completely earnest, leaving Claire completely wordless.

She rolled her eyes. Just when she was about to store the item the young master had just handed her into her storage ring, the young master stopped her.

"Wear it around your neck. Remember, it will only save you once," the young master reminded her again.

"I understand." Claire wore the ordinary looking ruby necklace, a thin string with a tiny ruby dangling, simple without any other decorations.

"Let's go, pretty girl. I'll bring you to you master and also your stupid knight, then send you all out." The young master was in an unusually good mood. She was looking forward to the fun and couldn't wait to send Claire out, wanting to watch the entertainment as soon as possible.

"Where is my master?" Claire understood that her master was most likely not in danger, or else the young master's tone would not be like so.

"Just follow me." The young master grabbed Claire by the hand forcefully, pulling her out the passageway. When they exited the underground passage, the young master looked up at the sky, as it to determine their position. Then, in the next instant, Claire felt dizzy. She couldn't help but close her eyes.

Once she opened her eyes again, the scenery had changed.

Instant teleportation again.

"Oho, we're just in time. Your master seems to be about to break through," the young master said with bemusement. Catching the disdainful tone, Claire looked up, only to be greeted by a shocking scene.

In the clearing before them, Cliff was covered in wounds, blood dying nearly dying the entirety of his clothes red. But his eyes were shut, his expression exceedingly peaceful. He simply sat, the carcasses of several ninth grade magic beasts surrounding him. Gradually, his body glowed

with numerous colors.

"Haha, how interesting. Even if he did make a breakthrough, he wouldn't be able to make it out of the barrier. Why do so many stupid humans come here to cultivate and break through?" The young master stroked her chin as she mocked. "Even though it is easier to break through when cultivating here, what is the use when you can't exit? You'll just stay here forever, dying of either old age or being attacked by magic beasts en masse."

Claire turned to look at the young master, who then saw the questioning in her eyes.

"Don't look at me that way. Actually, I there's a special reason why I can't leave this barrier too. Perhaps like a rule. But I can send you all out." The young master's eyes were slits, her voice soft.

Master was about to make his breakthrough! Claire stared fixedly at Cliff, who was sitting cross legged. Her heart surged with a multitude of emotions. Of course she knew why Cliff risked entering Devil Field to break through. It was all for her, because of her Dark mark!

"Oho? He's about to fail?" the young master's voice suddenly interrupted Claire's thoughts.

Claire refocused her attention. The colorful glow was becoming unstable, brightening and dimming erratically.

Now, Cliff was frowning, contrary from his peaceful expression from before. Evidently, he was at a critical point of his breakthrough.

Claire's heart was tense as she watched Cliff anxiously. What could she do?

"I wonder if he will die from failing." The young master smirked, eyes slits.

Claire's expression changed. On record, there was only one person who had successfully broken through to become a sorcerer, but that individual had long since vanished, detached from worldly affairs. Claire did not know if Cliff would die if the breakthrough failed, but Cliff would at least

be heavily injured!

But what could she do? At such a critical conjuncture, Claire did not dare to make any rash moves. Sometimes, meddling was worse than not intervening at all.

“Young master...” Claire turned to face the young master, visible pleading in her eyes.

The young master did not say anything. With a light flick of her finger, a soft beam of white light shot into Cliff’s body.

Instantly, Cliff’s body exploded with colorful light and his furrowed eyebrows relaxed. The glow surrounding him gradually glowed brighter and brighter, enveloping him completely.

“Young master, thank...” Claire started when she was cut off by the young master.

“Don’t thank me. I’m waiting for you to provide me with good entertainment. Don’t disappoint me.” The young master waved offhandedly. “Wait here. I need to return to prepare for the next Divine War.”

Divine War? Claire was confused.

“Pretty girl, I hope to see you at the next Divine War, haha,” the young master laughed. “I wonder who you’ll be then.” Claire was perplexed at the young master’s baffling words.

Soon, the glow around Cliff disappeared. Claire was shocked to discover Cliff’s numerous wounds had healed, and he seemed energetic. Cliff’s every move gave off a different aura from before, a strong aura.

Claire finally relaxed. “Master!” she called out joyously.

“Pretty girl, I hope we meet again, haha. Go, kill the ones who want to kill you.” The young master’s voice sounded at Claire’s ear. Just when Claire was about to turn and look at the young master, her vision blackened. When she opened her eyes again, Claire discovered she had returned to where she had first entered Devil Field outside the barrier.

“Claire!”

“Miss!”

Both voices were filled with shock.

“Master, you’ve made a breakthrough. I’m glad you are fine. Congratulations, Master, for your breakthrough.” Claire understood instantly that the young master had sent them out. Her last words were ingrained deeply in her mind. Kill those who want to kill you. Claire’s gaze sharpened, turning icy.

“What happened?” Cliff frowned, completely puzzled. “I remember I was just about to break through, about to fail, when strangely, some kind of outside force helped me succeed. The next thing I know, I hear your voice and now I’m here.” Cliff was utterly baffled. While he was on the verge of his breakthrough, he had sensed two people in the surrounding area. One was Claire. Who was the other one?

“Miss, who was that person? Are you alright?” Jean’s eyes were filled with confusion and concern.

“She* is a devil,” Claire explained to Cliff and Jean calmly. “She was the one who helped Master break through and sent us out.”

*In written form, the chinese character for he and she are differently, but they sound the same when spoken.

“What?!” Jean was astonished. How could a devil help a human? Devils were a terrifying existence, powerful, ruthless, cold blooded, savage. Rumors said there were creatures from the devil world in Devil Field, but he never expected it to be true. Jean then remembered the youth had blood red eyes.

“Claire, are you saying the devil helped me break through?” Although this was a question, Cliff’s tone was certain. Only he understood how dangerous the situation was and that Claire could not have helped him. The person accompanying Claire was a devil? It seemed it truly was a devil.

“Yes.” Claire nodded.

“Why did he help me? And he even sent us out.” Cliff was stunned. A devil who helped humans?! It almost sounded like a joke. Cliff stroked his chin, glancing around suspiciously. Not only did the devil help him break through, he also sent them out safely. It was too strange!

“She just suddenly felt like it,” Claire explained, sighing.

Jean and Cliff were shocked, but seeing Claire’s solemn expression, they understood that Claire was definitely telling the truth. Most likely, the devil did it because he was bored!

“I never expected there to be an actual devil in Devil Field.” Cliff still hadn’t recovered from his shock. Everything that had just happened was simply too strange.

“Oh right, Cliff, Jean, here.” Two rings materialized from Claire’s storage ring. “Drip your blood on it to form a blood contract.”

“This is?” Cliff initially had his suspicions, but after seeing Claire’s eyes, his suspicions were confirmed.

Chapter 141: [No Title]

“Interspatial storage rings!” Jean cried out. What precious items!

“Yes. The devil found them for me.” Claire handed over the one ring to each person. “Master,” she said to Cliff. “Does your storage ring have as much space as this one?”

“The devil gave them to you?” Cliff’s mouth was wide open. He could not believe it, it was inconceivable.

When Cliff sensed the amount of space inside the ring, he practically blushed with shame. “Such a large amount of space! It’s twenty times larger than my ring’s.”

“Great! Let’s switch. Give me your old one.” Claire started to calculate what to do with the other storage rings.

“Miss, why did the devil treat you so well?” Jean muttered, staring at the storage ring in his palm.

“She was just bored. And these are just trash in her eyes. She was merely giving them to me as a way of throwing them away,” Claire shrugged. She materialized the corroded sword, but as soon as it fully materialized, it clattered to the ground, too heavy.

Trash? Interspatial storage rings were trash?! Such priceless, nearly nonexistent treasure was trash to the devil?!

Just when Cliff was moving items from his old storage ring to the new one, he noticed the corroded sword on the ground.

“The sword was also given to me by the devil. But besides being exceptionally heavy, I have not discovered anything else special about it.” Claire stared at the sword, befuddled. “But she specially told me to take this sword, so it must be special.”

Cliff crouched down and examined the sword carefully. Gradually, his expression turned astonished.

“This... this sword is the legendary Sword of Death?!” Cliff’s voice started

trembling.

"What Sword of Death?" Claire frowned. She had never heard of any treasured sword with that name.

"The Sword of Death is a magic sword. Legends say the continent was once one entire empire instead of five such as now and the founding emperor used the Sword of Death to carve out the path of the empire," Jean said, solemn. "The Sword of Death does not have any specific elemental attribute, but has a much more terrifying effect. Anybody attacked by this sword will hallucinate, be paralyzed, and completely lose their ability to fight."

Claire's eyes widened, recalling the underground palace the young master had brought her to. Was the ruins of the once magnificent palace that of the founding emperor's? But why would the palace be there? And what about the white bones?

"In any case, you've found a treasure." Cliff eyed the sword, a grin forming. "I never expected this! What a strange situation, a devil helping a human."

"Master!" Claire's temper flared and she glared. "You ran into Devil Field so rashly. If something happened to you, what would I do? Even if you made a breakthrough, there's no guarantee you would have been able to exit."

"Haha, don't be like that... Isn't everybody just fine? I just knew my darling disciple was no ordinary person, even devils help you. Haha, I'm a sorcerer now, hahaha..." Cliff laughed heartily towards the sky, delighted.

Claire's mouth twitched. The old man before her with such immature behavior had actually become a sorcerer, but... Acting like this, he didn't seem powerful at all!

"Miss..." Jean's voice came quietly, full of conflicting emotion.

Claire turned to look at Jean. "This sword is for you," she said softly.

"It's... too valuable*." Jean stared at the sword, his expression complex. It was the legendary Sword of Death! Every warrior's dream!

“Right, it’s too heavy*, I can’t even lift it. You take it. If you don’t want it, I’m throwing it back into Devil Field,” Claire shrugged and said heedlessly.

*Pun because valuable also means heavy

Jean was speechless. He slowly picked up the Sword of Death.

“Master, you need to disguise the sword. If someone recognizes it, there will be trouble. And can you do something about this rust?” Claire asked Cliff, who was in the middle of moving his belongings to the new ring.

“Mhmm, no problem, leave it to me. Ahaha, the storage ring space is so big...” Cliff was laughing heartily, not sparing so much as a glance.

“Miss, thank you...” Jean felt a surge of warmth.

Claire didn’t think much of it. She turned to watch Cliff move his belongings. She was trying to see if there was anything valuable she could exploit.

Jean stared at the sword in his hand, his emotions surging for a while. Sword of Death, I will use you to guard my lady until the end of time, Jean swore in his heart, swearing on his life.

“Ahaha, Claire, let’s go back to the capital, hurry. I need to find Lawrence, that old fox, and flaunt. I’m going to chase him through the streets until he’s sorry!” Cliff had his hands on his hips, laughing wildly. He had already forgotten the danger of almost failing his breakthrough.

“Let’s go, Jean.” Claire strutted ahead, acting as if she didn’t know Cliff.

Jean smiled and followed from behind.

“Jean, come on. Let me disguise your sword, haha...” Cliff was still laughing as he followed them, so gleeful he was.

Things seemed perfect, but... Little did Claire know the cruel ordeal awaiting her.

The pope was waiting for Claire’s return.

Having exited Devil Field safely, Claire’s heart had finally settled. The three journeyed back to Amparkland leisurely.

Once Cliff tested Claire's magic power, he was shocked. Claire was already at the level of a grand wizard!

"Haha, Claire, you're only fourteen, but you're already a grand wizard!" Cliff shouted to the sky. "My goodness, you will be the youngest sorcerer in history, haha, worthy of being my disciple." He shook his rump delightfully. "Now I can teach you high level incantations."

"Master, what about forbidden incantations? I want to learn forbidden incantations!" Of course Claire wouldn't be satisfied with only high level incantations.

"Learn with your head! You can't use forbidden incantations yet. They will deplete too much of your energy, endangering your life, understand?" Cliff rejected her immediately.

"I want to learn. It's not like I said I will use them yet," Claire persisted.

"No, no. Only high level incantations." Cliff shook his head, not willing to give in.

"Give me back the ring!" Claire humphed, arms crossed, nose raised. She pulled out a few ninth grade magic cores and sighed in a regretful tone. "I was going to give these to you, Master, but... Forget about it. And these..." Claire took out the precious ores from the underground palace and waved them before Cliff's eyes, then put them all back.

"Ah! So many ninth grade magic cores! And Reedle ore and Cyndler ores! Claire, where did you get so much precious stuff, ahhhhhh, lemme see..." Cliff howled ecstatically.

"Gimme forbidden incantations then." Claire walked forward, ignoring Cliff's howl.

Cliff caught up to Claire hurriedly and fawned, "Ok, ok, I give. What kinds of incantations do you want?"

Jean watched the two, a smile forming on his lips. He also sped up.

When they returned to the capital, people of the Temple of Light were already there at the gates to cut them off before they could return to Hill

manor.

“Reverend,” a believer of the Temple addressed Claire respectfully. “His holiness has already been waiting for some time.”

“How did you know I was returning today?” Claire frowned, somewhat annoyed.

“We have been waiting here on his holiness’s orders ever since you left.”

They had waited here the entire time?!

“Reverend, please return to the Temple. His holiness is awaiting you,” he said, indicating towards a pure white carriage not far away.

“Jean, you return first,” Clare instructed. “Tell Grandfather I have returned. I will be back soon.”

“Miss…” But before Jean could finish, Cliff interrupted him.

“Jean, you should go. I will accompany Claire. I was going to go find Lawrence anyways.” Cliff grinned at Jean. His words were clear: he was going to protect Claire. Naturally, Cliff understood what Jean was thinking.

“Yes.” Jean nodded, finally relenting to return to Hill manor.

Claire and Cliff got on the carriage together and went directly to the Temple of Light.

As they passed through the main entrance, believers bowed to Claire along the way. A priest was second only to the Diving Prince and Divine Princess, so naturally, she was respected.

“Hoho, disciple, from now on, Master shall rely on you.” Cliff smiled vulgarly, his eyes slits.

Claire rolled her eyes. “Go and find sir Lawrence. Don’t act like you know me.”

Cliff snickered and followed a servant girl, turning past a corner, to find Lawrence.

Claire continued forward towards the main temple.

A servant girl led Claire through the main temple and past a side corridor, all the way in.

“Reverend, his holiness is just inside. Your servant shall take her leave now.”

Claire knocked on the door lightly. A low voice came from within. “Come in.”

Slowly pushing the door open, Claire saw the pope standing at the windowsill, his hands behind his back.

Slowly, the pope turned around. He broke into a smile. “Our Reverend is finally willing to return?”

Claire remained silent, watching the seemingly benevolent old man. The pope was, as usual, dressed in white with his air of authority.

Chapter 142: [No Title]

“Since Reverend has already accepted her payment, shouldn’t she start working?” The pope’s eyes were slits. He was smiling, yet not smiling. Claire raised a brow. Of course Claire understood what the pope meant. Claire had already used the gift of the goddess and it was time for her to reciprocate.

“Your holiness, what can your servant do for the Temple?” Claire sighed in her heart. Afterall, she did take their stuff and the sly old fox did do her a huge favor.

“Haha, of course…” But before the pope finished, footsteps sounded at the door, followed immediately by knocking.

“Come in.” The pope seemed to know who it was.

As the door opened slowly, Leng Lingyun and Liu Xueqing appeared. As they walked in, when they saw Claire, their eyes flashed with shock. Claire turned to see the two. After a slight nod, just when she was about to turn back, she noticed what they were holding.

Each person was carrying a box, one large, one small.

“Was it resolved?” The pope smiled at the two. Although he was asking, his gaze was certain and he was satisfied. The two had never disappointed him.

Liu Xueqing glanced at Claire and hesitated. Leng Lingyun was unexpectedly frowning.

But the pope smiled and nodded at Liu Xueqing. “Don’t worry, Claire is now a priest of our Temple, not an outsider.”

A complex emotion flitted across her eyes, but she still opened the box. Leng Lingyun’s eyes were also filled with ambivalence. He wanted to say something, but was halted by the pope’s knowing gaze.

When Claire saw what was inside the box, she stiffened.

Inside the box was a glass bottle containing two bloody eyeballs! With

black irises! And a handful of black hair!

Claire felt her blood run cold. Her gaze rested on the bottle and the black hair, unable to look away. Her heart hardened, her fist clenched. Her palms were already drenched in cold sweat.

An ineffable light flashed through the pope's gaze when he saw Claire's expression. "Has the traitor, the fallen knight Shack, been executed?" he asked softly.

"Yes... " Leng Lingyun said slowly. He sighed in his heart. Naturally, he understood what the pope intended. But wasn't the pope a little hurried? Was it fine for Claire to be exposed to this so soon? Wasn't it too early to test Claire's opinion of the Temple?

Peering from the corner of her eye, Liu Xiuqing saw Claire's face pale slightly. "Those who betray the goddess of Light, betray the Temple of Light, can only die. He also eloped with the filthy woman of Darkness, adding to his sins."

Claire's gaze shifted to the box Leng Lingyun was holding. Did the large box Leng Lingyun carrying contain the head of the fallen knight?!

Claire recognized that it must have been the two ill-fated lovers they had saved in the valley! Unfortunately, they had not escaped the clutches of the Temple of Light. How cruel, they had actually pulled out her eyes and ripped out her hair! Claire clenched her fists tightly, her knuckles whitening and cracking softly. She trembled slightly, her complexion frighteningly pale.

The Temple of Light! The Pope! The Pope whose every word was supposedly filled with virtue!

The pope strode forward indifferently. He inspected the items in Liu Xueqing's box, nodding praisingly. "You two have done well this time, exterminating the fallen and scum so the Light will once again shine – "

The pope's words were cut off abruptly. A terrifying power had suddenly burst forth.

The pope and Liu Xiuqing turned in shock to see Claire's entire being

glow with golden light, her gaze completely icy. The wild power was being released by Claire!

Liu Xiuqing's eyes flickered excitedly. Was Claire going to attack the pope? Did she want to die? The pope stared in shock at Claire, who was on the verge of exploding. The atmosphere was so tense, it was a string that would snap at any time! But before the pope could make a move...

"Claire!" Leng Lingyun hollered. With this one yell, the atmosphere instantly dispersed.

Claire came back to her senses and the golden glow faded. Her clenched fists slowly loosened. She glared coldly at every individual, then turned away and opened the door. She walked out without a word and slammed the door behind her, leaving the room in dead silence.

The three were left frozen, each with a different expression.

"Your holiness, isn't Reverend's attitude crossing the line?" the Divine Princess asked. Because Leng Lingyun was there, her tone was somewhat kind.

The pope's eyes slitted and he remained silent. Leng Lingyun looked at the pope. Although he did not say anything, the pope understood the meaning in his eyes.

"Xueqing, you may leave." The pope gave Liu Xueqing a nod. "I have a few questions for Lingyun."

Liu Xueqing's eyes flashed with unwillingness, but in the end, she left without a word.

After the door closed, the pope turned to face Leng Lingyun. "Lingyun, if you have anything to say, say it now."

Leng Lingyun spoke directly from the heart. "Your holiness, your actions are too hasty."

The pope let out a sigh. "Yes, I too realized I was too hasty. However, I did not expect Claire's strength to grow so quickly in the short time she was gone!"

“Her potential is truly astonished,” Leng Lingyun agreed softly.

“Perhaps that was why she was chosen by the goddess.” The pope stroked his chin and leaned back in his chair. “She is different from you two. She has only entered the Temple recently and grew up in the Hill clan, which supports the crown.”

“Yes, your holiness. Please give her time to adjust.”

“Haha, I will. However, Leng Lingyun, this seems to be the first time you have shown so much care to anyone other than Xuanxuan.” The pope smiled faintly.

Leng Lingyun froze for a moment, then shook his head. “Your holiness, I just...”

“You just want to say you do not wish for the Temple of Light to loose such potential?” The pope was smiling, but his meaning was clear.

Leng Lingyun fell silent. He knew saying anything else would only worsen the situation.

“Alright, after settling this matter, you can go visit Xuanxuan and comfort our priest,” the pope instructed. He was smiling faintly, his expression ambiguous.

“Yes.” Leng Lingyun replied. His expression had never changed.

Now, only the pope was left in the room. He slowly approached the window, sighing softly as he gazed out. The goddess had decreed adding Claire into the Temple, but was this the correct path? The pope couldn’t help but be worried recalling Claire on the verge of exploding. It was only for an instant, but the aura Claire had emitted was so powerful. What would happen if they continued to let her grow? Would she be help or would she be danger?

At this time, Claire was hurrying out of the Temple, her expression heavy as she walked to Camille’s house.

She kicked open the door with a loud bang. The door creaked as it swung on its hinges, thoroughly broken.

“Who?! Who would...” Camille started yelling, but then he saw Claire storm in, her expression dark.

“Claire, you’re back. But what’s with your face, why are you so angry? Were you kicked out?” Camille’s voice was gentle, handsome, but his venomous tongue had not changed.

“Camille, you are the number one scholar in the capital, correct?” Camille had already surpassed his master who was supposed the number one scholar.

“Haha, of course,” Camille answered lazily.

“Then let me ask you, when the world worships a horrible, shameless, unfair, vile being, what do you do?” Claire sat down on the sofa, emitting a murderous aura. Her gaze piercingly cold.

“Since when were you so righteous?” Camille joked, smiling.

But Claire’s gaze remained icy. Camille finally realized the situation was not simple.

“Claire, I do not know what occurred, but if what you said is true and the entire world worships that being, then they must be extremely powerful. If you want to overthrow them, you must have the power and status to crush them, crush them underfoot,” Camille answered, his expression solemn, his tone heavy. It was extremely rare for Camille to be serious.

But after hearing Camille’s serious words, Claire suddenly stood up and started laughing. The more she laughed, the more crazy her laughter became. But the laughter was filled with realization, domination, and endless confidence.

Camille was at a loss for words. Only after a long time was he able to sputter, “Cl-Claire, are you ok? Did you go crazy?”

“Nonsense, you’re the one who’s gone crazy!” Claire glared.

“Then what are you doing?” Camille tilted his head, not understanding.

“How did I not realize!” Claire’s eyes hardened, becoming more and more icy. “There will come a day when I become powerful enough to pull

her off that throne and beat her up!" Claire humphed coldly. This one sound was filled with wild power, so much so that Camille's ears vibrated and his sight went dark for a moment. Camille thought to himself nervously, Claire's strength had grown a lot again.

"I'll look for you another day." And with that, Claire stood up and left.

Chapter 143: [No Title]

Camille stared blankly after Claire's disappearing figure. The door was still creaking on its hinges. Claire had arrived abruptly and left even quicker.

After a while, Camille finally came back to his senses. "Claire, you come right back! Pay for my door!" he yelled after her painfully.

But already far away, Claire could not hear him.

She walked through the streets, gazing up at the clouds, feeling enlightened. All her vexation had disappeared. The fallen knight and the girl had already died and feeling sorry would not bring them back. Claire knew what to do now. She had almost forgotten her original goal: becoming strong. Who cares about the goddess of Light? If she could become strong enough to become a goddess, why couldn't Claire do that too?

Claire let out a long breath, then started making her way to Hill manor.

As soon as she entered, the guards at the entrance saluted her deferentially, then hurried in to announce her arrival.

Claire's status was now different from before; she was now also a Reverend of the Temple of Light!

The moment Claire entered the hall, Katherine and Lashia greeted her.

"Claire!" Katherine beamed with a smile as she hurried over and clasped Claire's hand.

"Elder sis! You're finally back!" Lashia ran over excitedly, playfully grabbing Claire's arm.

"Hello, Mother, Lashia." Claire smiled, her heart warm.

"Elder sister, you're so not fair! You did so many cool things behind our backs!" Lashia tugged on her arm.

"What?" Claire looked at Lashia with confusion. Suddenly, she noticed that Katherine's hand was trembling slightly.

“Still pretending!” Lashia’s words tumbled out as she said in a rush, “You fought for the Li clan at Lagark and defeated that Hua-something-something brilliantly! Making you famous! Grandfather knew about it a while back. Even the emperor is aware.” Then she said regretfully, “What a shame, I wasn’t there to see it.”

Claire finally understood what Lashia was talking about. She smiled faintly.

“It was nothing. I decided to fight on their behalf when I became aware of Mother’s relationship with them. In the end, it was only because the Feng and Shui clans forfeited that I was able to win.”

Katherine’s grip tightened.

“Claire, I, I.... Thank you.” Katherine was so moved that although she did not know what to say, her heart was unusually warm. From the corner of her eye, something glimmered.

“Mother, there’s no need to say thank you. They are your family, so they are my family.” Claire also gripped Katherine’s hand tightly in response. Katherine was choked with emotions, sobbing, but smiling.

Claire’s father, Roger, had been standing next to the door at the side quietly the entire time, looking on. Katherine had made such a large sacrifice for him, and he had always felt guilt, but was unable to do anything for her. However, what he had always wanted to do had been fulfilled by Claire. As he watched the merry three, Roger’s emotions were extremely ambivalent.

“Elder sister, Grandfather has still not returned yet. If he knew you were back, he would be so happy. Oh right, Second Brother will be back too today, yay! Tonight, we can all eat together!” Lashia said happily.

Second Brother? Claire paused. Only then did she remember that she seemed to have a second brother who was the captain of the Griffin Squad. She had seen him once at the student exchange competition and once at her birthday. She barely had any memories of him. The only impression she had of him was the cold and despising gaze he always gave her.

“Oh right, Mother, how are you home today?” Claire recalled that her mother was already the head lady in waiting of Princess Maurice.

“She heard you was coming back, so Mother specially asked for the day off!” Lashia tilted her head and said playfully. “After Jean returned and reported, Father sent servants to inform Mother and Grandfather.”

“Oh,” Claire responded indifferently at the mention of her father.

“Oh, also, Lashia, where is little leopard? And Jean?” Claire asked.

“In the rear courtyard. Elder sister, let’s go and see your little leopard. I raised him well. That little fellow sure can eat! Every day he eats loads of fresh meat.” Lashia pulled Claire by the arm impatiently, then winked playfully at Katherine. “Mother, elder sis and I will be in the rear courtyard. Call us when second brother is home.”

Katherine nodded lovingly, her eyes full of warmth. Seeing the two previously antagonistic sisters now so harmonious, of course she would feel this way.

Lashia pulled Claire to the door, facing Roger who was full of conflicted emotions.

“Father,” Lashia greeted him, smiling.

But Claire was completely cold, passing by Roger without even a single glance as she walked to the rear courtyard.

Lashia revealed a somewhat embarrassed expression as she hurried after Claire.

Roger slowly turned around, watching Claire as she left. After some time, he sighed. Who would have thought the most disappointing child would suddenly become the most brilliant of the family.

“Roger...” Katherine’s voice came softly from behind Roger.

“Katherine, I understand. I have no right to complain of Claire’s attitude towards me. It was completely my fault.” Roger turned to his wife, smiling bitterly.

Katherine sighed gently. “Claire is still young. Be patient, she will treat

you differently in the end. After all, you had not cared for her nearly enough."

"Yes, I owe her too much..." Roger let out a long sigh. He reached out and pulled Katherine into his embrace. "And I owe you even more. I have made these years unhappy for you, and I have not seen you smile like this for so many years. It is Claire who allows you to smile like this."

"I too did not expect Claire to go to Lagark and revive the Li clan." A brilliant smile emerged on Katherine's lips.

Roger let out a long sigh, his expression complex.

Claire was not a foolish male-chaser anymore, but a dazzling star.

This was not expected by anyone, including him, her father.

When Katherine sent servants to bring Claire to the hall, Claire did not expect what she would see next to be so complicated.

Duke Gordan had returned along with the second prince and princess Maurice. However, her "second brother", Eric, and the crown prince, Euler, had come together!

The atmosphere in the hall was exceptionally strange...

"Greetings, your highnesses." Claire and Lashia curtsied.

"No need," the three said at the same time.

"Greetings, Grandfather, second brother," Lashia happily called to Duke Gordan and Eric.

"Grandfather, I've returned," Claire said to Duke Gordan quietly.

"Haha," Duke Gordan laughed. "Good. Let's sit." He directed them towards some nearby seats.

Claire did not give so much as a glance to Eric. This "second brother" of her had left no impressions in her memory other than his continuously disdainful looks and haughtiness.

"Claire, when the his highness, the second prince, and her highness learned you had returned, they insisted on coming to visit, haha," Duke

Gordan laughed. “They treat you so well.” His mood was visibly good. “Also, my child, you made such great achievements in Lagark but didn’t tell me! It was such a large surprise.”

Claire gave a slight nod to the second prince and princess. “It is my pleasure, your highnesses.” The second prince and princess visiting her was reasonable, but why was the crown prince here too?

Eric observed this younger sister of his, frowning slightly. It was try she had grown much stronger, but this entire time, she had never given him so much as a glance, as if he were a complete stranger. The crown prince, on the other hand, maintained a smile as he listened without a word.

“Claire, it’s been some time since we last saw each other and you have grown strong again.” Nancy smiled at Claire.

“You flatter me, your highness. However, Master Cliff has broken through to the sorcerer stage,” Claire announced. She did not want the attention to be focused on her.

“What?!”

“Sorcerer?!”

Low exclamations reverberated throughout the hall, astonished.

“Why have we not heard of this?” Roger asked, frowning.

“Master’s breakthrough has not been made public yet. He went to the Temple to find sir Lawrence the moment her returned.” Claire had not even looked at Roger, her gaze focused on Duke Gordan instead. Roger’s eyes flashed with slight embarrassment. Seeing this exchange, Eric’s frown deepened.

“Really? If this is true, then this is worthy of celebration! The empire’s first sorcerer! I must report to his majesty as soon as possible.” Duke Gordan was now not just happy, but delighted. A sorcerer, the only sorcerer in the entire continent, was his granddaughter’s master! How could he not be excited?

The grand hall soon became lively, the strange atmosphere from before

gone. Everybody was discussing this topic. Lashia latched onto Claire's arm, asking this and that. Claire smiled, patiently relaying the events that had occurred, but of course, she hid a few things, such as the young master and the treasure.

Naturally, Duke Gordon invited everyone to stay for a meal.

The princes and princess praised the sumptuous meal, lavish with wine and delicacies.

After lunch, no one had the intention of leaving, so Duke Gordan invited everyone to the greenhouse to enjoy the flowers and drink tea. Claire left using the excuse of checking on her mount. She leaned on a pillar in the rear courtyard, watching on as Duke Gordan led everyone in, sighing. What was the current status of the power struggle between the "crown" prince and second prince? Grandfather had secretly sent Jean to assist the second prince. However, wasn't her second brother, Eric, too close to the crown prince? Was it okay that the clan was split?

Chapter 144: [No Title]

Just when Claire was in deep thought, a cold voice came from behind her.

“Claire.”

Claire did not look back. Of course she could tell who it was. It was the one who had always gazed at her disfavorably, Eric!

“Oh? Is something the matter?” Claire asked indifferently. She still hadn’t turned around.

“What’s with your attitude? And what’s what your attitude towards Father!” The ice cold voice now contained a trace of anger.

“Excuse me, who are you to talk to me like that?” Claire yawned lazily. Only now did Claire remember her haughty second brother had only one virtue: filial piety. In other words, this second brother of hers had come to admonish her rude attitude towards Father?

“I am your elder brother!” The voice was on the verge of exploding.

“What a joke, since when have you acted like you were my brother? Now you’re pretending like you are.” Claire laughed disdainfully. Slowly, she turned around, derision in her eyes.

Eric’s originally fiery expression froze.

“Venerable second brother, I advise you not to learn from your father, never fulfilling the responsibilities of a father, but stepping in once his daughter’s accomplished. Don’t t you think that’s ridiculous? Shameless?” Claire scoffed. She leaned back on the pillar lazily. “I don’t mind fighting you right now.

Eric’s expression instantly darkened. The girl before him was not a coward who could be scared off by just a few words any more.

Claire’s expression suddenly turned icy, not a trace of warmth in her eyes. “But be aware of the price of fighting me. I might just kill you without batting an eye. Do you think you’re my match currently?” Her

voice was even more frigid than her gaze, radiating a murderous aura. An enormous, terrifying power burst out abruptly, then disappeared as quickly as it had arrived.

Chills ran down his spine and he trembled. The sensation the girl gave him was so alarming and cold.

“Another word of advice. No matter if you support the crown prince of if you are a spy sent by the second prince, no matter how could fight, do not involve Mother. If anyone hurts her, no matter who, I will slaughter them.” Claire smiled lazily, as casual as if she were chatting with some friends, but the coldness that seeped through told Eric the girl was definitely not lying!

“Remember my words.” Claire laughed lightly, then walked passed Eric.

“The crown prince is the true successor of the emperor!” Eric’s determined voice came from behind.

Claire glanced over from the corner of the eye and saw the nearly mad loyalty in Eric’s eyes.

“I don’t care,” Claire waved offhandedly. “Just remember my words,” she said, then left.

Eric didn’t move, watching Claire’s retreating figure, his gaze complex. He turned and looked towards the greenhouse. When he saw the crown prince smiling, his eyes softened. Then, he clenched his fists tightly. The crown prince was his god, the true successor of the empire! He had to assist the prince until he was sitting on the throne!

The capital. Slowly, winter creeping in:

Cold wind blew past, slightly chilling.

Nightfall. Claire walked through a colonnade, planning on finding Lashia and give her her old storage ring. The space inside was more than enough for Lashia to use.

A breeze blew past. Claire frowned and gazed past the courtyard, then relaxed. She lept onto a rooftop, then hurried off into the distance.

Jean appeared from behind a pillar, watching silently as Claire's figure disappeared into the night. He did not give chase.

"Chirp chirp?"

"Peep peep!"

Perched on Jean's shoulders, White Emperor and Black Feather conversed. As for what they were saying, no one would know.

Jean gazed into the night without moving, a lonesome figure.

It was Leng Lingyun. It was Leng Lingyun who had been inside the courtyard, so Jean didn't follow.

What did he come to find his lady for?

Jean stood silently, staring into the night for a long time.

Leng Lingyun flew and Claire followed. They flew all the way out of the city and finally arrived at a secluded area. After a moment, Claire realized it was where Alice and her cousin had ambushed her during one of her breakthroughs. Leng Lingyun descended and stood there silently. The wind ruffled his long, silver hair. He looked like he had stepped out of a painting.

"What do you need me for?" Claire said indifferently and also descended. She could not treat Leng Lingyun the same as before after what she had seen at the Temple today.

"Claire..." Leng Lingyun turned to look at Claire, his gaze distant.

"I am very grateful for your yell that awakened me, helping me control of myself. I am truly not the match of the pope. I sincerely thank you for saving me once again." Claire's voice was emotionless and cold.

When Leng Lingyun heard her words, he felt as if his heart had been sliced.

"Do not think I am mocking you, it's true," Claire added indifferently when she saw Leng Lingyun's expression.

Leng Lingyun bit his lip. "I let Shack and the girl go. I told them to get as

far away as possible and not to let me catch them again, that if I caught them again, perhaps I would not be alone. Then I would not be able to let them go," Leng Lingyun forced out with difficulty.

Claire froze. In Leng Lingyun's violet eyes, she saw confliction and pain.

"Everyone has someone they treasure the most. For me, that is Xuanxuan. For her, I am willing to have blood on my hands and descend into hell. But I wish that Xuanxuan will be pure forever." Leng Lingyun's voice trembled slightly, his eyes full of anguish.

Claire's eyes flashed with realization. "When you found the knight and girl, was the Divine Princess the one who attacked?"

Leng Lingyun fell silent. Slowly, he unclenched a fist, frowning. "I had no way of saving them. I could not give up Xuanxuan for them..."

Claire fell silent, understanding instantly. Leng Xuanxuan required medicine supplied by the Temple to survive. Leng Lingyun's every action was to help Xuanxuan live more comfortably. He knew the Temple was fraudulent, but kept his mouth shut for Xuanxuan, striving his best to assist her disability.

"Your life sure is exhausting." Claire sighed, sorrow in her heart.

Every individual had someone they treasured the most and for this person, they could do things others would find hard to understand.

"Claire, in truth, you are already aware of the hypocrisy of the Temple. But I do not wish for you to fight the Temple and be harmed." Leng Lingyun finally revealed the purpose of his visit.

"I know, I am not the pope's match. The pope's strength is unfathomable." Claire frowned, thinking. "His strength is far above Master's. Even with Master's recent breakthrough, he is not the pope's match."

The pope's strength is not something easily read." Leng Lingyun sighed. "And there are so many archbishops and cardinals. I do not wish for you to face them." His underlying meaning was, I do not wish for you to get hurt.

“Thank you for your concern. I will not be as rash as I was today again.” Claire’s tone was now genuinely sincere.

However, Leng Lingyun understood the true meaning of her words. Not being as rash meant she had other plans.

“Claire, remember, the pope’s strength is unfathomable,” Leng Lingyun warned again, worried.

“I understand. Thank you.” Claire nodded.

“Also, the struggle between the princes is becoming more intense. At the end, the Temple of Light will definitely choose a side,” Leng Lingyun said in a low voice, “And the Hill clan will also choose a side. If both support the same prince, there would be nothing to be worried about, but if not, your position would be very special.”

Claire fell silent, pondering. Duke Gordan had ordered Jean to support the second prince secretly, but her second brother Eric supported the crown prince publically and Duke Gordan did not show any disapproval. What did this mean?

Seeing Claire deep in thought, Leng Lingyun couldn’t help but ask, “Has the Hill clan already chosen a side?”

Claire shook her head. “I do not know.” She sat down on a nearby stone and patted on the spot next to her. “Sit down, I have something to ask you.”

Leng Lingyun paused for a moment but still sat down.

“What kind of person do you think my grandfather, Duke Gordan, is?” Claire asked seriously. “I want to listen to an objective viewpoint.”

Seeing Claire’s solemn expression, Leng Lingyun understood Claire was serious. After some thinking, he responded sincerely. “He is no simple individual. Someone who is able to maintain the Hill clan’s status for so long and even able to have the emperor fear them is no ordinary person.” Leng Lingyun paused, then added with hesitation, “This individual is extraordinarily cunning.”

Claire switched to another topic. “Has the Temple not chosen a prince yet either? In other words, the pope is waiting to see which prince has a better chance?”

“I believe so.” Leng Lingyun nodded.

Claire frowned, switching back. “Grandfather must be waiting also. His position is not definite.”

“But I have heard the captain of the Griffin Squad, Eric, your second brother, is very close to the crown prince whereas rumors say you are close to the second prince.” This was the reason why no one could tell which prince the Hill clan was supporting.

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Claire finally understood Eric's hostile attitude a little. Eric thought she was supporting the second prince?

"Many people are waiting to see which prince the Hill clan will support."

Claire let out a sigh. "It doesn't matter. As long as no one harms my mother. Otherwise, I will not let the matter go."

"Your mother is now the head lady in waiting of princess Maurice. Be careful." Leng Lingyun reminded solemnly.

"Yes, I will be careful. Thank you. I should leave now." Claire stood up.

"Yes." Leng Lingyun nodded. His gaze followed Claire's retreating figure. When her figure disappeared into the night, he finally retracted his gaze. He gazed up towards the endless night sky. It was the first time he had spoken to someone for so long, the first time he had felt such a sense of relief. He couldn't understand what had happened, couldn't understand why he had been so frustrated when he was not able to explain to Claire.

Claire arrived at Hill manor. Jean still had not moved from his original position, waiting.

Once White Emperor and Black Feather saw Claire had returned, they hopped onto her shoulders and started nuzzling her affectionately.

"Jean, why are you not resting?" Jean was still standing still in the middle of the colonnade.

"If Miss is not back, I will not rest," Jean replied seriously.

"Well, now I'm back. I'm going to go rest after visiting Lashia. You should also go rest," Claire said softly, seeing Jean's resolute expression.

"Yes, Miss." Jean turned around and left quietly.

After she gave Lashia an interspatial storage ring, Lashia was as ecstatic as Claire had expected, almost kissing Claire.

The next morning, Hill manor. Duke Gordan had an ugly expression –

because of two visitors in the main hall.

Claire had just returned, but before Duke Gordan even had enough time to present her to the emperor, the Divine Prince Leng Lingyun and Divine Princess Liu Xueqing of the Temple of Light had come knocking on the door, stating straightforwardly they were here for Reverend Claire for business at Snowfall city.

“Big sis, you’re so coveted, haha. The Temple comes seeking for you even though Grandfather was planning on bringing you to the palace,” Lashia giggled.

Claire remained silent. She appeared at the hall with Jean.

“Claire, you’ve come.” Liu Xiuqing stood up to welcome Claire, her graceful actions so pleasing to the eye. Nobody could see anything wrong with her attitude towards Claire.

“Divine Princess, Divine Prince,” Claire greeted indifferently.

“We came here to bring you to the Temple. Because you are a Priest of our Temple, naturally, it is better to stay at the Temple. Also, make a few preparations. Today, we are going to Snowfall city to assist. The blizzards are very serious.” The Divine Princess’s voice was gentle. She sounded neighborly, as if she were Claire’s senior sister.

Claire turned to look at Duke Gordan. Duke Gordan was resigned. “I will order someone to send over Claire’s belongings.”

“There is no need, your Grace. The Temple has already prepared everything for Claire.” Although the Divine Prince was polite, she was somehow hard to refuse.

“Grandfather, don’t worry.” Claire didn’t want to waste her breath. “If the blizzard is really so bad, we should hurry and go already.”

Leng Lingyun had not spoken the entire time. Nobody saw the forlorn flash in his eyes.

“Claire, your knight…” The Divine Princess glanced past Claire at Jean. She frowned, about to say something, when Leng Lingyun spoke.

“Jean is Claire’s personal knight who has guarded her her entire life. They have never been separated.” These words were enough to stop the Divine Princess from finishing what she was about to say.

“Oh, is that so? Then let’s go together. The more, the merrier.” The Divine Princess smiled, although her smile was not as gentle or natural as before.

And like so, the group left Hill manor, but all the while, Duke Gordan’s expression darkened and darkened.

When they were all in the carriage, Liu Xueqing smile and said, “Claire, we should first go to the Temple to prepare.

“No need, let’s go straight to Snowfall. I’ve already brought everything.” Claire closed her eyes and leaned back into the carriage indifferently.

Brought everything? Liu Xueqing watched Claire with shock, then turned to look at Jean, but she didn’t see then carrying any sort of bags. Perhaps?! Astonishment and jealousy flashed through her eyes. Perhaps Claire had interspatial storage rings?! Such precious treasure?!

Claire rested her eyes, Jean rested his eyes, Leng Lingyun rested his eyes, while the gaze in Liu Xueqing’s eyes was strange...

The carriage slowly left out the gates of the capital, silent.

As its name indicated, it snowed constantly at Snowfall city. With its extreme cold, snow fell from October to February every year. The rest of the seasons were short, in total, only seven months. Blizzards occurred frequently, but never too much to handle. Every year, the capital sent relief, but this year, the blizzard seemed more severe, severe enough that the Temple was going to intervene.

The carriage stopped at a small town nearby. “Many villagers are trapped and unable to get out. The relief wasn’t able to arrive,” Leng Lingyun said softly. He stepped off the carriage and gazed into the endless field of white.

They were about to enter Snowfall, but the road was covered under a thick layer of snow, leaving the carriage unable to proceed. They had to

switch to a sleigh in order to advance. The sleigh was pulled by short and stocky magic beasts called snow beasts. Snow beasts had strong limbs, thickly padded paws, and long and thick fur. They all changed into thicker clothes and by this time, Liu Xueqing was certain Claire had a previous interspatial storage ring. She was envious, but also puzzled. How could Claire have such a valuable treasure? Did Cliff give it to her? Impossible, Cliff only had one himself and even then, it was said to be acquired with much trouble. Then where did Claire's storage ring come from?

"We will first go in this direction. There are three villages whose people are trapped in this direction. Soon, they will run out of food," Leng Lingyun said as he studied a map. "The Temple has sent people to the other side. We are responsible for saving the villagers on this side as soon as possible."

"The blizzard this year seems a bit abnormal," Jean said in a low voice, frowning. He gazed into the field of white before them.

"Yes, which is why the Temple sent us. We are here to figure out what exactly is going on." Leng Lingyun sat down onto the sleigh. "Let's go."

The situation would be resolved easily with just the Divine Prince and Divine Princess, but the pope specially instructed them to bring Claire with them. The meaning was clear.

Everyone sat down on the sleigh. Leng Lingyun cracked the whip and drove the snow beasts forward.

The winter winds blew, icy and piercing, feeling like needles on their skin.

White Emperor and Black Feather hid away in Claire's mantle, staring out.

The sleigh left a long trail in the snow as it journeyed to the valley.

Along the way, the atmosphere was strange: silent. Other than silence, there was silence still.

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor climbed to Claire's bosom, then scratched Claire with his claws.

Claire looked down and smiled gently. Out appeared a tiny, tiny chocolate cake from her storage ring. She dropped it into white emperor's claws. Seeing this, White Emperor hopped down and lunged for the cake. The two little things started fighting in Claire's bosom while Claire tilted her head and watched the two fight with interest. Jean watched Claire's wicked pastime, a little speechless. She was fully capable of getting out another cake, but she purposefully didn't. She simply loved watching the two little things fight.

"Claire, are those two your pets? How cute." Liu Xueqing tried to initiate a conversation.

"Yes." Claire replied lightly. She didn't bother to say anything past that.

"However, what kinds of magic beasts are those two? I've never seen anything like them." Liu Xueqing smiled warmly and reached out at Black Feather.

Jean looked away, his lip twitching.

Such enough, what he expected happened next.

Black Feather viciously clawed at the back of Liu Xueqing, instantly leaving behind three bloody streaks. The three red streaks were especially conspicuous on Liu Xueqing's fair skin.

"Ah!" Liu Xueqing exclaimed in a low voice, quickly drawing back her hand painfully.

Claire immediately grabbed Black Feather and said apologetically, "Divine Princess, I am truly sorry." Although it had existed for merely a split second, Claire noticed a faint flash of malice in her eyes.

"It was nothing." Liu Xueqing said softly. She smiled warmly, stroking the hand that had been scratched. It stung a little. Then, she looked towards Leng Lingyun. There was no doubt Leng Lingyun was aware of what had happened, but he didn't even look back, not to mention offering to treat Liu Xueqing's wound.

Liue Xueqing's beautiful face ashened, and her hatred towards Claire grew stronger.

At this time, the sleigh had already entered the ravine. Each side was lined with steep cliffs with scarce trees. The animals had either gone south or were hibernating.

Suddenly, Liu Xueqing frowned and exclaimed quietly, “Lingyun! There’s a Dark aura!”

Claire looked up started scanning the vicinity, but saw nothing unusual. Jean frowned, his hand on his hilt. Leng Lingyun became alert, because Liu Xueqing was very sensitive to Dark aura, even more than he.

“Where?” Leng Lingyun’s expression turned serious. They could not see anything out of the ordinary, but Liu Xueqing had sensed something. Their opponents were concealed very skillfully.

She stood up, looking around nervously. “Close by, over there, wait, no! Over there too! It’s everywhere!” Liu Xueqing started to become frantic.

What?

“Roar….” The snow beasts were suddenly restless, stamping their feet. Then, they started to charge forward without any sense of direction. The sleigh was about to ram straight into a huge boulder. The four immediately lept off the sleight agiley right before the sleigh crashed into the boulder, then smashed into a thousand pieces. The snow beasts stampeded away, soon completely out of sight.

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The surroundings were deathly silent, still looking as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

Jean drew his sword and guarded in front of Claire without a word, sensing their surroundings. Claire frowned at the seemingly peaceful surroundings, an ominous feeling arising. It unusually quiet, like the calm before the storm.

“The Dark aura is now thick!” Liu Xueqing’s expression changed. She started to lose her composure.

Right then and there, the ground below them started to rumble.

“What is it?” Liu Xueqing frowned, scanning around nervously.

“Avalanche!” Claire’s expression changed sharply. She gritted her teeth. To their left and right were steep cliffs, a natural confinement. There was an intentional ambush!

“First fly up,” Leng Linyun urged Claire hurriedly. “You take care of the Divine Princess, I’ll handle Jean.” They were the only two who could fly.

Suddenly, just as he finished speaking, a large, black five star magic formation appeared under their feet. They were right in the center! The stars glowed with a black hue creepily.

Rumble...

The sound grew louder and louder, inching closer and closer. Snow flew through the air, sharp shards of ice mixed in as it tumbled down towards the four.

Claire grabbed Liu Xueqing, prepared to fly up with her, but felt herself sinking. A powerful force was pulling her downwards. Although she tried to fly, she could not. Her energy was disappearing gradually! Liu Xueqing broke free from Claire in order to not sink too, but the force came from below her also. Just like Claire, she started to sink as her strength sapped away at the same time.

“Lingyun, Lingyun – ” Liu Xueqing called out in panic, flailing about wildly. But the person she was waiting for did not come.

“Peep Peep!” Black Feather flapped his little wings, his claws tightly clutched on Claire’s mantle as he pulled up with all his might, but to no avail. Claire continued to sink lower and lower.

“Miss!” Jean lunged for Claire’s hand. However, he too was immediately pulled down by the inexplicable power. Leng Lingyun’s eyes widened and he too reached towards Claire, but Claire disappeared before his eyes, swallowed by the five star magic formation. His grip on Claire secure, Jean was also enveloped. Liu Xueqing also sank, her gaze fixed on Leng Lingyun. He was not reaching for her, but Claire! At the same time, Leng Lingyun also felt the powerful suction force pulling him in and sapping his strength, gradually sinking down. His last thoughts were that they had been tricked, it was a trap!

Snow surged, flooding the canyon, almost filling it up entirely. Huge, sharp shards of ice glinted at the surface ominously.

After a while, the surroundings quieted down. Occasionally, small clumps of snow would fall.

The four people and the five star magic formation had disappeared.

“Haha, got rid of more of the Light Temple’s dogs,” a person draped in black laughed from atop the precipice.

“Not necessarily. Although Lord Reverend’s magic formation is very powerful, it can only teleport them to that place,” another voice said coldly.

“Tch, you always dampen my spirit. It’s not like they can walk out of there alive.”

“....”

Claire could only see a sea of black. She felt insecure, as if as if she were floating all alone.

Gradually, her surroundings started to brighten. Claire opened her eyes

and was shocked.

Black trees, black ground, the place was entirely depressing. Claire looked around, but didn't see Jean or anyone else. Even White Emperor and Black Feather were gone.

Claire clenched her fist testily, finding her strength was back. She frowned. The five star magic formation was a teleporter? And could even make people lose their power? Where was she? And where was Jean? Or Leng Lingyun or the Divine Princess?

She started to walk. The sod below her feet was wet and smelled faintly of rot.

The surroundings were cloaked with an ineffable, depressing aura. Claire frowned. For some reason, she kept on feeling like someone was watching her, but she couldn't tell who or where they were.

"Tch!" Claire clicked her tongue with annoyance, then continued forward. First, she had to find Jean and the others.

In a magnificent room, a large crystal ball sat atop a table in the middle of the room. On the crystal ball were various scenes, including Claire.

"Oh? That girl seemed to notice we were watching her," a young man in black stroked his chin, gazing into the crystal ball with interest.

"It doesn't matter if she can sense us or not. In any case, she won't be able to make it out of the Illusion Forest," another young man dressed in black said, sounding bored. He sat leisurely in a nearby chair, his head resting on his arms as a pillow, his legs crossed as they rested on the tabletop. The two had the same handsome face; they were twins.

"That's true, haha. Those fake as f*ck believers, always posing to be so righteous. They're better off sinking into depravity in the Illusion Forest," the first voice said, cold and full of contempt.

"But I'm a little curious. Will any of those Temple believers make it out?" the lazily sitting man smirked.

"Currently, none have. But what if one does? Are you going to try to rope

them in?"

"If someone really does, then we'll finish them off ourselves." The voice was relaxed, but ruthless.

"Ahem..." A voice came from the door. "Xi Shaosi, Xi Shaoqi, didn't I tell you two to pay attention? Is anything out of the ordinary?"

"Oh, Master, we found something interesting. This girl over here seemed to have sensed we were watching her." Xi Shaoqi stood up and pointed at the crystal ball.

Xi Shaosi removed his feet from the table and sat up straight. "Master," he said seriously, "To this date, no one has ever broken out of the Illusion Forest. Master's magic formation is truly amazing."

"It is the god of Darkness who is powerful." The person at the door walked in slowly. It was an elderly man cloaked in black. He looked vibrant, his eyes gleaming.

"Of course, the god of Darkness is so much better than that fake goddess of Light. As long as you give, you receive; it's just that simple," Xi Shaoqi laughed.

"You brat, don't talk so big. Careful you don't anger the god of Darkness." The old man swatted Xi Shaoqi's head.

"Master, the god of Darkness wouldn't be so petty. Afterall, he can't be as petty as that xxxx goddess of Light."

"Enough already," Xi Shaosi said quietly, noticing something in the crystal ball. "Look, that girl has already entered the illusion. Let's see how she'll react."

"What else could happen? All they ever do is kneel down and pray for the Light of the goddess to shine forever," Xi Shaoqi sneered. All plants of the Illusion Forest were Dark attributed and gave off colorless, odorless gas. One someone breathes in this gas, they will see illusions targeting believers of the goddess of Light. The believers often see the goddess herself descending from the heavens, pure and unparalleled, who then gives orders to the believers to do pious acts, such as kneeling and praying

and so on.

“That’s true. This forest cost our Temple of Darkness so much time and effort, it better be useful,” Xi Shaosi said indifferently.

“Humph, it’s about time the Temple of Darkness returns to glory,” Xi Shaoqi humphed coldly, crossing his arms. He too gazed into the crystal ball.

At this time, Claire had fully entered the illusion.

She stood there frozen, her gaze unfocused.

“My child, may the Light be with you.” The incomparably beautiful goddess of Light appeared before her, glowing with holy light, an ornate scepter in her hand, a dazzling golden crown atop her head, her gaze pure and elegant.

Claire watched the goddess of Light silently, indifferent.

“My child, let us pray together, let this world be filled with Light, peace, love...” The goddess of Light brandished the scepter and holy light illuminated Claire.

“Child? Since when did you give birth to me? How can the pure goddess of Light fuck another man and have a child?” Claire sneered. With a wave of her hand, a huge flame sword materialized. Without even blinking, she slashed the goddess of Light.

The expression of the goddess of Light changed to horror as she was immediately split into two, then disappeared.

“What a crude illusion!” Claire curled her lip in disdain. She withdrew the sword of flames, then continued onwards.

The three before the large crystal ball were dumbfounded, disbelief in their eyes.

“Wa-wasn’t she from the Temple of Light? How could she attack that illusion instantly? That’s the goddess of Light they believe in! Don’t they risk their lives for the goddess of Light? How could she be so ruthless?” Xi Shaoqi said hastily. He stared at the crystal ball, excited, yet also confused.

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“She is the first one to break free from the Illusion Forest.” Xi Shaosi’s voice was comparatively calmer.

“Then let’s get rid of her. Who would have thought there would be someone like this from the Temple of Light?” Xi Shaoqi muttered. “Don’t those idiots follow every single order of the goddess of Light? Even if they know it’s an illusion, they still wouldn’t insult her, but that girl killed her off with one strike and even said those kinds of words!”

“She was cussing,” Xi Shaosi said casually, certain.

“What? What’d she say?” Xi Shaoqi started to get excited. It was rare for a holy member of the Temple of Light to curse, but he had no doubt what Xi Shaosi said was true. Xi Shaosi never read lips wrong.

Xi Shaosi’s eyes slitted. He replied slowly, “She said, how can the pure goddess of Light fuck another man and have a child.”

“What?” Xi Shaoqi’s jaw dropped, his eyes filled with disbelief. Their master also stared at the girl in the crystal ball with astonishment.

“Because the goddess of Light always refers to them as ‘my child’,” Xi Shaosi shrugged.

“Ahahaha… haha… Right, that goddess sure is incredible. She has so many children, I wonder when she had the time to fuck so many men, haha, she’s sure good at giving birth!” Xi Shaoqi roared with laughter, not caring about his language at all.

“Enough. Go and get rid of her already,” the old man waved offhandedly, motioning for them to go. His head hurt seeing the two.

“Yes yes, Master, I’ll massacre her.” Xi Shaoqi grinned as he nodded.

“Come back quickly,” the old man warned.

“Don’t worry, Master. I alone am enough. Brother, you should continue watching, I’ll be back in no time.” Xi Shaosi dusted off his clothes and walked out delightfully.

Inside the room, Xi Shaosi watched the crystal ball quietly, his gaze fixed on Claire. Suddenly, he said, “Master, I think this time you need to go yourself.”

“Oh? For who? Was the Illusion Forest unable to stop them?” The old man walked up and peered into the crystal ball.

“It’s that girl who’s about to walk out of the Illusion Forest. I don’t think she is simple and Shaoqi will not be her match.” Xi Shaosi frowned. “Even though she is from the Temple of Light, she does not revere the goddess of Light at all. However, the pope allows her to be a part of the Temple. That in itself is a problem.”

The old man frowned, then understood. “Unless the girl was extraordinary enough for the Temple to rope her in later in her life!”

“Right.” Xi Shaosi nodded.

“Alright, I’ll go and look. Shaoqi is still childish and rash,” the old man nodded. Silently, he praised Xi Shaosi in his heart. This disciple of his was always so keen.

At the edge of that Illusion Forest, Claire stood silently, eyeing the person before her. The young man was twenty or so and wearing a black robe, his blue eyes fixed on her.

“Little girl, come, let this big brother cherish* you.” His first words were disgusting, his eyes smiling so much he looked like he needed a beating.

*Word here means “hurt” but also means “love dearly”

Claire shivered with disgust.

“Come on, little girl. I’ll be gentle.” Xi Shaoqi grinned, whipping out his wand.

Claire’s eyes slitted. From the Dark aura surrounding him, he was clearly a Dark magician. Although he smiled vulgarly, he could not hide his killing intent.

“Uncle*, let me ‘cherish’ you too.” Claire laughed coldly, a large sword of flame materializing in her hand.

*Uncle is like how you address an adult male stranger

When he heard these words, Xi Shaoqi was so surprised, he stood there frozen. Just before he could process what was going on, broiling hot air blasted towards him.

“Ahhhh – ” Xi Shaoqi cried out, backing away hastily. He managed to dodge the deadly attack. The flame sword hissed as it struck and scorched the ground. It was a terrifying sound.

“Why are you dodging? Uncle, why aren’t you letting me ‘cherish’ you?” Claire mocked. Her lips curved into a smile.

Xi Shaoqi broke out in cold sweat, finally sizing up the girl before him seriously. She was a warrior! Both her strength and speed was above his!

“Don’t worry, I’ll let you be the first to walk out of the Illusion For-” Before Xi Shaoqi finished, his eyes widened and he backed away hastily once again.

Of course Claire wouldn’t give him the chance to speak or chant spells. Xi Shaoqi could only pitifully erect instantaneous barriers to block Claire’s deadly attacks, but even then, every time Claire’s sword struck a barrier, Xi Shaoqi would shudder in his heart. He was barely able to block each strike.

He knew that if the battle dragged on, he would definitely lose! He never expected this weak looking little girl to actually be a warrior!

No, wait! Xi Shaoqi’s eyes widened. Could a warrior convert Douqi into molded flames? Impossible!

In other words, this girl was double classed!

A magician and a warrior!

“Getting distracted in battle is the equivalent of death, Uncle!” Claire’s said coldly right before Xi Shaoqi’s last barrier was destroyed, sending him flying. His body struck a tree behind him brutally.

His started to black out, wincing with pain.

In front of the crystal ball, Xi Shaosi’s eyes widened. He had underestimated the enemy too much! As expected, Shaoqi was too

careless. Hopefully he would learn a lesson from this. Xi Shaosi sighed. Fortunately, Master had left too.

Claire's expression was icy as she approached Xi Shaoqi, gripping the sword of flames.

"Uncle, goodbye forever." A brilliant smile blossomed on Claire's face, stunning Xi Shaoqi. However, Claire then raised the sword of flames and stabbed towards his chest mercilessly.

But right before the sword pierced Xi Shao, Claire's movement was stopped.

Her body stiffened, the sword of flames still firmly in her grasp, yet unable to stab through him any more.

Not feeling the excruciating pain he had expected, Xi Shaoqi opened his eyes slowly. The girl's expression was one of shock while she was frozen in place.

"Haha, didn't you say goodbye forever? Cough, cough..." Xi Shaoqi had started to laugh, but strained his wounds and started to cough instead. Of course he knew what had happened. His master was here to save him!

The sword of flame slowly started to extinguish while her energy seemed to have been frozen. It was just like when they had sunk into the black magic formation.

"Shaoqi, you underestimated your enemy too much. Remember this lesson," Claire heard an aged voice. An old man in black appeared behind her silently.

"Master, haha, I'm still fine. The power the god of Darkness granted you is so strong, haha, that magic formation is so useful." Xi Shaoqi smirked, but did not dare to laugh to much for fear of straining his wounds.

Claire looked down. Sure enough, there was a black, five star magic formation below her. The old man that had appeared was definitely not simple, able to cast the magic formation without her notice.

Wait! Claire frowned. The power the god of Darkness granted him?

“Old man, this magic formation was taught to you by that bastard? The god of Darkness?” Claire asked, her tone disdainful.

“Little girl, a person who doesn’t have long to live shouldn’t waste their breath.” Xi Shaoqi humphed coldly. His back ached with a searing pain. Thinking of how pitiful he was when he had underestimated her, he humphed.

“Is the god of Darkness someone you fake Light believers can blaspheme?” the old man retorted angrily, frowning. The Temple of Light and the Temple of Darkness hated each other to the bone, afterall.

Tch! Claire clicked her tongue disdainfully. She knew that that shameless god of Darkness would be paying attention to her at all times. There was no way he would watch her be killed! However, she never expected to fall into the hands of his believers.

“Goodbye forever, little girl,” Xi Shaoqi laughed coldly, then pulled out a dagger, about to stab Claire in the heart.

But Claire’s sudden cry stopped him in his tracks.

“God of Darkness!”

“What are you bluffing for? Even if you started to worship the god of Darkness instead, we wouldn’t let you you live!” Xi Shaoqi humphed.

Claire remained silent, curling her lip in disgust, waiting for the shameless bastard to appear.

Xi Shaoqi raised his dagger up again, but suddenly, everything became dark!

A pressure the old man was extremely familiar with appeared!

The surroundings soon darkened to the point where they could not even see their hands.

Sitting before the crystal ball, Xi Shaosi’s expression also changed. The scene of Claire on the crystal ball became entirely black, nothing could be seen. He had experienced this kind of situation once, but he would remember it for the rest of his life!

Meanwhile, the old man and Xi Shaoqi were stunned.

This kind of pressure was something you only had to experience once to remember for the rest of your life!

The god of Darkness was descending!

Such darkness, such terrifying pressure! Only the god of Darkness could do such a thing!

But!

Why would the god of Darkness descend?

Chapter 148: [No Title]

The answer appeared in their minds, but they simply could not believe it.

The girl had summoned the god of Darkness?

How was that possible?

How was that possible?!

Amidst the darkness, a sliver of blood red light appeared suddenly. The god of Darkness had arrived!

“Can’t you give it a rest? Why do I have to appear so many times?” The god of Darkness’s icy voice carried a hint of anger. As the god of Darkness, appearing two times to help a human was extremely humiliating, so of course he was extremely displeased.

The pressure was so strong the old man and Xi Shaoqi could not even lift their heads. The words of the god of Darkness left them completely stunned. What did he mean? Who was the god of Darkness talking to?

But what happened next was even more shocking.

The girl was able to move now and she humphed coldly. “You think I want you to? If it weren’t for your followers using the power you gave them, would I need to call you out?”

The old man and Xi Shaoqi were utterly dumbfounded. They simply gaped and stared into the sea of darkness, unable to think. The girl was actually talking directly to the god of Darkness!

Who was she?!

Wasn’t she a believer of the Temple of Light? How was she able to summon the god of Darkness so easily?

“Tell those pig headed servants of yours not to bother me!” Claire waved offhandedly with annoyance.

Everything was pitch black. Eerie, deathly silence.

The old man and Xi Shaoqi gulped, becoming worried. They now

understood the relationship between the girl and the god of Darkness was extraordinary. Judging by her tone of voice, the god of Darkness might even take back the power he had awarded them because of her!

After the long pause, the gloomy voice of the god of Darkness finally sounded from within the heavy darkness.

“My followers, remember, from now on, do not touch her. Do all you can to protect her.” There was still a trace of anger.

“You hear that?” Claire humphed scornfully.

“Yes, O’ mighty god of Darkness,” the old man and Xi Shaoqi answered respectfully and fearfully.

“Use the power I have granted you wisely. Don’t disappoint me.” The old man had a stifled grunt. The god of Darkness had done something to him.

Before the old man could say anything, the darkness dissipated rapidly.

The god of Darkness had left.

Claire cracked her knuckles and stretched. The god of Darkness was extremely annoyed and didn’t want to see her, which was why he had left as fast as he could.

The old man and Xi Shaoqi watched the girl, who was standing relaxedly, a lazy expression on her face. They were unable to say a word.

“Old man, what are you staring for?” Claire walked up to them, humphing. “Where is this place? Speak. Why did you teleport me here? Where are my other companions?”

The old man still couldn’t register what had happened. At the same time, something new appeared inside his mind. The god of Darkness had just granted him another power.

“Wh-who are you? Aren’t you from the Tmple of Light? How are you able to summon our god of Darkness?” Xi Shaoqi asked hurriedly. He felt like he was dreaming; everything that had happened was simply unbelievable.

“Me?” Claire took a look at the anxious Xi Shaoqi, then humphed and

didn't answer his question. "Didn't you hear what your god of Darkness instructed to do? You all have to protect my safety."

Xi Shaoqi was taken aback, then remembered what the god of Darkness had said. He simply stared at Claire, unable to speak.

"Answer my questions. Where is this place? And where are my companions?" Claire snapped. Xi Shaoqi was still in a daze.

"This place is the outskirt of the Temple of Darkness, the Illusion Forest," the old man started to explain. "We're underground. We built the Temple of Darkness under this vast land."

"Oh, so the god of Darkness has his own territory." Claire glanced around. The old, decaying forest actually had just a pretty name.

"The Illusion Forest was built with much time and energy. The trees give off an odorless gas that, once breathed on, conjures illusions. The illusions are specially made for believers of the Light," the old man responded differentially. After seeing Claire's casual interaction with their god, his attitude was markedly different.

"Oh, no wonder I saw that stupid goddess."

"Miss... your other friends are scattered throughout this forest. But whether or not they can break free..." the old man continued hesitantly. But as members of the Temple of Light, they would most likely never make it out.

"Practically no one has ever broken free from the illusions," Xi Shaoqi shrugged, ignoring the old man's warning gaze.

"Specially for believers of the Light?" Claire frowned, recalling the illusion she saw. Did the others see the same kind of illusion? "Will the others see the goddess of Light ordering them to pray and such?"

"Right. Those idiots worship the goddess so blindly, they usually are swallowed into the illusions and never come out," Xi Shaoqi spat scornfully. The old man almost fainted, angered to death by this disciple of his. The girl was definitely special and those people were her companions after all, but Shaoqi had practically condemned them to death.

“Oh, so if they fall for the illusion, they’ll never break free? And vice versa?” Claire started the smile. Jean did not believe in the goddess and Leng Lingyun was not stupid either. That Divine Princess... Claire knew she would also make it out. In the depths of her eyes was malice, not the purity and elegance a true Divine Princess of the Temple of Light should have.

“Right.” Xi Shaoqi didn’t understand why the girl seemed to have stopped worrying.

“Let’s go. Bring me away from this place and get me some flower tea, preferably rugosa rose tea. After my companions make their way out, guide them over. Old man, lead the way,” Claire ordered without hesitation. Now, Claire felt having the god of Darkness on her side wasn’t too bad.

Xi Shaoqi twitched his lip, not understanding where her confidence came from. How was she so sure her companions would break free of the illusions?

“On of my companions is a warrior, brown haired, named Jean. Another has silver hair and violet eyes, Leng Lingyun. When they make their way out, bring them over. Thanks in advance, old man.”

“Yes,” the elder answered immediately without a second thought.

“Wait, what? Leng Lingyun? Isn’t he the Divine Prince of the Temple of Light? Are you sure he can make it out?” Xi Shaoqi asked in shock. He had thought the name sounded familiar.

“He will,” Claire replied indifferently, certain.

“He’ll start fighting the moment he sees us, how are we supposed to bring him over?” Xi Shaoqi humphed.

“That’s true. Then send them out after they break free. I’ll wait for them at the exit.” Even though Leng Lingyun was no true believer of the goddess of Light, if he met a believer of the god of Darkness, he would definitely fight.

Xi Shaoqi blinked, confused. He couldn’t believe what he had just heard,

that the Divine Prince of Light would be able to walk out of the Illusion Forest on his own. That meant the Divine Prince was going to profane the goddess of Light? How could that be?

"Uh, Miss, I am a priest of the Temple of Darkness, Bill. May I ask, what is your name, Miss... ?" The elder asked carefully.

"Claire," she replied indifferently. "Flower tea or rose tea, but old man, I want to drink rose tea." The elder started to sweat at her fixation.

"Alright, alright. Miss Claire, please follow me." Bill started to guide her, his tone respectful.

Claire followed and Xi Shaoqi hurried to catch up.

Xi Shaoqi approached Claire and asked quietly, "Hey, hey, Claire, I'm Xi Shaoqi. How are you able to summon our god of Darkness so easily? Why does our god protect you? Aren't you a member of the Temple of Light?" Li Shaoqi asked in a rush, acting very familiarly. Right now, curiosity was about to kill the cath. He desperately wanted to know how such an incredible situation had happened.

"I am a member of the Temple of Light, but I never said I believed in that fake goddess," Claire replied with annoyance.

"What do you mean?" Xi Shaoqi was confused. Could normal people join the Temple of Light whenever they wanted to? Weren't all members completely brainwashed?

"Miss Claire was roped into the Temple of Light later in life, correct?" Bill looked back and said meaningfully. "That fake goddess tries to rope in anyone who has a bit of talent."

"Your master is much smarter than you." Claire's casual words made Xi Shaoqi's lip twitch.

"However, Miss Claire, I too am curious as to how you can summon our god without any offerings." He had even benefited this time, but it was different. The new power came for free. Last time, they had used generous offerings and the power was intended to spread the influence of the god of Darkness too.

Chapter 149: [No Title]

Claire sighed. What could she say, that she was the offering for the god of Darkness? No way!

“I am on the god of Darkness’s side. I’m only in the Temple of Light to spy,” Claire lied on the spot. But Bill completely believed the lie. The god of Darkness himself protected her, so how could this be false?

However, Xi Shaoqi was doubtful. He felt that things were not as simple as they seemed; the way god of Darkness treated Claire was too strange.

“What is your plan?” Claire asked, walking next to Bill. “Get rid of the believers of the Temple of Light one by one and weaken their power?”

Ben nodded, his expression solemn. “Yes, the plan is indeed as you say. The day will come when the god of Darkness will replace the goddess, that hypocritical bastard.”

Claire envisioned that oddly satisfying scene once again: the goddess, originally worshipped by millions, spited by millions, and the god, originally hidden in darkness, revered by all.

Hmm, it seems interesting.

Claire followed Bill and Xi Shaoqi out of the Illusion Forest. The underground zone they were in was incredibly spacious, a large, golden disk hanging from above, providing light with its glow.

“That over there was made by our pope and black robed cardinals,” Bill said, smiling, seeing her gaze on the glowing disk. “We call it the Sun Disk.”

“Impressive,” Claire praised genuinely. What a magical item.

“There’s no other way. Aboveground, we can’t appear before others.” Bill sighed softly.

“Perhaps you will soon.” Claire smiled faintly.

“We will.” Bill nodded resolutely, his eyes filled with determination.

When Bill brought Claire to a stop before the Temple of Darkness,

Claire was once again impressed. The temple before her was no less grand than the Light's. Only, this temple was underground.

"Miss Claire, please." Bill guided Claire in. On the way there, there were many curious glances.

Once they arrived at the main fall, Claire sat down and sized up her surroundings.

"Miss Claire, your tea," said a gentle voice. Claire turned to see someone who looked identical to Xi Shaoqi. He had brought the rugosa rose tea Claire had demanded.

"It was you who was watching me, correct?" Claire accepted the tea without bothering to be polite. She smiled happily. Although it could not be compared with Camille's tea, it was the best tea she'd had in awhile.

Xi Shaoqi smiled, neither confirming nor denying.

"The Temple of Darkness sure is talented. The old man even knows how to read lips." Claire's eyes glinted as she sipped her tea. "His tea skills are not bad either."

Xi Shaosi maintained his smile. "Miss Claire, my name is Xi Shaosi."

"Please rest here for a while, Miss Claire. I am going to report to his holiness, the pope," Bill said politely.

"Sure." Claire set down her tea, and her gaze landed on the people who were supposedly just passing by, but secretly taking glances at her. Their gazes were all full of confusion and disbelief. Claire understood that the status of Bill and the Xi brothers must be pretty high in the Temple. Bill's special treatment must have left them curious.

"Claire, you are actually a double classed magician warrior!" Xi Shaoqi pulled up a chair and sat.

"You underestimated the enemy too much," Xi Shaosi said.

"That's right, uncle. If it weren't for your master, you would be in the underworld right now." Claire raised the now empty teacup, raising it in front of Xi Shaosi. Xi Shaosi was speechless, understanding. He picked up

the teapot and refilled her cup.

The underworld? Although Xi Shaoqi had never heard of this term before, he knew it could not mean anything good. It must be the equivalent of death.

“Am I really that old? Why do you call me uncle?” Xi Shaoqi protested.

“How old are you?” Claire took a sip of her tea, her eyes slitting.

“Twenty two,” Xi Shaoqi answered truthfully.

“As I thought. I’m only fourteen,” Claire said shamelessly. Her real age was past twenty, but her appearance was only fourteen, so technically, she wasn’t lying.

“There’s only an eight year gap, so why do you call me uncle!” Xi Shaoqi squirmed in his seat. But the movement strained his injury, making him grit his teeth.

“You lost to a person eight years younger than you,” Xi Shaosi added.

Xi Shaoqi wanted to explode.

Claire smelled the tea, smiling as she watched. Those brothers sure were entertaining.

Just when Xi Shaoqi was going to retort, there came the sound of footsteps at the door.

The people outside started to stir. Someone important had come.

“Your holiness.”

“Your holiness.”

Oh? So the [BOSS] had come? The pope of the Temple of Darkness?

Claire shifted her gaze to the door. An elderly man in a completely black robe appeared in the doorway, darker than any fabric. His hawkish eyes glinted. Although his hair had greyed, his steps were steady, his breathing controlled. Clearly, he was a powerful expert.

But the first words he said to Claire left her stunned. Everyone else was stunned too.

“Divine Princess, you’ve finally arrived!”

Divine Princess?

The Divine Princess of the Temple of Darkness?

Claire stared fixedly at the pope as he walked towards her, his gaze also on her. She pointed at herself, saying incredulously, “Are you talking to me?”

“Of course, Divine Princess.” The pope laughed and walked towards her.

“Don’t you have the wrong person?” Claire’s mouth twitched.

“Who else would be able to summon our mighty god of Darkness?” His voice was loud, audible to everyone else in the hall.

Claire watched the powerful old man without a word.

The Temple of Darkness’s structure was different from the Light’s. In the Temple of Light, the Divine Princess had a lower status than the cardinals, while in the Temple of Darkness, the Divine Princess was only second to the pope, much higher in status.

“Please follow me. I want to speak with you, Divine Princess.” The Dark Pope smiled, motioning politely.

Claire did not decline, unexpectedly. She stood up and followed the Dark Pope inside, leaving the crowd in the hall looking at each other with confusion. Only Bill was smiling faintly.

“Reverend, what is happening?”

“Wasn’t that girl from the Temple of Light?”

“Is what his holiness said true? That girl can summon our god of Darkness?”

“How could that be? Reverend, what exactly is the situation?”

In a short moment, the crowd had surrounded Bill with questions, ignoring formalities. But this impoliteness was somewhat justifiable. Afterall, the position of Divine Princess had been vacant for so long and all of a sudden, a young girl had appeared to accept this heavy

responsibility. Furthermore, she appeared to be from the Temple of Light! This was too difficult for them to accept!

"His holiness speaks the truth," Xi Shaosi said indifferently. "Come, everyone look into this memory crystal." Xi Shaosi placed the small memory crystal on a table in the hall, then infused it with magic. The scene of Xi Shaoqi facing Claire appeared within.

Xi Shaoqi shrieked and scrambled to snatch away the memory crystal, but Xi Shaosi stopped him.

"Seize him."

Xi Shaoqi glared at Xi Shaosi, murder in his eyes, but Xi Shaoqi ignored it.

Once everyone saw Claire had defeated Xi Shaoqi, they exclaimed. After all, the strength of the Xi brothers was well known, yet Xi Shaosi had been completely overpowered. Even if it was because he had underestimated her, Claire's strength was still surprising. When they saw Claire call out the god of Darkness and the memory crystal go black, their hearts almost stopped!

It was definitely their god of Darkness descending. They had all been present at the offering ceremony, an experience they would never forget!

The hall went deathly silent. They all stared fixedly at the memory crystal, unable to speak.

Stunned!

Utterly stunned!

"Any thoughts?" Bill sat down, rapping the table quietly.

"Reverend! That means that girl really is the envoy of the god of Darkness, our Divine Princess!"

"Is it our time to shine?"

Everyone was now suddenly excited, the atmosphere enthusiastic.

Chapter 150: [No Title]

Claire was conversing quietly with the Dark Pope at a quiet room.

“You are the emissary sent by the god of Darkness, the future of our Temple of Darkness. I hope that you will become the important Divine Princess and guide us to the future.” He revealed a sliver of excitement. Earlier, he could not permit himself to show any emotion.

“No.” Claire refused flatly.

“W-Why?” The Dark Pope had not expected Claire to refuse so simply. He thought that the girl had a very complicated, intertwined relationship with the god of Darkness. Afterall, it was simply unbelievable that the god of Darkness would protect of a human!

“There’s nothing in it for me.” Claire said softly. This reply almost made the Dark Pope faint.

Nothing in it? Nothing in it?! The words echoed in his mind.

“Miss Claire, you are favored by our might god of Darkness. Only you can accept such a heavy responsibility, conveying the will of the god of Darkness.” Favored by the god of Darkness, this was simply too unbelievable.

“Why must I be your Divine Princess? What’s in it for me? When I became a Priest of the Temple of Light, at least I took the gift of the goddess.” Claire sat down. There was no reason why she would have that shameless bastard. That fellow had been eyeing her spirit for such a long time. She wouldn’t even know when he would steal her spirit.

“Huh?” The pope finally could not restrain himself, his mouth gaping open.

“Old man, I’m not a believer of the goddess nor the god of Darkness. The reason why I can summon the god of Darkness is because of a contract between us, but don’t misunderstand. I am not favored.” She cursed in her mind, what fucking “favored”? That bastard wanted her life!

The pope was stunned for a moment. A contract with the god of

Darkness!

Claire's next words almost made him faint again.

"But I guess it would be interesting to see the goddess scorned and the god of Darkness worshipped. However, old man, if you want me to be the Divine Princess, there should at least be some advantages."

This, this young girl, why did it seem like she was haggling as if she were shopping at a marketplace?

How could such an important position, the Divine Princess of Darkness, be haggled over? And wasn't her reason for becoming the Divine Princess too unreasonable? Just because she thought it would be interesting?!

"Oi, old man!" Claire frowned, trying to get the Dark Pope's attention.

The Dark Pope stared blankly at the girl. It was the first time, the first time in his entire life he had felt such a sense of defeat. He had already planned out the rise of the Temple of Darkness, confident in himself, but today, for the first time, he felt defeated.

"Uh, then Miss Claire, what kind of advantages do you want?" The Dark Pope gritted his teeth.

"What can you give me?" Claire's eyes became slits.

"If you become the Divine Princess, you can deploy personnel and have control over our resources."

"Oh? Resources?" Claire's eyes slitted. "The Temple of Darkness cannot even appear in the legal world without fear of getting caught. How are you able to get resources?"

"We run our own business. Not all believers of the god of Darkness know Dark magic or Dou Qi and not all of them have Dark auras," the Dark Pope explained. "We also take in and assist people persecuted by the Temple of Light, such as girls with black hair and black eyes."

"Do you believe in that thousand year old prophecy?" Claire frowned slightly.

The prophecy that a girl with black hair and eyes would lead the

Darkness to overtake the Light!

"I did not find anything out of the ordinary about those girls."

Claire sighed. "They carry out such horrendous actions simply because of a dubious prophecy."

"Only those idiots of the Temple of Light believe in such stupid things," the Dark Pope said disdainfully. He stroked his chin, mumbling, "If you had black hair and eyes, I might have believed in this prophecy, but it seems it is completely unrelated to you."

When she heard these words, Claire's heart suddenly started to pound. Black hair and black eyes…"

"What is it? Divine Princess?" The pope noticed the change in Claire's expression. His eyes glinted with suspicion.

"N-nothing." Claire shook her head. "Wait, who did you call Divine Princess? I didn't say I agreed yet."

"Oh, haha. We will definitely treat you well, not like the Temple of Light, only giving praise." This was the truth, the difference between them and the hypocrites.

Claire started to mull over it. The fight between the first and second prince would become more intense in the future. The Temple of Light was watching from the sidelines and the Hill clan's standing was unclear as of yet. But there was one thing Claire was certain of; whether as a member of the Hill clan or a Reverend of the Temple of Light, she was bound to be involved, so she needed a power that truly belonged to her. The Temple of Darkness was the perfect candidate!

"Okay, old man. I agree to become the Divine Princess. My only condition is that I must be able to mobilize personnel whenever I want."

"No problem!" the pope agreed immediately. He laughed in his heart. Even if Claire didn't tell him to, he was going to send people to protect her in secret. After all, this was the command of the god of Darkness.

That easily? Claire eyed the pope with slitted eyes, making him feel

uneasy.

"Venerable pope..." Claire suddenly started to smile, her gaze shifting to the ring on his finger. The pope followed her gaze. "No, you can't do this! This is my only storage ring!"

"I didn't say I wanted your ring," Claire snapped with annoyance, seeing his nervous appearance.

"Then what do you want?" The pope asked cautiously.

"Do you have anything good? Don't tell me you don't. You are the stately pope of Darkness, so you should at least have a few good treasures. The Temple of Light had the goddess's gift at least." Claire eyed the pope slyly.

The pope stared straight back. Claire didn't say anything either. They simply stared at each other.

"Fine." The pope finally gave in. A small dagger materialized in his hand, ancient with mysterious designs on it. He handed it over while looking away, very unwilling. "The Clouye Dagger. It can destroy any magic shield."

Such a good item?! Claire was astonished! This old man had such a good thing? This weapon must be the dream of all assassins, the enemy of all magicians. If an assassin wanted to kill a magician, it would be easy without a shield. However, if the magician had a shield, there was almost no way around it. But with this dagger, things were different. Even if a magician was cautious and set up a magic barrier, he still would not be able to block it.

"Thank you." Of course Claire wouldn't decline it. To her, his dagger was the icing on the cake! Although skilled in assassination, Claire hadn't had a good dagger up until now.

The pope had a grieved expression. Claire reached out to accept the dagger, but it wouldn't budge. The pope was gripping it tightly, a bitter expression on his face.

Claire pulled hard, but the pope gripped it harder.

“Old man, what are you doing?” Claire humphed coldly.

Only then did the pope let it go sulkily.

“Wh-what else do you want?” His heart was already bleeding. But he understood that it wouldn’t be appropriate if he didn’t have anything else good to bring out.

Claire thought about it, but there really wasn’t anything she needed currently. “Nothing for now.”Under the resentful gaze of the pope, Claire unsheathed her original dagger, replacing it with the new one, then put the old one into her storage ring. Seeing this, the pope was shocked. Claire had a storage ring?!

Currently, Claire needed to become stronger and stronger. The question was, how? She had only broken through the eighth level on the brink of death. The ninth level would be even more difficult.

The pope let out a huge sigh of relief in his heart. “Good. We shall hold the coronation ceremony immediately,” he said hurriedly, afraid Claire might change her mind. To him, Claire who would summon the god of Darkness so easily was a huge, huge asset!

“No need. Let’s make it as simple as possible. Just make sure to inform everyone. Send me and my companions out now.” Claire stood up.

Chapter 151: [No Title]

“Ok, I will give you an insignia for you to mobilize the Temple of Darkness’s personnel whenever you wish. I will have them memorize your appearance. If you wish to contact us, find the boss of the slave market in the capital.” The Dark Pope materialize a crest from his storage ring and handed it to Claire.

Claire accepted the insignia, surprised. “The Temple of Darkness operates the slave market?”

“Correct,” the Dark Pope nodded.

The slave market was making buckets of gold daily. Who would have thought that behind the scenes, it was actually the Temple of Darkness!

“You should be controlling other businesses in the capital, correct?”

“Yes. Tailor shops, jewelry shops, and weapon shops, we have them all,” the pope nodded. Of course many resources were necessary for the Temple of Darkness to function. It was so large, it would be impossible otherwise. Unlike the Temple of Light, no one was donating money to them for doing nothing.

“If you want to find me, go to the Hill manor. Say that I ordered clothes or something and need me to take measurements.”

“Yes.” The pope nodded. Bill had already reported her identity to him, the granddaughter of all-mighty Duke Gordan!

“Tell other people to send me off now. Make sure my two companions are sent out as well. As for other people, I don’t care.” Claire naturally did not care whether the Divine Princess lived or died.

“Alright.” The pope walked towards the door. “Come with me, I will find people to send you out. I will tell others to lead those two you mentioned out instead of facing them.”

“Sorry for troubling you.” The pope almost cried. It was the most polite thing this penny pinching girl had said all day.

As they entered the hall, the original chattering instantly died down.

When the pope announced Claire's new position, many people were accepting. The memory crystal had already explained everything.

However, as everyone bowed, Claire felt a bit uncomfortable. Such a huge crowd of people in black was bowing to her.

Once the crowd dispersed, Claire settled down. Xi Shaosi poured a cup of rugosa rose tea for her.

Claire eyed Bill. "Old man, can you teleport me to the capital of Lagark?"

"What? Divine Princess, what do you need to go there for?" Bill already addressed Claire differently, his voice respectful.

"I need to find someone, it's very important." Claire had already made a decision in her mind. Find senior Astral Feng! If she wanted to break through the ninth level, even if she was able to comprehend it right now, she wouldn't be able to block the lightning. It was better if she cultivated at the strange old man's place. Perhaps he might even be able to give advice. As she was thinking, Feng Yixuan's confident, smiling face suddenly appeared in her mind. How was he doing?

"I cannot," Bill said apologetically. "The spell the god of Darkness gave us can only teleport people into the Illusion Forest, nowhere else."

"Oh, is that so." Claire pondered for a moment. "Then where does this place lead to when you leave?"

"The border of Amparkland," Bill answered. "You two companions have already made their way out of the Illusion Forest and led out. You pets are also safe." He sounded shocked, evidently not expecting Leng Lingyun and Jean to be able to make their way out the Illusion Forest safely.

Claire stood up. "I will write a letter that you will send to my companions, then leave myself."

Hiding temporarily wasn't a bad idea. Who knew what that pope of Light, that old fox, was planning. Claire was apprehensive. If things continued this way, the Temple of Light was bound to face the Hill clan.

Divine right and royal authority had been at odds for quite some while.

In the dead of night, a figure flashed past the city wall of a border city. The shadow slipped away into the darkness, unnoticed.

Claire started her journey to Lagark. She had to find An Lisha first before finding Senior Feng Astral.

However, Claire was unaware how much the mysterious island had changed from before.

It was night. Cold wind blew, small flurries of snow flying in the air, making it difficult to open their eyes.

Passing through Nirvana Forest was the only way to travel to Lagark from Amparkland.

A carriage stopped in a small clearing. Seven or eight men in uniform stood with their backs to the carriage, watching their surroundings alertly, their swords unsheathed, ready to attack at any given moment.

Inside the carriage, a middle aged man was hugging two little girls tightly. Both were beauties, one appearing seventeen to eighteen years old, the other fifteen or sixteen. The both shivered, fear evident in their eyes.

“Father, can we return safely?” The younger girl trembled.

“What are you afraid of? There are guards outside,” the older girl rebuked. Her voice also shook, but she tried to draw up her courage.

“Nothing will happen to us.” The middle aged man hugged the two girls tighter, but his heart sunk. He was uncertain they would make it out live if a fourth grade lightning leopard were to attack. Lightning leopards were named not because of their ability to use the lightning element, but because of their lightning fast speed. These magic beasts were troublesome because they were so fast, their movements were hard to see, even harder to defend from. And lightning leopards were ruthless. Once they spotted prey, even if they were not hungry, they would still kill them all!

“Ahhh!” There was a scream outside the carriage. One of the guards was

attacked! His arm had been clawed, completely crippled.

"Father!" The younger girl curled into a ball in the middle aged man's embrace, shaking fearfully. The older girl was deathly pale. Now she didn't have the courage to repeat what she had said. The middle aged man was pale too, but all he could do was draw the girls closer.

Although one of their members had fallen, the guards did not panic. They encircled the carriage more tightly. They could not let anything happen to the people inside!

The middle aged man's heart was filled with remorse. He shouldn't have left with only eight guards, traveling so lightly. Whether he died or not did not matter, but he could not let anything happen to the two children in his embrace.

"Father, I'm scared..." The younger girl shuddered. She raised her head, eyes filled with fear.

"Don't be afraid," the middle aged man said. But all he could do was pat her back and comfort her. His regret grew. Why did he refuse to let his daughters learn magic or Dou Qi? Now there was no chance of living. Did the heavens truly want him to die now?

Then came another scream.

The two girls curled up, the younger one already crying. "Father, if only elder brother were here."

The middle aged man said nothing. His son was talented, so he was now part of the Hidden Sect. It had been many years since his son had last been home.

There came another scream, this time accompanied with painful groans.

The middle aged man closed his eyes, sighing. Was he really going to die today?

But then, there was a commotion. They could hear the whisperings of the beast and the surprised exclamations of the guards.

"Sir, we are safe now." The curtain of the carriage entrance was raised

and a young man's face appeared, relieved and in awe.

"What happened?" The middle aged man asked with astonishment. They were one foot in the grave just a moment ago. How were they safe now?

"A young man suppressed the beasts," the guard answered emotionally. "Before we could even see what the young man did, the lightning leopard was already crouching beneath his feet, whimpering."

What?

The middle aged man hurried off the carriage. What he saw left him astonished.

A young man in black with a wide brimmed hat stood next to the large lightning leopard. He reached out and patted the leopard's head. The leopard simply stood there obediently, not moving an inch. Even more shockingly, the leopard's legs were trembling ever so slightly!

"Young man, you saved our lives. Thank you." The middle aged man bowed.

"I was merely passing by. I just so happened to be needing a mount," the young man waved offhandedly. He mounted the leopard, about the leave.

"Wait, benefactor. It is already dark and there are no inns ahead. Why not stay with us?" The middle aged man sized up the young man. He didn't have anything on him. In such icy cold weather, how was he going to camp?

The young man did not respond, but he did not leave immediately either. The wide brimmed hat hid the young man's face, so there was no way to read his expression.

The middle aged man continued to pursue. "Benefactor, I still have not thanked you properly. I don't even know you name. Tonight, there will be a large blizzard. Please stay and camp with us. We have extra tents." If such a strong young man traveled with them, they would be safe. Although they were traveling light in order to avoid attention, there was no way to knowing if there would be mishaps in the future. If the young man stayed, it would be easier to convince him to travel with them in the

future.

Afterall, there was an important piece of information he had to tell the Madam!

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"Alright," the young man replied coldly. He dismounted. The lightning leopard stood obediently, not daring to move an inch.

"If I may, what is your name, benefactor?" The middle aged man smiled in a polite manner.

"Clei," Claire instantly responded. Indeed, it would be nice if others set up the tent and prepared dinner. Preparing things by herself was usually a hassle.

The middle aged man introduced everyone. "I am Bren. These are my guards. Inside the carriage are my daughters, my oldest daughter, Jessica, and my youngest daughter, Mayla. We were on our way to see relatives, until we ran into this magic beast."

"Oh," Claire replied indifferently, not wasting any breath.

Bren did not mind. In his experience, all powerful experts had this kind of personality. However, judging by the sound of his voice and his stature, the young man was very young. Being so powerful at such a young age was very rare. This kind of talent might even surpass that of his gifted son's.

While some guards started treating their wounds, others started setting up the tents. For a while now, the two girls had been peering out the carriage window. They now walked out to thank Claire. Claire only gave a slight nod. She did not want to become too involved with them. Tomorrow morning, as soon as the sun rose, she was going to leave on her mount. The middle aged man was no ordinary person. He had a faint aura of nobility, not someone she wanted to become involved with.

The two girls kept on staring at Claire, wanting to see her face, but unable to. She emitted a cold aura and never spoke more than she had to, distant and aloof. The two girls were too shy to approach her.

A fire was lit, driving away the cold.

Bren gave Claire roasted meat and sweet wine. Claire accepted, only uttering one word of thanks.

Bren sat down next to Claire. “Benefactor, where are you going?” he asked cautiously.

“The capital of Lagark,” Claire replied simply as she ate.

Delighted, Bren asked hurriedly, “We are heading there too. If possible, can benefactor travel with us?”

Claire frowned slightly. Just when she was about to refuse, Bren added, “Traveling alone is inconvenient. I also know a shortcut to the capital.”

Claire nodded. “Fine.”

Bren let out a sigh of relief in his heart. In the end, he was able to convince the powerful young man to accompany them. What he said had indeed convinced Claire. It was not that Claire did not have tents and the like, but that she did not want to set them up herself. Afterall, she had everything in her storage ring.

After dinner, the tents were already pitched. Without a word, Claire dove in and slept.

“Father, that person is so impolite. He didn’t even say good night.” The elder daughter, Jessica, frowned with annoyance.

“All powerful people are this way.” Bren patted her head, smiling.

“Is elder brother also that strange?” Mayla asked, also frowning.

Bren remained silent. He thought back to his abnormal son. Calculating the days, he would be able to return in a few months. Although those of the Hidden Sect are not allowed to be involved with worldly affairs, that did not mean they had to cut all ties with family. Disciples of the Hidden Sect were allowed a break each year to visit their families.

The lightning leopard obediently lay behind Claire’s tent, guarding. It did not dare to leave.

Claire accompanied the group, passing through a valley. Sure enough, it was much faster than the commonly used roads, twice as fast.

After a few days, they finally reached their destination. Before them was the capital of Lagark.

“Many thanks for your hospitality. Good bye.” Before anyone could respond, Claire dismounted from the lightning leopard. She patted its head, then pointed ahead, telling the leopard it could leave now. The leopard howled excitedly, then vanished from their view, a shocking sight.

Claire strode away, ignoring the people behind her.

“Father, that guy sure is uncultured!” Jessica frowned angrily.

“Enough. It is already very fortunate we returned home safely.” Bren patted his daughter’s head to console her.

“That’s right. He also saved us.” Mayla, on the other hand, was very interested in Claire.

“Alright, let’s go home. I still have important business to attend to.” Bren patted his daughters’ heads, feeling urgent. He had to visit the Feng manor and see Madam An Lisha as fast as possible in order to inform her of the important intel he had come to know about accidentally.

Before returning home, Bren went directly to the Feng manor.

Meanwhile, his two daughters returned home.

At the door, they saw a figure that surprised them.

“Elder brother!”

The two girls exclaimed happily, dashing forward.

“Jessica, Mayla.” The young man smiled faintly.

“Elder brother, how did you come home today? Wasn’t your break coming in a few months?” Jessica asked happily.

Mayla was also wide eyed as she waited for his answer.

“I left the Hidden Sect for some business.” The young man smiled. “So I decided to stop by home and visit you all.” The young man could not tell his family what the business matter was, however. He was on a mission to find who murdered elder Huo Xiyu. There were already some clues. Witness had seen elder Huo Xiyu appear in Fenghua city. He only needed to travel there and use the Soul Imprint Mirror to track traces of the

elder's spiritual aura. Then he would be able to see what exactly had happened and figured out who had killed elder Huo Xiyu!

He had to avenge the elder!

When Claire arrived at the entrance of Feng manor, she met Bren again.

Bren was surprised to see Claire. "Benefactor, what have you come here for?"

"To find someone," Claire replied indifferently. Someone had already been sent in to report her presence. The guards had not shown any disdain even though Claire was dressed plainly, showing how well trained the Feng clan was.

When the guards heard the ordinary looking young man mention Claire's name, they were surprised. Many people still remembered her vividly, Claire Hill, the one who had stunned everyone at the martial arts tournament. But what was this young man's relation to Claire? Only when she removed her hat did the guards suddenly tense up with realization.

What young man, it was Claire herself! No one who had witnessed the competition would forget her emerald green eyes and refined features. Even if you saw her only through a memory crystal, you still would never forget.

Find someone? Bren thought to himself, this young man was here to find someone from Feng manor? What was his relation with the Feng clan?

Right at that moment, there was a clamor of footsteps inside the gates.

A gust of wind blew and An Lisha appeared before them, donning fiery red clothes.

"Aunt An," Claire addressed familiarly.

An Lisha smiled, pleased. She grabbed Claire by the hand affectionately. "Why are you here? I thought I wouldn't see you for a long time."

Because they were not alone, Claire could only say, "I, I want Aunt An to take me to that place."

"Oh?" An Lisha paused for a moment, then started smiling cunningly.

“Haha, alright.” She winked at Claire, making Claire embarrassed.

“Come, come. Let’s go inside to talk.” An Lisha started to walk with Claire, completely overlooking Bren.

When he saw An Lisha was about to leave, Bren came to his senses. “Madam An.”

“Oh? Bren?” An Lisha was surprised. “Didn’t you go to your wife’s hometown?”

“I have something important to report to you.” Bren’s gaze settled on Claire. He was very curious who Claire was. Madam An Lisha was extraordinarily affectionate with the young man. Perhaps he was a friend of young master Feng?

An Lisha’s expression sharpened. If the serious Bren said it was important, it was truly important.

“Come inside.” Claire led the way as Bren followed from behind closely.

At the door of the study:

“Aunt An, sorry to bother you,” Claire said a little embarrassedly. “I will take my leave now.”

“It’s fine if you go to find Master and Yixuan yourself. Here, have this teleportation scroll. If you need to leave, just tell my master.” An Lisha did not want to keep Claire waiting for too long either.

“Thank you so much, Aunt An. Sorry to bother you so much,” Claire said apologetically, her eyes filled with genuine gratitude.

“Haha, go. Once Yixuan, that brat, sees you, he’ll definitely be hapy.” An Lisha smiled widely as she handed to Claire the teleportation scroll.

“Thank you, Aunt An.”

“Bren, let’s go and talk inside.” An Lisha opened the door of the study. Bren looked back at Claire just as she tore the scroll and disappeared on the spot, his gaze full of curiosity.

When Bren finished his report, An Lisha frowned. “Do not tell anyone

this information. Deal with it secretly," she said calmly.

"Yes, Madam. I did not tell anyone else." Bren's tense heart finally relaxed. Any problem that reached the Madam's ears was already half solved. He could finally rest easy.

"You may leave now. You still have not returned home yet and must be tired."

"No, it is nothing. I only wanted to inform Madam as soon as possible." Bren smiled, not intending to leave yet.

"Oh? Is there something else?" An Lisha was puzzled.

"Madam An, that young man just now was my savior. On our way here, I and my daughters were attacked by a lightning leopard and we were saved by him. I didn't expect him to be the friend of young master Feng." Bren finally started to reveal what he had been curious about.

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“Haha.” Unexpectedly, An Lisha laughed. “Do you remember Claire Hill from the martial arts competition? The one who fought on behalf of the Li clan?”

Bren froze. Clei? Claire! That young man wasn’t a young man, but a young woman! Now everything made sense. No wonder a fourth grade magic beast would cower before her. The memory of Claire defeating Hua Yilin was still fresh in his memory. Only fourteen years old, yet already so powerful.

“Alright, you can go. Claire won’t take it to heart. To her, it was as easy as lifting her hand. You don’t need to stress over it.” An Lisha knew that this subordinate of hers always took things seriously and was probably in the middle of fretting over how to repay Claire.

“Yes, Madam An.” Bren’s heart shook. He bid farewell and then withdrew.

When Bren returned home, he saw his son conversing happily with his two daughters. When they saw him, they stood up.

“Father,” Carter greeted.

“Carter, how are you home?” Bren was surprised to suddenly see his son return. If he remembered correctly, his son’s break still hadn’t arrived yet.

“I returned for some business. Home happened to be along the way.” Carter’s handsome face smiled.

“Oh, is that so.” Bren gazed at his son with content. Carter had become more mature. Although Carter, having joined the Hidden Sect, was unable to become an official, if something happened to his family, he would definitely return to help. “Your strength must have increased quite a bit again.” Bren smiled and patted his son’s shoulder. Suddenly, a strange thought appeared in his mind. Between his talented son and Claire, who would come out on top? Both were fire attributed magicians.

“Many people are stronger than me still. I must continue to work hard.”

Carter's expression sharpened. "Father, I heard on your way back, you were in danger, but you were saved by a young man?" Jessica and Mayla had already informed him.

"Haha, not a young man, but a young woman." Bren laughed. "It was the one who defeated Hua Yilin, Claire Hill."

"Oh?" Carter was confused. He had never heard her name before.

However, Jessica and Mayla started exclaiming delightfully.

"Father, is that true? It was really her?"

"It was really her? Father, how could she be here? What a pity, I didn't even get to speak to her!"

The fierce battle that day had left a deep impression in the two girls. That girl had stunned everyone present that day.

Carter was a bit confused seeing how excited his little sisters were. He had never seen them idolize someone else besides him so much before.

"Carter, I still have a memory crystal recording of that battle. You should take a look. Perhaps it will help your cultivation. She is also a fire attributed magician. However, her flame is golden." Bren was unaware of the lasting impact his actions would have.

Once Carter finished watching the memory crystal, his expression became serious.

"Father, can you give me this memory crystal?" Carter's gaze had not left the girl in the magic crystal. He continuously infused magic, replaying the recording over and over.

"Mhm, take it." Bren completely understood why his son requested this. Although his son was very affectionate towards his family members, he was in actuality very arrogant, looking down on everyone. The originally undefeatable Hua Yilin secretly battled with Carter in the past. No one knew what the results were, however Hua Yilin never appeared before Carter again. Later on, Carter was selected by the Hidden Sect and from then on, started on his path of cultivation.

Carter put away the crystal and stood up. “Father, I must go now. I have very serious business this time.”

Bren nodded. He understood the ways of the the Hidden Sect. “Go. Be careful now, take care of yourself.”

Carter’s heart was unable to calm down. The girl in the memory crystal was so entrancing, so stunning he felt his soul shake. The moment her lotuses blossomed, it felt as if time had stopped. Golden colored flames, what kinds of flames were those? Carter’s heart throbbed. His hands clenched into fists, loosened, then clenched tightly again.

He wanted to meet her and have a match!

At that moment, Claire had already reached the mysterious island. What she saw made her shocked, but she did not see Feng Yixuan.

The small cabin from before was missing. The entire island was in disarray. Wood chunks were scattered everywhere. The beds, dishes, tables and the like were all over the place. It looked as is the island had gone through a natural disaster.

Currently, the old man, senior Astral Feng, had his back facing her, hammering away. His hair was like a chicken’s nest. Was this how a powerful expert was supposed to look like?

The old man cursed under his breath. “That damn brat, he dared to wreck my place like this? Watch it kid, I better give you a lesson for your own good.”

Claire’s lip twitched.

This mess was created by Feng Yixuan?

“Senior Astral Feng...” Claire called out weakly.

“Oh?” The old man whipped his head around. From his expression, you could plainly see he was not in a good mood and that bothering him was a bad idea.

“What happened?” Claire glanced around at the carnage.

“What happened? That damn brat broke through the ninth level and

leveled this place to the ground." The old man waved his hammer in the air angrily, seething.

"Ah..." Claire eyed the half crazed old man. Why was it that although he was throwing a fit, he seemed a little happy?

"Haha, so I kicked him into the Land of Rebirth*. There, powerful people are aplenty. I'll be damned if they don't beat him half to death." The old man laughed heartily, his hands at his hips.

*Literal means "refine with fire space". Anyone have any better ideas, comment down below, I'm at a loss T_T

"Land of Rebirth? What kind of place is that?" It was the first time she had heard of it before.

"It is a very dangerous place, dangerous yet also enticing. It is also a good place to cultivate. I and Si Konglin, that old fox, met there. There, it is a survival of the fittest." The old man's eyes closed, as if he were reminiscing about the past.

Such a place existed? How come she had never heard of it before?

"Why have I never heard or read about it before?"

"Haha, little girl, of course you wouldn't know. You cannot enter that world without reaching a certain level of strength. That world is completely different from this one. Everything is based on strength and power." The old man sat down. He set aside the hammer and looked at Claire. "Little girl, what did you come here for?"

"I... I have been thoroughly stuck at the eighth level of the Treasured Lotus Style, so I came here to ask for senior's advice..." Claire bit her lip, revealing her true goal.

"Do you know the fastest way to become strong?" The old man's expression sharpened.

Claire remained silent. She stared at the senior.

"The fastest way is to continuously fight against people even stronger than you. Only on the brink of death can you trigger your true potential,"

the old man said simply.

"But if you can't?"

"Then you die," the old man said plainly, as if it were obvious. Claire fell silent. What kind of a method was this?

But Claire thought back to when she had faced Hua Yiling. It was at that moment, so close to death, when she suddenly instantaneously comprehended the eighth level of the Treasured Lotus Style.

"That damn brat had also reached a bottleneck, so I sent them there. Whether or not he can return depends on himself." The old man yawned, finally revealing the true reason why he had sent Feng Yixuan away. He looked at Claire, his head crooked. "You have also reached a bottleneck. Will you go? I cannot give you any pointers for the Treasured Lotus Style because it was invented by that old fox. I don't know about his current whereabouts either, in any case."

"I'll go." Claire did not waver at all.

"Haha, not bad, little girl!" The old man stood up, laughing heartily. "I'll send you now. That fellow hasn't been there for long, so you two should be able to meet."

Without further ado, the old man quickly constructed a magic formation on the ground with numerous ores from his interspatial ring. An eight star magic formation!

"Be careful when you're there. If you two want to return, you must reach the highest mountain peak. There is a teleportation formation there, but reaching there is not easy. Once you're there, you'll understand." The old man started to activate the magic formation. White light glowed, becoming brighter and brighter.

Claire nodded. "Yes." She stepped into the center of the formation. The white light enveloped Claire's body, and then she disappeared.

"Aiya~ya, I wasted so many ores again," the old man cried out, looking at the used up ores on the ground. Able to power teleportation spells, the ores were priceless, not something money could buy. Of course, the

Temple of Light owned some as well, but they were only used in times of emergency. However, although they were so precious, the senior was able to use them quite readily.

The old man sad down. He looked around at the mess. Quietly, he murmured, “I believe the two of you can definitely return.”

Claire only felt the sensation of floating before everything went black. When she could see again, her surroundings were completely different. She was in the middle of a lush forest. But before she could look at her surroundings more closely, a yell caught her attention.

“Stinkin’ brat, not knowing what’s good for you. Me taking a fancy of you is lucky for you!” an unknown voice cried, piercing and full of anger.

On the other hand, the replying voice was quite familiar...

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“You disgusting old hag, go die.”

Claire was quite familiar with this voice.

Feng Yixuan!

Claire hurried towards the voice. She could hear Feng Yixuan had unsteady breath, meaning he was injured!

Bang!

There was a huge explosion. Claire ran over just in time to see an alluring woman brandishing her broadsword, attacking Feng Yixuan fiercely. Feng Yixuan backed away hurriedly. Fighting in close combat with a warrior was unwise. The slight trickle of red from the corner of Feng Yixuan’s mouth indicated he had an internal injury. The alluring woman didn’t see to be in a hurry to kill Feng Yixuan. Instead, she merely followed closely, forcing him back. Whenever Feng Yixuan cast a spell, the woman would slash it apart with a fierce burst of sword Qi, forcing him back continuously.

The alluring woman was very strong and fast. Her timing was also impeccable, attacking fluidly, leaving no time for Feng Yixuan to cast a spell back. This was the skill of an experienced expert. Magic, even if it were cast wordlessly, required time to coalesce, but this woman left no time at all.

The Azure Ripple blade materialized in Claire’s hand. She dashed forward and blocked a strike.

Clang...

The sound of blades crossing echoed.

“Claire!” Feng Yixuan was both surprised and pleased.

Claire remained silent, her expression sharp. From just this one clash, she had determined the opponent’s strength.

The woman was powerful and quick.

“Who are you?!” The woman hollared angrily. Just when she was about to finish, this brat appeared out of nowhere!

Claire remained silent, only calm as she blocked the woman’s next attack.

She only needed to bear the strikes for a moment. Even just one second was enough for Feng Yixuan’s spell to coalesce. As a magician, Feng Yixuan was not as strong or fast as Claire, but his magic was...

This woman was strong, but not strong enough!

Feng Yixuan stopped, his eyes furrowing as he concentrated. His finger traced a circle in the air as he said in a low, but firm voice, “Wind prison!”

Instantly, the air started to flow, forming a barrier around the woman. Claire withdrew. The woman tried to give chase, but was thrown back by the wind barrier. The wind prison started to tighten, binding the woman inside.

Claire raised a brow at the severe, swirling wind. Feng Yixuan had improved quickly in such a short amount of time.

The woman started to slash away at the barrier.

Claire put away her sword, then glanced at Feng Yixuan. Their gazes met. Without a word, they both understood.

The next moment, the woman burst forth with Dou Qi and slashed open the wind barrier, but before she could react, she could only see flames! The woman’s eyes flashed with alarm at the intense heat of the golden flames. She wanted to dodge, but found herself unable to retreat.

Feng Yixuan was using the wind prison again, trapping the woman along with the flames.

She wailed and screamed, but Claire and Feng Yixuan did not do anything.

Claire raised her hand and a spear of golden flames materialized.

Claire took a step back, then threw with all her might.

“Go.”

As the spear whistled towards the wind prison, a sliver in the wind blades appeared, just enough for the spear to shoot inside.

Feng Yixuan and Claire had coordinated seamlessly. It had taken only two minutes starting from when Claire had blocked the woman’s attacks.

Once again, there were screams, but those soon died down, leaving only a faint burning odor.

Having finished off the woman, the two looked at each other.

“Claire, why are you here?” Feng Yixuan, although delighted, was slightly worried. The Land of Rebirth was extraordinarily dangerous. He hadn’t been here for long, yet he had already crossed paths with such a powerful individual.

“The same reason as you.” Claire watched the wind prison and flames die out. “What happened? The senior said he had just sent you over not long ago.”

A hint of embarrassment showed Feng Yixuan’s face. He couldn’t bring himself to say the old woman wanted him to become her gigolo and attendant.

Claire understood immediately. “We should first inspect our surroundings.”

“Yes.” Feng Yixuan let out a sigh of relief that Claire did not continue to ask.

“Right, this is for you.” Claire took out a ring from her interspatial ring.

Feng Yixuan’s eyes widened. He stared blankly at the ring in her hand, unable to move.

“What? You don’t want it? Then forget about it.” Claire acted as if she were about to put it away.

Feng Yixuan snatched it with one swipe, holding it dearly. “I want it! How could I not?” he said hastily.

“Then form a blood contract.” Claire looked at the blood trickling from Feng Yixuan’s mouth. He didn’t even need to prick his finger.

After he formed the blood contract, Feng Yixuan started to sense the amount of space and was shocked. Such a large amount of space! Claire had actually given him something this valuable! Where had such a valuable item come from? Feng Yixuan’s heart was moved.

“Claire, are you proposing to me?” Feng Yixuan stroked the ring and smirked. He was back to his old self.

“Give it back,” Claire replied icily.

“I already formed a blood contract.” Feng Yixuan smirked. “There is no way I will give it up, unless you kill me.”

Bam.

Feng Yixuan was clutching his eye, howling as he crouched on the ground. Claire’s fist had punched him squarely in the eye. Disregarding Feng Yixuan’s howls, Claire suddenly frowned.

“Someone’s coming.” Claire’s voice was low. She looked ahead vigilantly.

Naturally, Feng Yixuan also sensed it. His expression sharpened as he stood up.

Claire gave signaled to Feng Yixuan with her eyes and the two silently moved away. Hiding their aura was a technique Claire and Feng Yixuan were both experts at.

The two did not go far, hiding behind a large tree as they watched.

“Miya sure is troublesome. What did she run off so fast for? The spider city lord selection is still far in the future. Besides, the city lord will choose her husband for her. Miya, that stubborn male chaser,” a voice grumbled, filled with disdain.

“What do you know. The city lord’s daughter is going to choose a husband, but the city lord’s son is a pretty boy. Miya ran off wanting to see that pretty boy,” said another voice. It was rough and boorish.

“Tch, she doesn’t intend to only see him. But does she think the city

lord's son are like those ordinary people she chased after in the past?" It was the first voice again.

"That's true." The boorish voice humphed. Suddenly, his tone was puzzled. "Where is that burning smell coming from?"

"Eh?"

Three men came into view. They were all dressed similarly with blue clothes and broadswords strapped to their backs. Their facial features resembled that of the alluring woman. Were these three relatives of the dead woman? They were actually all purely warriors.

"What is that?" The man walking at the front was the first to notice the corpse. It was already mangled beyond recognition.

"That's Miya's sword!" One of the other men with keener eyes hurriedly bent down to pick up the sword.

The three men's expressions changed greatly. They all stared at the scorched black corpse on the ground, eyes filled with disbelief. That scorched pile of black was their younger sister??

"Elder brother! Is... is that Miya?!" The voice of the man holding the sword shook.

Claire and Feng Yixuan shared a glance. They slowly crept away quietly. Staying was an unwise decision.

Just as Claire and Feng Yixuan were far in the distance, the first man raised his head and frowned. He looked towards his right. Was it just his imagination? It felt like there were people there. But this feeling only lasted for a moment as his younger brother's cry grabbed his attention.

"Elder brother, it really is Miya, it really is! Ahhhh! How could this have happened! Who was it?! Who killed Miya!!!"

Claire and Feng Yixuan were still able to hear them, but they only increased their speed.

"What is this place?" Feng Yixuan wiped the dried blood from his mouth. "Those three men were even stronger than that woman. If you

hadn't appeared right on time, I would have been trapped here. Damn old man, he didn't even tell me clearly what kind of place this is!"

"Senior Feng said that here is survival of the fittest." Claire frowned slightly, remembering the old man's words. But wasn't that true everywhere? However, the old man's words seem to have another meaning. Did that mean there was no law and order here?"

"In any case, these people are annoying." Feng Yixuan looked up towards the sky. He originally thought that once he broke his seal and broke through the ninth level of the Heavenly Astral Wind, he would be considered powerful. Who would have thought that he would be nearly defeated the moment he arrived!

"Senior Feng said that if we wanted to return, we must reach the peak of the highest mountain. There, there is a teleportation formation." Claire gazed into the distance, squinting. Far into the distance, a tall mountain stood, disappearing into the clouds.

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“That old fox!” Feng Yixuan suddenly roared.

“What?” Claire glanced back and saw Feng Yixuan was furious.

“He’s too devious! He said that as long as I could find the tallest mountain peak, I just needed to pass the nine levels to reach the top and return,” Feng Yixuan roared. “If he told me there was a teleportation formation, then I wouldn’t need to fight. I could just sneak up there while concealing my aura, find the teleportation formation, and then return.” Sneaking up there without fighting did seem like a pretty good idea.

However, Claire knew. “Let’s go.” Since the senior had sent them here to train, there was no way they could reach the peak so easily.

Claire’s conjecture was completely correct. The mountain, called the Mountain of Rebirth, was split in nine levels, each with a city. Each city had a powerful ruler and only those who reached a certain level of strength could proceed to the next level. If one was strong enough, one could challenge the city lord for their position. Like a pyramid, each level was higher than the other and the higher one went, the stronger people one would meet. Here, no one was held accountable for murder. There was no notion of laws. This was the land of the free, also the land of violence and bloodshed.

These lands were a sort of training ground, coined by people of the other world Claire and Feng Yixuan had come from as the Land of Rebirth. There was another name for this place, however: the Bloody Cesspool.

At this moment in time, Astral Feng was still hammering away. He muttered to himself, “If that girl and damn brat manage to pass the nine cities, they’ll come back reborn. Aiya~ya, I’m looking forward to it.”

It would be a bloody baptism!

Claire and Feng Yixuan continued to fight on their way up the Mountain of Rebirth. Just because they weren’t looking for trouble didn’t mean trouble wouldn’t look for them.

The reasons why they fought continued to grow even more ridiculous. Some took a liking to the ornament on Feng Yixuan's waist, others took a liking to Claire's clothes. People fought them with all kinds of excuses. The road to the peak was an arduous and long one. The two's coordination was still seamless as they continued to kill powerful foes, but these foes were only relatively powerful. The true experts were congregated at the peak. Naturally, at times they would run into people they couldn't beat. For instance, the two were currently being chased around frantically.

"Claire, you go first!" Feng Yixuan instantly released countless wind blades to defend.

This time, their opponent was a terrifying old magician. The old man had eagle eyes that glittered with malice. The reason why he had attacked Claire and Feng Yixuan was beyond reasonable: because they weren't pleasing to the eye. Just because of this, he was trying to kill them.

"Tch!" the old man clicked his tongue disdainfully. With a wave of his sleeve, the wind blades were scattered, leaving behind only a slight breeze. Feng Yixuan's expression changed. Without any hesitation, he threw himself before Claire. The old man laughed, approaching them slowly step by step with a relaxed expression.

Claire was silent. With a flight of her fingers, countless small golden lotuses appeared.

Before Claire could cast Thousand Terrors, the old man's expression changed immediately. He hurriedly backed away and eyed Claire cautiously, then asked in a loud voice, "What is your relation to Si Konglin?"

His voice actually carried a trace of fear!

Feng Yixuan froze and Claire was taken aback. Claire hadn't even said a word, yet the old man was continuously backing away.

His voice low, he muttered, "Knowing Si Konglin's Treasured Lotus Style...." The fear in his voice continued to become more audible. The terrifying old man actually turned around and flew away speedily, as if escaping.

Claire watched as the old man disappeared, silent. Who exactly was Si Konglin? Such a terrifying and powerful old man was so afraid of him!

"It seems he thought you were Si Konglin's disciple." Feng Yixuan stroked his chin thoughtfully, looking off into the distance. "Just how strong is Si Konlin? Supposedly, he's stronger than gramps, but I've never seen gramps lose to anyone."

With a flick of her finger, the countless lotuses disappeared. Claire too felt puzzled. Who exactly was Si Konglin?

"Claire, let's go." Feng Yixuan suddenly turned around. HIs face was only an inch away from Claire, who was deep in thought. He was so close, he could feel Claire's breathing on his face.

Suddenly feeling Feng Yixuan's warm breath, Claire's heart clenched and she struck without thinking.

"Ahhh..." Feng Yixuan didn't even dodge, so the fist hit him squarely in the face. Once again, he had a black eye.

"If you come close again, I'll fill your face with bruises." Claire turned around, humphing coldly, and started to walk away. She let out a breath, trying to settle her tense heart. That damn Feng Yixuan! Suddenly getting so close and startling her, he was looking for a beating!

"Wait for me." Feng Yixuan clutched his eye, hastily giving chase. However, he was smiling faintly.

Three months passed. No one knew who they had faced or what Feng Yixuan and Claire had experienced.

On Feng island, Senior Feng was crouching on the ground, fumbling with a vegetable basket. He lived in solitary and completely relied on himself for sustenance. Afterall, he was still human, needing to eat.

"Aiya, when will they return?" The old man took out a small crystal and examined it, but nothing was different. He had marked Feng Yixuan when he left so that if Feng Yixuan was back in this world, the crystal would react.

“It’s already spring.” The old man yawned, then put the crystal away. He and Si Konglin had only managed to return after three years. Who knew when the brat and girl would come back.

While Feng Yixuan and Claire were in the Land of Rebirth, the situation in Amparkland had changed drastically.

Amparkland, the palace: Princess Maurice’s bedroom

“Elder brother, the crown prince unexpectedly agreed to the Temple’s conditions!” Princess Maurice’s expression was heavy. Nancy paced in the room. They never expected the first prince to actually agree to the Temple’s demands! Agreeing to the demands mean that the Temple would have more powerful than the Crown! How could he let that happen!

“I too did not expect him to do such a foolish thing for the thrown. For years, divine right and royal authority have been on equal ground, but he is going to break the balance! Those old lazy conmen want to rule royalty? In their dreams! I would never agree to such conditions!” Nancy’s eyes were filled with fury, his knuckles white. Such conditions were simply too insulting!

“But what can we do now?” Princess Maurice frowned in thought. Duke Gordan had sent Jean to assist elder brother, but even though his grandson Eric publically supported the crown prince, Duke Gordan had never interfered. Perhaps he wanted to... double dip*?!

*me: what is a more formal way to say double dip

*Friend: Doublus Dippus

“Duke Gordan, that old fox!” Nancy gnashed his teeth. He sat down, watching Princess Maurice. “That old fox, he secretly sent Jean to assist me so that if I ascend the throne, he will become a minister of outstanding service. No one knows, not even the crown prince. His grandson, however, supports to the first prince, and he doesn’t interfere. On the surface, it looks like it’s Eric’s lone decision, but in reality, it isn’t so.”

“Correct. He is going to sit back and watch relaxedly. To him, it is a win-win situation!” Princess Maurice’s heart hardened. What a sly old fox! But

would his wish come true?

"We don't even know if he is helping the crown prince secretly just as the crown prince is unaware Duke Gordan is secretly helping us." Nancy's voice was fierce, but carried a trace of helplessness.

"But we still have Katherine as a trump card." Princess Maurice sighed. If possible, she didn't want to use this trump card. She didn't want to hurt Claire and knew how important Katherine was to her.

"Don't even think about using Katherine. Even though she is a prominent figure of the Hill clan, I have already promised Claire Katherine's safety." Nancy frowned, staring into Princess Maurice's somber eyes. He knew his sister better than anyone. Maurice only showed her true self before him. She was not as innocent as she seemed. Her cunning was far above his intellect. If Maurice were a man, who knew who would be the emperor!

"I know." Maurice nodded, her expression dark. "But elder brother, sometimes in order to achieve great things, there needs to be sacrifices."

"Maurice, I know you are doing this for my behalf, but..." Nancy's expression became complex.

"But you have developed feelings for Claire, so you do not want to do anything that will hurt her." Maurice's expression sharpened, becoming ice cold.

Nancy was speechless. Maurice's words had hit the nail on the head. He simply stared, unable to say a word.

"Elder brother, you know the reason why I have never been interested in any men for all these years." Her expression was still icy.

Nancy's eyes flashed with helplessness and pain. Although his sister had the appearance of a woman, she thought of herself has a man! That was why for so many years, Princess Maurice had never fallen for any men. Only he knew this secret!

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Princess Maurice's next words came crashing down like a wave. "I too like Claire."

In an instant, Nancy felt his entire body go cold. He stared fixedly at the pretty, yet ice-cold face. Maurice had unexpectedly fallen for Claire!

"Brother. You must become the emperor. Our battle with the crown prince has already evolved into this. If he becomes emperor, you know better than anyone how our fate will end. You must be decisive!" Maurice's gaze became more and more chilly.

Nancy rubbed his temple, his thoughts a mess. He knew better than anyone what would happen if they failed. Death, and not just any kind of death. The first prince would first banish him from the palace to some remote area, then assassinate him using disease as a cover. This was the way of the successor battle. Nancy knew clearly that if he lost this silent battle, it would not only be him who died, but also Maurice, their mother, and anyone else related to him.

Most importantly, royal authority was at stake! He could not let divine right usurp royal authority!

He could not afford to lose!

Maurice watched the changes in Nancy's expression silently, sighing in her heart. Her brother was not ruthless enough! He was not cunning or decisive enough to be the successor! But it was still fine. She was there to assist him. She would help him obtain the highest position, fulfilling the dream she could not fulfill. If women could not ascend the throne, then she would let her brother fulfill her wish for her!

Maurice looked up. "Brother, our only choice is to force that old fox Gordan to publicly declare his stance. The Temple's conditions simply cannot be agreed to. If agreed to, the throne's position will be unstable. I do not want your name to go down in infamy." If the Hill clan took a stance, they would be a strong ally against the crown prince and Temple.

“I know, I will definitely not agree.” Nancy sighed helplessly. He was still hesitant in his heart, somewhat bitter. How could he face Claire afterwards?

“Brother, don’t worry. I will take care of everything. It will have nothing to do with you. When the time comes, the prince will be the one to face the Hill clan’s ire,” Princess Maurice said coldly. From the bottom of her heart, she too did not want the golden haired green eyed girl to hate her.

“Is this really fine?” Nancy was still hesitant. He could still remember his promise to Claire clearly and that beautiful face.

“Brother, you must remember, you are the future emperor. You cannot be obstructed by emotions.” Maurice frowned. “Once you ascend the throne, you can think of a way to marry her. But right now, you must be decisive, otherwise you won’t obtain anything, but lose everything instead.”

Nancy gazed at Maurice’s serious expression and cold eyes. Finally, he let out a heavy sigh.

“Alright,” he said quietly, as if his entire strength had been spent. Nancy closed his eyes and gently leaned back in his chair. He knew that taking this step mean he and that golden haired, jade eyed girl could never be...

Maurice sighed in her heart, seeing how defeated Nancy was. But now, her brother had taken the first step to become the emperor. In the future, he would be a splendid emperor!

“It will be done as soon as possible.” Maurice’s voice was ice cold.

Nancy’s eyes remained closed. In his heart, he sighed. In truth, Maurice was more qualified that he and the crown prince! Her ruthlessness, her way of handling things, and her cunning all surpassed his and the crown prince’s by far!

And so, the two made this decision this night. However, they never would have imagined even in their wildest dreams what disastrous consequences this would bring! But by then, it would be too late to regret.

Three days later, as Princess Maurice’s head lady in waiting, Katherine

was arrested for attempting to poison the crown prince. She was locked up in Calou garden, a place designated for nobles who had committed crimes. This matter was directly linked to second prince Nancy. The struggle for the throne had begun.

A storm had just begun. A tense atmosphere loomed over the capital.

The Hill clan was also ill at ease.

Princess Maurice stood at a window in her bedroom, look up at the sky, laughing coldly in her heart. “Humph! Now that old fox will take his stance!”

But Princess Maurice had heavily misjudged the importance Katherine held in Claire’s heart. What later happened left her filled with endless regret!

Hill manor. The study.

Duke Gordan sat at the study desk, his expression heavy. Roger stood at the side, his expression filled with worry.

“Father, what do we do now? This is clearly a conspiracy!” Roger hollered with exasperation.

“I know!” Duke Gordan’s voice deepened. Of course he knew what was going on. He was even a little vexed. The second prince actually made such a move! He had thoroughly underestimated him.

“Then father, what do we do? Are we just going to let Katherine stay imprisoned?” Just thinking of Katherine imprisoned drove Roger crazy.

“The second prince is forcing me to take a stance.” Duke Gordan sat back in his chair, frowning.

“Then father, we will...?” Roger asked nervously.

“Now that the crown prince has agreed such demands from the Temple, if he ascends the throne, we will never be able to lift our heads.” Duke Gordan closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. He knew clearly if the crown prince ascended the throne, people such as he would forever have their heads lowered to the Temple and divine right would forever surpass

royal authority. Of course he was already aware of the secret arrangement. Duke Gordan was no simple man.

"Father, you mean..." Roger watched Duke Gordan intently, waiting for his next words.

"There can only be one emperor." Duke Gordan sighed. "The second prince is more worthy of the throne."

"Then... Then father, is there a way to save Katherine now?" Roger said hurriedly.

"Summon Eric. Tell him I want to see him." Now that Duke Gordan had made his decision, they were going to take action immediately. They could not let Eric support the crown prince so blatantly any more.

"Alright, father. I will do so now." Roger nodded and immediately left.

Duke Gordan sighed, his fingers drumming on the table as he tried to ease his state of mind.

"Emery, is there any news of Claire?" Emery had been standing silently behind him this whole time.

"None yet." Emery was slightly worried.

"That is fine. I always knew one day we would contend with the Temple of Light, I just never thought it would be so soon." Duke Gordan sighed, somewhat relieved. Claire's identity was too special. In this silent battle, her position was the most awkward.

"The Miss said she went to cultivate, but she has been gone for so long." Emery was extremely worried. All they had learned from Jean was this.

"That child is special, no need to worry about her." Duke Gordan's eyes flashed with profoundness.

But Duke Gordan did not expect Eric to disobey and stubbornly stay at the crown prince's side!

"What? What is Eric doing? What do you mean to say?" Duke Gordan roared.

Roger's expression was also overcast. Facing Duke Gordan's ire, he suppressed his own anger and spoke. "Eric, that unfilial son, said no matter what decision we made, he will always support the crown prince, even at the cost of his life. Also, he will not come to see you, Father."

"Traitor!" Duke Gordan slammed the table. The table instantly split apart and clattered onto the floor. Duke Gordan's expression darkened as he yelled furiously, "How could he say that? Is someone controlling his mind?"

"No," Roger frowned, shaking his head.

"How impudent! Does he know the consequences?" Duke Gordan's lungs were about to explode.

"He... he said even if he was banished from the clan, even if he were to abandon the Hill name, he would still support the crown prince." Roger's fists clenched tightly. Even though he had beaten that unfilial son half dead, he still wouldn't change his mind. If the crown prince hadn't come over to stop him, he would have taken his life!

"Impudent! Traitorous dog! How could the Hill clan have produced such a traitor!" Duke Gordan's expression became more and more unsightly, his knuckles cracking. It was the first time, the first time someone dared to challenge his authority like so!

"I already banished him from the clan." Roger lowered his head, not daring to look at his father's contorted face. He himself was furious. That unfilial brat did not care for his mother's life and stubbornly supported the prince to the point of opposing his own family! Bastard! Even worse than a dog!

"Humph! Such a traitorous dog doesn't deserve the Hill name!" Duke Gordan was fuming with rage. One day the traitorous dog would pay the price!

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“Father, what about Katherine? Her sentencing is soon.” Roger was still very concerned about this. No one had been able to see Katherine after she had been imprisoned. Attempting to murder the prince was a huge crime. If it were an ordinary noble, their entire family would have been implicated too.

“I will make a decision. Leave first.” Duke Gordan motioned for Roger to go.

Roger looked at Duke Gordan, wanting to say something, but Duke Gordan had already closed his eyes, annoyed. Roger’s mouth moved, but no words came. In the end, he left.

Lashia had been standing at the door with worry. The moment she saw Roger emerge, she grabbed his hand. “Father, how is it? When are we saving Mother?”

Roger looked down at Lashia’s anxious face and sighed, unable to say a word. He hadn’t expected the situation to evolve into this. His second son Eric’s betrayal, Katherine being framed, all of these stabbed his heart.

Roger patted Lashia’s head, unable to say a word, letting out a long sigh before he left dejectedly.

Lashia watched Roger from behind, biting her lip, her expression ashening. It had been so long since she last saw Father with such an expression. How could things become like this? If only elder sister were here. If elder sister were here, she would definitely save Mother. Lashia looked off into the distance. Sister, what are you doing now? Do you know that Mother is currently imprisoned?

At that moment, Claire was also facing a critical situation.

Claire and Feng Yixuan were standing back to back, the two covered in blood. People encircled them, glaring at them coldly. They were completely surrounded.

They were only on the fifth level, but all the city lords of the higher

levels had descended to kill off Claire and Feng Yixuan.

Even though Claire had reached the tenth level of the Treasured Lotus style with the help of Golden Lotus, who had woken up, and Feng Yixuan had already reached the eleventh level of the Heavenly Astral Wind, they were no match for their powerful foes. These people normally minded their own business and never interfered with each other's business, but currently, they were all united to attack Claire and Feng Yixuan."

"Summon your masters Si Konglin and Baili Ju right now! Or else not even your ashes will remain!" The alluring woman who said this stood at the very front. She was the city lord of the ninth city, the strongest of them all.

"I already said we don't know Si Konglin or Baili Ju!" Claire spat out. Her vision was already starting to blur and she was already starting to feel dizzy. Her wounds also continued to bleed. Feng Yixuan was in even worse condition, having blocked several attacks for Claire. He had even more and heavier wounds than Claire!

"Don't know them? Do you think we're blind? The Treasured Lotus Style and Heavenly Astral Wind are their signature skills! If you don't want to die, summon them now!" A man with his face riddled with scars roared. This was the eighth city lord. He swung his huge double bladed axe threateningly, his voice filled with ire. Now Claire and Feng Yixuan understood senior Astral Feng's real name was Baili Ju.

Claire understood that if they wanted to kill her and Feng Yixuan, they could have done so long ago, but because they wanted them to summon their masters, they didn't take their lives. Just what did Si Konglin and Baili Ju do to these people to anger them so much? These people who never interfered in each other's business had actually united to attack them!

Feng Yixuan suddenly wobbled noticeably. Claire immediately reached out to support Feng Yixuan, but then felt her hand covered in blood!

"Feng Yixuan!" Claire worried cried. Her hand shook, her heart starting to sink. Feng Yixuan wouldn't be able to last much longer. That damn old

man! Why didn't he warn them of his enemies? How unfair! But if the senior was here, he too would cry unfair. He didn't know at all what Si Konglin had done later. It was only because he had been with Si Konglin so often that they naturally associated Si Konglin with him. If he had known what Si Konglin had done later, he definitely wouldn't have left Feng Yixuan and Claire enter this vicious place!

"If you don't want to lose your little lover's live, quickly call out Si Konglin!" the alluring woman said fiercely, her gazy piercingly cold.

"I already said I don't know Si Konglin!" As Claire struggled to support Feng Yixuan, her vision blurred even more. She, too, had reached her limit.

Were they really going to die here today?

In such a critical situation, the god of Darkness still hadn't appeared. There was only one explanation. The god of Darkness had no way of entering this strange world. This land was in a different dimension! Golden Lotus was still in deep sleep, unable to be woken. Was there no other alternatives?

"B*tch, looks like you really want to die!" the alluring woman sneered. Power started to gather in her hands. She smiled terrifyingly, her face contorted.

"Claire..." Feng Yixuan used his remaining strength to pull Claire behind him.

Drip drop. Feng Yixuan continued to bleed, dyeing the ground red.

"Feng Yixuan!" Claire's voice shook. He was already in such a critical condition, yet he still tried to protect her. A warm feeling started to take root in her heart.

"Claire, I'm so sorry I... could not protect you..." Feng Yixuan's breath started to die out, his voice full of pain and vexation.

"No, Feng Yixuan, I..." Claire was agonized with pain.

"What, flirting right before you die? Since that bastard Si Konglin isn't appearing, then you two can just die!" the scarfaced man roared.

The alluring woman had already formed a large ball of water. She was preparing to smash the two into pieces!

Feng Yixuan reached out and gripped Claire's hand tightly. Claire looked into Feng Yixuan's eyes, faintly smiling. She squeezed his hand back.

No words were necessary.

Just as Claire and Feng Yixuan were smiling, preparing to face death, a ray of dazzling golden light suddenly flashed past.

A grim faced old man appeared before them. The old man did not appear dignified or kind, but rather cold and harsh. He had a hawkish nose, thin lips, and sharp eyes. With one look, you could tell he was not to be messed with.

Feng Yixuan and Claire stared in wonder at the old man who had suddenly appeared. This was because the people surrounding them suddenly went crazy at the sight of the old man.

"Si Konglin! So you decided to appear!"

"It is time to settle our score!"

"Die, you old scum!"

Curses came from the left and right. The powerful people had lost their fierce appearance and were now all screaming like madmen.

These people hated Si Konglin to the bone! What kind of enmity was between them? Did he kill their family? Steal their lovers?

Si Konglin turned around and glanced at Claire, stroking his chin. He completely ignored the cursing behind him and said two words: "Not bad."

Not bad? What was not bad? Claire frowned. This was the Si Konglin senior Feng had spoken about? He looked even more evil than senior Feng.

"Si Konglin, you bastard! Where are you looking? How dare you ignore us!"

"Today, not even your ashes will be remain!"

“It is time for our revenge!”

The cursing continued, but no one dared to make a move. They were all waiting for someone else to make the first move, evidently wary of Si Konglin.

What exactly did Si Konglin do to them?

Si Konglin turned around and swept his gaze through the crowd. Everyone shuddered and took a step back.

Si Konglin’s next words almost made them spit blood.

“Who are you?” Si Konglin’s voice was serious. He didn’t sound like he was joking at all.

Dead silence. You could hear a pin drop.

Then came a thunder of curses.

“Si Konglin, you shameless bastard! You made me kneel and lick your shoe...” the scarfaced man started to say, then stopped, his expression slightly strange. Inside his heart, he let out a sigh of relief. He had almost revealed his most shameless secret.

The later cursing made the scarfaced man relax, because they were all shouting Si Konglin’s despicable acts.

The more Claire and Feng Yixuan heard, the more speechless they were. They finally understood why these people hated Si Konglin so much. Without an exception, all of these people had been forced to kneel, lick his shoe, and even forced to say liking his shoe was very pleasant and that it tasted very good!

“We worked hard and finally attained strength! Give us your life!” the seventh city lord roared, but still didn’t dare to attack. After all, Si Konglin had left a large shadow in their hearts.

“What are you afraid of! Together!” the alluring woman clasped her hands together, starting to cast a spell.

“Right! Everyone, together! We worked so hard for so many years just for today!”

“Everyone, together! We have already improved greatly!”

Amidst the cursing, they started to attack! Warriors dashed forward while magicians started to cast spells.

For the first time, Claire and Feng Yixuan truly learned what an insta-kill was.

What was an insta-kill?

This was an insta-kill!

The powerful nine city lords who had almost killed them were insta-killed by Si Konglin like ants, each felled with a wave of his hand!

The nine sprawled on the ground, unable to move.

Feng Yixuan and Claire shared a glance, both seeing disbelief and shock reflected in their eyes.

“Boring. And who are you two?” Si Konglin walked towards them. As he did so, he happened to step on a double bladed hatchet, and the weapon disintegrated!

Si Konglin had bullied so many people, he couldn’t remember them all!

“Si Konglin!” the owner of the hatchet managed to spit out. Their hate had smoldered for years, but this man didn’t remember a single thing! The nine people felt an overwhelming sense of defeat wash over them.

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“What are you calling I, your father*, for?” Si Konglin kicked the scarfaced man in the mouth, confused. “How do you all know my name? Have we met before?”

*Reminder: “I, your father” shows arrogance

“Pft!” The hatchet owner was so angry, he spat out blood.

“Disgusting!” Si Konglin frowned. He extended his foot. “Lick my, your father’s, shoe, and I’ll let you live.”

“What a bully! Si Konglin, you old scum! Ahhh....” But before could finish, he was screaming painfully. It was such a pitiful cry, anyone who saw would feel sadness and any who heard would cry tears, sounding like the wail of a dead spirit. It was as if he had used his entire strength to cry out in pain. Claire and Feng Yixuan felt goosebumps. How excruciating was his pain?

He didn’t have any external injuries! With a flick of Si Konglin’s finger, the hatchet owner was enveloped in golden flames, yet he was not injured at all. Why was he crying out so painfully?

“Stop, I’m begging you, stop! I’ll lick, I’ll lick!” the seventh city lord could shriek, unable to move. A single tear trickled from his eye.

Feng Yixuan and Claire were mindblown. Was this one of the powerful foes who had almost killed them? Now he was more pitiful than a wet dog!

What did Si Konglin do that was so painful the man threw his dignity away for the second time?

Before Claire and Feng Yixuan’s shocked faces, the powerful seventh city lord licked Si Konglin’s shoes. He was so incredibly dejected, on the verge of bawling, but after this lick, he relaxed. Finally, he was free from the Lotus Hellfire. But in his heart, he was only more dejected. After so many years of perseverance, they still weren’t Si Konglin’s match, not even close. They were insta-killed, even worse than last time. Although they had

improved, Si Konglin had improved even faster!

But then, Si Konglin's next words almost made the seventy city lord collapse. "Your expression was not sincere enough. Again."

"Bully!" Nearby, the sixth city lord gnashed his teeth.

"Ah, correct. I have always been a bully," Si Konglin explained seriously instead of getting angry.

"I won't give you another chance to humiliate me again!" The ninth city lord said. Her body started to glow, becoming brighter and brighter.

Suicidal explosion?!

Si Konglin appeared before Claire instantaneously, grabbed her by the hand, then disappeared.

A loud bang reverberated across the world. As for how many people survived, no one knew.

Once Claire came back to her senses, she found herself before a luxurious pavilion.

"Oh? How did that fellow come here too?" Si Konglin frowned at Feng Yixuan, confused. He only wanted to bring the girl here. How was this almost dead boy here too? Si Konglin's gaze settled on the two's tightly joined hands. Only then did he realize where the problem lied.

"Let go and go back, or I'll kill you, you decide," Si Konglin said to Feng Yixuan coldly.

"You can't kill him, he is Baili Ju's disciple!" Claire immediately said. She had already experienced how nasty the old man was.

"Baili Ju's disciple?" Si Konglin stroked his chin, then waved offhandedly. "Alright, I won't kill you. Leave!"

"He is wounded heavily and needs treatment! As do I!" Claire tried to prop up her body, trying her best to stay awake. There was one thing she understood. This old man had come there for her! So he definitely would not let her die!

“Eat this,” Si Konglin humphed, frowning. He took out a small porcelain bottle and poured out a pill.

Claire accepted readily. The pill had a faint scent. Claire understood this was no ordinary medicine.

But the damn old man only gave her one, obviously not caring for Feng Yixuan. After giving her the pill, Si Konglin turned around and sauntered into the beautiful pavilion.

Without any hesitation, Claire split the pill in two and stuffed one half into Feng Yixuan’s mouth. Currently, Feng Yixuan was on the verge of fainting. Then she swallowed the other half.

Claire and Feng Yixuan immediately felt a refreshing sensation pass through their entire body. All of their wounds were healing at a rate visible with the naked eye and their originally dazed minds were now clear.

Claire marveled at the effects of the pill. She remembered how the pills senior Feng gave her when she had first arrived on Feng island were also made by Si Konglin. Just how powerful was he?

“Claire, where are we?” Feng Yixuan looked around at their surroundings. They seemed to be at the end of a valley.

“First let go of me!” Claire hissed. Feng Yixuan has still holding Claire’s hand tightly.

Feng Yixuan laughed awkwardly and let go, secretly reluctant. He thought that he would be able to hold onto her hand a bit longer before she realized, sigh....

“I don’t know where we are. He seems to be like senior Feng, living alone.” Claire observed the surroundings. The valley was lush and beautiful. Compared the the little wooden hut senior Feng lived in, Si Konglin’s pavilion was simply too luxurious. The difference in the two’s personalities could be seen.

“Enter,” Si Konglin’s voice came from inside the entrance.

Claire stepped inside and Feng Yixuan also followed hurriedly.

The moment the two stepped inside, they saw a shocking scene!

There was a golden haired woman dressed revealingly, in a dress so short, her thighs were exposed along with her bare shoulders and back. Her fair skin was so alluring, simply beautiful. Currently, she was pouring tea for Si Konglin. She then started to massage his shoulders, her voice dripping with honey as she said, “Master, why did you suddenly leave just now?”

Master? Was he a perverted old man?

Feng Yixuan and Claire stiffened.

What were they seeing?

Si Konglin, that freak, he was raising a stunning beauty as a pet? And treating her like a slave?

Feng Yixuan and Claire both winced. Suddenly, the beauty’s eyes caught Claire’s attention.

Golden eyes!

The beautiful woman had golden eyes!

Claire suddenly remembered Golden Lotus’s words. While cultivating the Treasured Lotus Style, if one birthed a golden lotus when breaking through the second level, then lightning would come. Si Konglin was the creator of this arcanum, so was that to say he had given birth to this stunning beauty?!

Suddenly, Claire felt the world did not make sense.

“Sit.” Si Konglin took a sip of tea. He completely ignored Feng Yixuan.

Claire obeyed and sat. Feng Yixuan also sat down.

“When did you start practicing the Treasured Lotus Style?” Si Konglin asked heedlessly.

Claire calculated the amount of time and told Si Konglin.

Si Konglin’s normally expressionless eyes flickered.

“Not bad.” Si Konglin said, confusing Claire.

The beauty noticed Claire’s confusion and giggled. “You passed. Master won’t kill you. In such a short time, you were able to break through to the tenth level.”

Si Konglin’s eyes slitted as he eyed Claire. “There are only two cases you could have understood my writing. One, you also came from that world. Two, your clan passed down the language from long ago. But I’m not interested in which case you are. The most important thing is you have already learned my Treasured Lotus Style and the one with the most potential.”

“In the past, some trash would learn Master’s Treasured Lotus Style, but because they had no talent and would taint Master’s signature skill, I killed them,” the golden beauty said offhandedly.

Feng Yixuan and Claire were shocked. What kind of logic was that!

“So?” Claire’s expression remained the same.

“So you’re lucky. Master has acknowledged you. You are now the successor of the the Treasured Lotus Style!” The golden beauty laughed.

“You can go. Once you break through the twelfth level, I will come and teach you the rest,” Si Konglin said heedlessly.

That was it?

Claire looked perplexedly at Si Konglin and the golden beauty, not understanding. They appeared out of nowhere and saved her just to say these few sentences?

“But where are we? How can we return?” Claire asked the crux of the matter.

A scroll instantly materialized in Si Konglin and he threw it to Claire. Claire caught it and saw it was a teleportation scroll for more than one person.

“You should go while Master is still in a good mood,” the golden beauty shook her hips and giggled.

Clare did not say anything more either. She grabbed Feng Yixuan and tore the scroll apart. With a flash of light, Claire and Feng Yixuan disappeared.

“Master, finally someone gave birth to a golden lotus. I have a comrade now, heehee.” The golden beauty was excited.

“That’s only if she breaks through the twelfth level successfully. If not, I’ll kill her myself and wait for another successor,” Si Konglin said indifferently.

“Ah, Master, if that really happened, it would be a pity. A genius like her finally appeared after so many years,” the golden beauty sighed.

Si Konglin did not say a word, his hawkish eyes sharp and penetrating.

His heart still had not been calmed. After waiting for so many years, a genius finally appeared. He knew better than anyone else that the girl would definitely break through the twelfth level. He had finally found his successor!

Chapter 159: [No Title]

Once Claire and Feng Yixuan reappeared, the two examined their new surroundings.

“Isn’t this the outskirts of Fenghua city?” Claire recognized where they were immediately.

“Oh, it is.” Feng Yixuan nodded. He had been here many times before.

The two looked at each other and found their clothes torn and bloody, cutting sorry figures.

“We should first find a place to wash together.” Feng Yixuan raised a brow, smirking.

“Do you have a scroll home?” Claire asked seriously, ignoring Feng Yixuan’s shady words. “Your mother sent me there with a scroll before.”

“I do, I do.” Feng Yixuan hurriedly took out a scroll from his interspatial storage ring. These scrolls were extremely precious, crafted by senior Feng painstakingly. Only his mother didn’t treat them seriously. The scroll that Feng Yixuan had, however, was a teleportation scroll for one person only.

“Oh, how about this. You hold onto the scroll tightly. No matter what happens, don’t let go,” Claire said seriously.

“Okay.” Feng Yixuan didn’t understand what Claire wanted to do, but he listened obediently. He rarely saw Claire this serious, so he listened very carefully.

“Let me see the back of your right and and the fingernails of your left hand.”

“Okay.” Without thinking, Feng Yixuan obediently listened, twisting his hands in opposite directions.

With a “tch” sound, the scroll tore apart.

With a flash of light, before Feng Yixuan had the time to cry, he disappeared, teleported to Feng manor.

“What an innocent child,” Claire shrugged wickedly. Of course, she had

her own plans. Feng Yixuan needed to report back to the senior what dangers they had faced and that Feng Yixuan had broken through the eleventh level of the Heavenly Astral Wind. But Claire knew if she told Feng Yixuan, he definitely would refuse, wanting to stay by her side, so she could only trick him into returning home.

Suddenly, there came a laugh that was unable to be restrained. “Pffft...”

Claire frowned and turned around. Some distance away was a man in white looking towards her. Although there was some distance between them, the two could see each other and each other’s movements clearly. Claire was somewhat surprised. She hadn’t noticed his presence because she had been so focused on tricking Feng Yixuan. Now that she concentrated, she could sense his presence. This person was powerful. She had been too careless. If he was an enemy, she would have been in danger.

Clearly, he had laughed because he had seen Claire tricking Feng Yixuan.

Claire didn’t sense any killing intent, so it wasn’t an enemy. She turned around to leave. All she wanted right now was a bath and change of clothes. Her clothes were still soaked in blood and sticking to her body uncomfortably. After that, she would go home. The Temple of Light would never let her off for long.

Just when Claire was about to leave, the man called out, “Wait! Claire!”

Claire frowned and looked back to see the man hurry over, puzzled. She was certain she didn’t know him, so how did he know her name?

He arrived before her quickly. It was Carter!

Claire sized up the man. His handsome young face had a hint of boldness, his eyes with maturity that did not match his age. Claire somehow felt he seemed familiar.

“I don’t know you,” Claire said coldly.

“But I know you.” Carter smiled. Although she was covered in blood, with one glance, her distinct refined features and emerald eyes showed through. She was the dazzling girl from the memory crystal. He never

would have thought he would run into her here or that she would be such an intriguing person. She tricked someone so easily.

Claire looked at the smiling man, strangely feeling his clothes looked very familiar, as if she had seen them before, but where?

"I saw you in a memory crystal when you were at Lagard's martial arts tournament. You're even stronger now." Carter watched Claire intently. He really, really wished to have a duel with the girl, really wanted to know how strong she was now. Between the two of them, who was stronger? But he could not fight with her right now. The fresh bloodstains on her clothes meant she had just been through a vicious battle and still hadn't recovered.

"Oh," Claire said indifferently, understanding. But it didn't matter. Claire turned around, walking away.

"Wait," Carter suddenly appeared before her. "Miss Claire, could we have a duel? Of course, not until you've recovered."

Oh, a battle freak. In other words, an idiot.

Claire didn't respond, turning around.

"Miss Claire," Carter hurried after her, "please have a duel with me."

Claire ignored him, continuing onward.

"Miss Claire, please have a duel with me," Carter buzzed after her like a fly.

"You are not my match." Claire stopped. She turned around, looking at Carter. "Do you think you could win against me right now?"

"The results of a battle are unpredictable," Carter said seriously.

"Do you know how my stronger I am now?" Claire was starting to get annoyed now. Were the heavens playing tricks with her? It seemed every time she became stronger, a more powerful opponent would appear. Now that she thought about it, it really was like that! Every time she improved, she would meet someone stronger than her! Even in the Land of Rebirth, after breaking through the tenth level, she had run into the nine city lords.

Perhaps if there were two or three of them, she could possibly be a match for, but the all those powerful people came to corner her and Feng Yixuan, how unlucky! And now comes along this battle freak. Did she look like a pushover? (Author's note: Actually, it's the no good author playing with her, teehee, please don't hit me.)

Carter paused. To him, Claire was currently injured, so her strength was a level below his. Once she recovered, their strength should be about the same.

"If you want to fight me, wait until I've recovered. You'll be beaten so badly, you won't even know what hit you. Come find me at Hill manor if you want beating." Claire said heedlessly.

How arrogant!

Carter's expression began to gradually darken. It was the first time someone spoke to him so disrepectfully.

"I'll escort you home and wait for you to recover! Then we'll have a duel!" Carter stubbornly persisted, his eyes dark.

"Not interested." Claire didn't care for battle freaks at all. If not for her injuries, she would have beaten him up from the start. Si Konglin's pill had stopped the bleeding, but hadn't healed her injuries.

Carter didn't reply, following her closely.

Once Claire entered an inn in her sorry state, everyone looked at her strangely, or more accurately, looked at Carter strangely. Claire was a bloody mess, while Carter, dressed in white, didn't have a speck of dust on him. Did he fail to guard her properly? Carter also felt the strange glances and lowered his head awkwardly.

At nightfall, Claire changed out of her clothes after a bath and sat on a bed. She could feel the Lotus power course through her body. To her astonishment, she discovered the power was working autonomously. Although it was very slow, the power was circulating through her body, healing her injuries.

She never expected the Treasured Lotus Style to have such miraculous

properties. Claire pressured the Lotus power, increasing its speed. If it maintained this speed, she would be completely healed within days, wonderful!

Ever since the Golden Lotus had last absorbed lightning, he had been in deep slumber, never having woken since.

Claire wondered how the capital was like now. Her mind emptied and her spirit slowly entered an incorporeal realm. Everything seemed to have quieted and appeared almost transparent.

Claire sensed the surroundings, the carvings on the bedpost, the dust in the cracks of the floor, the lock on the door. Her range slowly widened, reaching the floor of the hallway, the staircase at the end of the hall, and then to the floor below, where people drank and chatted.

Everything was perfectly clear.

Just when Claire was about to withdraw her consciousness, a low voice stopped her.

"I heard the Hill clan is in big trouble. Even that powerful Duke Gordan has a headache now."

"Of course they would be! Marquis Roger's wife actually attempted to murder the crown prince. That is no small crime. I hear she was imprisoned in Calou garden."

"Ah, truthfully, I feel like it's not that simple."

"Of course. It's obviously part of some plot. The emperor still hasn't chosen who the successor will be, so the two princes' relationship is tense."

"Keep your voice down..."

Claire did not finish listening to the rest of the conversation, her mind already on the capital. Mother was imprisoned? For attempting to murder the first prince? Impossible! This was clearly a conspiracy! But she could only know exactly what happened if she asked Grandfather.

Claire withdrew her consciousness and opened her eyes. She took out

the teleportation scroll Emery had given her, extremely worried.

With a bright flash, Claire disappeared.

At that moment, Carter, who was in the room next door, sat up.

Chapter 160: [No Title]

Disappeared!

Claire's aura disappeared!

It disappeared instantly, which meant Claire had used a valuable teleportation scroll. But where did she go to in such a hurry? Carter frowned, but could not think of anything. But no matter what, he had to find her and have a duel.

The moment Claire appeared in a secret chamber, Emery, who had been lying in bed, opened his eyes abruptly. Someone was in the secret chamber! He had left a mark so he could immediately know if someone were there. And only one person had appeared suddenly. It was his beloved disciple, Claire.

Emery hurriedly climbed out of bed, grabbed a robe randomly, and rushed towards his house. Emery had his own house in the capital that was not far from Hill manor. Normally, Emery lived in Hill manor and his house was empty.

Halfway there, Emery ran into Claire.

"Claire!" Emery was overjoyed. He immediately worriedly inspected Claire to see if she was injured. Claire had actually used the teleportation scroll to return, so she must have been in great danger.

"Master, I am fine. Where is Mother?" Claire asked hastily.

Emery froze. He instantly realized the true reason why Claire had teleported home.

Seeing Emery quiet, Claire grew even more worried. She couldn't help but raise her voice. "Master, I said, where is mother!"

"Claire, first let's return to Hill manor. It is not suitable to talk here." Emery looked around. They were on a common road. Even though it was night and currently no one around, it was possible someone might pass by.

"No, Master, first let's go to your house. I don't want anyone to know I've

returned." Even though Claire was worried, she did not lose her reason. Her mother being framed was part of a scheme, so the Temple of Light and the Hill clan would both start to make their moves. It still wasn't clear if they were supporting the same prince yet, so she could not make any rash moves.

"Alright. Let's go." Emery led the way. The two slowly disappeared into the night.

After they arrived at Emery's house and Claire finished listening to Emery's explanation, her expression was dark, her eyes ice cold.

"So right now the situation is very delicate. The emperor also has no intention of doing anything."

"Doesn't the emperor know the condition the crown prince has agreed to?" Claire frowned. If such a condition was agreed to, in the near future, divine right would usurp royal authority. The crown prince actually agreed to acknowledge the pope as the godfather of the future crown prince! The implications of the future emperor calling the pope his godfather was clear.

"Of course his highness knows," Emery sighed. "If even we know, how could his highness not?"

Claire frowned. If such were the case, the she really could not tell what that person was thinking.

"What exactly happened to Mother?" Claire asked darkly, her eyes ice cold with a murderous glimmer.

"Princess Maurice and the second prince invited many young nobles along with the crown prince to a tea party. Your mother was in charge of everything, including the wine. The crown prince's wine was poisoned." Emery sighed. The scheme could not be any more blatant.

"Why didn't the second prince just directly poison the crown prince to death?" Claire sneered, already knowing the answer in her heart.

"If so, your mother would have been hanged already." Emery frowned. "And the second prince still requires the Hill clan's support, whether

before or after he ascends the throne. If he killed the crown prince, his blood brother, he would also lose the faith of the people. This move by the second prince is forcing the Hill clan to take a stand to support him, not to lose the Hill clan's support."

What a botched ploy! Anyone could tell this was a conspiracy, a scheme the emperor had silently permitted. However, it was highly effective! At the very minimum, the Hill clan had been pushed to the limelight and was now forced to face the Temple of Light!

"Although your mother was imprisoned in Calou, she was not harmed at all. She has high quality food and very good living conditions, not just because of the Hill clan's authority, but also because of the second prince and princess Maurice's orders," Emery added, noticing Claire's gaze becoming more and more icy. He felt an ominous premonition. Claire, please don't do anything brash!

"Claire, the current situation is very delicate. You must be calm. The second prince is forcing his Grace's hand, but..." Emery explained nervously. The second prince and princess Maurice had been such close friends with Claire in the past. It would be unwise for Claire and the future emperor to become enemies now.

"I know," Claire interrupted, motioning for Emery to stop. Suddenly, she stood up.

Emery also nervously stood up.

Claire turned to Emery, a cold smile surfacing on her lips. "Emery, do you think I am still the same as before?"

Emery paused. Seeing Claire's confident expression, he suddenly felt his disciple was a stranger to him. Claire's strength seemed to have increased again, but not to the point where he would be shocked. If he knew Claire had just been through a fierce battle and still hadn't recovered yet, who knew how he would react.

"Don't worry, I won't cause trouble for the Hill clan," Claire said indifferently. "Master, return back to Hill manor. I know my limits. Don't tell anyone I've returned, not even Grandfather."

“Not even his Grace?” Emery was shocked.

“Master, I know how loyal you are to Grandfather, but it’s best if you don’t tell Grandfather. You know I am the Niya city lord, a baron, and a priest of the Temple of Light. When the time comes, I will tell Grandfather.”

“Alright,” Emery agreed reluctantly.

After some thought, Claire decided it was best if Emery didn’t know what she was going to do. “I will live in your house in the meantime, Master.”

Emery left after a word of caution. Claire changed into tight fitting black clothes, masked her face, and then slipped into the night.

She was going to the Calou gardens!

The Calou gardens were under heavy guard. No one imprisoned there was ordinary, all previously illustrious and powerful nobles.

Claire lept over the high walls silently, landing on a tree. Huge guard dogs raised their heads, looking around, their animal instincts telling them something was off, but it was quiet and there no foreign scents, so after some sniffing, they laid down again.

Claire nimbly leapt onto another tree, arriving at the wall of a building. She made her way past patrols one by one easily. After looking through a few rooms, she found the person she was worrying about.

Katherine looked in good spirits. She sat, reading a book. The room was as lavish as Hill manor’s, luxurious and cozy. There were bookshelves filled with books. A bright candle lit the entire room. The furniture was also of the highest quality.

Claire entered the room silently. She leaned on the wall quietly, watching the person before her. Katherine had a peaceful expression, entirely absorbed in the book.

Claire took off her mask. “Mother,” she quietly called. Katherine froze.

Incredulously, she looked back at the source of the voice. Her hand

trembled. Was this an illusion? It must have been because she missed Claire so much that this illusion appeared.

"Mother, it's me." Claire smiled bittersweetly. Because she had been training, it had so long since she had last seen Mother.

"Cl..." Something glistened in the corner of Katherine's eye. She snapped her book shut, and then quickly closed the curtains. Only then did she turn around and hug Claire.

"Claire, my darling, you've finally returned." Katherine's voice shook with emotion.

"I am sorry, mother. In order to train, I didn't return home to see you until now." Claire hugged her in turn.

"It's good that you're back." Katherine's tears were flowing, but she was smiling, smiling and crying as her daughter was in her embrace.

"Mother, as long as you say the word, I'll whisk you away right now." Claire said coldly.

"Claire, you can't." Katherine shook her head. "No only are the Calou gardens heavily guarded, my name hasn't been cleared yet. What will happen to the Hill clan?"

"It's just a second rate scheme." Claire suppressed her rising anger.

But Katherine smiled warmly. "I know." She reached out and brushed away Claire's bangs gently. "This scheme is very mediocre. The crown prince knew the wine was poisoned, but still drank it. He is starting the battle for the throne. And the Hill clan cannot allow divine right to usurp royal authority."

"The emperor will allow it?" Claire's gaze became icy.

"Of course he won't. The only one to blame is the Hill clan. The Hill clan is becoming too strong, so strong he does not feel secure." Katherine smiled.

Chapter 161: [No Title]

Claire's eyes widened, a chilling emotion rising in her heart.

The person who sat on the throne! Of course his shrewdness was endless!

How ruthless, how cunning!

No wonder he let such a second rate plot occur!

Choosing the successor was a must, but he could not afford to let divine right usurp royal authority. He was also uneasy with the Hill clan's growing power. By just watching on the sidelines, he would weaken the Hill clan through the crown prince and Temple of Light! When both sides were weakened, he would appear and make the decision.

But Katherine was able to see through it all; she was more wise and farsighted than the emperor!

Claire was in awe of the gently smiling woman before her, as if seeing her for the first time. This was a member of the powerful Li clan! If it weren't for that "father" of hers, who knew how successful this woman would have been in Lagark? Claire didn't dare to imagine it.

"Claire, sometimes, life just happens. You know the truth, but can't do anything but to continue down on the path given." Katherine patted Claire's head, a frown on her beautiful face. "Right now, I am most worried about you. Your status will definitely leave you entangled. The Temple won't let you go. Your second brother..." Katherine's eyes dimmed.

"What about my second brother?" Claire sensed something was wrong.

"Your second brother chose to support the crown prince against the Hill clan." Katherine sighed quietly, her eyes full of worry. "I don't wish for this to also happen to you."

Shocked by her second brother's action, Claire immediately said without hesitation, "I won't go against the Hill clan like second brother." She would never become enemies with the Hill clan or, more specifically, never become enemies with Mother.

“No, Claire, you misunderstand.” Katherine laughed quietly seeing Claire’s confusion.

“I don’t want you to become enemies with the Temple.” Katherine sighed. “The Temple is stronger than you think. Their strength is unfathomable.” Katherine appeared deeply worried.

“Mother...” Claire started to say hesitantly.

“Don’t worry about me. His and her highness, the second prince and princess Maurice, will guarantee my safety.” Katherine consoled Claire.

Claire’s eyes sharpened, her gaze ice cold.

Second prince... hmph. I see you’ve forgotten your promise.

“I will save you, mother, the way you to be so saved,” Claire solemnly swore. Truthfully, Clare was fully capable of destroying the entire place and taking Katherine away, but the consequences? She and Katherine would have to stay in hiding for the rest of their lives. Of course Claire wouldn’t do something so foolish.

“Claire, don’t be brash. If possible, I would like you to go to Lagark and not get entangled in this battle for the throne. Your identity is too special,” Katherine said

Not get entangled?

Claire smiled faintly, her expression full of confidence.

From today onward, she could let the world know what a true battle was!

“Mother, don’t worry. I know my limits. The next time we meet will be in Hill Manor. I will be leaving now.” Claire smiled, full of confidence.

Katherine only saw a blur as Claire disappeared.

Katherine opened the window,but Claire’s figure was nowhere to be seen. She was extremely worried. However, the future far exceeded her expectations. Not a single person was prepared for what was to happen!

Claire slinked stealthily through the night, her eyes ice cold.

Even though Mother had not been harmed, she still had to settle the

score!

Claire was heading straight to the palace.

In the palace, the second prince's bedroom was lit brightly.

In the study, Nancy stood by the window, gazing outside nostalgically. A breeze swept through his bangs. He recalled the day Claire had fallen off her horse trying to chase him. He went to visit, but her bright eyes did not even look at him any more. Only now did he realize that Claire hadn't been the same since.

He sighed. When did that stunning girl creep into his heart? When had he started to be unable to look away? And when had he started thinking about her constantly, worried for her?

Nancy closed his eyes, letting out a sigh. What would he say the next time he saw Claire? How could he face her?

"Brother, are you thinking about her again?" Princess Maurice's voice came from behind.

Nancy did not respond, only gazing into the darkness.

"Elder brother, this time, our hand was forced. There was no other way." Princess Maurice sighed quietly.

Nancy remained silent.

"What a large hand you had there!" A cold voice sounded suddenly in the study. The two heard the voice clearly. They could not be more familiar with this voice.

Nancy and Maurice's hearts clenched. They both looked up towards the source of the voice. A cold dagger was already pressed against Nancy's neck.

"Claire!" Princess Maurice called out, her voice trembling. Claire had abruptly appeared out of nowhere. Princess Maurice eyed Claire nervously.

"Greetings, your highnesses." Claire chuckled quietly, her voice devoid of worth. She still hadn't withdrawn the dagger.

Nancy didn't move, his gaze decrepit.

"Claire... don't... don't hurt brother," Princess Maurice said hastily. How had Claire snuck into the palace? Even without the numerous guards, there were the Tempest Warriors! The Tempest Warriors had much keener senses than the normal royal knights, but even they did not notice Claire's intrusion. Was Claire really only a double class magician warrior?

"Your highness, is something the matter?" Even though princess Maurice had kept her voice low, the Tempest Warrior stationed outside the door still sensed something was wrong.

"Nothing. Leave," princess Maurice raised her voice and ordered coldly.

"Yes." Without any hesitation, the Tempest Warrior left.

Maurice worriedly looked back at Claire. If Claire just pressed the slightest bit harder, the dagger would pierce Nancy's throat.

"Claire, it was all my idea, nothing to do with brother. If you need to vent your anger, take it out on me. Brother needs to be safe. Amparkland cannot be without brother," maurice said quickly, her voice low.

"You think I don't dare to kill you?" Claire laughed coldly.

Just this one sentence made princess Maurice's heart sink. This sentence said everything. Their past friendship would no longer exist ever again.

"If killing me will dissolve your hatred, then go ahead. However, don't harm brother. Amparkland needs brother. We can't let those religious freaks take usurp royal authority." Princess Maurice's heart tightened. She caused everything. If Claire took her life, she had nothing to say.

"Maurice..." Nancy's expression was painful. He hadn't planned on the situation becoming like this.

However, Nancy suddenly felt the cold pressure at his neck disappear and saw Maurice's shocked expression.

Nancy whipped around abruptly, but Claire was nowhere to be found.

"Brother..." Maurice slowly walked over, sighing. "Brother, I'm sorry. I caused you to suffer."

“No, Maurice.” Nancy closed his eyes, then opened then abruptly. “I have never regretted that decision.”

“Brother...” Maurice watched him with a complex expression, her heart bitter. Born in the royal family, much was forced on you.

Beneath the seemingly peaceful night were large currents.

Morning. The sun’s rays reached every crook and cranny of the capital.

Claire currently sat in a luxurious, secret room, sipping tea. She listened seriously as a stocky, middle aged man before her explained the current situation. Xi Shaosi calmly poured tea for Claire, while Xi Shaoqi crooked his head, puzzled. After Claire found the manager of the slave market, she had immediately summoned the two twin brothers. What did she want?

“The Temple of Light’s next move is to first establish your mother as a criminal, then use it to pressure the second prince. The Hill clan will definitely not let this happen. Something must be done.” The stocky man continued, “Right now, the second prince has the support of the Tempest Warriors and the Hill clan. The crown prince has the support of the Temple of Light and the Griffin Squad. On the surface, it appears the crown prince has the upper hand.”

Claire listened quietly. The stocky, middle aged man before her was Philips, the manager of the slave market as well as a member of the Temple of Darkness. He did not have a title as member of the Temple of Darkness, but was well respected. Even the pope treated him with respect. This person was farsighted, able to see the big picture, and a powerful supporter of the Temple of Darkness. Currently, he was following orders to assist Claire.

“Continue.” Claire set down her cup, her expression still cold.

“The military parade is in half a month. Divine Princess, if they can prove your mother is guilty before then, they will take the opportunity to announce it publically that day and everything will be set in stone.” Philips frowned. Of course the Temple of Darkness would not approve of the Temple of Light usurping royal authority.

“What is that emperor thinking,” Xi Shaoqi hmphed. “As the emperor, how could he let divine right usurp royal authority? Why would he permit such actions?”

Chapter 162: [No Title]

Claire chuckled coldly. “How old is the current emperor? His health?” These people had never read Chinese history, how could they possibly understand the intentions of emperors? If an emperor like Li Yuan* existed in this continent before, then they would be able to understand the mindset of the current Amparkland emperor.

*Li Yuan (566-635), first Tang emperor Gaozu, reigned 618-626

“The emperor is not yet fifty and in good health,” Xi Shaoqi answered, even though he was confused why Claire asked.

“If you normally ate three delicious meals a day, and then one day you were only given a meal a day, leftovers, would you be willing?” A derisive smile appeared on Claire’s lips.

“Nonsense, only a fool would be willing.” Xi Shaoqi immediately retorted.

“Then do you think the emperor is a fool?” Claire replied calmly.

Everyone else in the room froze.

Xi Shaosi immediately understood. “The current emperor currently has control over everything. Everyone carefully treads around him.”

“If he abdicated the throne, he would barely have any power, the leftovers.” Philips was shocked, shocked at the farsighted emperor, shocked by the frightening perception of the girl before him.

“But isn’t the emperor afraid Lagark might take the opportunity to attack while the princes fight for the throne?” Philips frowned He didn’t dare to look down on this girl before him any more. Before, he only believed she had made a contract with the god of Darkness by chance to become the Divine Princess of Darkness, but now, he could tell this girl was no ordinary person. She actually had such deep perception.

“The two princes’ fight for the throne will not affect the true strength of Amparkland. The Tempest Warriors and Griffin Squad only protect the royal family. The real strength of Amparkland has not changed, the army.

Of course, Lagark is also aware of this," Claire explained.

"What if both princes die?" Xi Shaoqi frowned.

"Your intelligence quotient disappoints me."

Xi Shaoqi paused, then curled his lip. Although he did not know what "intelligence quotient" meant, even a fool would know she was not complimenting him.

"Sigh..." Xi Shaosi appeared exasperated.

"The emperor is still in good health. Having a few more heirs is no problem." Philips gave Xi Shaoqi a meaningful look.

Xi Shaoqi's lip twisted, his face turning a bit green.

"Divine Princess, most importantly, the fools of the Temple of Light will definitely find a way to establish your mother as a criminal." Philips stroked his double chin. "They will probably create false witnesses to testify your mother was in full control of the drinks. With so many people present and a high enough price, someone is bound to jump out and make up the 'truth'."

"Grandfather is already aware." Claire was not worried about this at all.

"The Temple of Light is far more dirty than yu think, Divine Princess. It is better to stay on the safe side. Your mother's trial will be soon." Philips was well aware of the true face of the Temple of Light.

"Yes. Thank you, Philips." Claire nodded, truly thankful.

"No, as your servant, this is merely what I should do, Divine Princess." Philips smiled. After this conversation, Philips had a completely different evaluation of Claire. Perhaps she would really be able to do something.

"But right now, I will stay here. I still have not recovered. I need a quiet place."

"No problem, Divine Princess. Follow me, please. You can request me of anything. I will report all news of the outside to you," Philips promised.

"Yes." Claire stood, following Philips out the door.

Xi Shaoqi rubbed his nose. He faced the door with frustration. “Why do I always shiver whenever she appears?”

Xi Shaosi did not respond. He put away the tea set and then also left the room. Xi Shaoqi hurried after him. Their current job was to gather and report intel to Philips.

Claire started her recovery in a quiet room. The Treasured Lotus Style had already repaired Claire’s damaged veins in just three days. Currently, Claire was already practicing the tenth level of the Treasured Lotus Style.

That night, just as Claire was quietly cultivating, there was a slight noise at the window. It was definitely not one of Philip’s men. Claire opened her eyes, got off the bed, and opened the window. Two shadows, one white and one black, jumped in, aiming straight for Claire’s bosom.

Claire laughed and hugged the two little furballs. Of course it was White Emperor and Black Feather. The two had found her through their contract. Suddenly, Claire remembered the person who had always stood silently behind her.

“Where’s Jean?” Claire remembered that Emery had told her after Jean had reported to Grandfather of her whereabouts, he had left with White Emperor and Black Feather. Although these two little guys were here, Jean was nowhere to be seen.

“Chirp chirp!”

“Peep peep!”

The two started to speak to Claire in a language only they two could understand.

“Alright, stop talking.” Claire felt a bit of headache. Even if they tried to speak to her, she wouldn’t be able to understand.

White Emperor and Black Feather hopped onto Claire’s shoulders, rubbing against Claire’s face lovingly.

Inside the Temple of Light.

The pope stood facing the window, his hands behind his back. There was

a quiet knock at the door.

The pope turned to face the door. “Enter.”

The door swung open gently to reveal Lawrence.

“Your holiness.” Lawrence entered, then closed the door.

“When will he arrive?” The pope walked to his desk and sat down.

“He is already traveling day and night. Tomorrow morning, he will arrive.” Lawrence’s eyes revealed a complex emotion. Was the pope actually going to go this far? Was this really the best way?

The pope noticed the Lawrence’s complex expression and sighed. “Lawrence, this is a huge opportunity. Amparkland is the strongest country in the continent. If the Temple has control of Amparkland, the goddess’s brilliance will spread across the continent.

“Your holiness, what about the priest? She is the chosen one and will definitely get entangled in the conflict,” Lawrence said with worry.

“She still has not returned ever since the day she disappeared, only informing the Hill clan she would be cultivating. Isn’t this good? She does not have time to care. Once she returns and learns everything, what can she do?” The pope was not worried at all.

“Is that really fine?” Lawrence was still hesitant. He kept on feeling a bit uneasy.

“If person herself admits that the second prince told her to harm the crown prince, what else could be more convincing?” The pope smiled coldly, full of confidence and disdain.

Lawrence fell silent. It was true, but would everything go smoothly? His uneasiness grew.

“Alright, you may leave. Once he arrives, take him to meet that woman. Remember, his arrival must be secret.” The pope motioned for Lawrence to leave.

Lawrence sighed in his heart, about to leave.

“Wait,” the pope suddenly called out.

“Your holiness, do you have any other orders?”

“Find an excuse to bring Cliff away, the farther, the better. Don’t let him get involved,” the pope said, frowning. He had suddenly recalled Cliff would not be so easily fooled. Not only was Cliff powerful, he was Claire’s master. He would not just watch quietly from the side if anything happened to Claire’s mother.

“Your holiness!” Lawrence’s expression changed greatly. He knew what would happen between him and Cliff if he did this.

“Pretend you didn’t know anything. Find an excuse,” the pope ordered. His expression darkened. “I know your relationship with him, but don’t forget your position. Also, even if Cliff is a sorcerer, do you really think no one from the Temple can stop him?”

Lawrence fell silent. The term sorcerer appeared to be almighty, but even he, a red cardinal, was not certain of the Temple’s true strength. The pope’s words were not just a threat but the truth! The power of the Temple was unimaginable. The twelve cardinals above him were scattered in branch temples, not to mention the other twenty three cardinals. These people had unfathomable strength. They were different from Cliff, all unwilling to pursue fame or fortune. Perhaps some of them were already sorcerers, but merely had never revealed it.

Lawrence’s heart sunk. He could not let anything happen to Cliff, his only lifelong friend.

“Yes, I understand, your holiness,” Lawrence said unwillingly.

“You may leave. Implement my orders now.” The pope motioned for Lawrence to leave.

Lawrence left silently. When he walked out the door, he saw Leng Lingyun standing silently at the door.

“Lingyun…” Lawrence said with difficulty.

“Master, are we really doing this?” Leng Lingyun gritted his teeth,

frowning.

Lawrence remained quiet, only sighing slowly.

“Master! That person is Claire’s mother! What if Claire returns?” Leng Lingyun became more anxious seeing Lawrence’s response.

“Leng Lingyun, do you think your master really wants to do this? Do you think I want to see that little girl in grief?” Lawrence said helplessly, his voice dispirited.

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“Master, this is such an obvious scheme. Why do we need to make an innocent woman suffer?” Leng Lingyun choked, about to go out of control.

“Lingyun!” Lawrence’s tone changed, becoming more severe. “In all these years, have you been living in an illusion?”

The sentence was a severe blow to Leng Lingyun’s heart. He froze instantly.

Leng Lingyun’s lips curved into a derisive sneer. Yes, how could he have forgotten. The esteemed Temple of Light was in reality the most corrupt place in the world. How could he still hope for justice!

“Go!” Lawrence’s expression darkened. He understood that inside the study, the pope must have heard what had been said. In order to prevent Leng Lingyun from saying anything else that could bring them trouble, Leng Lingyun had to leave as soon as possible.

Leng Lingyun followed Lawrence silently, his face lowered. No one could see his expression. The two walked towards the back of the temple.

Now far from the front of the temple, the two stood silently.

“Your eminence*, Lingyun.” The Divine Princess appeared, greeting them with a bright smile.

*I searched and this is how you address cardinals

“Oh, so it’s you, Xueqing. How are you feeling?” Lawrence forced out a smile. The Divine Princess had returned last expedition covered entirely in wounds. The Temple of Darkness had nearly cost her life. But of course as the Divine Princess, she had been able to fight her way through and returned to the Temple, resting ever since. If Claire knew about this, she would understand the Divine Princess did not truly believe in the goddess of Light.

“Thank you, your eminence, for your worry. I am already much better.” Liu Xueqing smiled faintly. However, her gaze was on Leng Lingyun.

“Good,” Lawrence nodded.

Leng Lingyun remained silent, about to walk past Lawrence and leave.

“Lingyun!” Lawrence called, stopping Leng Lingyun in his tracks.

But although Leng Lingyun stopped, he did not look back.

Lawrence sighed. His heart heavy, he said, “Lingyun, I know of your relationship with Claire. However, this time is different. You cannot interfere in this matter.”

Leng Lingyun whipped around. “Master, are we just going to watch as the situation develops? Do you think Claire will let it go once she returns?” he said angrily. “Do you think Cliff is just going to watch without doing anything?”

“That’s none of your business! I know my bounds!” Lawrence’s expression darkened. “Don’t do anything. Just stay quietly in the temple.”

Leng Lingyun bit his lip, about to say something, Lawrence frowned, also about to say something, but Liu Xueqing quietly said, “Lingyun, no one wants to see Claire hurt. I treat her like a younger sister and don’t want her to be hurt either. But this time, it is relevant to the Temple’s future.” Seeing Leng Lingyun’s expression darken, she finally could not help it. “Even if you don’t care about yourself, you must think of Xuanxuan.”

Leng Lingyun instantly froze, unable to say a word.

Seeing Lingyun’s dazed expression, Lawrence let out a long sigh. He walked over and patted Leng Lingyun on the shoulder. “Just pretend you didn’t know anything. I will ask the pope to assign you a mission. You should go elsewhere, the farther, the better.”

Liu Xueqing also sighed. She walked over and said gently, “I will stay with you, Ling Yun. Let’s go to a branch temple in another country together.”

Leng Lingyun brushed off Lawrence’s hand, his face cold. “I won’t do anything rash. You don’t need to send me away.” Leng Lingyun walked away, disappearing into the long hallway.

Seeing this, Liu Xueqing turned, about to chase after him.

“Xueqing, don’t go. Let him be.” Lawrence stopped her.

Liu Xueqing paused in her steps. She gazed down the hallway, ecstatic in her heart. Xuanxuan would be her trump card forever! She was even looking forward to Claire’s reappearance. Katherine would be hanged for sure. Even if the Hill clan interfered, Katherine would be banished at best, the equivalent of a death sentence. If that damn girl were here, she would definitely not allow such a thing to occur and interfere with the Temple, resulting in... The more Liu Xueqing thought about it, the more excited she became, but because Lawrence was there, she could only pretend to be worried and disheartened.

Leng Lingyun quickly walked back to his personal courtyard. Immediately, he saw Leng Xuanxuan sitting on the edge of a flowerbed atop a low masonry border alone, kicking her little feet boredly, waiting for his return. Thin frame, thin arms. Leng Lingyun’s heart tightened. If not for the medicine the Temple of Light provided, Xuanxuan would have left this world long ago.

“Brother!” Leng Xuanxuan lept to her feet happily, dashing straight towards him.

Leng Lingyun squeezed out a faint smile. He crouched down and hugged Leng Xuanxuan.

“Xuanxuan, have you been good?” Leng Lingyun scooped her up and stood up.

“Yes, yes,” Leng Xuanxuan nodded enthusiastically. As she caught Leng Lingyun’s eyes, astonishment flashed across her face. She reached out and gently touched Leng Lingyun’s face, her voice low as she said, “Brother, do you have something on your mind? You’re unhappy.”

“No. Xuanxuan, don’t think too much. Remember to take your medicine on time, okay?” Leng Lingyun forced on a smile and stroked Leng Xuanxuan’s hair.

Leng Xuanxuan didn’t say anything, only tilting her head. She gazed into

Leng Lingyun's eyes, then pulled Leng Lingyun's handsome face towards her. She asked seriously, "Brother, you like that big sister, right?"

"Ah?" Leng Lingyun froze.

"Big sister Claire, you like her, right?" Leng Xuanxuan's serious expression did not match her young age.

"Silly child, do you even know what 'like' means? Don't speak nonsense." On the inside, Leng Lingyun was shocked, but he maintained his smile as he poked Leng Xuanxuan's nose.

"I know, of course I know." Leng Xuanxuan nodded seriously. She touched Leng Lingyun's face and said solemnly, "Brother, do you really think the Divine Princess treats me well because she likes me? Does she think I don't know? She only treats me well because of you."

Leng Lingyun was shocked. He stared fixedly at Leng Xuanxuan without a word. Since when was this child so perceptive?

"The Divine Princess likes you, but you don't like her. You like big sister Claire. This kind of like is different from brother liking me." Leng Xuanxuan's expression was exceptionally serious.

Leng Lingyun stared at the little girl in his arms, unable to speak. Leng Xuanxuan was obedient and mature, but Leng Lingyun never expected her to say such things.

"Silly child, you are always brother's number one." Leng Lingyun smiled and hugged Leng Xuanxuan more tightly. But even he could not understand the pain and complex emotions in his heart.

"Brother..." Leng Xuanxuan hugged Leng Lingyun's neck tightly, laying her head down on Leng Lingyun's shouldered. Quietly, she whispered, "Brother, sorry. These past few years, for me, you had to suffer."

"Silly child, don't say such foolish words." Leng Lingyun hugged Leng Xuanxuan and sighed. He was unaware of the glistening tears nor determination in Leng Xuanxuan's eyes.

The poison incident became a deadlock with no further progress.

The Temple of Light could not prove the second prince ordered Katherine to poison the first prince and the Hill clan could not prove Katherine was innocent.

And so, the situation turned into a stalemate.

Today, Cliff and Lawrence hurriedly left the capital because the Temple's reliable intel hinted that Claire was in the country Swerther and appeared to be chased after. Cliff, not doubting his lifelong friend Lawrence, hurriedly made his way to the tiny country of Swerther to rescue Claire.

Just two days after Cliff and Lawrence left, the poisoning incident had a new development.

Katherine Hill herself admitted that she poisoned the crown prince on the second prince's orders! Tomorrow, she would be on trial publically!

"How could this be!" Claire almost destroyed the table in Philip's room. She slapped it and hollered, "How is that possible! Where did you get this information? Who made it up?"

"Everyone in the capital knows," Xi Shaoqi mumbled, feeling wronged.

"Impossible! I met Mother in secret. Mother would never do such a thing!" Claire was both furious and worried. She almost lost her reason.

"Divine Princess, please calm down a little," Philips quickly tried to console her. "There's definitely something strange going on. Your mother would never do such a thing."

"She could have been threatened," Xi Shaosi said calmly.

"Please calm down, divine princess, please calm down!" Xi Shaoqi was afraid Claire might destroy the room. After Claire recovered, their jaws almost dropped to the floor. She was at the level of a wizard sage! So young, yet so talented. If they knew that Claire was hiding her strength and was already a sorcerer, who knew how shocked they would be.

Claire slowly calmed down. She sat down to ponder. "No, she was not threatened. There is nothing to threaten her with," Claire calmly analyzed.

“Then how?” Xi Shaoqi blinked. “Either a threat or a bribe, but bribing her is impossible. You also said that there’s nothing she can be threatened with, so why did you mother suddenly give such a statement?”

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Claire frowned, drumming her fingers on the table exasperatedly.

“Perhaps...” Philips suddenly said, his tone incredulous.

“Perhaps what?” Claire hurriedly asked.

“Perhaps it was mind control!” Philips uttered in a low voice.

“Impossible.” Xi Shaoqi humphed. “Such a low level technique, anyone would be able to tell. Those mind controlled have unfocused eyes and stutter. Anyone with the slightest bit of strength would be able to sense they are being mind controlled.”

“Not always.” Philips started to ponder, stroking his chin.

“What exceptions are there?” Mind control was no simple technique. Not only did the controller have to have very strong spiritual power, making a controlled person appear normal was exceptionally difficult.

“Rumors say there is a sub-artifact* that can control minds without anyone detecting it.” Philips frowned as he spoke, then shook his head. “But it’s not possible. The sub-artifact has already been missing for five hundred years. There is no way the Temple of Light would have it. However, if this sub-artifact was were to control someone’s mind, it would take a sorcerer to break through the spell.”

*Remember, Claire’s sword, the Azure Ripple blade, is an artifact, whereas this item is only a sub-artifact

“Has the Temple of Light ever approached my mother during the time she was imprisoned?”

“No. Because the situation is so serious, no one is allowed to visit, including his highness, the second prince, her highness, the princess, and Duke Hill himself.” Philips was certain.

“Humph!” Claire humphed coldly. Not being allowed to visit did not mean they could not reach her mother. She herself was a prime example.

“Divine Princess, what do we do next?” Philips asked.

Claire was quiet for a moment, then stood up. Her voice cold, she said, “Tonight, I will visit my mother to see what really happened. Wait for me to return before making any other moves.”

“That’s not possible, I’m afraid.” Philips shook his head slowly. “Currently, Calou is guarded by Tempest Warriors and members of the Griffin Squad. Even the Temple of Light sent a cardinal.”

Claire immediately understood. This time, the Temple of Light was pulling out all the stops.

“I reckon there are not only guards at the door, but also a barrier around her room. After all, the results of this case are extremely crucial,” Philips surmised.

“Has the Hill clan made any moves?” Claire’s eyes narrowed a cold glint flashing across her eyes. It was unlikely the Hill clan would do nothing after such huge developments.

“Divine Princess, your father was extremely anxious when the news came. He constantly meets with the second prince. However, Duke Hill, who had previously been calm, recognized something was wrong when he heard the news and requested to visit your mother, most likely to check if she was mind controlled. However, the Temple of Light refused him.”

“The Temple of Light does not have the right to refuse him.” Claire laughed coldly.

“Of course they do not have the right. However, the emperor supported the Temple of Light, saying that prisoners of Calou cannot visit family before trials.” Philip’s thick brow raised in disdain. “The emperor saying this changes things.”

“Wow! Pressuring the Hill clan like this, isn’t he afraid the Hill caln will rebel?” Xi Shaoqi cried loudly. “After all, the Hill clan controls the armies.”

“The emperor knows where to draw the line.” Xi Shaosi shot a glance at Xi Shaoqi. Xi Shaoqi fell silent.

“Tomorrow is the public trial. Divine Princess, what will we do?” Philips asked quietly.

Claire remained silent, her eyes flickering.

“What about my master?” Claire frowned.

“A few days ago, he left the capital with Cardinal Lawrence for an unknown reason.” As expected of Philips’s vast network. He even knew where Cliff was.

“Are we going to rescue her?” Xi Shaoqi asked excitedly.

“No,” Claire shook her head slightly. The situation had developed out of her expectations. Mother actually confessed that she had poisoned the crown prince. This disrupted her original plan. What was Grandfather planning? How would the situation be resolved? How would she rescue mother?

“If you can prove during the public trial that your mother confessed under mind control by either the crown prince or Temple of Light, then the tables will turn,” said Philips.

“But what if it is that sub-artifact? Is there a way to break its spell?” Claire frowned.

“Yes, but it is very dangerous,” Philips, with his wide range of knowledge, answered immediately. “That would be to control your mother’s mind. If you also attempt mind control, there would be would be a clash of spiritual powers between you and the other mind controller. However, if you do not win, not only will they be able to continue controlling your mother’s mind, your mind will be heavily damaged and you might become a vegetable.” Philips sighed. “If only your master Cliff were here. Sorcerers are capable of breaking the mind control of the sub-artifact.”

“Divine Princess, this method is extremely dangerous. If your opponent has the sub-artifact, things would take a bad turn,” Xi Shaosi said calmly.

“I know.” Claire nodded faintly. “You don’t have to do any now. This is my personal business. I promised the pope before that I would not treat the lives of members of the Temple of Darkness as a joke.”

“Divine Princess...” Philips opened his mouth to speak, but Claire motioned with her hand. “No need. If I truly need help, I will ask. Bill’s

teleportation formation is useful, but cannot be used in the capital that is surrounded by Light. The Dark aura is too dense and would expose us. If I need anything, I will tell you."

Before they could say anything, Claire motioned for them to leave. "All of you, withdraw. I need some time alone."

The Xi brothers both opened their mouths, wanting to speak, but Philips silenced them with a glare.

After they left, Claire sat quietly in a chair, pondering.

The god of Darkness could not descend in the capital full of Light power. Master had left suddenly just before Mother had confessed to attempting to murder the crown prince. Was this all just a coincidence?

If she appeared at Hill manor now, it would only make matters worse. At least the Hill clan and Temple of Light were friendly on the surface currently. However, if she appeared now, this calm would be shattered.

Chaos! Her thoughts were a mess!

"Chirp chirp!"

"Peep peep!"

White Emperor and Black Feather, perched on Claire's shoulders, called out loudly, as if to console Claire.

Claire smiled. She stroked the two little fellows, then stood up and walked back to her room. She was already at the peak of the tenth level of the Treasured Lotus Style, on the verge of breaking through to the eleventh level. Perhaps due to her close brushes with death, Claire was much faster at cultivating the Treasured Lotus Style.

Hill manor

"Father, the trial is tomorrow. Is there no other way? Claire must have been mind controlled, must have!" Roger yelled, anxious and worried.

"Of course I know." Duke Gordan humphed coldly. "How many times have I told you to control your hot temper?"

“I cannot calm down. If Katherine is found guilty, her life will be forfeit. How can I calm down?” Roger was almost hysterical.

“You think I’m not worried? If Katherine is found guilty, not only is her life forfeit, the second prince will lose and our Hill clan will also collapse as well!” Duke Gordan tried to suppress his anger. He too was very exasperated. He had planned to watch from the sidelines quietly, allowing Eric to assist the first prince and Jean to help the second prince secretly. No matter who ascended the throne, he would be a winner. However, the second prince had forced his hand. And he never expected Eric to betray the clan!

Roger gritted his teeth, angry and worried. In his father’s eyes, the interests of the clan always came first. If this incident did not affect the future of the Hill clan, Gordan would not try so hard to save Katherine. No! He could not let any harm come to Katherine!

“Leave. I will take care of this matter. I have a plan for tomorrow.” Duke Gordan waved offhandedly impatiently.

Roger opened his mouth to speak when Duke Gordan said in a deep voice, “I told you to leave, did you not understand?” The authoritative and impatient voice shut Roger up. Roger shot a glance, but in the end, left with frustration.

After Roger left, there came a knock at the door.

“Come in.” Duke Gordan said quietly, a little beaten.

The door opened. It was Emery.

Seeing Duke Gordan’s tired appearance, he called out cautiously, “Your grace.”

“Emery. How are the circumstances?” Duke Gordan rubbed his temples.

“We did find someone. However, I do not know whether or not we will be able to break the mind control’s spell.” Emery frowned. After all, if the Temple of Light dared to use this move, they must have something prepared up their sleeve.

“Stay strong. If all else fails, then we will move onto the second plan.” Duke Gordan sighed. “Roger, this child. When will he grow up?”

“Yes, your grace.” Emery nodded. However, he seemed to be holding back something.

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“What is it?” Duke Gordan sensed that Emery wanted to say something.

“Although Miss Claire did not want me to tell you, I think I should still tell you, your grace. The Miss has already secretly returned to the capital stronger again.” However, Emery still did not know Claire’s true strength.

“What? Claire has already returned?” Duke Gordan was pleasantly surprised for a brief moment before becoming worried. He was well aware of how deeply Claire loved Katherine. Appearing at such a time would leave her in a difficult position.

“Miss was originally living in my residence, but disappeared a few days ago. However, I am certain Miss Claire is still in the capital. The Temple of Light is unaware she has returned,” Emery said certainly.

“Good. It is best if she does not appear.” Duke Gordan let out a small sigh.

“However, your grace, do you not think Miss will not appear at the public trial tomorrow? She loves the Madam more than anyone,” Emery said seriously, frowning.

“Send people to watch the peripheries tomorrow during the trial. Once she is spotted, she must be blocked and taken away immediately,” Duke Gordan said, exceptionally serious. “She is the future of the Hill clan. And she cannot witness the backup plan.” Even if the crown prince was defeated, the Temple of Light would not lose its power. After this conflict, everything would return to as they were before.

“Yes, your grace.” Emery nodded solemnly. However, he was a bit sorrowful. The person before him was the integral reason the Hill clan was what it was today. Large sacrifices were necessary for the Hill clan to stand forever. However, was this the correct decision? If Claire and Roger knew of the backup plan, what would be the result? He only hoped Claire would not appear tomorrow. He did not want that child to be harmed in any way.”

The next day, Katherine Hill's public trial started. Naturally, it took place in the royal court.

This day, all the aristocrats in the capital came. They all knew the result of today's trial would determine the next emperor. Those who had been envious of the Hill clan waited in earnest. Those who supported the Hill clan waited in trepidation. Never before had anyone benefited from opposing the Temple of Light.

The court was split into two sides. One was the Temple of Light and the people who supported the crown prince. The other was the Hill clan and the people who supported the second prince.

Emery was worried. Claire still had not appeared yet. This was very strange. With his understanding of Claire, she would definitely appear.

The judges of the trial were ones like never before. The emperor was the head judge while the prime minister was the assistant judge.

Once Katherine was brought out, Roger watched her anxiously. He wanted to stand up, but was stopped by Duke Gordan's cold humph.

Katherine was calm as she walked. Her gaze was clear and her expression natural, not like that of someone who was being mind controlled.

After the emperor sat down, the hall quieted down. Roger watched Katherine nervously, his fists already clenched tightly.

"How is it?" Duke Gordan turned to someone and muttered in a low voice.

They shook their head, silent.

Duke Gordan's gaze turned cold. Since there was actually no way to break Katherine's mind control, then there was only one method left. Only then could they win! Katherine... Duke Gordan sighed, a faint trace of regret in his heart. But this regret vanished immediately. To achieve great things, one must not be burdened by useless emotions! Only the day when Roger understood this would Gordan be able to hand over the Hill clan to him without worry.

Katherine raised her head to face the emperor. Before the emperor asked anything, she already opened her mouth to speak. “Your majesty, I was ordered by the second prince to poison the crown prince. That day, everything was under my control. All food and wine are examined by specialists before being sent into the palace. Everything was under the orders of the second prince. I was merely following orders.” The meaning of her words were clear. Before the wine was sent into the palace, the wine wasn’t poisoned. However, the wine the crown prince drank was poisoned by her. These words were completely exposing the second prince.

The hall fell into uproar. The expression of the emperor did not change. He only glanced at the pope and Duke Gordan, secretly watching their responses.

The expression of the pope also did not change. He only sat there quietly. Appearing at the trial today already showed his stance clearly, giving the people who supported the crown prince assurance. However, some people were hesitant and unwilling. From now on, royal authority was below divine right. Bowing down to the Temple was something that had never happened before. Many people found this unacceptable.

Duke Gordan remained emotionless. However, Roger lost control of himself.

“Katherine! How could you say that! Your majesty, Katherine’s mind is being controlled! That’s why she is saying nonsense! Katherine, wake up!” Roger cried, standing up emotionally.

“Marquis Roger, please mind your actions. You must follow the proper etiquette of a noble. It is not time for rebuttal,” the emperor said indifferently. He appeared dignified and just, but secretly, he felt a tinge of satisfaction. The Hill clan had been so powerful that even he, the emperor, had to be respectful, but after this, everything would change.

The emperor signaled to the prime minister to stand up. “Now the highest ranked palace magician will examine if Katherine is being mind controlled. Of course, the Hill clan and the Temple of Light also have the right to examine her.”

“Sit down!” Duke Gordan commanded Roger.

Roger watched Katherine fixedly, but Katherine had never so much as spared a glance ever since the trial started. Lashia was sitting on the edge of her seat, watching Katherine worriedly. And Eric, who sat beside the first prince, did not dare to lift his head, afraid to look at Katherine, but even more afraid to look at Roger. Leng Lingyun was silent, his expression dark. Liu Xueqing was expressionless, but secretly, she was disappointed. Claire still had not appeared. If she were, then everything would be much more entertaining.

“Go,” Duke Gordan said to the person sitting behind him meaningfully.

The palace magician examined Katherine, then reported, “Your highness, everything is normal.”

The hall fell into discord once more.

Roger’s expression changed greatly. He stood up to say something again, but was patted softly on the shoulder by Gordan. However, this soft pat made Roger lose consciousness. His body lost all of its strength and he fell down softly.

The Temple sent a cardinal. He reported that nothing was abnormal. No one was surprised. It would only be surprising if they did say something was abnormal.

Duke Gordan was still calm. He had expected this. Now, it was time for the backup plan. The plan was something he could definitely not allow Roger to know. Since they were unable to break the mind control, they would have to destroy Katherine’s conscious. The person controlling Katherine would have a backlash and expose themselves. Even just the tiniest sign of abnormality would be enough.

A person at Duke Gordan’s side stood up and walked towards Katherine.

“Wait!”

Suddenly, there was an ice cold voice. It was not loud, but everyone heard it clearly.

Everyone was shocked. Who would dare to interrupt at such a time? Everyone turned to look at the source of the voice. When they saw who stood at the entrance, everyone froze.

At the entrance of the hall stood a girl with golden hair and emerald eyes. She stood there unyieldingly, her expression cold, her green eyes profound, dressed in black. She slowly made her way forward, her entire body emitting an indescribable boldness, attracting everyone's gaze.

Claire Hill!

It was the miraculous Claire!

The nobles in the hall started to whisper.

Duke Gordan and the pope's expression finally changed.

Claire actually appeared at such a time!

This mean Claire would have to pick a side and break off her relation with the other! What consequences she would face were crystal clear.

"Reverend, so you've come." Liu Xueqing stood up and greeted Claire with a gentle smile. A flicker of appreciation flashed across the pope's eyes. Liu Xueqing did not disappoint all her years of training. She knew to immediately remind Claire of her identity along with everyone else, including the Hill clan, that Claire was not just a member of the Hill clan, but also a priest of the Temple of Light.

Liu Xueqing smiled as she walked forward. "Reverend, you arrived late. Your seat is over here."

Leng Lingyun frowned, his eyes flashing with loathing. Liu Xueqing was doing this deliberately! And the pope only watched on with narrowed eyes.

Duke Gordan and everyone else watched Claire alertly, their hearts pounding.

The hall was so quiet, you could hear a pin drop. Everyone waited with bated breath, watching Claire, waiting for her decision.

Would she chose the Hill clan or the Temple of Light?

In the annals of history, many people had broken off relations with their clan to support the Temple of Light for the supposed ‘greater good’.

So who would the girl chose today?

But Claire did not give Liu Xueqing so much as a glance. Instead, she advanced forward, her expression cold, directly towards Katherine.

Katherine finally turned around. She faced Claire. However, Katherine’s eyes did not show any emotion nor abnormality.

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Liu Xueqing appeared a little embarrassed, but her eyes glinted with malice. Before this large crowd of people, Claire had not given her any face. But in her heart, she was secretly delighted. This meant that Claire would not choose to side with the Temple of Light. Liu Xueqing turned, meaning to return to her seat, but she was faced with Leng Lingyun's gaze. The unconcealable hatred and anger in his eyes gave Liu Xueqing an abrupt shock. More unease grew in her heart. However, she had a thought. So long as Claire went past the point of redemption, Lingyun would be hers. The future is long! She would definitely win Lingyun's heart because she had her trump card, Xuanxuan!

Everyone in the hall started to whisper. What did Claire's attitude mean?

The pope's eyes narrowed, gleaming with profoundness.

"Elder sister!" Lashia excitedly called. For some reason, all her worries had disappeared. She just felt that with elder sister's appearance, everything would be resolved.

"Cl-Claire..." Roger watched Claire with a complex expression, hundreds of emotions welling up in his heart.

Second prince Nancy and princess Maurice both stared at Claire blankly. Never in their wildest dreams did they expect Claire to appear here.

Duke Gordan's expression grew more and more unsightly. What was Emery doing? Claire had actually entered the main hall! If Claire decided to side with the Temple, then she would be considered unfilial and disdained. But if Claire decided to side with the Hill clan, she would be openly betraying the Temple as its priest. The consequences were unimaginable!

Claire could not afford to appear!

All attacks and criticisms would be towards her! No matter what she decided, she would be forced onto a path of demise!

Leng Lingyun stared fixedly at Claire, unable to move his gaze away. She

had come! In the end, she came! Did she know what she would face?

"Greetings, your majesty." Claire gave a standard bow, then continued coldly, "We will know immediately whether my mother is under mind control or not. I hope your majesty will be just and fair, sentencing the person who cast the spell along with the true poisoner their deserved punishments instead of letting a weak woman bear all responsibility. Hiding the truth and pushing all blame onto a weak woman is something to be disdained by the entire world and leave a stain in history." Claire stood there boldly, her words loud enough to be heard from anywhere in the hall.

How aggresive! How impudent her words were!

The emperor's expression finally changed, turning green. His eyes shot daggers at the girl before him. Such arrogant words! Was she ridiculing him? Did she know who she was talking to!

"But I trust his majesty will be wise and punish the true criminal." Claire smiled faintly, her words cold.

"If you can prove that Katherine Hill is being mind controlled, then good. If you cannot, then you will pay the price for your impudence." The emperor's voice was ice cold and authoritative.

"The person who is controlling my mother is right in this hall! Sitting on that side, with the crown prince. What does this mean? Shameless framing, vile and repulsive! Such a person deserves to sit on the throne? If such a person were to sit on the throne, then Amparkland will never be glorious again." Claire raised her hand and pointed at the crown prince.

Gasps sounded one after another in the hall. Although many were aware this was a scheme and realized something was wrong with Katherine's abnormal confession, no one expected this girl to expose the truth so straightforwardly, leaving everyone in indescribable shock!

"Impudence! Slandering royalty is punishable by death! Arrest her!" a royal knight standing beside the emperor stood up and yelled. The emperor did not say a word. Of course he would allow the arrogant and foolish girl to be taught a lesson. The Temple of Light would most likely

not oppose and the Hill clan would be given a warning.

Immediately, a small band of knights surrounded Claire.

Before anyone could react, Claire laughed coldly and with a slight wave of her hand, a violent force shot out in all directions.

All the knights around Claire were struck flying. They lost their balance and slammed heavily into the walls or the railings of the second floor before sliding down helplessly. The royal guards lay on the ground, pools of blood beneath them, unable to move. These would would take years to recover from.

The hall fell silent.

Everyone could hear the sound of their own breath.

The power Claire had displayed was actually that of a wizard sage!

The pope froze, staring fixedly at the stunning young girl. She had actually already reached the level of a wizard sage! Her strength was actually already this terrifying? Was it real?

The pope's expression grew more and more unsightly, his eyes flashing with even more terrifying profoundness. Did Claire know what she was doing? She was actually challenging the Temple so openly, becoming enemies. Did she really think he was afraid to do anything to her? L'Oréal sat silently beside the pope, her strange eyes on Claire the entire time. She originally did not need to come, but this morning, she had read from the stars something unusual would occur,

The crown prince's expression also darkened. Claire did not care for her relation with the Temple at all as she opposed him. This girl's power strength was even more of a headache.

"Whether it is slander or not, we shall know immediately." Claire humphed coldly. This cold laugh made many people's hearts quiver.

Sitting next to the first prince, Eric stood up emotionally with clenched fists. He yelled, "What evidence do you have? How dare you insult his highness, the crown prince!"

Claire humphed coldly. With a flick of her finger, an invisible, terrifying force abruptly struck Eric's chest.

Without a sound, Eric's entire body started to convulse. Blood slowly trickled out of the corner of his mouth. He slid down to the ground weakly. The crown prince's expression changed greatly. He reached out hurriedly to support Eric. Eric was still breathing, but all of his cultivation had been destroyed, his meridians broken. He had become a cripple and would never be able to be a warrior ever again!

"You dared to actually attack your blood brother!" the crown prince cursed with gritted teeth.

But Claire was indifferent. "Bastards don't deserve to be in here."

The hall started to erupt. No one expected Claire to openly attack here! Did she even respect the emperor? But some people were very satisfied. Eric had betrayed his clan and was going to allow his birth mother to die. Anyone with a conscience could see this was unacceptable.

But everyone understood in their hearts one truth. Absolute power wielded absolute authority. As a wizard sage, Claire was now an unsurmountable mountain.

The pope's expression continued to darken. This action was a slap in his face before everyone.

The emperor's complexion was already dark as could be. Claire's actions were not just a slap in the face! This was a slap, another slap, and then a spit in the face!

But the power Claire had displayed with just a flick of her finger left many people frightened. No one else on the crown prince's side dared to stand up and retort.

Everyone's gaze was on the stunning girl. Fear, envy, adoration, disbelief...

Roger was very emotional, yet also worried. Eric, that bastard. That day, he had hesitated for a moment and did not get to kill him before the crown prince intervened. Today, Claire's actions left him very satisfied.

However, later? Roger's heart tightened. Lashia clenched her fists excitedly, staring at Claire with adoration.

Liu Xueqing could not contain the excitement in her eyes. Claire had not attacked once, but twice! This idiot! Haha, everything was over. Claire's actions meant a complete separation from the Temple, becoming enemies. Leng Lingyun's gaze stayed on Claire, his eyes filled with worry. Noticing from the corner of her eye, Liu Xueqing's gaze became even more venomous.

"Claire Hill!" The emperor was already on the verge of exploding.

But Claire ignored this. She turned and said, "I came to break the mind control on my mother. Soon, we will know I speak the truth."

"Your majesty, please calm. Claire is still young and doesn't understand her bounds." Duke Gordan stood up. He appeared fearful, but in reality, he was protecting. Of course, the emperor knew.

"Your majesty, please allow Claire to represent the Hill clan in examining Katherine's spiritual condition," Duke Gordan added, his tone respectful.

The emperor's expression was dark, but he could only comply. Claire's identity was simply too extraordinary: member of the Hill clan, Cliff's beloved disciple, a priest of the Temple of Light. Although it seemed that she had broken relations with the Temple of Light, before the Temple announced anything, he could not be certain. Most importantly, at such a young age, she was already a wizard sage.

The pope's gaze was profound. He was weighing in his heart. Claire was chosen by the goddess, but had turned on the Temple publically. What should he do? He would have to communicate with the goddess before deciding. However, he was not worried at all that Katherine's mind was being controlled. It was impossible to break! Only a sorcerer would be able to break it, and the only one was in a distant country with Lawrence.

Claire reached out and placed her hand on Katherine's forehead. Gradually, her hand began to emit golden light.

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The hall fell silent. Everyone watched Claire's movements with rapt attention. Even the emperor watched closely, frowning.

It was impossible for Claire to break the mind control. Just as the pope thought this, someone behind the pope cried out, then starting coughing up blood. He lay convulsing on the ground, the whites of his eyes showing. Clearly, it was a spiritual backlash.

The resulting cacophony nearly blew off the roof!

The pope finally could not maintain his expression. She actually was able to break the mind control! Exactly how strong was Claire? How powerful was her spiritual power? Sorcerer? No! Impossible! She was not even fifteen yet, how could she be as powerful as a sorcerer?!

"The truth can be plainly seen. The first prince planned on framing the second prince. I'm sure even without me saying this, your highness will surely get to the bottom of this." Claire eyed the emperor coldly, her every word forceful.

Met with Claire's gaze, for some reason, the emperor felt a cold chill run down his spine. Her gaze was so chilling, so frightening!

"What happened?" Katherine rubbed her temples, still subconscious. She looked around with bewilderment. "I feel like I just had a very strange dream. I could not control my actions nor words." Katherine frowned, piecing together what had happened.

"It's nothing, mother. Soon, we can go home." Claire smiled gently.

The situation was out of control.

Everything that happened right before their eyes was simply too shocking. The first prince paled. The situation was heavily not in his favor.

"Quiet!" The prime minister shouted, attempting to maintain order.

But the hall could not be constrained. The situation had already reached such a degree, how would it end?

L'Oréal's strange eyes had been on Claire the whole time. Suddenly, her heart tightened. She closed her eyes and opened them abruptly, then started to tremble.

Yesterday's premonition was about this?

L'Oréal's heart shook, in disbelief.

The pope sensed L'Oréal was strange. L'Oréal had never had such a reaction before, there must be something very abnormal occurring.

"L'Oréal?" The pope turned to her and said in a low voice.

"Your holiness, if I did not see wrong, that girl will..." L'Oréal's voice became lower and lower until in the end, she was using magic to speak so that only the pope could hear.

"What? You're sure?!" The pope's expression was more terrified than ever, his eyes filled with horror.

L'Oréal nodded with difficulty, her eyes also filled with terror.

"Young highness, the Temple has urgent matters to attend to, I must leave now." The pope stood up hastily and left, not waiting for the emperor to respond. L'Oréal and the rest followed closely. Liu Xueqing was surprised, not knowing what had happened, but also followed closely. Leng Lingyun gazed at Claire for a while before also leaving.

So now everyone of the temple had left.

The crown prince was unusually calm. He looked at Eric, who was lying in his embrace, his eyes serene.

Everything was lost.

The highest seat was not meant for him...

The abrupt departure of the Temple left everyone confused. What exactly happened that would make the people of the Temple leave so hurriedly?

Were they going to give up on the crown prince so readily?

"The decision will be made another day. Court adjourned! Katherine Hill

will be released temporarily," the prime minister announced the emperor's orders, then left hurriedly. Everything that had happened was completely out of his expectations. No one understood what the Temple's sudden change in attitude meant.

The entire hall was in chaos.

Some were happy. Some were worried.

"Mother, let's go home." Claire smiled and held Katherine by the hand, about to leave.

"Claire." Duke Gordan approached them, his expression complex, happy, but also worried. He was happy that they had won the battle and that Claire was powerful to a terrifying degree. He was worried about the consequences of Claire leaving the Temple. Even though Claire was very powerful now, the strength of the Temple was unfathomable.

"Sister, you're so strong. You're really powerful." Lashia was still young, so she did not think as much. All she knew was that her sister had just been glorious and successfully saved their mother.

"Claire, thank you..." Roger said, his emotions conflicting.

Claire smiled faintly. "I didn't do it for you, I just did it for mother."

"Claire, you, you still..." No one could understand how Katherine felt currently. Claire had left the Temple of Light for her sake. Tears glistened in her eyes. She grabbed Claire's hand tightly.

"Let's talk when we return home." Duke Gordan said quietly.

Everyone nodded. Indeed, this was place was not suitable to talk in.

The second prince Nancy and princess Maurice remained where they stood, watching Claire from a distance, they gazes complex, sorrowful, yet joyful. But they could not say a word. They did not have the right to talk to Claire again.

Everyone made way for the Hill clan to pass through, silent. They all knew that the Hill clan would once again shine brightly. However, quite a few people were worried for the pretty girl. She was originally the

venerated priest of the Temple of Light, her prospects bright, but today, she broke ties with the Temple of Light for her family. What would the future bring?

The main temple of the Temple of Light

L'Oréal knelt before a statue of the goddess piously, as quiet as a stone.

No one was around. The pope and everyone else waited outside. L'Oréal was currently listening to will of the goddess.

An ominous feeling arose in Leng Lingyun's heart, but he did not quite know why.

After quite some time, there was the faint sound of someone falling in the main altar. Everyone hurriedly rushed in to discover L'Oréal was lying on the ground, completely exhausted.

"L'Oréal!" The pope called out anxiously. He supported L'Oréal up.

L'Oréal slowly opened her eyes, appearing extremely weary. Every time she listened to the words of the goddess, she would be fatigued. L'Oréal looked at the pope, about to open her mouth to speak, yet she could not say a word. Instead, she used magic to communicate, her voice soft, yet clear in the pope's mind.

Kill Claire no matter the cost.

And destroy her soul!

After L'Oréal finished telling the pope this, she closed her eyes tiredly.

The pope ordered someone to escort L'Oréal back to her room, then walked to his study, his expression serious. Killing and destroying Claire's soul would take much preparations due to her unordinary background and strength. Fortunately, at least her master, Cliff, was not in the capital currently and would not return for some time.

Leng Lingyun had seen the pope's serious expression and how tired L'Oréal appeared. He frowned, wondering what they had said to each other, what the goddess had ordered. Was it related to what occurred today?

The pope's later actions left him even more confused, his heart unsettled.

The cardinal was summoned along with Divine Princess Liu Xueqing, but the pope did not summon him.

What occurred in the afternoon left Leng Lingyun even more shocked. The cardinals of all the branch temples throughout the continent had been gathered, all of them with solemn expressions. They had all come using teleportation formations, but they were never used unless for emergencies because each time because they used up too many resources every time they were activated. But all twelve cardinal were now here. What exactly had happened? Was this the orders of the goddess?

In the hall, Leng Lingyun ran across the pope, who had a serious expression.

"Your holiness," Leng Lingyun called out to the hurriedly leaving pope.

"Lingyun, I am leaving now for business. You can temporarily watch over the Temple," the pope said sincerely.

"Your holiness, what is it?" Leng Lingyun did not know why, but his heart had remained feeling unease.

"You do not need to know. I will tell you once everything is settled." The pope hurriedly left after these words. Of course he would not tell Leng Lingyun. He was well aware of the relationship between Leng Lingyun and Claire. He could not let Leng Lingyun intervene, nor let the Temple lose such a strong support.

Leng Lingyun watched the pope's figure as it disappeared into the distance, frowning deep in thought.

Suddenly, Leng Lingyun heard a soft voice. "Lingyun." His eyes flashed with distaste. It was Liu Xueqing!

He turned around, ignoring her, about to leave to the back area of the temple.

"Lingyun, let's go see Xuanxuan together. I heard a servant say

Xuanxuan was coughing last night." Liu Xueqing's voice was full of worry.

"No need. Xuanxuan is fine." Leng Lingyun continued to face away from Liu Xueqing, passing by her to, going towards the back area.

Liu Xueqing wanted to say something, but Leng Lingyun was already far away, evidently not willing to speak with her.

Liu Xueqing was left standing all by her lonesome. Watching Leng Lingyun's disappearing figure, she gritted her teeth. Leng Lingyun treated her this way all because of that slut Claire. If she hadn't appeared, Xuanxuan would still favor her. Leng Lingyun's gaze would not have shifted away from her! It was all because of Claire that Leng Lingyun had changed! Humph! That slut had even stolen the spotlight at the trial. But it was still fine, because tonight, the slut would drop from heaven to hell. Not only was she going to be killed, her soul was also going to be destroyed!

Chapter 168: [No Title]

Mad delight filled Liu Xueqing's eyes. She was about to go crazy with happiness just thinking about it. She could not wait for tonight's great show!

At this time, Claire was gathered with her family in the hall. Katherine was seated with Claire and Lashia each on one side of her. Lashia was happily clinging to Katherine's hand. Roger watched the joyful mother, feeling satisfaction. Katherine was finally saved. Roger's gaze shifted to Claire's face, sighing in his heart. The previous male chaser was now the most brightest star. Even the emperor had to be cautious. Her current strength was too awe inspiring. What was a Sorcerer? Everyone knew. Even though Claire had been rude, the emperor could only turn a blind eye.

Emery also watched with a serene smile. Claire was actually a Sorcerer! Although happy for Claire, he was slightly sad. He now had no right to be Claire's master. But he understood very deeply that Claire would respect him forever. He felt his life was complete with such a disciple.

Duke Gordan sat at the highest seat, still worried in his heart. Although Claire had chosen the Hill clan and reached an almost impossible degree of strength, she still broke off relations with the Temple of Light in public. What would the Temple do? They could not do anything currently, but in the future?

"Mother, you have been wronged these past few days." Claire clasped Katherine's hand tightly.

"No, Claire, it is you who suffered." Katherine shook her head, also clasping Claire's hand tightly. Her face was filled with deep regret and worry. "Today you completely broke off relations with the Temple. I feared this situation the most."

"Mother, you are the person most important to me. Nothing else matters." Claire smiled faintly, speaking from the depths of her heart.

Duke Gordan sighed continuously. Finally, he said, "Continue your

conversation, I am going to go out for some peace and quiet to think of how to deal with our circumstances."

"Father..."

"Father..."

"Grandfather, I'm sorry, I caused you trouble," Claire apologized.

From then on, the trouble would only increase. It was not just Claire, the entire Hill clan would have to face trouble. Although the Temple would not interfere in politics and face the Hill clan, Claire was a different case. To the Temple, Claire was a traitor who disobeyed the will of the goddess!

"Foolish child, what are you talking about?" Duke Gordan laughed lovingly, then stood up. "Alright, I'll think of something no matter what we face. Don't worry."

"Thank you, father." Roger and Katherine looked at Duke Gordan with gratitude.

"Thank you, Grandfather." Claire smiled, her heart moved.

Duke Gordan smiled kindly, nodding, then left with Emery and others to the study.

The hall was warm, but the study was the complete opposite. Everyone had a serious expression.

Duke Gordan sat before the study desk, his browns furrowed into knots. The situation had already developed to such a degree and it was too late to blame anyone. What he needed to do now was figure out how to protect Claire, how to face the Temple.

"Emery, Charles, what do you think?" Duke Gordan continued to frowned. Charles was one of Duke Gordan's trusted subordinates, a warrior, and naturally, a powerful one.

The two shared a glance, but no one said anything immediately.

"Emery, speak first." Duke Gordan nodded towards Emery.

Emery frowned before saying, "Your grace, our opponent this time is like

no other, the Temple of Light. No one has ever publically gone against the Temple of Light, and no one has survived after betraying them."

"Continue." Duke Gordan frowned even more severely.

"If we cannot win, then we will just hide. Let the Miss hide for some time." Emery said this true thoughts. He worried more for Claire's circumstances than anyone.

"Charles, what do you think?" Duke Gordan looked at the person who stood calmly next to Emery.

"I agree with Emery. The balance is about to shatter, so letting the Miss hide is a good suggestion." Charles nodded. "The temple would not dare to give chase if the Miss left now, at her level of strength. But if she continues to stay, the Temple will think of ways to make life difficult for the Miss."

"There's no other way." Duke Gordan sighed, then nodded. "Emery, go make the preparations to send Claire out the city tonight."

"Yes, your grace." Emery accepted.

"Charles, escort them for thirty li, then return. Emery, stay with Claire to Yowusali. The Temple of Light is weakest there." Duke Gordan was frustrated. With Claire's current strength, she would be the greatest asset of the Hill clan, but today's situation occurred. The Temple of Light could tolerate her existence, so what to do? Would she hide forever? At the moment, even Duke Gordan did not know what to do.

"Go prepare now." DUke Gordan ordered the two to withdraw. Once the two left, he walked to the window and stood there with his hands behind his back, sighing internally.

The study was silent. Duke Gordan turned around agitatedly, but was met with a pair of profound eyes. Duke Gordan immediately backed away. There was someone actually able to sneak into Hill manor and appear behind him without him knowing. When he saw who it was more clearly, Duke Gordan became even more panicked.

It was the pope!

“Wh-what are you doing?” It was the first time Duke Gordan was shaken. Was the Temple going to take their revenge so quickly? So publically?

“Duke Gordan, please do not panic. I came here to make a deal with you,” the pope said seriously.

“What are you thinking?” Duke Gordan watched him with a measured gaze. No one knew the true strength of the pope. Was the pope here to assassinate him? Duke Gordan immediately dismissed this. If he needed to be assassinated, did the pope himself have to come? There were so many powerful people of the Temple. And assassinating him would not be beneficial. The battle for the throne had already ended. The Temple would continue to act as the religion, while the Hill clan would continue as court counsel.

“Please instruct no one to enter.” The pope’s expression remained serious.

Duke Gordan frowned. He sensed no killing intent from the pope, so after a moment’s hesitation, he ordered no one to enter. With a flick of his finger, the pope erected a magic barrier, making sure no one could hear them because they go down to business.

“For you holiness to come yourself, what is the matter?” Duke Gordan continued to be cautious. Of course he would as they were previously enemies. Although the crown prince lost favor and the Temple of Light did not benefit, they did not lose their power. The position of the Temple would not budge and what happened today was like a play, where nothing that happened mattered. The crown prince could not make a return.

“I came here too make a deal. Of course, you will definitely be satisfied with what I give you.” The pope had an unsettling smile.

Seeing the pope’s expression, Duke Gordan did not know why, but he felt a sense of expectation.

Chapter 169: [No Title]

That afternoon, Duke Gordan already made his decision. Tonight, Claire was to temporarily hide in another country. With Katherine's firm urging, Claire had no choice but to agree.

Claire secretly left the manor to contact the Temple of Darkness and inform them not to worry and to send the Xi brothers in Youwusali. Philips warned Claire to be careful, his heart uneasy, yet he did not know why.

Nightfall

The family ate slowly in the dining hall, not knowing when it would be the next time they could do so again. A morose atmosphere descended.

After the meal, they all ascended a carriage to see Claire off. Katherine hugged Claire tightly, her eyes filled with reluctance.

"Mother, why don't I not leave? The Temple would not dare to do anything to me. They would have to think carefully before making a move." Claire was already as powerful as a Sorcerer. How many people were her match?

"No, Claire. Hiding temporarily is the best decision. We should first watch the Temple's movements. If the Temple really does not intend on harming you, then you can return later." But although Katherine said this, her heart was full of sorrow. Was that possible? Claire had already broken all relations with the Temple publically, slapping them in the face. How could the Temple let her go? Katherine's heart clenched and she hugged Claire even more tightly. Lashia kept quiet, her small face gloomy. Roger, sitting across from them, had a sad expression as well. Claire had saved Katherine while he, her husband, had done nothing. He owed Claire and Katherine too much. Only Duke Gordan leaned back relaxedly with his eyes closed, silent the entire way.

The carriage slowly made its way out the city. Emery and Charle's carriage followed from behind.

Silent night

The night light was resplendent. It was now the beginning of summer.

And so, they continued. Claire leaned on Katherine's warm bosom, not saying a word. She had not felt such warmth in so long.

Katherine wished time would stop.

But that was impossible. After some time, the carriage finally stopped. They were now far from the capital and the darkness had descended.

When the carriage stopped, Katherine stiffened. She hugged Claire even more tightly.

"That's enough, Katherine. This will not be the last time you see Claire." Duke Gordan said softly. "Let's first get out of the carriage."

Katherine was downcast. She slowly let go. Everyone descended the carriage.

Emery's carriage caught up and stopped.

Standing by the carriage, after saying her goodbyes, Claire was going to leave. No one knew how long she would be away.

Katherine hugged Claire again, unwilling to let go.

Lashia also started to sob. White Emperor and Black Feather hopped onto Lashia's shoulders and waited silently.

"Alright, alright." Duke Gordan sighed. "If this continues, even I will not be able to bear it."

Only then did Katherine let go. She advised Claire, eat well, dress warmly, and so on. Lashia held Claire's hand with tears in her eyes.

"Without me around, you must protect Claire. Also, make sure you watch over Little Leopard, will you?" Claire reached out and wiped away Lashia's tears.

But Lashia's tears continued to flow. She could not say anything, only nod her head furiously.

"My little sister, you will definitely become strong. So, don't stop

training." Claire felt warmth in her heart. This child was honest and smart. In the future, she would definitely become strong.

"Mhm, mhm..." Lashia could not stop sobbing.

"Claire, come here. I have something to say to you," Duke Gordan said solemnly.

"Yes, Grandfather." Claire patted Lashia's head to console her, then followed Duke Gordan,

The two walked farther and farther away. Katherine and the rest watched them, understanding that Duke Gordan was going to tell Claire something important.

Claire followed Duke from behind. Duke Gordan did not say a word, only advancing forward.

Suddenly, an ominous feeling arose in Claire's heart. She could not quite explain why. Her sense of danger grew. It had nothing to do with killing intent nor hints in her surroundings. It was purely instinct. Claire frowned slightly and started to concentrate. Just as she started to release her consciousness, Duke Gordan's clear voice interrupted.

"Claire, you must be careful. Contact us once you reach there, ok? Don't let your mother worry." Duke Gordan's voice was unusually loud, somewhat forceful.

"Yes, Grandfather." Claire nodded.

Claire knew that as the head of the clan, Duke Gordan was definitely no ordinary person. But as for what Duke Gordan's specialty was, Claire did not know. Claire mused to herself. In her memories, Duke Gordan never fought anyone. The force Duke Gordan had just revealed, was it a warrior's?

Suddenly, Duke Gordan stopped.

He turned to face Claire, his face expressionless.

The inexplicable sense of danger heightened again. Claire watched her surroundings alertly, but nothing was unusual.

“What is it, Claire?” Duke Gordan could sense Claire’s vigilance.

“I don’t know, Grandfather. I keep on feeling like something is observing me, but I can’t find it.” Claire frowned.

“What?” Duke Gordan’s expression changed. He frowned and started to scan their surroundings. “Perhaps an ambush by the Temple?”

Claire frowned. The Temple of Light would not attack her so brazenly. Even if her current strength had not already far surpass their expectations, she still had the backing of the Hill clan and her master, Cliff. It would not be easy for them to oppose her. If they wanted to bite her, weren’t they afraid of their teeth falling out? The Temple of Light would definitely not do such a foolhardy action.

“Claire, what do you feel is wrong?” Duke Gordan frowned, starting to shift to better observe their surroundings.

“I don’t know either.” Claire shook her head.

Duke Gordan’s frown deepend. He walked to Claire’s side.

“Is there something strange in front of you?” Duke Gordan’s voice was low.

“In front?” Claire looked ahead, her attention completely focused ahead, leaving her back to be completely exposed to Duke Gordan.

Duke Gordan’s expression darkened abruptly. With half a step forward, a dagger glinting coldly appeared. It glowed faintly blue, meaning it was smeared in deadly poison!

Duke Gordan stabbed towards Claire’s heart from behind.

Claire immediately sensed the different air circulation. She hastily erected a magic barrier and dove away.

But the dagger had already sliced through Claire’s clothes and pierced her skin. Before Claire could catch her breath, a heavy fist attacked her. She hastily dove away. The sudden attack was successful because Duke Gordan had completely hid his killing intent and Claire had left her back exposed.

Taken by surprise, Claire backed into a large tree, watching the expressionless Duke Gordan coldly. But Claire began to feel dizzy. The extreme pain she felt from her wounded back indicated something was abnormal with the dagger. Her chest continued to contract and she spat out blood. The blood was blackish! Poison! Deadly poison!

Chapter 170: [No Title]

Everyone saw what occurred from afar. “Claire…” Katherine cried out, rushing over. Lashia also hurried over. Roger followed from behind, his face grim. Emery was also aghast and hurried over, but he was pulled back with force. His arm was almost pulled out of its socket. Emery turned to face Charles’s cold face.

“His grace said you are to stay quietly here with me.” Charles had not been surprised at all, clearly aware of what would happen beforehand. He had an iron grip, not letting Emery move half an inch.

Before Claire could compose herself, the ground below her feet began to shake. Bright rays shot out. Claire’s vision blurred, and as she leaned against a tree, she realized that the light below her was actually from a huge magic formation. It was a giant, 12-star magic formation. The white light it emitted grew stronger and stronger.

“Father, what are you doing?!” Katherine ran over madly, about to dash into the magic formation also.

“Katherine, calm down.” Roger grabbed Katherine and pulled her into his embrace.

“Grandfather, what are you doing! Why are you attacking elder sister?” Lashia was both angry and worried. Seeing Claire pale even more within the magic formation, her heart tightened and she too want to rush in, but was stopped by Duke Gordan. White Emperor and Black Feather, who had been on Lashia’s shoulders, lept onto Claire’s shoulders. Both chirped and peeped worriedly.

Duke Gordan’s expression was completely cold. He watched Claire in the magic formation with no hint of warmth in his eyes.

“Roger! What are you doing? Let me go! Let me go! She is our daughter!” Katherine struggled with all her might, kicking fiercely and even biting, but Roger, although looked pained, did not let go.

Claire stood within the magic formation and wiped away the blood from

her lips, laughing coldly. “The Temple of Light sure has its ways, going so far as using this Grand Devil Slayer magic formation. They sure regard me highly.” Claire recognized this magic formation, because it was carved on the wall that honored the goddess. This magic formation was used to kill those of devil race, except in the carving, the magic formation was controlled by twelve eight-winged angels.

Gradually, twelve cardinals donned in white appeared from different directions. Each wore a necklace, the Calm of the Goddess. It was shaped like a small water droplet, yet it had a powerful ability – concealing one’s aura! This was why Claire had not been able to sense their presence.

They all wore the exact same expression, cold and indifferent. They were all chanting, controlling the Grand Devil Slayer formation. Although it was far less powerful than the one in the carving controlled by angels, it was enough to kill a wounded and poisoned sorcerer. The magic formation trapped those within, leaving them to be killed by those outside.

Claire had spoken indifferently, her eyes without fear. Her gaze never left Duke Gordan. It was he who had viciously attacked her without mercy. If Claire did not practice Dou Qi, she would have been gasping for air weakly by now.

When Duke Gordan returned her gaze, a cold feeling arose in his heart. Claire’s gaze seemed to be able to see right through him. Sorcerers were no ordinary people. If he had tried to attack her with Dou Qi, he would have definitely failed. The pope had already foreseen this, which was why he had specially given him the dagger.

“Father, what exactly are you doing? Do you know what you’re doing right now? Why are you doing this?” Katherine cried, struggling with all her might.

Claire slowly let out a breath, controlling her breathing. She leaned against the tree and watched Duke Gordan coldly.

“Elder sister…” Tears streamed down Lashia’s face.

“What agreement did you and the Temple reach?” Claire could not leave the magic formation, but she could heal her wounds with the Lotus power.

But this time, it was unusually slow. The poison was not just corroding her body, but also her spiritual power!

Claire was extremely aware that she had been betrayed!

By this supposed “Grandfather” of hers!

“Someone who is about to die doesn’t need to know,” Duke Gordan said coldly. But when his eyes met Claire’s, they flashed with fear.

“Father! Claire is your granddaughter, how could you...” Katherine was on the verge of collapsing.

Duke Gordan coldly watched Claire. For some reason, he laughed, sounding strange as he said, “Granddaughter? I don’t have such a resolved granddaughter!”

“Father!”

“Grandfather?!” Lashia’s eyes widened. Was Grandfather really betraying her sister for an agreement with the Temple?

Claire did not say anything, concentrating all her strength on using Lotus power to heal herself. The magic formation was not at the peak of its strength yet, but she had to break out of it as soon as possible. But what was wrong with the wound in her back? Her strength seemed to be slowly seeping out. What exactly was the poison on the dagger?”

“Katherine, Lashia, thinking carefully. How was Claire like originally? An idiot who chased after men is all. Why did she suddenly change after falling off the horse? Because she is not Claire! She is only using Claire’s body. It was she who killed Claire’s soul and took over Claire’s body!” Duke Gordan’s expression was icy. He watched Claire almost with disdain.

Katherine froze and stopped struggling, while Lashia was shellshocked. But Roger only had a complex expression. Katherine and Lashia watched Claire blankly, completely frozen.

Claire raised a brow, but then understood. The old fox already knew long ago? But he did not expose her, letting her grow and develop instead because she was valuable to the Hill clan. Now that the Temple was giving

him a better offer, he was going to discard her without a thought?

Such cunning, such patience, such scheming!

Such a person was why the Hill clan stood at such grand heights!

Claire's gaze gradually shifted to Katherine. Katherine looked dazed, her face deathly pale. Roger sighed in his heart and let her go. Lashia watched Claire incredulously, frozen in place.

"Is... is it true? Claire, you are not my Claire?" Katherine was stupefied, her gaze unfocused.

Claire gently sighed. She looked into Katherine's eyes. "It is true that I am not the original Claire." Now, there was no point in continuing to talk. Claire closed her eyes and continued to circulate the Lotus power throughout her body.

The twelve cardinals continued to chant and the light of the magic formation grew bright and bright. White Emperor and Black Feather hopped up and down on Claire's should, evidently understanding that this magic formation was nothing to laugh at.

Katherine continued staring at Claire rigidly.

"Katherine, let's go home." Roger could not bear to see Katherine watch Claire be killed. Even if it wasn't their daughter, it was still her body. She also did indeed rescue Katherine. Roger was not completely indifferent.

"You should also go back, Lashia. Everything will be over soon." Duke Gordan patted Lashia's head, gently pushing Lashia towards Katherine.

Roger took Katherine by the hand, about to leave.

Suddenly, Katherine turned and ran into a cardinal madly. She cried out, "No matter who she is, she is my daughter, she is my Claire!" The cardinal she ran into faltered in his chanting, and the magic formation's light dimmed slightly.

Claire was stunned, everyone was stunned.

"Go, Claire, go!" Katherine was like a raging bull. Before Roger and Duke Gordan could register what happened, she ran into the other cardinals.

Before she left the Li clan, she had destroyed her own cultivation, so now she used the most primitive ways to destroy the concentration of the cardinals, clawing, biting, kicking. For a moment, no one came back to their senses.

The twelve star magic formation gradually dimmed more and more.

Claire gritted her teeth, her heart filled with indescribable warmth. She gathered her strength, about to rush out of the magic formation. She could not let Katherine's efforts be in vain!

Seeing this, Duke Gordan roared. Without a moment's hesitation, he emitted deep violet Dou Qi. Duke Gordan was at the peak of a grand swordsman and was about to ascend to swordsman sage! His expression cold, he punched towards Claire with all his might. He knew this would not be able to kill Claire, but it was enough to force Claire back into the magic formation.

"No–" Like an arrow, Katherine suddenly shot in between Duke Gordan and Claire. Claire successfully dashed out of the magic formation.

Everything happened in a split second.

No one expected Katherine to display such strength at such a time.

Blood splattered onto Claire's face. Katherine was reaching out towards Claire protectively. Her expression was so gentle, so loving. Duke Gordan had originally planned on punching Claire, but he ended up striking Katherine's back. This strike was with all of his strength, punching through Katherine, leaving a gaping hole in her chest. Blood splattered on Claire's face, body, and the ground.

"Noooo!" Rother's painful cry reverberated into the night sky.

"Mother!" Lashia screamed desperately.

Claire watched the gently smiling woman with shock. Her heart seemed to have stopped, her mind blank.

Claire reached out and caught Katherine's soft body.

Katherine was still smiling, her gaze still so gentle. But she would never

breath again. The warmth of her body gradually left.

Duke Gordan froze for only a moment before immediately attacking Claire again.

He could not let everything go to waste just because of a woman's death!

Claire raised her hand, but this slight movement caught Duke Gordan's powerful fist.

Duke Gordan was shocked. Seeing the fist he put all his strength into stopped so easily by Claire, his mind went blank. Sorcerers were indeed strong, but... but did they have such power?!

Claire had already lost all mercy, her gaze cruel. Without a word, she slightly strengthened her grip.

Duke Gordan broke out in cold sweat! His hand! His hand was destroyed!

"Die!" Claire coldly humphed. She infused power unto her hand and Duke Gordan was sent flying. He landed heavily, smashing a deep hole in the ground that sent up clouds of dust. Even more terrifying was the fact that although Duke Gordan's fist appeared normal, when he landed and the skin was broken, a thick mixture of blood, flesh, and bone sprayed out, and his fist deflated! Claire had shattered the innards of Duke Gordan's hand while leaving his skin perfectly intact.

Duke Gordan lay without moving. His barely heaving chest was the only indication that he was alive.

It was such a terrifying scene.

At this time, the twelve cardinals returned to their senses. Their incantation had already been stopped, the magic formation gone. Now that the magic formation had failed in trapping Claire, it was time for direct combat.

The twelve cardinals surrounded Claire in a circle with her in the center. Roger appeared to have lost his soul, frozen in place. Lashia looked towards Claire, who was encircled, and then looked at their mother in Claire's arms who had died a tragic death. In the end, she pulled Roger

away. She almost lost her sanity!

"Devil net!"

The twelve cardinals all raised their right hands. Each hand shot out white light, intersecting overhead, then shooting down, creating a giant net of light over Claire.

But Claire had not moved, only gazing at the person in her embrace. Katherine was already losing her warmth. The blood on Claire's face also lost its warmth.

Claire still did not move, but someone else did. Fire magic attacked one of the cardinals. The cardinal stumbled, coughing up blood, but did not stop in his actions nor chanting.

"Claire!" Emery ran in a sorry state. It had been difficult for him to defeat Charles, who had been obeying Duke Gordan's orders to not let Emery out.

But just as Claire looked up to see Emery rush over, she saw something that made her blood run cold.

The pope descended from the sky, and without a word, killed Emery with a wave of his hand. White light pierced through Emery's head, slicing him into two!

Master!

Claire felt her body grow cold, all the way to her bones! Anger exploded from the depths of her heart.

"Futile struggle." The pope descended onto the ground, his expression indifferent. He was already casting magic. The dagger he had given Duke Gordan had deadly poison that slowly drained away one's strength and consciousness.

Rage, let rage take over you. That way your consciousness will be swallowed even quicker.

Chapter 171: [No Title]

“Sinner with the Dark Mark, your soul shall be purified today.” The pope’s white robe flapped with the wind. He appeared extraordinarily righteous.

Claire immediately understood!

So this was the reason!

The Temple knew that she was the one with the Dark Mark, so they were to kill her at all costs.

Claire’s knuckles were already pale, clenched so tightly her nails dug into her flesh, yet she did not notice. Her hand dripped with bright, piercing blood, dyeing it red.

Endless pain, sorrow, and anger swallowed Claire whole. She stared at the pope fixedly, her emerald eyes bloodshot, becoming more and more red. Her malevolent expression became even more terrifying.

“Tighten the net!” the pope ordered. He did not know why, but when faced with Claire’s hateful gaze, he felt unease.

“Ahhhhhhhh” Claire roared into the sky suddenly, her voice filled with rage and grief. The sound pierced the night sky towards the horizon. Everyone’s heart started to beat.

The pope’s sense of unease grew stronger, but he could not care for it. He raised his hand high. With a flash of white light, a giant scepter appeared in his hand.

“Great goddess of light, please bestow upon me strength. Light of the sky, converge here...” The pop chanted quickly as he raised the scepter and point it at Claire, who was still trapped inside the net of light. At the end of the scepter, a ball of light appeared, gradually growing in size.

Claire looked up towards the sky, her gaze vacant. As she slowly stood up, Claire felt as if time stopped.

In an instant, Claire emitted golden light that grew until it engulfed her

completely. The golden light looked so pure and holy that. Gradually, it became brighter than the white light of the net and the light at the tip of the scepter.

What was going on? The pope was taken aback. A final struggle?

The twelve cardinals could not bear the strong light and squinted, watching Claire. Clearly it was Claire who was being pressured by them, but why were the ones to feel uneasy them?

“Today, I will teach you what regret means!” Claire roared. She brandished her hand high. Suddenly, the devil net shattered. A golden flame snaked along the lines of the net towards the twelve cardinals, as if alive.

The next instant, there were multiple painful cries. Some cardinals did not even have the time to cry out before their chests became huge, bloody holes. You could see the trees behind them through their bodies.

Not even a trace of the net was left.

The pope’s face ashened. He knew Claire would be hard to deal with, but did not expect it to be this difficult. Earlier, when she roared, it seemed her strength had increased. Did she ascend another level? A breakthrough? But the pope immediately cast away this thought. Impossible! She was already a sorcerer, what level could she ascend to? How could she make a breakthrough in such a situation? The only possibility was that Claire was a trapped beast! This was only her final struggle.

The pope relaxed slightly. He finished his incantation, then swung forward with all his might. The huge ball of light at the top of the scepter streaked towards Claire violently.

Claire laughed coldly, not intending to dodge at all. With a wave of her hand, a sword appeared!

It was the Azure Ripple blade!

Originally ordinary looking, the moment Claire drew the Azure Ripple blade, it radiated with light, then shattered to reveal its true form! The pattern on the hilt was ancient and profound, whereas the blade was

abnormally sharp, imbued with a terrifying, cold hue.

This was the true appearance of the Azure Ripple blade! Only now could Claire use its true power!

The transformative Azure Ripple blade! An artifact!

Claire dashed forward. With one slash, she cut the giant ball of light in half!

Her expression cold, she passed through the remains of the ball of light, heading straight for the terrified pope. The two halfs struck the ground, boring two giant craters. Dirt and rocks flew, trees fell.

The pope dodged Claire's strike hastily.

The blade appeared wild and uncontrolled.

But in that instant, the pope felt as if the sword was very, very slow, so slow he could see the reflection of himself in the blade. The pope wanted to dodge, but realized he could not. He could only watch on with his eyes wide open as the blade struck towards his chest.

The Azure Ripple blade, glimmering with golden flame, slashed right into the pope's shoulder.

The pope's eyes were filled with shock, then turned pained. The power of the slash was not that simple! An unbearable, burning pain spread throughout his entire body from his shoulder wound.

Roar!

It was still the pope, after all. With a roar, the scepter shot another ball of light towards Claire.

Her expression indifferent, Claire raised her sword. With a slight whish, a pair of golden wings extended behind her back. She flew up to avoid the pope's attack.

Now, the pope did not dare to be careless. The strange pain from his shoulder made him painfully aware. The overbearing pain surged through his body violently. He finally understood that Claire had indeed made another breakthrough at such a critical time!

What level was Claire at now?

The pope did not dare to be careless any more. There was only one way left for him to eliminate Claire.

The pope suddenly withdrew far away, then raised his hands towards the sky, a most devout expression on his face.

“Divine possession!”

Claire knew without thinking that the old fox was using some sort of last resort. How could she let him have the opportunity?

Her face icy, Claire dashed forward, sword raised, but was blocked by several white figures. They were cardinals. She turned to look and saw that the other cardinals still alive were also raising their hands to the sky with devout expressions like the pope.

Claire immediately understood that the cardinals before her were trying to stop her from preventing the others from finishing at all costs. These thoroughly brainwashed cardinals were using all their might to stop Claire and let the pope and the other few cardinals finish their incantations.

Once Claire struck flying the last cardinal, some of them had already finished their spell. Claire narrowed her eyes as she watched the eerie scene before her.

The cardinals who finished each grew a pair of pure white wings, their expressions cold, gaze icy. They held swords, shields, scepters. The pope also finished. He grew three pairs of pure white wings and had a silver bow!

Claire immediately understood. The “divine possession” allowed angels to possess their bodies in order to help them in battle. The cardinals had summoned angels with only one pair of wings whereas the pope had three pairs. The difference in power was clear.

“Lowly human, your black and ugly soul should not exist. Become ashes.” The pope’s voice changed. Compared to his previously elderly voice, this voice was much younger, only a little similar in that it was cold.

There were five cardinals who were possessed, six, considering the pope. Claire did not dare to be careless. The pressure the pope emitted was not that of a human any more. The six winged angel was very powerful! And archers were the natural enemies of magicians. But, in terms of close combat, archers were no match for warriors.

Claire gripped the Azure Ripple blade tightly, her eyes narrowing. The five cardinals encircled Claire with her in the center. The pope's pairs of wings flapped as he flew in mid air, creating distance from Claire. To an Archer, distance was very important.

Three out of the five remaining cardinals were warriors. These three flew towards Claire and started to fight her. Claire was shocked. The cardinals were completely different from before. While the three cardinals fought Claire, the remaining two cardinals continuously cast attacking spells. Under their coordinated attacks, Claire could only barely defend.

What was the pope doing? The three cardinals were fighting her in close combat, so what could the pope, an archer, do? Claire blocked a sharp attack from behind as she mused. But immediately, Claire felt an abnormally intense aura from the cardinal before her. Claire cursed, but it was already too late. A ray of white light pierced through the cardinal like lightning, attacking Claire fiercely. The cardinals to the left and right of Claire immediately brandished their swords. Claire raised her sword to defend, but was not able to avoid the arrow. The arrow shot straight into Claire's shoulder. Burning pain spread through her body.

How malicious, going so far as to shoot dead a cardinal to hit Claire.

As the arrow pierced through the cardinal, his body flashed with white light. The angel that possessed him left, but the cardinal remained dead.

Their plan was clear.

Suicide. No, it could be said that the cardinals were sacrificed, but the angles were perfectly unharmed. They had to kill her at all costs.

Her opponents would attack her with no regard to their lives. Their only goal was to slow Claire down. But there was no way Claire would let them have their way so easily.

Chapter 172: [No Title]

Next, the emperor shot three arrows, all of which missed Claire. Instead, they lost another cardinal. Claire chopped off the head of that cardinal with one slash.

Seeing Claire fight with such skill, the pope's expression darkened. He stopped shooting with his bow, his gaze slowly shifting to Katherine's body.

A cold, please glint flashed through the pope's eyes. He slowly raised his bow, pulling back the bowstring wider and wider. The arrow would not only destroy one's physical body, but their soul.

"The un-pure must be cleansed." The pope watched Claire as he spoke these words slowly and coldly.

After killing off another pope, Claire's gaze followed the direction of the pope's arrow and was shocked. The arrow was not towards Claire, but Katherine's body!

"Bastard!" Claire's rage reached the skies, her eyes already red with anger, filled with deep killing intent.

She swiftly rushed to Katherine, then flew towards the pope, gripping her sword tightly as she shot straight towards him.

The pope's lips curved into a cold smile. The arrow pointed towards Claire's chest, then released!

Outside the city, Leng Lingyun had a gloomy expression, his eyes filled with worry. He finally knew that tonight, the Temple would kill Claire. But was it too late? How was Claire currently?

He flew, about to go where L'Oréal told him. Then, a familiar voice spoke.

"Lingyun, where are you going this late?" Liu Xueqing appeared from the shadow of the city wall. Only then did Leng Lingyun realize that because he was so preoccupied, he did not notice someone was there.

“None of your business,” Lneg Lingyun said coldly, preparing to leave.

“Are you going to save Claire?” Liu Xueqing said immediately, seeing he was about to leave.

Leng Lingyun paused, but continued without replying.

“Are you really going to betray the Temple for her? Is she worth it? Are you going to destroy what you worked hard for all these past years?” Liu Xueqing’s volume continued to to grow in volume, filled with anger and jealousy.

Leng Lingyun continued to ignore her. He only knew that he did not want that girl to be hurt, to lose her live.

“What about Xuanxuan?” Leng Lingyun once again heard Liu Xueqing’s cold voice.

He finally stopped.

Liu Xueqing felt a burst of happiness. As expected, Xuanxuan was forever her trump card, forever the magic weapon she could use to control Leng Lingyun.

But when Leng Lingyun turned around, Liu Xueqing was given a shock. Leng Lingyun’s violet eyes were piercingly cold, without any warmth, as if they could see right through her soul. Frightened, Liu Xueqing backed away a few steps.

“Don’t use Xuanxuan to threaten me. My patience has its limits.” Leng Lingyun’s voice was as cold as a thousand nights. Anyone who heard it would shiver.

“I-I didn’t. I didn’t mean that.” Liu Xueqing waved hastily. “It was Xuanxuan who told me to bring her to find you. She’s over there.” Liu Xueqing’s fear grew.

Shocked, Leng Lingyun’s gaze followed where Liu Xueqing pointed. Indeed, there was an ordinary looking carriage quietly stopped there.

Xuanxuan was here? How could it be? Before he left, the maids had clearly told him she was already asleep.

Seeing Leng Lingyun's incredulous expression, she hastily added, "It really was Xuanxuan who told me to bring her here."

Leng Lingyun slowly descended, watching the carriage somewhat suspiciously. Before he even walked over, the curtain of the carriage was opened, revealing Leng Xuanxuan's adorable face.

"Xuanxuan! Why are you here?" Leng Lingyun was shocked. Xuanxuan had indeed appeared.

"Brother, I came to send something." Leng Xuanxuan pulled out a small crystal. It was a memory crystal.

"What is that?" Leng Lingyun walked briskly towards Xuanxuan.

"It is what I want to say to you. Brother, I have wronged you all these years." Suddenly, Leng Xuanxuan smiled brilliantly.

NO!

The word flashed through Leng Lingyun and Liu Xueqing's minds. Leng Xuanxuan was smiling resolutely!

The next moment, black liquid dribbled from the corner of her mouth, glaringly dark! Still smiling, Leng Xuanxuan slowly collapsed onto the ground.

"Noo–" Leng Lingyun cried painfully, dashing towards the carriage, catching the weak little body in his embrace.

Leng Xuanxuan's face was deathly pale, completely colorless. Her little mouth were entirely black. She used all her strength to lift the small crystal, already gasping for breath, yet she had a satisfied smile. Seeing Leng Lingyun's pained expression, she tried her best to say a sentence, just one sentence.

"Brother, please fly...freely..."

Her pure, violet eyes gradually dimmed as her eyelids slowly closed.

Leng Xuanxuan's small hand slowly drooped. The small crystal fell from her grasp onto the ground, then rolled away.

Her weak, little body slowly turned colder and colder...

Liu Xueqing froze where she stood, many emotions in her heart. Leng Xuanxuan actually chose to swallow poison! Where did it come from? How was this so coincidental? Why did she kill herself at such a pivotal moment? Everything was over, over! The thought echoed.

She knew that Leng Lingyun would never look back. He had no reason left to stay at the Temple, no reason to ever talk to her again, no reason to give her so much as a glance!

Liu Xueqing thought Leng Lingyun would explode, would angrily attack her, but Leng Lingyun was very quiet.

He only hugged Xuanxuan's already lifeless little body tighter, not moving from where he stood.

Terrifyingly quiet.

After a while, Leng Lingyun finally moved.

Liu Xueqing backed away fearfully.

But Leng Lingyun did not even look at her. Hugging Leng Xuanxuan's body, he crouched down to pick up the memory crystal that had fallen, then left. Step by step, he disappeared into the night.

Liu Xueqing reached out, wanting to call out to Leng Lingyun, but it was as if her voice was blocked. Not a sound came out. She wanted to chase after him, but it was as if her feet grew roots. Not able to move an inch.

Just like that, she watched Leng Lingyun disappear, disappear from her gaze, disappear from her world.

She knew that in this lifetime, that person was unrelated to her. Never again...

The pope smiled coldly. Claire would definitely not be survive this arrow!

This arrow was called the Soul Destroyer arrow.

It would not only kill the physical body, but also the soul!

The terrifying bright white arrow shot towards Claire's heart.

Humans are foolish. Clearly there was no way to survive this arrow, yet she would attempt to block it just for a lifeless corpse.

The pope set down his bow, closing his eyes. He smiled coldly, sensing the terrifying power the arrow would bring.

Bang!

There was a huge explosion. Dust and smoke filled the sky.

This time, Claire would be dead. Even her soul would be extinguished. The goddess's order was now completed. He would simply have to find replacements for the ones killed.

Just as he was about to return, the dust cleared. The pope's expression froze.

Claire's beautiful face was appeared right before him! She slashed with all his strength, aiming for the pope's neck!

The pope hastily raised his bow to block!

Could archers win in close combat against warriors?

Of course not!

Claire's gaze was filled with ice. She swung with all her might, cutting through the pope's bow, about to slash the pope's neck.

Then, a white light flashed overhead!

Clare's movements were stopped! The Azure Ripple blade stopped right at the pope's neck.

The pope's face revealed glee!

He recognized this pressure! It was the descent of the goddess!

After seeing the pope's mad delight, feeling the pressure, she understood.

It was the descent of the goddess of Light. Just like the god of Darkness, her true body was unable to appear. What would appear would be an

image of her. It had less than half of her true strength, but it was enough to stop Claire.

"Humph!" Claire humphed coldly. She withdrew the blade, darting back nimbly. She was not like before, unable to move under the pressure.

"Our holy goddess!" The pope looked up towards the sky delightedly. The white light overhead grew brighter and brighter, also becoming closer and closer.

A dazzling ball of pure white light gradually descended. Amidst the light, the faint outline of a beautiful figure could be seen. It gradually became more distinct, revealing the beautiful appearance of the goddess of Light.

Claire grasped the Azure Ripple blade tightly. The hand with the dark mark started to ache dully, the pain gradually becoming stronger. It was a burning hot pain.

"Un-pure spirit, only being destroyed will allow you to be reborn." The goddess's pretty voice was filled with pressure.

Claire looked at the back of her right hand. The black mark slowly appeared, gradually becoming more distinct. She ignored the contradictory words. The goddess of Light herself had descended to kill her. Claire knew that everything was because of the mark.

"You shameless bastard, are you just going to watch?" Claire said simply as she watched the goddess's movements carefully. Claire was certain the god of Darkness must have seen everything, but never lent any help. Afraid of the goddess of Light? Claire could not think of any other reason.

Silence, only silence.

Chapter 173: [No Title]

The god of Darkness was an impassive mountain, clearly not willing to make a move.

Obviously, he was not willing to risk it. His despicable personality could be clearly seen. Only hitting others when they are down, running away when they are more powerful than him. The embodiment of shamelessness... as expected of the god of Darkness.

Tch! Claire disdainfully clicked her tongue. She pointed the Azure Ripple blade towards the goddess, her heart resolute.

Even though Claire had just made a breakthrough, she still was no match for the goddess of Light. What's more, there was still yet another fatal crisis approaching. Having broken through the eleventh level of the Treasured Lotus Style, the lightning would arrive soon. Normally, they would have struck already, but it was currently eerily calm. There was only one explanation; it was the calm before the storm! The storm clouds were brewing in order to appear even more violently! Previously, Golden Lotus had woken up and helped her withstand the lightning of the tenth level, then fell asleep, still not awake!

What Claire failed to notice was two little fur balls on the ground sharing a glance. White Emperor's eyes were filled with fury and worry, whereas Black Feather flapped his wings, completely indifferent.

"Swift..." Claire's face darkened. The Azure Ripple blade glowed brilliantly as golden flame snaked towards the goddess of Light. The flame grew even more violent in the air, is if slashing apart the air itself. If the ordinary expert faced this attack, they would definitely become ashes. However, the one to face her was the goddess of Light.

The goddess of Light calmly raised her scepter, her expression indifferent. The terrifying attack screeched to a halt, then dissipated.

Was this the difference between humans and divine beings?

Claire's knuckles were already white from gripping the Azure Ripple

blade so tightly.

"Lowly ant." The gaze of the goddess communicated these two words clearly, ridicule flashing across her eyes. With a slight wave of the scepter, white light descended onto Claire, enveloping Claire inside.

The violent pressure coming from all directions almost made Claire's blood vessels burst. She was forced down under the pressure, unable to move now. She exerted all her strength to raise her sword, but her hand only trembled for a moment. Claire frowned from the pain. It was as if her blood was flowing backwards. All of her bones seem to be on the verge of cracking. Claire could sense how insignificant she was before this force, unable to resist at all.

The pressure grew heavier. Claire wobbled as she struck the ground with the sword to support herself up. Her heart beat quicker, as if about to explode.

Was this how everything was going to end?

Claire closed her eyes, her heart unresigned.

Was this the difference between deities and humans?

A faint smile appeared on the goddess's lips. The threat was going to be resolved.

But just when the goddess was certain of her victory, a burst of red light with Claire in the center exploded outward, directly canceling out the goddess's terrifying pressure. Under the shocked gaze of the goddess, a power capable of contending with her directly struck her back a few meters. The image of her even became a little dimmer. Her expression grew unsightly. The attack had clearly injured her quite a bit.

The light had come from Claire's neck. It was the necklace from the young master of the devil realm. It actually had such power! Claire was stunned. If the necklace was this powerful, then how strong was the young master? Now it seems that when she said she could beat the god of Darkness black and blue, she wasn't lying.

As the red light gradually faded away, the goddess was still

apprehensive. She knew the aura better than anyone else. It was the aura of the devil race. The brat had somehow gotten her hands on a treasure from the devil race. Devils would actually be willing to help a human?!

The goddess of Light suppressed her unease, her resolution to immediately extinguish the person before her becoming more firm.

Claire touched the necklace. The young master said that the necklace would only save her once. What could she do now?

"Tainted human, you dare to associate with the vile devil race. Today, I must cleanse you." The goddess waved the scepter in her hand, her expression serious.

"Sigh, how annoying. Once again, I need to use up the strength I worked so hard to accumulate," a disatisfied voice with a faint trace of bemusement suddenly appeared behind Claire.

Claire froze. The aura behind her, the powerful strength, seemed familiar, yet foreign at the same time.

"It's you!" the goddess of Light called out unexpectedly.

Who? The goddess of Light actually recognized them?

Claire slowly turned around. A stunningly beautiful face appeared. Clothed in black, his hair ebony black, his dark eyes watched the goddess of Light, bemused. His entire body effused a mysterious aura, increasing his allure.

This voice. Claire frowned, then suddenly remembered. It was Black Feather! When Black Feather forced the contract on her, it was this voice! This cold and stunningly handsome man was Black Feather? Claire simply could not connect the jumping little fur ball with the beautiful, mysterious man before her.

"Humph! So you actually did not die. However, I won't let you leave alive!" Her voice was filled with malice and fury.

"Who knows who will die yet," Black Feather replied lazily. Then, he hollered into the empty air, "God of Darkness, you coward, when are you

going to toughen up? Come out. This is a good chance. In a moment, White Emperor will also be able to resume into his human form."

"What?" The goddess was shocked.

"Idiot, you think with that cowardly personality, the god of Darkness wouldn't be keeping an eye on his offering?" Black Feather spat out disdainfully.

"Black Feather, you stupid son of a...." A low voice grumbled. Darkness started to emerge, blood red light starting to appear.

"You are cowardly, did I say something wrong? Isn't taking advantage of others when they are down what you love the most? You're so scared of the goddess of Light that you don't even want your offering any more," Black Feather retorted. But in truth, he knew the cowardly personality of the god of Darkness better than anyone. He never appeared if he did not have the upperhand. If not for the treasure blocking for Claire, giving him the time to appear time to resume his human form to say these words, the god of Darkness definitely would not take the risk and appear. He is a selfish person to the extreme, oh, a vile god that is selfish to the extreme.

The low voice stopped. However, the darkness spread. Evidently, the god of Darkness had descended.

Poof

With a quiet sound, White Emperor also appeared.

Hair white as snow, eyes round as the moon.

White Emperor silently stood beside Black Feather. The two instantaneously painted a beautiful picture: Black Feather devastatingly beautiful, White Emperor cold and quiet. Both emitted an intimidating aura.

"Good. You are all here." On the contrary, the goddess of Light laughed. "White Emperor, Black feather, do you two think you are still as illustrious as you were in the past? God of Darkness, you lowly bastard. Tonight I will eliminate you all!"

A hint of worry flashed across Black Feather's eyes. Indeed, he and White Emperor were far from before. They were only able to resume their original form after storing power for some time. They knew better than anyone else how long they would last. They had to defeat the goddess of Light before then!

"Distant Silence!" the goddess of Light shouted, attacking first with her scepter. A giant pillar of white light shot violently towards Claire. She surmised that because she could not tell how much Black Feather and White Emperor's strength recovered, and now that the god of Darkness had also crawled out of nowhere, she would have to destroy Claire's soul as soon as possible. Then, she would not have to worry about anything any more. If the perfect soul matured and was offered to the Mother Deity by the god of Darkness, perhaps the Mother Deity would really make a ridiculous decision. She definitely could not let that happen!

Black Feather and White Emperor rushed in front of Claire, both raising their hands at the same time. A giant shield appeared, blocking for Claire. The giant pillar of light continued to attack, then dissipated, illuminating the night sky like fireworks. The two continued their shield, but Claire noticed the two's steps had become unsteady as they were forced two steps back.

Like the shameless person he was, the god of Darkness would not let such an opportunity go. A pitch-black bullet of light shot fiercely towards the goddess. The goddess calmly raised her scepter. Quickly chanting a short incantation, a giant white shield appeared before her, blocking the god of Darkness's attack.

Claire was a little stunned as she watched the battle. This was a battle between deities? Completely on a different level. Who exactly were White Emperor and Black Feather? Why did the god of Darkness and goddess of Light both recognize them? What did the goddess's words from earlier mean? Illustrious in the past?

"Light Storm!" The goddess humphed coldly after blocking the god of Darkness's attack. Waving her scepter, she drew a perfect circle arc in the air. Immediately, berserk wind blasted from the ring, forming a hurricane

as it grew, whistling. Within it contained an enormous power of Light. As the hurricane blew past, the corpses of the cardinals became ashes.

The pope had a panicked expression on his face. The angel who had possessed the pope did not expect the goddess of Light to use such a ruthless tactic that did not differentiate between friend or foe in order to destroy this human, completely not caring for the pope's light. The angel who possessed the pope quickly flew away, attempting to escape the range of the berserk winds. He was able to fly out, but one foot was late by a step. It instantly turned to ash. The pope frowned. Then, with a flash of white light, the angel left the body, leaving the pope to slowly come to his senses and taste the surging pain. Lashia and Roger, far away, had fainted long ago from the pressure when the goddess of Light had descended. They were completely unaware of what was currently happening.

Chapter 174: [No Title]

“Break!” Black Feather declared in a low voice, positioning himself the same way as White Emperor. They crouched down slightly, then grabbed their right wrist with their left hand. Instantly, a violent power shot out of their right palms, one black, one white, converging in mid air. Like a sharp knife, it cut through the air, shooting towards the Light Storm.

And so the Light Storm was slashed apart, leaving a blank vacuum in the middle. Everything on either side turned to dust.

Including Katherine’s body...

Claire watched fixedly as Katherine’s already cold body disappear instantly. All of the blood in her entire body froze.

Mother!

Mother!

All Claire could see was Katherine’s final, bittersweet smile.

Claire remembered how when she came to this world, it was Katherine who was the first to smile at her warmly, to genuinely treat her well. Even when she knew Claire was not the same Claire as before, she risked her life to protect her.

Now, nothing remained of the gentle woman.

Not even ashes.

Emery taught her wholeheartedly and strove his best for her. Today, his ice cold body lay in a pool of blood. Even in his dying breath, he was calling Claire’s name.

Hatred, heaven reaching waves of hatred enveloped Claire, drowning her reason, swallowing her soul.

White Emperor and Black Feather were still resisting the goddess’s attacks while the god of Darkness sneak attacked, but it was not much use. White Emperor and Black Emperor shared a glance, both seeing worry in each other’s eyes. They both could not maintain their form for

long. However, it was fine if they continued to maintain. Deities cannot descend for long, so as long as they persevered, the goddess would leave on her own.

But how long would they be able to last? They were far from how they were in the past. It would be long before they could regain their powers.

At this time, no one noticed Claire's expression. She had her head lowered, her gaze fixed on where Katherine had disappeared from. Slowly, her gaze became blank. She could see nothing.

Her heart empty, her gaze empty.

"Mother..." Claire's lips parted slightly.

This word was said so softly, yet as if amplified by magic, the word penetrated everyone's minds, even their souls.

White Emperor and Black Feather frowned deeply. Even they had felt the intense power engulf their spirit.

The goddess of Light and god of Darkness also felt the strike. Their state of mind shook for a moment, stopping their spells.

Under everyone's shocked gazes, a black cyclone formed with Claire in the center, growing larger and larger. Claire stood in place, her gaze already unfocused, her hair fluttering with the wind, her clothes flapping. An indescribable deadly charm mixed with grief and despair. What's more, Claire's emerald eyes gradually turned black, as well as her golden hair. Her gaze became endless, her hair fluttering rebelliously in the wind.

Black hair black eyes!

The prophesized woman of Darkness who would overturn the Light!

Everyone trembled at the sight of her.

The prophecy was true?

The goddess was now deathly pale. After the shock, she returned to her senses, but she was now even more anxious! Originally, she thought that Claire had to be destroyed because she had the Dark Mark, but who would have expected she was the dark haired dark eyed woman from the

prophecy! She could not let her live! Not even her ashes could remain!

On the other hand, the god of Darkness was delighted. He was already certain that with Claire, he would be able to overturn the Light! His risk had been worth it!

"Beheading light!" A giant sword materialized in the goddess's hand. She attacked before anyone could respond. She could not stay much longer, but she had to destroy the girl before she left!

But how could the god of Darkness let her?

A mass of dark aura congregated into a shield in front of Claire. The god of Darkness was also anxious, because he too did not have much time left! In fact, he had even less time than the goddess of Light! Because the goddess ruled the world, everything was to her advantage, whether it was the amount of time to descend or the amount of power! Although earlier he thought he barely had a chance with White Emperor and Black Feather, now, he was completely willing to protect Claire. White Emperor and Black Feather did not waste any movements either, also protectively blocking in front of Claire, erecting a shield. Both were displeased. If it were before, instead of defending over and over, they would be the ones attacking.

But this attack of the goddess was no small matter. She had put all her might into this strike.

The violent force struck the shield erected by the god of Darkness, stopping, but did not dissipate. Instead, it remained in place. The black shield shuddered, resisting the power's advance. White Emperor and Black Feather frowned. Their situation did not look good. As expected, the next moment, the black shield shattered, sending a backlash to the god of Darkness. His remaining time had also been used up. Howling unwillingly, the god of Darkness disappeared. Now, the terrifying force struck the shield erected by White Emperor and Black Feather.

White Emperor and Black Feather did not dare to be careless, using all their might to support the shield.

"Lotus Nightmare..." Claire's gaze remained unfocused as she lightly

brandished her sword, slashing the air. Once again, her voice seemed to penetrate their minds.

With this one slash, nothing was visible. There was no sword Qi, no flames.

But White Emperor and Black Feather sensed a giant power slice through the air. It directly shattered their shield, clashing straight into the power the goddess had released. The power maintained, splitting the beam of Light apart. But instead of disappearing, the split pillars of Light violently shot towards Claire.

“Claire!” White Emperor and Black Feather cried. Without thinking, the two blocked the two pillars of Light.

Boom!

The giant explosion resonated into the horizon.

An intense pillar of light shot towards the sky, illuminating the night.

With a cry, the goddess of Light was struck with Claire’s explosive attack, her eyes filled with hatred and unwillingness. Her form slowly started to disappear. Her time was also up. She could not believe that even though she personally descended, she could not finish off just a single human.

At the same time, White Emperor and Black Feather used up all their might to block the final two strikes.

After the loud explosion, only two little furballs remained where the stunningly handsome men used to stand.

Claire stood fixedly in place, her gaze still unfocused.

Everything was desolate. In the far distance lay Emery’s body split in two. Lashia and Roger were still unconscious, but blood dripped from their lips. They were unable to withstand such pressure. Duke Gordan remained there, appearing dead. The pope was also unconscious, one foot missing, deathly pale.

Claire could not see anything. Her heart was devoid of everything.

She simply stood frozen in place.

“Chirp chirp!”

“Peep peep!”

White Emperor and Black Feather hopped around near Claire’s feet, anxious and worried.

But Claire did not respond.

Her heart was already barren.

Suddenly, the hazy night became even more dusky.

White Emperor and Black Feather looked up, then started to hop more furiously.

Countless black clouds came from every direction, lightning flashing within. This time, there would be more strikes than ever: ten lightning bolts. Claire had made a breakthrough fighting the angel-possessed pope, but the lightning had only started to appear now. The terrifying circumstances was clear.

But Claire could not see, could not hear. She only stood quietly in place. White Emperor and Black Feather grew even more worried. They understood that Claire was currently immersed in endless suffering and despair. She could not think properly now, unable to face the lightning with a clear head. But even if Claire was clear headed, there was no way she would be able to safely withstand the ten strikes!

Rumble...

The booming thunder rolled across the sky.

White Emperor and Black Feather hopped onto Claire’s shoulder, calling out anxiously, hoping Claire would awaken, but to no avail. Claire did not respond.

The sky was now covered in thick clouds. Thunder rumbled loudly, lightning flashed ominously.

“Chirp chirp!” White Emperor bit Claire’s ear, hoping the pain would

awaken her. Seeing this, Black Emperor bit into her other ear.

Claire's gaze finally regained some of its focus. She looked up towards the rolling clouds, but her eyes were still dead. She did not do anything.

Boom...

A bolt of lightning finally struck, attacking straight towards Claire.

Claire looked up calmly as the lightning approached, her expression serene.

Perhaps ending now was for the best.

But then, Claire was shocked.

A powerful arm hugged her tightly. Claire found herself in a warm embrace. A familiar, handsome face appeared before her eyes.

His dark eyes were filled with determination, his flaming red hair fluttering in the wind.

It's you? Why is it you again?

Chapter 175: [No Title]

Feng Yixuan....

Feng Yixuan pulled Claire into his embrace, one hand raised high.

“Hold!”

A spinning disk of wind appeared above the two, like a shield. The wind circled so quickly, it was like a wall of wind. The lightning struck abruptly, but did not strike through the wall of wind. Instead, like fireworks, the lightning was split into small sparks and dispersed.

Feng Yixuan tightly hugged Claire, and whispered in her ear, “Sorry I’m late.” His voice was filled with remorse and self loathing. Claire slowly closed her eyes, burying her head into his embrace, not saying a word.

Feng Yixuan’s heart tightened. He suddenly felt this person was so weak, she might break. Tender longing gradually filled his heart.

The moment Leng Lingyun arrived, he saw this scene:

Dark clouds rumbled in the sky, giant bolts of lightning striking terrifyingly. A handsome man with flame red hair protected the person in his embrace with one arm, his other arm raised high casting spells to withstand the heavenly lightning. It was Feng Yixuan! Leng Lingyun’s gaze shifted to the person in Feng Yixuan’s embrace. His heart jolted. Even though her hair had turned black, he could recognize her with one glance. It was Claire! Their surroundings were terrifying, charred black ground, the pope lying in a pool of blood, Emery’s split body parts, the handless Duke Gordan, and Lashia and Roger unconscious. Everything appeared so bloody and cruel, but the two T the center of it all were so at peace, so gentle and warm!

Leng Lingyun’s eyes stung at the sight, his heart aching more and more.

At her weakest moment, it was not he, but Feng Yixuan at her side...

Feng Yixuan was extremely careful at this time. Although he had broken through to the eleventh stage of the Heavenly Astral Wind, there were a total of ten bolts of lightning. To withstand them all would be difficult. He

cursed in his heart. If only he had the old man's jade disk. That item would have definitely blocked all the lightning. Feng Yixuan maintained the wind wall while looking down at the weak Claire in his embrace. It was the first time he had seen this weak side of Claire. He had to block all ten bolts of lightning no matter what!

Leng Lingyun stood not far away, staring at the scene blankly. Only when the eighth bolt struck did Feng Yixuan start to show signs of fatigue. Leng Lingyun returned to his senses.

Now was not the time to blank out!

If Feng Yixuan was not able to persevere, Claire would be struck dead with Feng Yixuan!

Feng Yixuan frowned deeply, but he still held Claire tightly. He was already near his limit. The eighth strike of lightning had used the last of his strength, and the next bolt would be even more violent. As his gaze started to wander, he saw Leng Lingyun. His heart tightened. Was he planning on taking advantage of them? No, something was wrong. Who was the person in his embrace? Wasn't that the little girl who clung to Claire at Niya? Was she... dead? What happened? The rumbling of the clouds drew back Feng Yixuan's attention. Feng Yixuan cursed. Now was not the time for his mind to wander; now was the time to think of how to protect the person in his own embrace! As the last of his strength faded, the wind wall disappeared. Feng Yixuan gritted his strength, tightly holding Claire in his embrace.

He would use his flesh and blood to block the last two strikes!

Leng Lingyun gently laid down Xuanxuan's already cold body and tugged off a sparkling, crystal like tear shaped necklace from his neck. He clasped his hands before him with the necklace in between, his eyes closed, and started chanting quickly.

Leng Lingyun's eyes flashed open, his chant finished.

"Absolute Wall!"

Violet light suddenly flashed from his palms, violet light pouring down

over Feng Yixuan and Claire, forming into a sturdy barrier.

Rumble...

The terrifying ninth bolt of lightning struck, striking the violet barrier heavily. The violet barrier shuddered slightly, but did not break.

Leng Lingyun let out a breath. The necklace was finally useful for once.

Feng Yixuan hugged Claire tightly, looking up to see the strange sight above his head. He turned to look at Leng Lingyun, understanding it was he who had saved him and Claire.

When the final, fierce lightning struck down, Leng Lingyun's eyes narrowed, his lips moving quickly to chant. The violet barrier instantly started to radiate brightly, becoming twice as thick.

Rumble...

The last bolt finally struck the violet barrier.

The heavens dispersed and the violet light disappeared, the barrier shattering into pieces.

Leng Lingyun coughed up blood, secretly surprised that the lightning would be so fierce, able to cause a backlash to the spellcaster!

Gradually, the surroundings quieted. The black clouds in the sky dispersed, the hazy moon once again revealing its face.

"We have to leave quickly." Leng Lingyun forced down the ache in his heart, picking up Xuanxuan's body. The people of the Temple of Light would be here soon. They did not have any strength left to fight. If they encountered more enemies now, the aftermath would be unimaginable.

Feng Yixuan watched Leng Lingyun with a complex gaze, but nodded. He looked at the person in his embrace. She had already fallen unconscious. White Emperor and Black Feather hopped onto Feng Yixuan's shoulder, worriedly watching Claire.

"Let's go. We'll go to my home." After Leng Lingyun drew close, Feng Yixuan tore open a teleportation scroll. With a flash of white light, they disappeared without a trace.

Soon, the Divine Princess Liu Xueqing arrived with a group. Once they saw brutal aftermath, they were all shocked, in disbelief. One of the pope's feet was missing, his blood already dyeing the ground red. Emery had been split in half, his innards lying on the ground. One of Duke Gordan's hands had become deflated skin, completely surrounded by blood. Lashia and Roger were unconscious, blood flowing out from all orifices. Cardinals were either missing or their corpse mutilated.

Too cruel!

Who did this?

Claire was not there, not even her corpse! Had she run away? What about Leng Lingyun? Did he escape with Claire?

Who killed all these people? Was it Claire? Liu Xueqing immediately dismissed this thought. Although that bitch was strong, she definitely would not kill her master so brutally or would be able to kill so many cardinals and wound the pope!

To know what had actually occurred, they could only wait for the unconscious people to awaken.

The priests started to heal the wounded as fast as they could.

Clouds slowly started to conceal the hazy moon until it faded into darkness.

Two days later, Amparkland announced shocking news.

Because Claire Hill wanted to reconcile with the Temple of Light, the originally dazzling star became deranged and cruelly killed her mother Katherine Hill along with her master Emery while also heavily wounding Duke Gordan. However, the Temple of Light could not accept such vicious actions, so they ordered men to arrest her, but Claire Hill summoned the god of Darkness to defeat the members of the Temple of Light. Furthermore, she enticed the Divine Prince Leng Lingyun to betray the Temple. Now there was a large bounty for Claire – dead or alive. The Temple also hopes for the blinded Divine Prince Leng Lingyun to repent and for his return to the goddess's side.

The news caused huge ripples.

Lagark, the hidden room in Feng manor.

Feng Yixuan's hand shook as he read a letter, tearing it into pieces before he finished reading.

"Those lowlives!"

"Did they frame Claire for everything?" Leng Lingyun said apathetically. After seeing Feng Yixuan's reaction, Leng Lingyun already knew what happened. He knew the vile schemes of the Temple better than no other.

"Lowlives! Lowlives!" Feng Yixuan was furious to the point that he could not speak coherently. The Temple of Light would actually do such a shameless, despicable action!

Leng Lingyun kept quiet. He looked at the person on the bed, his heart pained. Claire had not awakened since then, still unconscious, or in deep sleep. As a healer, Leng Lingyun understood Claire's condition. If she woke up knowing she was the reason for her loved ones' deaths, how would she feel? How could she face herself? Leng Lingyun's heart ached.

Feng Yixuan reached out and clasped Claire's hand. Anxious, he asked, "Why hasn't she awakened? It's already been two days, why is she not awake?"

Leng Lingyun was silent. After a while, he spoke. "She is trying to escape from reality, unwilling to face the truth.

Feng Yixuan froze, his face welling up in pain and remorse. He reached out and gently caressed Claire's face. White Emperor and Black Feather each crouched on either side of Claire's pillow, worriedly watching Claire.

"Claire, you must wake up, you still need to take revenge! You mother and master have been killed! Are you going to continue on sleeping without facing your enemies?" Leng Lingyun said coldly, watching Claire's face.

"You!" Feng Yixuan gritted his teeth as he shot a glare at Leng Lingyun, but then slackened. Although this method was a bit cruel, it was the most

efficient way to wake her up.

"Claire, wake up." Feng Yixuan clasped Claire's hand tightly, his voice low. "You have been greatly wronged. Your mother would definitely not want to see you like this, please wake up. Do you want your mother's efforts to go to waste?"

Chapter 176: [No Title]

Mother...

Master...

Slowly, gradually, Claire's long lashes started to quiver.

"Claire!" Feng Yixuan emotionally squeezed Claire's hand.

In his heart, Leng Lingyun let out a breath.

Claire finally opened her eyes.

Her gaze was not bewildered, not despairing...

But resolute!

"Claire," Feng Yixuan worriedly called out.

Claire turned to face Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun, then said one word quietly:

"Yes..."

Feng Yixuan smiled brightly, his heart finally relaxing.

"You finally awakened," Leng Lingyun said quietly.

"Yes, I have awakened." Claire slowly stood up. Feng Yixuan hastily stood up to support her.

"Sorry for worrying you all." Claire leaned her head against the bedside.

"As long as you are alright." Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun both nodded.

"Tell me our current circumstances." Claire's black eyes glinted profoundly.

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun shared a glance.

Should they tell?

Should they tell her she had been framed as the murderer of her loved ones?

Feng Yixuan licked his dry lips, hesitating. Leng Lingyun was also silent.

"Do you both think I will do something foolish?" Claire's expression was serene, her tone calm.

Feng Yixuan started to say, "I know you won't, but..." but he did not want to tell Claire such a cruel reality. It was rubbing salt in her wounds. But even if he did not tell her, Claire would find out. She would feel even more pain then.

"Just like you both said, I still have many matters left unfinished. The Temple will definitely pay for Mother and Masters' deaths." Claire's voice was extremely calm, yet exceptionally icy.

Feng Yixuan watched Claire, biting his lip.

Claire did not continue, quietly waiting for Feng Yixuan to continue speaking.

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun shared another glance. In the end, Feng Yixuan quietly told her the news Amparkland and the Temple had jointly spread. Feng Yixuan's voice was soft, extremely soft. He paid close attention to Claire's expression, but Claire remained calm the entire time.

After he finished speaking, he worriedly watched Claire's calm face, thousands of feelings welling up in his heart.

Claire turned to face the two. As her lips started to move, the two tensed up. Claire quietly said to Leng Lingyun, "Leng Lingyun, what about Xuanxuan?"

Leng Lingyun froze. Feng Yixuan also froze.

"How could the Temple of Light let you go if you saved me? Did you not think about Xuanxuan?" When she saw the slight change in Leng Lingyun's expression, her heart tightened.

Leng Lingyun remained silent, but the deep sorrow in his eyes did not escape Claire.

Feng Yixuan did not know what to say either.

Claire instantly understood. The pure, innocent girl was most likely...

“Sorry...” Claire apologized faintly, her gaze ladened with grief and self blame.

“No, it was not because of you.” Leng Lingyun sighed, then started to smile gently. “It was Xuanxuan’s with. Her last wish was for me to leave the Temple of Light to live my own life. I will fulfill her wish.”

Claire and Feng Yixuan watched Leng Lingyun’s faint smile with complex thoughts. They had never seen him smile like this before, a smile filled with desire to live.

“Where am I?” Claire looked around her surroundings. The room was windowless. There was only a stone door and slight ventilation coming from the ceiling. The furniture inside was plain with three silver candle holders on the table.

“It is my family’s secret room,” Feng Yixuan said quietly. “The Temple of Light wields great influence in Lagark, so...”

“Although the Temple of Light and Amparkland have declared you a criminal, they cannot wantonly pursue Claire, because Claire’s eyes and hair have already turned black. The Temple cannot send too many people to chase Claire, or else their hypocritical artifice will be exposed, so only the inner circle of the Temple will pursue her,” Leng Lingyun analyzed.

Feng Yixuan and Claire recalled when the Temple had secretly chased and killed girls with black hair and black eyes. Claire’s gaze grew downcast. She did not expect her to be the cause of their sorry deaths.

“You two should first leave. I will rest for a bit,” Claire said quietly. She closed her eyes.

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun shared a glance, both seeing concern in each other’s eyes. They then looked at Claire. Seeing her calm expression, the two finally withdrew.

After the door was shut closed, Claire tiredly leaned against the bedside, slowly opening her eyes.

Her gaze was ice cold, so chilly it could freeze one’s soul!

Temple of Light! Gordan Hill!

I will return!

I will definitely return!

Claire concentrated on sensing her body's current condition and was startled by what she saw. The Lotus power had continuously coursed through her body. The majority of her wounds had already healed.

"Chirp chirp!" White Emperor called from next to Claire's pillow.

"Peep peep!" Black Feather called out even more loudly,

not to be outdone.

Claire looked down at the two furballs, smiling faintly. She scooped the two into her embrace and said quietly, "Thank you both for saving me."

"Heh!" Black Feather flapped his wings, as if pleased with himself.

"But who exactly are you two? Why would the goddess of Light and god of Darkness be able to recognize you two?" Claire suspiciously eyed the two furballs.

The two little furballs remained silent.

Claire laid back down. Staring at the ceiling overhead, she gradually closed her eyes.

A new arc begins.

New arc, new rules.

The history of the continent of Ceylon turns to a new page.

Three days later, an ordinary looking carriage slowly tottered out the gates of the capital of Lagark.

The azure blue sky was devoid of clouds. Alongside the road was verdant forest, small birds tweeting atop branches.

The plain road was sparsely traveled.

Inside the ordinary looking carriage, Claire quietly leaned back. Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun were also inside.

“I cannot continue staying here. Firstly, I do not want to burden the Feng clan. Secondly, I must take revenge.” Two days prior, Claire had declined An Lisha’s urge to stay. An Lisha did not argue, only giving Claire a hug and a smile. Currently, Lagark had no way of contending with Amparkland, let alone Amparkland allied with the Temple. Naturally, Clairew as fully aware. She even didn’t let the Li clan know she was staying with the Feng clan. She could not implicate the Feng clan and Li clan. Before she became strong, she could not face Amparkland and the Temple of Light head on. Claire had already made a decision in her heart.

This time when Feng Yixuan followed Claire, Claire did not refuse nor make plans to make Feng Yixuan leave.

Claire’s original destination had not changed.

Youwusali. The place the Temple of Light wielded least influence. Also Ceylon continent’s most destitute nation.

The country was mostly desert with few oases. The Temple had little interest in the poor geography and impoverished people. There was only one temple at the capital.

Wind howled in the desert, picking up the yellow sand until it was nearly impossible see, intense rays overhead scorching the land.

Amidst the vast desert, three people atop camels slowly advanced. Apart from giant cacti, there were no living beings. Wind blew, picking up more yellow sand. Occasionally, it would lift up sand to reveal eerie bones. It was a dangerous place.

Suddenly, a cloud of yellow dust came from the distance, coming closer and closer. It was a squadron of horses, each valiant rider with curved blades, leather saddles and boots. Bandits!

“Boss, look, it’s those three. The one in the middle is definitely a girl. Although I can’t see her face, I can tell from her figure that she is definitely a woman,” a vulgar man near the front of the bandits said certainly to a refined looking man. The three did not look like cash cows, but if the girl was a beauty, they would make a profit.

No one would have expected it by his appearance, but the refined, elegant looking man was actually the overlord of the desert, a true and blue bandit boss.

Long Sasi nodded. He never doubted the vulgar man's words. Although the man was vulgar, his eyes were exceptionally sharp. He had never misjudged anything.

The bandits jeered in a strange manner, brandishing their curved blades while galloping towards the three people.

"Leave the girl in the middle. The other two, get lost." Long Sasi humphed coldly.

"You..." a charming voice said. The bandits hearts all trembled. How does someone with such a voice look like?

"Are you the Desert Whirlwind, Long Sasi?" the same sweet voice said.

Long Sasi paused, then burst out laughing. "What, does this beauty already know my name? Why don't you just obediently come with me?"

"You dunce, you were framed, and now you've been reduced to a bandit, losing your homeland. You have the guts to be aggressive?" Her voice was sweet, but her words were venomous.

The expression of the bandits changed. Everyone knew this was their boss's sore spot that could not be touched. Whenever this topic was raised, their boss would go mad. The aftermath was too horrible to contemplate.

But contrary to their expectations, Long Sasi did not explode. Instead, he brandished his wave threateningly towards the person in the middle. His voice stern, he asked, "Who are you?"

"Someone who will help you," the sweet voice responded. The person in the middle slowly lifted her veil, revealing a stunningly beautiful face, silky black hair and incomparably deep, dark eyes. At such a young age, the girl was already so beautiful. When she grew up, what a femme fatale she would be!

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The prophesized double black woman was not necessarily well known, so although the bandits were shocked by the girl's stunning appearance, they did not think too much.

"Help?" Long Sasi laughed coldly. "What kind of joke are you trying to make..." But before he could finish speaking, a person beside the girl waved their hand slightly. Instantly, a squall appeared, an incorporeal, powerful force striking the men behind Long Sasi. The bandits cried out fearfully as all of them were sent flying with no exception and then heavily crashed onto the ground.

Long Sasi's smile froze. The bandits quickly crawled back up from the ground, serious expressions on their faces. They had not been wounded, but they knew that their opponents were only giving them a slight warning, not intending to actually injure them.

Magician?! And they were so powerful?

Long Sasi frowned, subconsciously licking his dry lips. He cautiously eyed the three. Who exactly were they?

"What exactly are you planning?" Long Sasi asked cautiously. One thing was clear: they were definitely no match for the three.

"To make you the master of the desert." The girl with black hair and eyes revealed a bewitching smile, so beautiful it was intoxicating.

The master of the desert?!

Long Sasi froze, staring fixedly at the mysterious girl, judging whether or not she was serious.

"Long Sasi, the sole son of the defeated prince, master of pen and sword, popular with the common folk, the only candidate for the future prince. The crown prince is despicable, definitely not someone who would be a fair and just ruler. You were his greatest obstacle to becoming king, so before you could become a prince, you were framed." The sweet voice was completely emotionless.

“You! Who are you?” Long Sasi’s expression finally changed.

“I... I am Qi Aoshuang.” The black haired black eyed girl smiled as sweetly as a flower.

Qi Aoshuang, Qi Aoshuang... A rueful smile flashed in the girl’s eyes. She never thought she would use this name. Yes, this name was Claire’s true name!

“Believe in me, I will definitely make you the master of the desert.” Qi Aoshuang’s voice carried an ineffable, faint charm.

“How can I believe you?” Although his heart had swayed seeing the strength of the person next to the girl, it was not enough to convince him.

Qi Aoshuang’s beautiful face revealed a dazzling smile. For some reason, Long Sasi’s heart shuddered seeing this smile.

Qi Aoshuang’s gaze shifted to the vulgar person at Long Sasi’s side. Suddenly, her eyes glinted.

Something strange happened next.

The vulgar man hopped giddily to face Long Sasi, his voice very enthusiastic. “Boss, did you know I have been admiring you for a long time now? My love for you is as pure as the moonlight, and my heart shall forever be faithful...”

A few of Long Sasi’s men were already unable to stand such a change, holding their stomachs as they puked. However, Long Sasi had a serious expression. The vulgar man had a clear gaze, his words spoken naturally, but! He knew better than anyone the preferences of the vulgar man. It was because of this that Long Sasi’s expression had turned serious. High level spiritual control! It was actually high level spiritual control! He knew this malicious magic better than anyone else. He had been betrayed by his closest beloved this way! And then was accused by his closest comrades!

Long Sasi looked up at the beautiful black haired girl, his voice cold. “Enough. I believe you.” His heart started to tremble. How did the girl know what happened to him so clearly? Who exactly was she?

Qi Aoshuang withdrew the spiritual control, smiling faintly. “Apologies for bringing up unpleasant memories.”

The vulgar man looked blankly Long Sasi’s calm face, then noticed the strange looks by the other men and became even more dumbfounded.

“Why did you choose me?” Long Sasi’s voice was low.

“Because I need your popularity.” Qi Aoshuang smiled faintly. “The people of Youwusali all believe you were framed.”

Long Sasi did not respond, remaining silent.

“If you believe me, then find me at the weaponry shop of Clearspring Village.” Qi Aoshuang lightly tug on the reins of her camel. The camel started to advance forward. Beside her, Leng Lingyun and Feng Yixuan followed her closely.

Long Sasi’s men shared glances. Unanimously, they moved out of the way to make a path for them.

The three camels slowly advanced. Everyone watched their figures as they left, then looked back at Long Sasi, all waiting for Long Sasi’s decision.

Long Sasi did not utter a word, his expression as placid as water as he watched the three leave.

“Aoshuang, do you think he will find us?” Feng Yixuan asked in a hushed voice. It had been no easy task to find the person they were after in the desert.

“Yes.” A small smile surfaced on Qi Aoshuang’s lips.

Clearspring Village was the closest oasis to Youwusali’s frontier. Although it was small, it was very important. Many people came here to replenish their supplies.

Like many other travelers, the three arrived on camelback. The vendors on the side of the roads did not have the energy to call out to potential customers, leaning back and waiting for customers to come themselves. The few stone dwellings mostly had their doors shut tightly. Only a few

shops were open. Everyone dressed similarly, a long cloak draped over their entire body.

The three arrived at an ordinary looking stone dwelling. After tying up their camels, they went inside.

“My lady, you’re back,” a stocky woman greeted.

“Yes.” Qi Aoshuang nodded. “Tonight someone will come to find me. Bring them once they arrive.”

“Yes.” The stocky woman was one of the Temple of Darkness’s people who had been sent to assist Qi Aoshuang. She was in charge of relations. Her name was Riya.

The three walked up to a cupboard next to the wall. Qi Aoshuang reached out to open it, revealing a deep tunnel. With a snap of her finger, the entire tunnel was lit up with torch light. She headed in.

After they entered, the cupboard closed, looking once more like an ordinary cupboard. Meanwhile, the three camels outside were led away.

The end of the tunnel opened up to reveal an underground cavern. It was a long corridor with many rooms on either side. Straight ahead was the main hall.

“Divine Princess, you’ve finally returned.” Xi Shaoqi scowled.

At the time, Leng Lingyun and Feng Yixuan had been shocked by Qi Aoshuang’s identity, not knowing when she had become the Divine Princess of Darkness. Once Qi Aoshuang told them it was that time they had been trapped by the Temple of Darkness, Leng Lingyun immediately understood.

Qi Aoshuang slowly approached, her voice soft. “What is it?”

“His holiness said if you didn’t return any sooner, we would be punished. So many days passed, but you still did not return,” Xi Shaoqi grumbled.

“Divine Princess.” Xi Shaosi smiled and pulled up a chair for Qi Aoshuang, then poured her a cup of scented tea.

Everyone knew how the old pope of Light had lost one of his feet. Twelve

archbishops had even lost their lives! It was terribly exciting news. And at the core of it all was this girl! All followers of the Temple of Darkness were riled up, all believing Qi Aoshuang would lead them into a new era.

"Divine Princess, did you already find who you were looking for?" Xi Shaosi poured tea for everyone else as well.

Qi Aoshuang took a sip of the tea with a slight nod. "They will be here tonight."

"We have found everything you told us to look for." Xi Shaosi took out a map. Two spots were marked in red. "This is the stronghold of the dwarves, and this is the stronghold of the earth spirits."

"Oh." Qi Aoshuang stared at the map, musing.

Xi Shaoqi looked doubtfully at the map. Finally, he couldn't help but ask, "Divine Princess, why are you looking for them? Dwarves are only good at metallurgy, whereas earth spirits are only good at digging. Furthermore, they never mingle with humans and hold a deep grudge towards humans. Why are you looking for them?" Finding the two strongholds has used a lot of manpower. Some had even lost their lives.

"What is the goal of the Temple of Light?" Qi Aoshuang asked instead of responding.

"What else could it be? To reap without sowing, brainwash others." Xi Shaoqi humphed. "The ignorant masses lose a fortune, yet act as if it is a matter of course. The Temple does any small act of kindness and it is heavily publicized."

"Is it fair?" Qi Aoshuang said profoundly.

"Of course not!" Xi Shaoqi exclaimed disdainfully.

"To thoroughly purge the brainwashing, do you think only killing the leader is enough?" Qi Aoshuang stared at the two points on the map.

Xi Shaoqi froze. The Temple of Light had suffered great losses against Claire, but their prestige had been increased greatly. The Temple of Light had become the embodiment of justice to the people.

“You mean to say!” Xi Shaoqi clenched his fist, excited. Really? Was it really what he thought it was? Could the girl before him really do it?

Power, money, status...

What humanity pursued...

“Youwusali will become the first country of Darkness.” Qi Aoshuang raised the teacup to her lips and sipped, smiling like a flower.

Xi Shaoqi’s heart shook. He suddenly understood Qi Aoshuang’s plan. Such an ambitious plan, something he could not imagine in his wildest dreams. If someone else said her words, he would have thought it was just a joke, but if this girl said it, it would become reality. Deep in his heart, he believed the girl would definitely be successful. She would definitely topple the Temple of Light!

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Night as calm as water.

Clearspring Village was nearly silent.

With the large temperature changes of the desert, it was cold at night. Few people carried out business at this time.

The weaponry shop, however, was still lit.

The owner leaned against a table drowsily.

The door opened quietly. The owner slowly opened his eyes, then stood up.

Without much to say, the owner put on his cloak and said quietly, “Follow me.”

Long Sasi frowned seeing the owner’s actions. He recalled the girl’s stunning, confident smile. She was that certain he would come?

As the owner led the way, Long Sasi watched the owner’s steps and was shocked. This ordinary looking owner had a sturdy foundation! Since when did such experts appear in Clearspring Village?

The owner led Long Sasi to an ordinary stone dwelling. “I am only responsible for bringing you here,” he said dully, then left.

The door opened and a stocky woman motioned for him to enter. “If you may.”

Long Sasi hesitated only briefly before stepping in.

He was unaware that this step was the first step towards the greatest shift in Youwusali’s history!

Long Sasi followed the stocky woman to a room with a cupboard. She pulled open the cupboard door. A gust of cold air blew flew into their faces.

“My lady is waiting for you down below.” Riya motioned for him to enter.

Without hesitating, he entered. Passing through the long corridor, he

arrived at a brightly lit hall.

A long table was set up in the middle of the hall. Sitting at the end of the table was the stunning girl. To her right sat a handsome young man with flame red hair watching him with narrowed eyes. To her left sat a handsome man with violet eyes and silver hair, his expression cold. Behind the girl stood two men with the same appearance, one holding a teapot, the other sizing him up with a curious tilt of his head.

“Please sit.” Qi Aoshuang smiled.

Long Sasi frowned slightly. Seeing this set up, the girl seemed to have predicted he would come. Who exactly was she? She had already investigated him thoroughly. Appearing before him in the desert was no coincidence. She had been looking for him!

Long Sasi sat facing Qi Aoshuang. Xi Shaosi poured a cup of tea for Long Sasi.

“Enjoy the tea.” Qi Aoshuang smiled.

Long Sasi sat down without sitting the tea. Instead, he asked seriously, “What are you planning?”

“To increase your fame, and then reveal your identity in the end. Your status shall be restored.” Qi Aoshuang took another sip of tea.

“How?” Long Sasi frowned.

“You don’t have to do anything. Just eat well, play well, and sleep well.” Qi Aoshuang smiled at Long Sasi. Before he could speak, she continued, “Of course, that is not possible. You will not agree. I will not agree either.”

Long Sasi’s lip twitched. He suddenly felt her personality and appearance did not match.

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi shared a glance, both seeing sympathy in each other’s gazes. Long Sasi would become another victim of their Divine Princess’s bullying.

“What you need to do now is lead your men to do chivalrous acts, save commoners through fire and water. However, you cannot leave your name.

You must wear a red mask whenever you carry our your deeds." Qi Aoshuang set down her cup.

"Chivalrous acts?" Long Sasi was skeptical, not understanding.

"There are other bandits besides you. You have always taken only a certain amount, only a third of the goods when you rob merchants. But other bandits are not the same. They kill all, steal all." Qi Aoshuang stroked her chin thoughtfully, a little confused. "But why did you want me? You have always stolen goods, not women."

Long Sasi revealed a trace of embarrassment.

"Whatever, if you don't want to say, then you don't have to. In short, your next step is to appear in times of need." Because most of Youwusali was desert, it was hard for soldiers to travel. On the other hand, bandits were excellent on horseback. Whenever soldiers chased after bandits, at most they would eat dust, helplessly cursing after the bandits disappearing into the distance.

"Just that?" Long Sasi frowned.

"Yes, that's all you need to do for now. You will assume a different identity. In the end, when your identity is finally revealed, all eyes will be on you. The people who framed you will confess on their own in front of everyone." Qi Aoshuang lightly rapped the table. "Remember, you all must wear red masks."

"Why wear red masks?" Long Sasi finally understood what the girl was planning a little.

"You can choose a different color, so long as it differentiates you from other bandits. Try not to kill all the bandits at once. Release them secretly if you can," Qi Aoshuang instructed specifically.

"Why?" Long Sasi was now even more confused.

The next moment, he regretted asking this question.

Faced with multiple disdainful gazes, Long Sasi suddenly felt stupid.

"Of course so they can continue to wreak havoc so you have more

opportunities to show off." Xi Shaoqi rolled his eyes disdainfully. "Otherwise, how else can you get famous?"

Long Sasi's lip twitched. These devious people! An exemplary case of how birds of a feather flock together!

"Can you really clear my name?" A trace of doubt flashed across his eyes. Although the men beside the girl were extremely powerful and the girl was able to spiritually control others, was it really possible? The ones who had framed him were the current emperor and empress... the woman he had once loved... now the empress.

"I could do it even right now, but it would not be as effective. So what if they framed you?" Qi Aoshuang smiled. "Hold back your first to strike harder in the future!"

Long Sasi froze. Hold back your first to strike harder in the future!

"Who exactly are you?" Long Sasi stood up, frowning as he stared fixedly at the girl.

The black haired girl smiled, but did not answer.

Feng Yixuan stood up, a wad of golden banknotes appearing in his hand. He handed it to Long Sasi. It was a small portion of the profit made when the Feng clan helped sell off the treasures Qi Aoshuang had gotten from Ben. Feng Yixuan had been greatly shocked, never expecting her to have so many rare treasures.

"What are you doing?" Lon Sasi's expression darkened.

"Don't jump to conclusions. It isn't for you to spend. Exchange them into gold coins. You will use them to help the commoners." Feng Yixuan spat out, looking down on the person before him.

Long Sasi felt a wave of depression. It was the first time he had felt he wasn't smart enough.

However, it was a good idea. Youwusali had always been poor, so using money to help others would quickly buy their loyalty.

Once Long Sasi accepted the golden banknotes, he was shocked. Every

banknote was worth ten thousand, so this wad of banknotes was a couple million gold!

Long Sasi looked up to see Feng Yixuan's indifferent expression, then looked at Qi Aoshuang to see her cold expression.

Who exactly were they?

"Go. Every month, send some of your men to the weaponry shop." Qi Aoshuang stood up, yawning.

Long Sasi stared at the girl, unable to come up with words to say.

Such a mysterious girl with unknown origins. He did not know any of her objectives. However, for some reason, his heart fully believed the girl would be able to fulfill his wish!

"Alright. If I run into trouble, I will come find you at the weaponry shop. I will leave now." Long Sasi put away the banknotes. He gave Qi Aoshuang a slight nod, then left.

Late at night, Qi Aoshuang stood on the roof, silently watching the bright moon.

Suddenly, a thick mantle draped over her shoulders. She turned around abruptly to face Feng Yixuan's smiling face.

"What are you thinking about?" Feng Yixuan asked quietly. He also looked up at the moon.

Qi Aoshuang kept silent, then slowly responded. "Once Long Sasi faces the ones who betrayed him, will he be able to take the final step?"

Feng Yixuan paused, then smiled immediately. "That's his own fault for falling for someone who didn't deserve love. He was wrong at the start, so how can we be certain he will correct himself in the future?"

Qi Aoshuang paused, then whipped around, staring at Feng Yixuan intensely. Feng Yixuan continued to smile. "Their relationship cannot be called love. How can love be bought by money?"

Qi Aoshuang lowered her gaze, replying darkly, "Humans... are simply like that. Always chasing after fame and fortune..."

But before Qi Aoshuang could finished, Feng Yixuan interjected. “But I won’t. I will never betray you.”

Feng Yixuan pulled Claire by the shoulder to face him. “Aoshuang, even if the rest of the world turns its back on you, I will still remain at your side, protecting you with all my might.”

Qi Aoshuang stared blankly at his resolute gaze, his determined expression. Suddenly, Qi Aoshuang didn’t know what the say. Only, something was taking root in her heart, growing...

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“So, little Shuangshuang, don’t look so anguished. I will always be with you.” Feng Yixuan started to laugh, puckering his lips. He started inching closer and closer. “Come, give me a kiss.”

Bam…

The next moment, Feng Yixuan was groaning as he crouched on the ground, clutching his eye.

Qi Aoshuang angrily turned away, flying away, descending from the roof.

Feng Yixuan watched as she disappeared, then stood up. He was smiling, relieved. She finally returned to her lively self, her true self…

Feng Yixuan rubbed his eyes, then humphed. “Come out, how long are you going to wait?”

The surroundings were silent. After a while, Leng Lingyun appeared.

“I’m telling you now, I’ve not leaving you any chances.” Feng Yixuan stared at Leng Lingyun. However, with panda eyes, he didn’t appear threatening at all.

Leng Lingyun remained silent.

“Humph!” Feng Yixuan rubbed his eyes. Ignoring Leng Lingyun, he climbed down from the ladder.

Leng Lingyun stood on the roof alone, silently watching the moon.

Silence.

Two days later, a party of five left Clearspring Village. This time, the Xi brothers were coming along.

Their destination was one of the two places marked in red.

And so, the five advanced in the desert. The endless desert only sunk their spirits. The scenery never changed: yellow sand, a giant cactus here and there, half concealed skeletal remains.

“Ah! An oasis!” Xi Shaoqi suddenly cried out. After roasting under the

sun for so long, it was natural that he would be excited by an oasis. Xi Shaoqi immediately longed for a drink, then a satisfying shower.

"It is Ring Village." Xi Shaoqi explained, "In the middle is a small lake. The lake's water source is an an underground spring. This two was born around the lake, forming a circular shape, thus its name, Ring Village."

"My lady, we should rest now. My butt is already sore from all this riding." Xi Shaoqi shifted his weight uncomfortably. Riding camelback for so long was indeed unbearable.

"Yes, go and rest. We shall set out again tomorrow morning." Qi Aoshuang nodded. Everyone entered.

Like all other villages, the small village was surrounded by a high wall of stone. The village had the words "Ring Village" inscribed on a large stone next to the entrance.

There were few people out on the streets, no one paying attention to them. Many travelers passed by to rest, a common occurrence.

"Shaosi, Shaoqi, go find us an inn. We will first take a look around." Qi Aoshuang handed her reins to Xi Shaoqi.

"Yes." In the temple of Darkness, the brothers had always ordered others around, but ever since Qi Aoshuang appeared, they had been always ordered around by her. Their divine princess was simply too sinister. Ever since that incident, he never dared to tease her again. He had lost a bet, and the loser was supposed to satisfy one request of the winner. Xi Shaoqi thought it was nothing. It was just one request, right? But after hearing her request, he wanted to kill himself. He was supposed to tell people in the manor he was a pig, a real pig, a giant, stupid pig. Each time, he was supposed to move onto someone else and say the same phrase. Phillips even thought he was being mind controlled. From then on, Xi Shaoqi followed Qi Aoshuang obediently, not daring to ever complain.

Qi Aoshuang, Feng Yixuan, and Leng Lingyun slowly strolled around, observing the passersby. Suddenly, Qi Aoshuang frowned. Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun also noticed something was off.

Although these people were walking, they seemed to be mindlessly walking. After reaching the end of the street, they would turn around and walk back, then reach the other end of the street and walk back again! Qi Aoshuang focused on the closest person to her, her heart clenching. Their gaze was unfocused, expressionless. He simply walked.

"Hey, may I ask..." Feng Yixuan grabbed someone passing by, but something strange happened. They continued forward as if they had not heard him. However, after taking a step, they fell down. He had stopped moving, stopped breathing!

Feng Yixuan looked at his hand, then looked at the person lying on the ground, his lip twitching. What was going on? Did he kill someone with a slight grab?

Even more strangely, everyone else continued walking as if nothing happened.

"He's dead." Leng Lingyun said quietly, frowning.

Feng Yixuan also frowned, then looked up. Suddenly, he cried out, "No! We're in a trap!"

Qi Aoshuang's flashed with realization, but something strange was already overhead!

A bright light flashed overhead. The sky darkened slightly. A translucent barrier appeared! Sunlight could come in, but they could see their reflections in the barrier! It was like a mirror. They could see the outside faintly, but the village underneath could be seen more distinctly. The entire village was covered by the barrier.

"These people have been dead for a while already!" Feng Yixuan's expression was serious.

"How magnanimous, killing all the people in the village just to trap us." Leng Lingyun's expression also darkened. Although he wasn't nice enough to care for the world, he was still angered seeing so many innocents killed.

"What kind of barrier is that?" Qi Aoshuang coldly eyed the barrier overhead. It was the first time she had seen such a barrier.

“My lady! What’s going onnnnnnnn?” Xi Shaoqi dashed over. “Why is this village like a ghost town? What kind of barrier is that?”

Shi Shaosi also made his way over, his expression grave.

“My lady, everyone is dead.” Xi Shaosi said in a low voice. “But they seem as if they’re continuing what they did before they died, doing the same action over and over.”

“Creepy, too creepy!” Xi Shaoqi shuddered. He had never seen something so strange. At most, he had seen people mind controlled, but that was someone alive. He had never seen dead people controlled.

Suddenly, a strange voice spoke. “Cute little lambs, have a nice rest in here.” Their tone of voice was quite pleased.

Who?!

Everyone looked up, then saw a strangely dressed person flapping his arms atop the barrier, his hair a mess. His clothes seemed to be patched from many different ones, colorful. He had one large spike of hair in the middle of the top of his head.

“Who are you?” Xi Shaosi asked coldly.

The strange person raised both of his hands, making a ring with arms in front of his chest, then raising them towards the sky. Everyone felt a wave of disgust. The strange person finally replied, “People about to die don’t need to know my name. All you need to know is that your lives are worth a lot of money, especially the girl, she’s worth an entire city, hehe~”

Before anyone could say anything, the strange person cried out weirdly. With a tap of his feet, he left up and flew away, disappearing out of their gazes.

“The Temple of Light?” Feng Yixuan frowned as he watched the strange person disappear.

“No.” Leng Lingyun shook his head. “Not this time.”

“You mean to say...” Xi Shaosi frowned.

“He could have been hired by the Temple.” Leng Lingyun’s expression

darkened.

“Let’s leave first.” Feng Yixuan looked around their surroundings. “The entire village seems to be surrounded by this barrier.”

“Let me see if I can read its resonance.” Qi Aoshuang approached the barrier, gently reaching out to touch it. However, before she could touch it, the barrier suddenly responded faintly, brushing Qi Aoshuang’s hand away.

Hmm? Qi Aoshuang tried to reach out again, but the barrier was the same. A soft force pushed her hand away.

“What’s going on?” Feng Yixuan came close, also inspecting the strange barrier.

“I can’t get close.” Qi Aoshuang frowned.

“Just break it open.” Xi Shaoqi humphed. He brought out his scepter, already starting to chant.

Qi Aoshuang silently mused, the barrier’s force just now was a bit strange. But what was it?

Xi Shaoqi already finished changing. With a wave of his sceptor, a bolt of black light attacked the barrier.

“Wait!” Qi Aoshuang shouted. She finally realized what the repulsion force was similar to.

“Ah?” Xi Shaoqi blinked, not understanding why she would suddenly tell him to wait.

The next moment, Xi Shaoqi understood why. Just when the bolt of black light was about to touch the barrier, it suddenly went backwards the same path it had traveled! Xi Shaoqi hastily erected barrier to block the arrack. The black bolt of light slammed heavily against his barrier, causing the barrier to shudder. His heart also shuddered. He almost killed himself!

“W-why didn’t you say that ealier?” Xi Shaoqi patted his chest, trying to calm down his heart.

Everyone’s expression sharpened as they finally understood how the

barrier worked.

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“Like you all just saw, this barrier can reflect all forces.” Seeing how the barrier remained untouched, her heart sank. The force that had repelled her was the exhibited the same pressure as she when she approached the barrier. It was the exact same as hers.

“The hell is with this barrier?!” Xi Shaoqi cursed. He bent down, picked up a rock, then threw it at the barrier. As they expected, just as the rock was about to touch the barrier, it was bounced back.

There was no way out. No matter how much strength they used, it would all be bounced back.

“Let me try.” With a wave of his hand, a giant blade of wind appeared in Feng Yixuan’s hand.

“Don’t.” Qi Aoshuang shook her head.

“If I attack with a force larger than the barrier can bear, then perhaps it won’t be reflected and break the barrier instead.” Feng Yixuan surmised. He was about to use all his strength to attack.

“And if not?” Qi Aoshuang asked quietly.

Everyone’s heart shuddered. If not? Who could block Feng Yixuan’s attack? Feng Yixuan’s power was not insane. If he used all his strength to attack, perhaps no one would be able to block it, including himself.

Feng Yixuan blinked. He experimentally slashed at the barrier. The reflected force made his jaw drop. Its speed and power was the exact same. Feng Yixuan immediately erected a barrier to dissipate the attack. Inwardly, he was sweating cold sweat. What if using all his strength didn’t break the barrier?

“What do we do?” Feng Yixuan sheathed his sword, a little gloomy. The thought of being killed by himself was a little depressing.

“Yeah, what are we going to do? Are we just going to stay stuck here?” Xi Shaoqi glanced at the other people, then shivered. They were already dead, but they still continued what they did when they were alive. It was too

creepy.

“Haha, don’t waste your brain. No matter what strength you use, you can’t break this magic formation. If you want to die quickly, just attack the barrier. If you want to die slowly, just obediently stay inside, hahaha…” a sinister laugh came from outside of the barrier. It was definitely the person who had set up the barrier. Then the voice disappeared. He obviously thought there was no way they could break the barrier, so he left to stay somewhere else more comfortable. He thought that just after waiting, he would be able to collect their bodies.

“Fuck! You bastard!” Xi Shaoqi cursed.

“I’ll kill you once we get out!” Feng Yixuan gnashed his teeth.

Leng Lingyun uttered in a low voice, “I have never seen nor heard of such a magic formation spell. There is no record of it in the library of the Temple of Light.”

“Tch, just because the Temple of Light doesn’t know doesn’t mean that no one else knows.” Although Xi Shaoqi knew Leng Lingyun was on their side, he still couldn’t help but be annoyed hearing the Temple of Light brought up.

“Are you saying you know then?” Qi Aoshuang said coldly, shutting him up.

“Let’s first rest. Standing here won’t do anything,” she said. “Let’s sit inside the inn.”

Everyone agreed. Xi Shaosi led the way to the inn, whereas Xi Shaoqi stubbornly attacked the barrier, but the result was still the same. It always reflected the attacks the way they had came. Although Xi Shaoqi was prepared for this, he was still unsatisfied. Everyone else simply ignored him.

In the inn, there were no guests in the main hall. The owner continued to clean a cup behind the counter without stopping, while a waiter continued to wipe a table. The two’s movements never stopped.

Xi Shaoqi shivered inwardly. He sat at the furthest table, swallowing,

trying his best not to see the undead.

“My lady, I dislike this place...” Xi Shaoqi’s voice carried a tremor.

“What do you think?” Qi Aoshuang looked out the window. Out on the streets, the sparse people continued to walk back and forth.

“To break the spell, we must either forcefully shatter the barrier or kill the spellcaster.” Leng Lingyun said coldly.

“There is only one choice then. The spellcaster is outside, so if we want to kill him, then we must leave. But we can’t leave,” Feng Yixuan said with annoyance.

“The problem is, how did he cast this spell? This village is not big, but it’s not small either. In the end, we only saw him. The barrier was also erected immediately after we entered.” Qi Aoshuang frowned.

“Even master would need us two or other people to assist him to erect such a barrier.” Xi Shaosi stroked his chin. “But this barrier is so large. How did he create it by himself?”

“What if he used a treasure?” Xi Shaoqi blinked. He sat down and scooted towards Xi Shaosi. Every time he saw those two undead, he would shiver.

“A treasure?” Everyone looked at Xi Shaoqi.

“Just a guess.” Xi Shaoqi shrugged.

Suddenly, Qi Aoshuang thought of something. “Do you guys remember how the barrier appeared?”

“Something flashed overhead, and then the barrier formed,” Feng Yixuan answered, recalling.

“Which direction?” Qi Aoshuang pressed.

“Which direction? Yes, it did seem to spread from a center.” Everyone was impressed that Feng Yixuan was able to see everything so clearly that short moment.

“Let’s go.” Qi Aoshuang stood up.

“Where?” Everyone asked.

“The center of the village.” Qi Aoshuang was excited. The people of this world did not know, but she did. There was a certain kind of magic that required a spiritual Eye. If Feng Yixuan didn’t see wrong and her guess was correct, then the huge barrier had an Eye in the center of the town. It was the key to break the spell!”

“The center of the village is the lake. At the bottom is a spring,” Xi Shaosi said. He was confused. What could Qi Aoshuang be thinking? What was there? It was just water, wasn’t it?

“Just follow along, the words of my wife are truth!” Feng Yixuan glanced sideways. Xi Shaosi remained silent, rolling his eyes.

Currently, Qi Aoshuang wasn’t in the mood to slap Feng Yixuan. Instead, she hurried along to the center.

As Xi Shaosi said, the center of the village was indeed just a small lake. Along the shore grew a few plants they had never seen before, lush and green. Steps built of stone were around the lake, making it easier for people to go down and fetch water.

“Is there something wrong with the lack?” Xi Shaosi frowned, unable to see anything out of the ordinary.

Qi Aoshuang did not respond. Instead, she sat down and closed her eyes, concentrating on sensing underwater. Feng Yixuan followed suit, also sensing underwater.

Just when Xi Shaoqi was about to ask what they were doing, Leng Lingyun motioned for him to stop, to be quiet.

As expected!

A faint smile appeared on Qi Aoshuang’s lips.

There was indeed something in the lake. In the depths, there was a faint magic ripple coming from something.

Qi Aoshuang withdrew her consciousness, then opened her eyes.

Feng Yixuan also opened his eyes. Before Qi Aoshuang could speak,

Feng Yixuan frowned and said, “There’s a bright, circular object that seems to be emitting a slight magic ripple. I don’t know if it’s related to the magic formation spell.”

Qi Aoshuang was shocked. Feng Yixuan was actually able to know the appearance of the object. She hadn’t be able to see it, only sensing the ripple.

“It should be.” Qi Aoshuang nodded.

“Ah? Really?” Xi Shaoqi was doubtful. “Isn’t it related to the person outside? What does it have to do with something that’s inside?”

“Perhaps the disk is the spiritual Eye of the magic formation,” Qi Aoshuang said faintly.

“Spiritual Eye? What’s that?” Xi Shaoqi asked. This time, it was not he that was confused, everyone else didn’t know either.

“The core of a high level magic formation, like the heart of a person.” Qi Aoshuang could not explain it in any other way.

They understood vaguely.

“My lady, how did you know?” Xi Shaosi suddenly asked.

Everyone looked at Qi Aoshuang with a complex expression.

“You want to know?” Qi Aoshuang smiled prettily.

“No.” Xi Shaoqi felt a chill down his spine. He knew that every time Claire smiled like that, someone was going to suffer. He would bet his life that her next words would be, because you want to know, I won’t tell you. Too nasty, too too nasty. It was best if he didn’t ask. If she wanted to tell him, then she would.

“My lady, what do we do now?” Xi Shaoqi was not focused on why Qi Aoshuang, but rather how they could leave this creepy place.

Wait until it is night. At night, we will fish out that object. If the spellcaster sees us go underwater, he might do something. At night, he will loosen up.” Qi Aoshuang replied.

Chapter 181: [No Title]

“Perhaps he is watching us right now.”

Leng Lingyun walked forward. His hand flashed with white light. “The water is not poison.”

“Why do you care if the water is poisonous? I definitely won’t drink the water here.” Xi Shaoqi looked at the water with revulsion.

But Qi Aoshuang ordered, “Go get some water.”

“Why? Whyyy? My lady, don’t you have enough water in your storage ring?” Qi Aoshuang howled, feeling wronged.

“You fool! Just pretend. If he sees us here, he’ll be suspicious why we’re here.” Feng Yixuan crossed his arms.

Xi Shaoqi dejectedly filled his water pouch with some water. Xi Shaosi followed suit.

Qi Aoshuang’s guess was indeed correct. The strange spellcaster was indeed watching them through a crystal ball. When he saw everyone around the lake, his heart tightened, but when he saw Leng Lingyun test the water for poison and the others get water, he relaxed. He put away the crystal and readjusted his posture for sleep. Of course, who would guess that the key to the magic formation was under the lake. Their captain was too cautious. Even though one of them was said to have killed twelve cardinals, compared to their organization, the Temple of Light was nothing. He alone was enough to kill them all!

At night, the temperature started the drop, the moonlight a haze.

The people on the streets continued what they did during the day, walking back and forth.

Now, they walked to the center of the village, draped in mantles.

At the lakeside, Qi Aoshuang turned to Xi Shaoqi. “Go down.”

“Ah?! Nooo why is it me again!” Xi Shaoqi protested in a low voice.

But Qi Aoshuang’s words stopped him. “Because you are the one who

wants to leave here the most."

"No fair, it's so cold, you want me, a weak bodied magician to go down? Are you trying to kill me?" Xi Shaoqi wailed, walking towards the pond.

"Shut up!" Qi Aoshuang ordered coldly, then flicked her finger.

Xi Shaoqi crouched down subconsciously, but the pain he was expecting did not come. Instead, he was filled with warmth. Only then did he look down at his body to see that he was wrapped in a faint, golden barrier.

"Go down quickly. In a while, the barrier will disappear," Qi Aoshuang pressed.

"I will do anything for you, my lady. You are the most kind hearted person in the world." Xi Shaosi stood up, entering the water without another word.

Xi Shaosi stood at the shore, his lip twitching. What an idiot! Giving him a barrier was normal, but he acted as if it were a favor from a god.

As Xi Shaoqi descended into the water, much to his delight, the water didn't touch him. Recalling Qi Aoshuang's warning, Xi Shaoqi knew that there was a time limit, so he dove in quickly.

The lake was not deep, so Xi Shaoqi soon felt the slight force of the spring. A round, shiny disk appeared within his line of sight. Approaching slowly, he felt the magic ripple. What was this? The something-eye?

Just as he was about to reach out and touch it, he suddenly remembered Qi Aoshuang's warning, so he hastily withdrew his hand and swam up, deciding to first report to Qi Aoshuang before doing anything.

Above water, everyone was waiting. "So?" Qi Aoshuang walked up to him.

"There's a bright, round disk emitting a slight magic ripple. I didn't touch it," Xi Shaoqi reported.

"Yes," Qi Aoshuang nodded. "That should be it."

"My lady, what do we do now?" Xi Shaoqi looked down to see the barrier gradually disappear. He blinked. He wanted to leave as soon as possible.

“I’ll go down and look. You guys wait up here.” With a flick of her finger, a thin, golden layer wrapped around her.

“I’ll go with you.” Feng Yixuan approached.

“No.” Qi Aoshuang shook her head. “You guys will alls stay here. You are all magicians. Your bodies don’t have enough strength to sustain if we are down there for too long.”

Once she said this, everyone realized that indeed, Qi Aoshuang was the only magician warrior among them, able to use both magic and Dou Qi.

“But!” Feng Yixuan wanted to say something, but then Qi Aoshuang raised her hand.

“You can’t help me either. It’s better if you stay up here as reinforcement. Do you know what a spiritual eyes is?” Feng Yixuan could not respond.

“Don’t worry. Breaking the spell will take time. Just stay up here.” Then, Qi Aoshuang went underwater.

Feng Yixuan stood at the edge of the lake, worriedly looked into the water.

Qi Aoshuang dove down following the magic ripple. Indeed, there was the small, crystal disk. Only when she swam close did she see it clearly. It was only as big as an infant’s palm and was spinning slowly. The top side smooth like a mirror, made of crystal, and the back was made of copper, carved of mysterious, ancient runes.

Should she take it? But how?

She pondered for a moment. In the end, she reached out and touched the crystal disk.

As soon as her fingers brushed the disk, the scene before her changed!

Before Qi Aoshuang was an endless beach. The sea was dried up, not a drop left. Many colorful shells dotted the landscape.

Swish...

Qi Aoshuang whipped around alertly at the slight noise, only to see a face that was exactly like hers.

She took two steps back.

Illusion?

Strangely, they too also took two steps back.

“Who are you?” The other person frowned and asked Qi Aoshuang. Her voice was also exactly like hers!

Qi Aoshuang was shocked. It was the exact question she was going to ask.

She watched quietly watched the person before her whose appearance and even dress were the same as hers. Even their expression was the same, it was like looking into a mirror.

Their expression darkened. Her ice cold expression was so familiar. Her thin lips spat out disdainfully, “Illusion!”

Before Qi Aoshuang could act, a giant sword of golden flames appeared in her hand! The pressure of the sword Qi made Qi Aoshuang shocked! She quickly dodged as the sword struck past. A green thread fluttered to the ground.

“Humph!” They sneered seeing Qi Aoshuang dodge the attack, then brandished the sword again.

“Who are you?” Qi Aoshuang once again agilely dodged the attack.

“Claire Hill!” The other person continued to attack. “I must quickly destroy this illusion, they’re waiting for me.”

The next moment, “Claire’s” eyes widened. Blood trickled out of her mouth. She stared at Qi Aoshuang’s cold face incredulously. Her body had been impaled by Qi Aoshuang’s sword. The blood continued to flow.

“Why?” The so called “Claire’s” eyes were wide. She didn’t understand why she had been killed. She had copied everything, how had she been killed so easily?

“First, the name Claire died along with Mother. Second, you talk too much.” Qi Aoshuang pulled out her sword, smiling coldly. Claire Hill... this name was gone the moment Katherine died. Was this the power of the treasure? Able to create a barrier that could reflect all attacks, and able to copy a person to stop them from taking it when they touched it? But it seems this treasure had not seen deeply enough. She was no longer called “Claire Hill”!

The next moment, “Claire” disappeared. The blood on the ground disappeared along with the blood on Qi Aoshuang’s sword. The dried up seabed was suddenly overflowing with azure seawater. Wave after wave crashed onto the shore.

On the beach, a little girl in a white dress appeared, smiling brightly at Claire.

Before Qi Aoshuang could realize what was happening, everything before her disappeared. The dark blue sea, the beach littered with colorful shells, and the smiling little girl all disappeared.

When Qi Aoshuang returned to her senses, she looked down to see that she was holding the small, round disk.

The four people above ground looked up at the sky in awe.

The barrier gradually faded, and then disappeared.

The spell was broken!

The weird man suddenly woke up, his face pale, then green, then black!

The spell was broken!

And his treasure, the Rainbow Inkstone, had changed owners!

Damn it all! How could the Rainbow Inkstone have changed owners just now! He could not sense her presence at all now.

Who? Who was it that was able to make the Rainbow Inkstone acknowledge them as her master?! The strange person pulled his hair, wanting to how at the sky, but afraid to catch the attention of person who had broken the spell. He definitely was not their match if they worked

together! It seems he had underestimated them!

The strange man was regretting so much, his heart hurt. If he had known how strong they were, he would have listened to the captain and worked with everyone else. That way, he wouldn't have failed and even lost his precious treasure without even killing a single person.

Damn it all!

The strange person was extremely angered, but he stood up and left wisely. He needed to tell the captain what had happened. He had to get the Rainbow Inkstone back!

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Now, Qi Aoshuang was aboveground.

Everyone surrounded her.

“Shuangshuang*, what happened to you just now?” Feng Yixuan asked worriedly. “I saw that you weren’t moving, and I wanted to go down, but I was also afraid of disturbing you.” Feng Yixuan’s worry was not unfounded. Often, outside disturbances could be fatal.

*It’s a common way to nickname someone double of a Chinese character in their first name and is supposed to be cute, like calling a cat kitty or dog puppy, etc. and is a form of endearment, like calling someone “little [insert Chinese character from first name]” in Chinese.

Qi Aoshuang looked up to see the barrier had disappeared. She immediately understood that her conjecture had been correct. However, could someone tell her why she had a connection to the disk now?

“This was the spiritual Eye.” Qi Aoshuang brought out the small disk. “It is called the Rainbow Inkstone.”

“Rainbow Inkstone?” Everyone was skeptical.

“How do you know what it’s called?” Xi Shaoqi stared at the Rainbow Inkstone. What a pretty little thing.

“She told me.” Qi Aoshuang put it away.

“Liar!” Xi Shaoqi jumped up and down. How could objects talk? Clearly she was lying to him again.

“Let’s first kill the spellcaster.” Feng Yixuan rubbed his hands together, gnashing his teeth.

“Yes, yes, let’s go kill him. If he runs away, we won’t be able to.” Xi Shaoqi also gnashed his teeth.

“He should have run away by now,” Qi Aoshuang said quietly. “He should have sensed when the barrier broke.”

Everyone’s heart sunk. They understood clearly that perhaps, there was

an even greater danger waiting for them.

Now that the spell was broken, their true foes could finally come.

“What do we do about this place? I don’t want to stay the night here, but I don’t want to die either.” Xi Shaoqi frowned as he scanned the deathly silent village. He would rather camp in the desert than stay in the eerie village.

“These bodies will rot sooner or later. There might be an outbreak of disease, however.” Xi Shaosi stroked his chin thoughtfully. “Many people will come here for water. If the water is contaminated, it will be terrible. We don’t know where that underwater spring is connected to either.”

“Let me.” Leng Lingyun stood up, making various symbols with his hands as he muttered an incantation. Instantly, his hands emitted multiple dots of light. Each speck split apart and descended upon the entire town. The moment they touched a corpse, the corpse would start to become transparent, then disappear. Soon, the streets were empty. Xi Shaoqi turned to look at the room beside them and found that the people there were also starting to dissipate. Just like that, the entire village became deserted, not a shadow of a figure left remaining.

“What spell was that?” Feng Yixuan frowned. He felt extremely uncomfortable.

“Yeah, what kind of magic was that?” Xi Shaoqi asked with wide eyes. “It’s so creepy.” A sudden chill rose in his heart.

“It is exclusive to the Temple of Light.” Leng Lingyun responded faintly with no intention of saying more. He walked over to the the camels, ignoring Xi Shaoqi’s continued questioning.

Qi Aoshuang eyes flashed with understanding. The Temple of Light must have used this magic to hide many bodies, which was why Leng Lingyun hadn’t been willing to give specifics.

“We need to be careful now. There might be more assassins than just this one.” Xi Shaosi also walked over to the camels. He kept on feeling a sense of unease.

They left the village, traveling the entire night. They finally stopped after they were far away.

Qi Aoshuang brought out tents from her interspatial ring. Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi started to build the tents.

The bonfire started to crackle noisily, driving away the bitter cold.

Feng Yixuan wholeheartedly roasted meat, calculating which portion was the tastiest. He would give that to Qi Aoshuang, and give the nastiest piece to Leng Lingyun. Meanwhile, White Emperor and Black Feather crouched on each side of his shoulder, waiting for the meat to cook.

Qi Aoshuang inspected the small disk in her hand, her thoughts confused. The item was very mysterious. Who was that little girl who was last in the illusion? Was the little girl the Rainbow Inkstone? Qi Aoshuang shook her head, then noticed Leng Lingyun eyes filled were with grief. She followed his gaze to a sealed, small box. Leng Lingyun gently caressed it.

“Leng Lingyun, is that…” Qi Aoshuang regretted from the moment she spoke. What else could it be that could cause Leng Lingyun such grief?

As she anticipated, Leng Lingyun responded in a low voice, “This is Xuanxuan’s ashes. She always said that she wanted to live in a pure white, perfect world. I wanted to bury her in such a place, but I haven’t found it yet.”

Qi Aoshuang fell silent, a strange feeling arising in her heart.

“Have this. Put Xuanxuan’s ashes in a safe place. We’ll find the place you’re looking for and then bury her there.” Qi Aoshuang fished out an interspatial ring and handed it to Leng Lingyun.

“Interspatial storage ring?” Leng Lingyun exclaimed in a hush voice.

Qi Aoshuang remained silent.

“No, such a precious item…” Leng Lingyun gently shook his head.

“Crack!” A sound suddenly caught the two’s attention.

The two turned to see it was Feng Yixuan. He had split one of the skewers into two.

He glared at Leng Lingyun. Leng Lingyun's gaze also darkened. He wouldn't shy away.

"Grown up men still squabbling like kids? My hand is about to be frozen solid, are you not going to take it?"

The two fell silent. In the end, Feng Yixuan turned away and immersed himself with cooking.

Leng Lingyun turned to look at Qi Aoshuang with surprise. His gaze met her clear eyes, then his beautiful face subsequently broke into a faint smile. He reached out and accepted the interspatial ring, dripping a drop of blood on it to claim ownership.

Under the moonlight in the boundless desert, they sat in a circle around the bonfire eating roasted meat. Xi Shaoqi kept on chattering on, telling poor jokes that no one found funny. Meanwhile, in front of Feng Yixuan, White Emperor and Black Feather were having a tug of war over a piece of meat. All was well.

During the day, they would travel on camelback. At night, they would set up camp. It would take a few days before they could reach the next oasis.

The night descended. Xi Shaoqi was once again telling poor jokes in front of the bonfire. Everyone yawned continuously.

Qi Aoshuang was teasing White Emperor and Black Feather, who were once again fighting over food.

Suddenly, Qi Aoshuang raised her head, her expression darkening. She turned around with cold eyes and did not move.

Xi Shaosi noticed that the kettle was shaking ever so slightly.

"A herd of horses are on its way here, and they are traveling quickly," Xi Shaosi said calmly.

"They're fully armed." Feng Yixuan added. If the riders were not fully armed, then the horses' galloping would not be so heavy nor so irregular.

"Are they here for you, my lady?" Xi Shaoqi watched Qi Aoshuang with wide eyes.

Unexpectedly, Qi Aoshuang nodded. “Yes.”

“How do you know? Isn’t it a bit too early to tell?” Xi Shaoqi humphed.

“Because those are the holy knights from the Temple of Light,” Qi Aoshuang said certainly, her voice soft. She was so casual, it was as if she was saying, good morning.

“How do you know?” Xi Shaoqi humphed. How could she tell from just the horses’ galloping who the riders were? The Miss was definitely tricking him.

“Because I saw them.” Her even more casual reply left Xi Shaoqi shocked. He turned around and saw the riders approaching thunderously. Their silver armor and pikes glistened under the moonlight. The insignia of the Temple of Light on their chests could not be more conspicuous.

Xi Shaoqi’s mouth twitched. He resentfully stood up and faced the advancing knights. Secretly, he was glad he hadn’t made a bet with Qi Aoshuang. If he did bet, then he would have lost too pitifully.

But how did the Temple of Light know their whereabouts? Xi Shaoqi’s expression darkened, immediately recalling the strange person who had erected the barrier at the village. The information definitely came from that strange person.

Leng Lingyun slowly stood up, his eyes without any emotion. Feng Yixuan stood up, cracking his knuckles with a cold expression. Xi Shaosi and Xi Shaoqi brought out their magic staffs, their expressions as calm as water as they prepared for battle.

Qi Aoshuang only watched calmly as the holy knights approached closer and closer. She did not have any particular expression, nor did she move.

Rumble. The holy knights soon arrived before them. When the leading knight saw the silver haired, violet eyed Leng Lingyun, his expression changed greatly, overjoyed. It was the precise person they had been looking for. Furthermore, among these people was the one they had vowed to destroy no matter the cost! The vile witch!

“Divine Prince!” the leading knight dismounted from his horse. He

kneeled, hitting his chest squarely with his right fist to give a solemn knights bow. The other knights followed suit, dismounting from their horses.

The next moment, everything was silent.

Xi Shaosi and Xi Shaoqi continued to squeeze their magic staffs tightly as they watched the holy knights. Feng Yixuan's lip twitched, but he did not say a word. Qi Aoshuang's eyes were still emotionless as she sat silently.

"Carter, I am no longer the Divine Prince." Leng Lingyun's voice was devoid of warmth. Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi raised a brow. It seemed they were old acquaintances.

"Divine Prince! Has your highness truly been bewitched? She is depraved, black haired black eyed, the symbol of evil.

Your highness, please awaken and return to our side. Fight with us again. The benevolent goddess will excuse your momentary befuddlement. His Holiness and her highness are both waiting for your return expectantly!" said the leading holy knight called Carter. His expression was grieved as he earnestly pleaded. The holy knights behind him had similar, grieved expressions. Their gazes toward Qi AOshuang were even more venomous. It was this evil woman who had bewitched their noble, honorable Divine Prince.

Chapter 183: [No Title]

When Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi heard Carter call the goddess benevolent, both curled their lips with distaste. Feng Yixuan watched on with narrowed eyes, waiting for Leng Lingyun's response.

"You are wrong, I was not bewitched." Leng Lingyun's cold voice did not have any emotion. He said faintly, "I am very aware of what I am currently doing. No one is able to force me to do anything. Everything I am doing now is what I truly wish to do."

Carter froze. The holy knights behind him exchanged glances, all seeing shock and anger in each other's eyes. The Divine Prince had truly been bewitched by the evil woman!

Seeing the holy knight's venomous gazes towards Qi Aoshuang, Leng Lingyun naturally knew what they were thinking.

Suddenly, Leng Lingyun's beautiful face revealed a bright smile. "I'll say it again, I was not bewitched." His every word was clear and explicit. This time, every holy knight heard his words cleary. Leng Lingyun paused for a moment before resuming his charming smile. "Furthermore, the goddess is not a benevolent, but a despicable woman."

Cold wind blew. Leng Lingyun's shocking words echoed in each holy knight's mind, in each holy knight's heart.

"Divine Prince..." Carter called out bitterly. The hatred in his gaze overflowed as he stared at Qi Aoshuang even more venomously, boring a hole into her.

The holy knights behind him also all had ugly expressions, their gazes filled with rancor as they glared at Qi Aoshuang.

"You witch! You lowered his highness to such a state!" Carter stood up, his pike raised. He glowered at Qi Aoshuang. "Warriors, today we much thoroughly eradicate this witch and rescue our divine prince."

Qi Aoshuang had not moved an inch, still sitting peacefully and teasing White Emperor and Black Feather. Feng Yixuan sat down and took out a

piece of meat from his interspatial ring to cook. Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi watched the holy knights alertly, counting the number of knights in their minds. There were nine in total. The two frowned slightly. Were these nine holy knights the famed Thorny Knights of the Temple of Light?

Their conjecture was correct. The nine holy knights were indeed the sharp blade of the Temple of Light, the Thorny Knights. Although there were merely nine of them, they were extremely powerful and had exceptional coordination. The had never been defeated before. The Temple of Light had handed many difficult tasks for them to complete. Naturally, they also bestowed upon them the task of killing Qi Aoshuang.

Carter raised his pike then roared in a deep voice. His body was immediately engulfed in white Dou Qi. The eight holy knights immediately stood up and marched into a triangle formation with Carter at the tip.

Carter's sole focus was the black haired girl who was sitting calmly and ignoring them! It was that witch who had stolen their venerated Divine Prince. Black hair, black eyes, the symbol of evil. The girl on the wanted poster had golden hair and green eyes, but even if those colors were changed, she was easily recognizable!

Carter grasped his pike tightly. He took one step forward. The next moment, a figure glided over, blocking them.

"Divine Prince!" Carter's heart was both angry and anxious.

Leng Lingyun did not have any expression, his eyes ice cold. He glanced at the men indifferently. "I already said I am no longer the Divine Prince."

"Is your highness really going to obstruct us from killing the witch?" Carter was crestfallen, his heart sinking. Had his highness been bewitched to such a state?

"Yes," Leng Lingyun replied faintly. Then he continued, his voice soft, "She is not a witch."

The nine holy knights' blood froze. All of their eyes widened and became bloodshot.

“Divine Prince! Do you insist on obstructing us?” Carter’s heart was nearly bleeding. If it were possible, he did not want to face the person he respected the most. This silver haired violet eyed man was previously who they aspired to be the most. They seeked his strength, his status, his aloof nature.

“Divine Prince, have you forgotten Xuanxuan’s hatred? Are you going to protect the villain who killed your sister?” One of the holy knights’ pike started to tremble. He simply could not accept that the Divine Prince had become bewitched to such a degree.

Leng Lingyun frowned slightly, his gaze darkening. An ineffable pressure exploded from him, forcing Carter and the other knights back.

“Who told you that?” Leng Lingyun’s expression was as calm as water, his voice as cold as a thousand years of ice.

Carter froze, but then suddenly roared, “Was it not because of this witch? She cruelly killed her mother, her childhood teacher, and even harmed her grandfather. Xuanxuan was killed by her as well!”

“Bullshit.”

“Bullshit.”

Two voices spoke at the same time.

One was Feng Yixuan, one was Leng Lingyun.

The two shared a glance, then fell silent.

Carter and the other knights were stupefied. The refined Divine Prince swore?! Their enterally noble and icy idol had actually cussed today!

Qi Aoshuang’s eyes flashed icily. Not bad, Temple of Light, I’d like to see what other kinds of lies you can use. In truth, Leng Xuanxuan’s death was blamed on Qi Aoshuang not because of his holiness, the Pope, but because of the Divine Princess, Liu Xueqing.

“Captain, it looks like talking is useless. Only when we kill the witch shall our Divine Prince awaken,” one of the knights said coldly.

No one could understand Carter’s current state of mind. He had

relentlessly pursued his idol, but now his idol had become like this. The proud and aloof youth in white had saved him from the edge of death many times with a wave of his head, but had never paid him any attention. It was as if he were a passerby saying a small cat or dog. He never regarded him as anything more. Today was the first time he was anything more to him, but it was under such circumstances.

"Light Sanctuary!" Carter shouted, raising his pike high. Dazzling white light poured down, enshrouding him and the other holy knights. This was auxiliary magic that would increase their strength.

Leng Lingyun's eyes narrowed. He was about to make his move.

But the next moment, something flashed in front of him. A small figure stood before him. It was Qi Aoshuang.

"Let me." Qi Aoshuang only said these two words.

Leng Lingyun wanted to say something, but found no words to say.

Qi Aoshuang eyed the holy knights, sighing internally. In their hearts, Leng Lingyun was not merely the Divine Prince. Clare understood from their gazes when they looked at Leng Lingyun. Such veneration, adoration, respect... if Leng Lingyun personally attacked...

"Witch! Today is the the day you die." Carter gripped his pike tightly. He stomped heavily into the ground, then burst forward with a deep bellow.

"Halt..." Qi Aoshuang did not move, only saying this word faintly. It seemed like time paused for a millenia and the entire world was transforming... a huge aura erupted, enveloping the holy knights.

Carter froze in place in the same position in mid air, while the holy knights behind him were also unable to move.

"Huh? What happened?" Xi Shaoqi watched the frozen holy knights with wide eyes. Their eyes were unfocused and they had been frozen in place.

Qi Aoshuang closed her eyes and reached out. With a flick of her finger, nine tiny golden lotuses appeared, slowly revolving as they flew to each holy knight's forehead. They slowly fused into the holy knights' foreheads,

then disappeared.

“What was that?” Xi Shaoqi was stunned by the unfathomable scene.

“Let’s go. It’ll take them a while to wake up.” Qi Aoshuang turned around, ignoring Xi Shaoqi. She walked over to where she had sat earlier. White Emperor and Black Feather hopped onto her shoulders.

“Are you not going to kill them?” Xi Shaosi’s face darkened. He had a deep hatred for the people of the Temple of Light.

“Yeah, I’ll do it for you.” Xi Shaoqi hated the people of the Temple of Light even more. However, tonight, the two viewed Leng Lingyun in a different light.

“No need.” Qi Aoshuang mounted onto a camel, preparing to leave.

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi looked back at the utterly defenseless holy knights. Although their hands were itching to stab a few holes in the knights’ chests, they did not dare to disobey Qi Aoshuang. Despite that she had only said two words, no need, she definitely would not change her mind. However, they did not understand why they should not kill the despicable, nasty people.

Everyone started to journey again, traveling under the moonlight.

“Thank you.” Leng Lingyun’s soft yet clear voice traveled to Qi Aoshuang’s ear.

Qi Aoshuang did not look back, did not even say a word. Sometimes, words were unneeded. Qi Aoshuang understood that Leng Lingyun had not wanted to fight against those people.

Chapter 184: [No Title]

“Shuangshuang, what kind of magic did you use?” Feng Yixuan asked curiously.

“Dream Lotus,” Qi Aoshuang responded quietly.

“Ah?” Feng Yixuan blinked. “What’s that?”

Qi Aoshuang raised her hand. With a flick of her finger, a tiny golden lotus appeared on the tip of her finger. Scarlet wisps swirled around the flower.

“They will see whatever I want them to see.” Qi Aoshuang withdrew her hand and the golden lotus dissipated.

“It will give them an illusion?” Feng Yixuan frowned.

“Yes.” Qi Aoshuang nodded lightly. It was basically true, except what she let the nine holy knights see was not an illusion, but her memories of that day!

Leng Lingyun remained silent, his head down. No one could see his expression.

The nine knights still had not awakened, but everything they knew was being overturned. After a long time, they finally woke up. All of them collapsed onto the ground.

“Illusion! Everything was an illusion! It was all an illusion crafted by that witch!” Carter was sprawled on the ground, muttering to himself, his gaze unfocused. The scenario that had been replayed repeatedly in his mind must have been an illusion created by the witch!

“Captain...” the holy knights called out with difficulty.

Carther turned around and met the gazes of his most trusted companions. He saw that they all had the same vacant look as he.

“An illusion...” Carter spat out, but found it was the first time it had been so difficult to convince himself.

Breaking off relations with the Temple of Light publically and risking it

all in order to save her mother, then despicably killing her mother in order to repair relations with the Temple of Light...

How was that possible!

Carter sat frozen in place, his heart unable to settle down. The scene that had replayed in his head multiple times had been so cruel, so bloody.

“Captain, it was all an illusion! It was an illusion created by the witch!” one of the holy knights bellowed frantically.

Carter fell silent, his expression darkening. His pike lay to the side, untouched. Nearby, the bonfire continued to crackle.

“She didn’t kill us in order to confuse us.” Another holy knight raised a fist angrily.

“If her heart was truly faithful to the Temple, then why did she break off relations with the Temple of Light in front of so many people that day?” Carter said slowly with difficulty. Something that had been deeply rooted in his heart for years started to sway for the first time.

“She broke off relations with the Temple that day, then slaughtered her mother in order to display her loyalty to the Temple of Light...” One of the holy knights started off saying this angrily, but then his voice quieted and died down. His expression also changed. Who would believe such an excuse?

“Slaughtering her own mother to express goodwill towards the Temple, would the Temple accept this?” Carter asked, frowning.

“No!” another holy knight said angrily. “The Temple would never accept a bastard who would kill their own mother!”

“Everyone knows this. Would that girl not know?” Carter’s hand was already starting to shake.

The other holy knights’ faces paled. Something deep within their hearts started to stir. Something that had remained upright, towering for years, was starting to rumble.

One of the holy knights’ eyes started to lose focus. He shook his head

incredulously, muttering, “No... How could it be...” He wanted to convince himself, but found that he could not.

Every person sat still, their gazes vacant. Wind blew and the bonfire crackled.

Under the scorching sun, Qi Aoshuang and the others traveled slowly.

“My lady, I still don’t understand why you let those holy knights live. What if they chase after us again? Are you going to let them go again?” Xi Shaoqi had never understood. He knew clearly, however, that Qi Aoshuang was definitely not a forgiving person. She was a vengeful person who was not to be provoked.

“They won’t come,” Qi Aoshuang said faintly.

“What? Won’t come? How is that possible? They are loyal fools of the Temple of Light!” Xi Shaoqi almost jumped up. He thought the Miss was tricking him again.

Xi Shaosi, on the other hand, frowned. It had already been five days, but the holy knights still hadn’t come yet. With their speed, they should have caught up long ago, but it had been quiet the past few days. Why?

“Oh? Is that Stone Forest?” The scene before them suddenly caught Xi Shaoqi’s attention. He stopped questioning Qi Aoshuang.

Before them were huge stone pillars that stood together like a forest. The craggy pillars seem to extend on forever. Many pillars were grotesquely shaped from wind and rain. Whenever the wind blew, an eerie sound would echo throughout the entire forest. Xi Shaoqi shuddered at the creepy scene. He was afraid of these kinds of things the most.

“What do you guys think?” Qi Aoshuang stared off into the distance, her gaze cool.

“A good place to ambush people.” Feng Yixuan shaded his eyes with one hand and squinted into the distance. The complex, amalgamated stone pillars blocked much of their sight.

“Let’s go.” Qi Aoshuang dismounted and led her camel forward by the

reins.

“Uh, Miss, young master Feng even said that it’s a good place for an ambush. You’re still going in?” Xi Shaoqi’s eyes were wide.

“I want to know who else is trying to kill me besides the Temple of Light,” Qi Aoshuang replied lightly.

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun did not say anything. They had already dismounted and were following Qi Aoshuang. Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi shared a glance, then also dismounted. The party’s figures disappeared into the forest.

The grotesquely shaped stone pillars were a breathtaking sight to behold. Although they obstructed much of their sight, as long as they walked in one direction, they would be able to get out.

In a hidden corner of Stone Forest.

“Boss, the target has entered the perimeter,” someone said in a low voice.

“Boss, you must help me get back my Rainbow Inkstone,” another voice said, filled with resentment. Evidently, it was the bird nest hair guy who had trapped Qi Aoshuang and the others within the magic formation.

“Shut up! You idiot, if not for your independent actions, would they have been able to take it?” the first voice berated the bird nest hair guy.

The bird nest hair guy shut up. It was indeed his fault for losing such an important treasure.

“Heehee, the feast is about to start.” The person the others called boss let out a strange laugh. His teeth clicked together, creating a zeze sound. His blue hair covered half his face. The uncovered half could be considered handsome, but his malevolent smile and sinister gaze left one uncomfortable. His covered half did not have any skin, only reddish flesh. His eyes and, with no lips, his teeth were exposed. He appeared extremely terrifying.

With a slight wave of the boss’s hand, a figure standing on the tallest

pillar suddenly moved. From her elegant figure, you could tell she was a woman. She jumped nimbly from pillar to pillar, agile like a fairy, silently approaching Qi Aoshuang and the others.

She stopped at what she thought was a safe distance away, then slowly reached for the bow from her back. Squinting, she took aim at the person leading at the front, Qi Aoshuang. Killing this girl was their only objective. They would be rewarded with generous riches.

Her bow was an enchanted bow imbued with magic that shot out water arrows. She silently shot it at the black haired girl. In mid air, the originally single arrow became two, one after the other. This was her specialty, double arrow attack! Even if one knocked away the first arrow, the second arrow was right behind it! She couldn't even keep count of how many people had been killed by this attack.

The female archer watched the magic arrow fly towards the black haired girl's chest, her lips curling into a smile. The arrows this enchanted bow shot were silent and only had a tiny magic undulation. Whenever the target noticed, it would be too late. After killing this girl, the boss would take care of the lackeys.

However, the next moment, the female archer's smile froze.

Just when the fierce magic arrow was about to hit the girl, it suddenly stopped in its tracks. What happened next almost frightened her stiff. The vicious arrow suddenly shot backwards in the exact path it had come.

Third brother's Rainbow Inkstone?! This was the first thought that came to her mind. What was even more terrifying, the black haired girl calmly looked up towards her, then smiled coldly.

She anticipated it all along? The thought flashed across the female archer's mind. She struggled slightly as she dodged the her own arrow.

"An ambush!" Xi Shaoqi called out.

"The Temple of Light?" Feng Yixuan looked at Leng Lingyun.

"No." Leng Lingyun shook his head.

“Then they’re with that crazy guy.” Feng Yixuan was certain.

Qi Aoshuang’s eyes darkened. She sensed a faint anomaly underfoot.

The next moment, a skeletal palm erupted from the ground. Gradually, skeletons crawled up from the ground.

“Necromancer!” Xi Shaoqi’s face greened. He hated this kind of stuff the most, but why did he keep running into them recently! The camels started to stomp, wanting to run away. With a gentle wave of Leng Lingyun’s hand, white light poured onto the camels. They quieted down and kneeled, nestling together.

Feng Yixuan was already on the offense. A translucent wind blade appeared in his hand. He threw it towards his right fiercely.

The crackling sound of countless skeletons being fractured echoed in the forest.

However, Feng Yixuan’s target weren’t these, but the person approaching!

Chapter 185: [No Title]

Blood dripped onto the ground. In the distance, someone revealed themselves. They were draped in a black cloak. The dagger in their grasp glistened with a blue hue, clearly laced with deadly poison. Currently, he was gasping for breath. His left hand trembled slightly as blood dripped down and then dissolved into the ground.

“How did you know I was approaching?” the person asked incredulously. The shock in his heart increased. The cloak he was wearing was a rare treasure, able to completely hide his body and aura. How was he able to be discovered? Could it be that this person was already at a profound level?

“Idiot, you left footprints on the ground,” Feng Yixuan spat disdainfully.

The person’s mouth gaped. He looked down at the faint yet visible footsteps and wanted to bang his head against one of the pillars.

In truth, Feng Yixuan had already discovered this person approaching much earlier, he just said this in order to make him feel more miserable.

The cloaked person disappeared after stepping behind a large stone pillar.

The skeletons continued streaming out. Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi frowned as they continuously cast magic to shatter the skeletons.

“Is this all they’ve got? It can’t be,” Xi Shaoqi shattered another skeleton and muttered with annoyance.

Of course not.

“Claire Hill! You’re mine,” a boisterous voice came from the sky.

Everyone looked up to see a few people standing on the tip of the tallest pillar. At the front was a blue haired man draped in black. Behind him was the chicken hair man and the female archer.

“Who are you?” Xi Shaoqi spat with annoyance.

“Ant, you are of little value.” The blue haired man smiled malevolently. He watched Qi Aoshuang excitedly. “You are just like they described. You

actually killed your own mother. If not for this mission, I would have tried to make you one of my underlings." He clicked his tongue. "Your mother must have been very unresigned right before her death, haha, killed by her own daughter. Was she crying out, don't, don't? Or was she stupid enough to willingly let you kill her?..."

The blue haired man muttered excitedly to himself, because because he was a deranged freak who had killed his own family. He spoke excitedly, not noticing Qi Aoshuang lower her head and clench her fist until her knuckles were white. She bit her lip until it started to bleed.

The blue haired man did not notice, instead continuing on to. "I heard your stupid mother was a sacrificial lamb in the fight for the throne between the two princes. You're pretty damn hilarious. She was going to die anyways. You saved her, but then killed her right after. Are you stupid or something?"

Feng Yixuan's expression started to turn ugly. He brandished his broadsword, about to charge forward.

However, the next moment, a terrifying figure flashed past. Qi Aoshuang was already jumping as fast as lightning, like a demon as she abruptly appeared right before the blue haired man.

The blue haired man was shocked. He stared at the blacked haired girl's refined, yet ruthless face. For some reason, he shivered.

An incomparably sharp yet plain sword suddenly appeared in her hand. It glistened brightly under the sunlight. The blue haired man's eyes flashed with greed. This sword was definitely unordinary.

Before he could speak, the sharp tip already slashed him.

Boom...

The giant sound echoed into the horizon.

This one attack split the tallest pillar into two. The people who had stood on top evaded it, running in all directions. Slowly, the giant pillar toppled over, creating a deafening boom. A cloud of dust appeared. In a flash, everything was hazy.

They also had five people! But Qi Aoshuang only had one target, the blue haired man.

The people below squinted up to see the blue haired man standing atop a far away pillar with a cold smile. Claire stood atop a different pillar, coldly eyeing the blue haired man.

The next moment, a shocking scene occurred.

“Claire Hill, I never expected your life to be worth so much.” It was the same voice. Everyone turned around, but found that the blue haired man was standing atop a pillar behind them, overlooking them with a cold smile.

“What kind of sword is that? An artifact? Or a sub artifact?” The same voice came from the left on top of a pillar. It was the blue haired man again!

Illusion?

“Tch, where are you looking?” The same voice came from a pillar to the right.

Four blue haired men?! Split bodies or an illusion?

“Guess which one is the real me. Who ever gets it right gets a prize~” The blue haired man started to laugh. His laughter was particularly provoking.

Bang...

Leng Lingyun instantly erected a barrier to block a magic arrow. They were already on the move! Leng Lingyun frowned, his palm started to emit magic.

Feng Yixuan lifted his sword and slashed at the assassin who had been intending on concealing himself. The assassin rolled out of the way to evade the fatal attack. He finally understood that the red haired youth was not so simple. This time, with the surging yellow sand, there was no way to see footprints. He had sensed him not from his footprints, but because he was truly powerful.

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi coordinated well as they attacked the necromancer who was still summoning skeletons. Meanwhile, the bird haired man cautiously remained hidden.

Qi Aoshuang stood atop a stone pillar. Harsh wind blew past. Her long, black locks fluttered.

The blue haired man smiled evilly. He started to make strange hand seals, muttering at the same time. The other three blue haired men followed suit.

"Aoshuang!" After forcing back the strange assassin with one blow, Feng Yixuan focused his attention to Qi Aoshuang's situation. He frowned, wanting to rush over.

What happened next left him standing frozen in place, speechless.

Qi Aoshuang's body slowly started to emit faint red light that enshrouded her entire body.

The blue haired man paused slightly. Red Dou Qi? Did such a color of Dou Qi exist? As his gaze met with Qi Aoshuang's cold eyes, his heart shuddered. Her originally black eyes were now faintly imbued with red light!

Just as he paused for a moment, something flashed before his eyes. Qi Aoshuang's cold face was right in front of him. He instinctively tried to step back, but found he couldn't move! A incorporeal pressure stopped him from any movement.

Under the sunlight, Qi Alshuang's blade glinted coldly. She slashed down. It was as if the cold aura of death descended. The blue haired man's eyes were finally filled with alarm! He could not even remember the countless people he had killed all these years, but he never had felt such a sensation, pressure so powerful, he could not even fight back.

"No....." the blue haired man said faintly. A bloody sliver started to appear from his forehead. His expression still that of horror, he was split in half along with the pillar! His hands still remained in the same posture, his spell unfinished. Before he even had the chance to attack, he had been

killed by Qi Aoshuang.

“How did the Miss know that was the original body?” Xi Shaoqi asked after the ghastly scene.

“How do I know?” Shi Shaosi replied humorlessly. Then, he noticed that his opponent had gone pale.

With a light tap of her foot, Qi Aoshuang leapt from her pillar towards another one of the blue haired men.

“It’s not an illusion!” Xi Shaosi blurted out with shock. If it were an illusion, after Qi Aoshuang killed the original body, the other illusions would have disappeared. But these other blue haired men were staring at Qi Aoshuang in shock.

Like a lightning bolt, Qi Aoshuang arrived before another blue haired man. With one sideways slash of her sword, another blue haired man was split in half from the waist. Blood sprayed in mid air, creating an eerily beautiful, bloody arc. Then, the body’s upper half still with wide eyes, the body fell down from the pillar. He could still not believe he had died without being able to resist.

Qi Aoshuang’s eyes did not have any emotion. She continued to attack towards another blue haired man.

“Not an illusion! They’re all real!” Xi Shaoqi exclaimed. Quadruplets?

The assassin that had originally wanted to kill Feng Yixuan was currently secretly withdrawing. The female archer that had been attacking Leng Lingyun was also jumping from pillar to pillar, preparing to escape. It was clear that the blue haired man was their linchpin.

The bird haired man ran the quickest. His treasure was gone, his fighting power was down by eighty percent, and now their boss had been killed without even the chance to cast magic. When would they run if not now? The bird haired man finally understood why the Rainbow Inkstone had exchanged masters so easily.

“You can’t escape!” Feng Yixuan leapt up. With one swift slash, his sword ran through not just a pillar, but the assassin behind it, piercing his

chest. As Feng Yixuan pulled his sword out, the stone pillar rumbled as it collapsed, crushing the assassin underneath.

Now that the situation had evolved like so, the end was only certain.

"Die!" After killing another blue haired man, Qi Aoshuang chased after the running figure of the last blue haired man. With one slash, she cut off his legs. He yelped out in pain, then fell down the pillar. They four brothers were best at pretending to be illusions and using magic at the same time to attack, but now three were gone. He did not have the will to fight any more, only wanting to escape the fearsome girl as soon as possible.

Qi Aoshuang was like a lithe arrow as she chased him down. She fiercely attacked, ruthlessly stabbing down at the blue haired man's abdomen.

His mournful cry echoed into the horizon. It was extremely alarming.

Qi Aoshuang's eyes flashed red. She stabbed down viciously again, pinning the blue haired man firmly to the ground. The blue haired man could not even cry out any more, only gasping heavily for breath. Blood bubbled out of the corner of his mouth, dying the yellow sand red.

"Weren't you very talkative? Continue speaking!" Qi Aoshuang laughed, pulled out the sword, and then stabbed his abdomen again.

Nothing remained in his eyes except fear. Lunatic! Madman! Demon! This girl was inhumane! These were the blue haired man's only thoughts. He wanted to die, but the girl wouldn't give him a quick death, purposefully avoiding his vitals.

Chapter 186: [No Title]

It became a one sided massacre!

Stab. Stab. As if she did not know how to feel tired, she continuously impaled the blue haired man on the ground. The hatred that had long been accumulating in her heart was finally exploding.

After a long time, she finally heard urgent voices.

“Aoshuang!”

“Miss!”

A pair gentle hands grabbed Qi Aoshuang’s wrists, stopping her out of control actions.

Qi Aoshuang turned around abruptly and met with Feng Yixuan’s pained eyes.

“Enough, Aoshuang. It’s over.” Leng Lingyun’s voice carried to Qi Aoshuang’s ear.

The red aura around Qi Aoshuang slowly faded away. Her gaze also regained focus. Without giving the mangled body another glance, Qi Aoshuang turned around and left.

Feng Yixuan stood in place, watching Qi Aoshuang’s leaving figure. He shared a glance with Leng Lingyun. The both silently agreed not to follow. Currently, Qi Aoshuang needed some time alone.

Everything was in messy. All of them had been killed. After searching through the bodies, they found a small badge that Qi Aoshuang had seen before. It was white with a black bolt of lightning, the emblem of the Black Lightning organization.

They left the stone forest without a word. Qi Aoshuang led in silence, dragging the sword behind her. Everyone else was also silent as they followed her.

“Chirp chirp…” White Emperor called out worriedly from Leng Lingyun’s shoulder. (Translation: Is Aoshuang ok?)

“Peep peep!” Black Feather called out from Feng Yixuan’s shoulder. He waved his claws at White Emperor. (Translation: The hell you worried about? Why would she not be ok?)

Xi Shaoqi led two camels, following gloomily. And so, Qi Aoshuang walked expressionlessly, the Azure Ripple blade leaving a long mark on the ground. The blood had already dried on the blade. No one stopped her, choosing to find her silently.

Night slowly descended. Qi Aoshuang finally stopped. She stabbed the sword into the ground and then sat down. Everyone else shared a glance, then all silently walked over. Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi started to set up camp. Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun started a bonfire to prepare their dinner.

“I am seeking the earth spirits and dwarves in order to find something the races own.” Qi Aoshuang slowly became to explain.

Everyone froze and stopped what they were doing. Qi Aoshuang had never explained why they were looking for them.

“I want to assemble the God Feather Heaven Slayer.” Qi Aoshuang spoke softly. Currently, Qi Aoshuang had calmed down. When she saw everyone working diligently, she had felt a sliver of warmth in her heart.

“What is that?” Xi Shaoqi frowned, not understanding.

No one else spoke. They all knew that now Qi Aoshuang had spoken this much, she would tell them what it was and why she was looking for it.”

“The God Feather Heaven Slayer is a matching set of god slaying relics. The Heaven Slayer is a pike, the God Feather a shield.” Qi Aoshuang spoke softly, but her words were like a stone thrown into a peaceful pond, causing ripples and stirrings in their hearts.

Crunch! Xi Shaoqi pinched what he was holding into pieces. Everyone stopped what they were doing, silently watching Qi Aoshuang.

“These relics have been split among the many races. The dwarves and earth spirits have a part, the beastmen and dragons too. Only when they are all assembled can they display boundless might. It can kill the goddess

of Light." Qi Aoshuang looked at her Azure Ripple blade. This weapon was only a sub-relic, incapable of killing the goddess of Light, however the God Feather Heaven Slayer was created by the Father god. Naturally, its power goes without saying.

Everyone had a look of shock.

Before they could start asking her questions, Qi Aoshuang continued on quietly, "The god of Darkness told me." After she said this, everyone had different expressions.

"Even if humanity's power surpasses them, they have a Godhead*. Even if we kill the goddess of Light, she can rely on her Godhead to rebirth another body. However, this artifact cann shatter her Godhead so that she can never be reborn," Qi Aoshuang said icily.

*Throwback to prologue: a godhead is a personality/trait/nature/stone that appears when you cultivate enough and enables you to become an immortal/god

"We are closest to the dwarves currently, so are we visiting them first?" Xi Shaoqi asked.

"No, we are closest to the merfolk." Qi Aoshuang shook her head. "We shall visit the merfolk first."

"Ah? Then..." Xi Shaoqi started to say before suddenly remembering something and shutting up. There could only be one reason why Qi Aoshuang had not sent the Temple of Darkness to find the merfolk: she already knew where they were.

"Miss, the merfolk should treat that item like a treasure." Xi Shaosi stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Not necessarily," said Feng Yixuan. "Every race cares about different things. They might not view it as a treasure. Furthermore, they cannot assemble the artifact themselves, so to them, it should not have much use."

"The dwarves are most fond of metallurgy and cherish their beards the most. The earth spirits love to dig and build. The dragon race, of course,

loves money and treasure. I am not certain about the merfolk…" Xi Shaosi frowned.

"Miss, we're in the middle of a desert. How are we closest to the merfolk?" Xi Shaoqi tilted his head questioningly.

"Indeed, they are in the deep sea. The merfolk love to live in clean seawater. They value secluded and cleanly areas." Qi Aoshuang nodded.

"But Miss, we don't know what the merfolk like. However, I am certain they will dislike us." Xi Shaosi sighed.

"They hate humans the most," Leng Lingyun said quietly.

"The terrible crimes humanity has committed against merfolk is too disgusting to describe." Xi Shaoqi shrugged, then continued, frowning. "Because their tears become the highest quality pearls, they are captured and tortured in any way imaginable so that they can cry. Some even sell merfolk eyes as precious pearls. After killing the merfolk, they dry out the corpses and turn them into candles. There are so many atrocities, I can't be bothered to list them all." Xi Shaoqi curled his lip and stopped talking.

All of a suddenly, they knew it would be extremely difficult to assemble the artifact.

"We'll see once we get there. If they aren't willing, we'll just steal it," Qi Aoshuang said righteously.

Everyone broke out in cold sweat. How could someone act so righteously when talking about stealing?

"Actually, we should not need to. The merfolk are extremely proud. Provided that humans treat them graciously, it might be another story." Leng Lingyun looked down and pondered.

"Graciously?" Feng Yixuan smacked a fist into his palm excitedly. "I have an idea."

"What is it?" The Xi brothers asked at the same time.

"In a hidden harbor of Yowusali, there is an enclosure that raises merfolk, specifically captured merfolk. Once the merfolk become mature,

they give the merfolk a drug, cut their tails, make them grow two legs, and then sell them to humans," Feng Yixuan explained. "The merfolk are an extremely beautiful race, and before they come of age, they are genderless. Only after maturing do they select their gender. However, the merfolk and forced to select their gender based off of clientele wishes."

"Young master Feng, how do you know so much?" Xi Shaoqi started to look at Feng Yixuan in a strange manner, then whispered, "Could it be that you bought a mermaid..." Before Xi Shaoqi could finish speaking, he was cut off by Feng Yixuan's murderous gaze. He immediately swallowed back his words.

"The enclosure originally wanted our Feng clan to become investors. Although it is an extremely profitable business, my father believed it was too cruel and refused. Of course, we also don't have the authority to interfere," Feng Yixuan said helplessly.

"Is your plan to save those captured merfolk?" Leng Lingyun asked seriously.

"And destroy the place while we're at it." Feng Yixuan nodded. "The merfolk will definitely repay such a great favor. At the very least, they will not attack us when we enter the underwater kingdom, even if we don't get a warm welcome."

"Do you know where the enclosure is?" Xi Shaoqi asked.

"Nope," Feng Yixuan replied honestly.

"Fuck, why are you telling us about it then?" Xi Shaoqi cursed.

"You're such an idiot. Why can't we just find it?" Feng Yixuan retorted disdainfully. Xi Shaoqi's face whitened.

"I..." Xi Shaoqi clenched his teeth.

"As expected of an idiot." Feng Yixuan rolled his eyes and sighed.

"I've had it with you!" Xi Shaoqi threw himself at Feng Yixuan.

"You think you can beat me?" Feng Yixuan dodged agiley and clicked his tongue derisively.

Xi Shaoqi had face planted into the ground and started to spit out sand continuously continuously.

Qi Aoshuang watched on with a faint smile.

Feng Yixuan had been focused on teasing Xi Shaoqi, but he noticed Qi Aoshuang's rare smile. He let out a sigh of relief in his heart.

When Leng Lingyun saw Qi Aoshuang's expression, an indescribable feeling flashed across his eyes.

"Black Lightning won't give up now," Leng Lingyun suddenly said. "The first time, we tasted their strength. This time, we only broke the barrier from Qi Aoshuang's knowledge of the Spiritual Eye. What about next time?"

Qi Aoshuang's eyes also became cold. This time, it was really a lucky coincidence she knew how to break the spell. If she didn't know about the Spiritual Eye, then perhaps they truly would have been trapped. She had been able to kill them this time because of her increased strength, but how strong were they compared to the rest of Black Lightning? If they were the weakest ones, how powerful was the organization...

Chapter 187: [No Title]

“They will definitely send more people after you.” Feng Yixuan frowned.

“I am their only target,” Qi Aoshuang said faintly.

“Miss, what are you planning?” Xi Shaosi asked, frowning. “We won’t let you travel alone.”

“I will go first. You guys just follow a distance behind.” Qi Aoshuang still spoke faintly.

“Unacceptable!” They all protested at the same time.

Qi Aoshuang had been waiting for these words.

“Then you’ll have to drink this gender changing potion.” She pulled out a bottle from her interspatial ring. When everyone saw it, their faces paled. Only then did they realize what Qi Aoshuang’s plan was.

Indeed, no one would recognize them if they changed their gender!

“Either leave, or drink this. I won’t force anyone.” Qi Aoshuang had already uncorked the bottle and drank large swig.

All four handsome men greened…

They would become four ultra beauties…

The party of five traveled under the scorching sun until they reached the city of Yower, the first major city they would pass through. Based on Qi Aoshuang’s calculations, it would take them seven to eight days to leave the desert and reach Yowusali’s border.

The party all wore thick mantles as they slowly advanced towards the city. Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun had not exchanged words the entire journey there. Both felt extremely depressed after transforming into women. Meanwhile, White Emperor and Black Feather were hidden in Qi Aoshuang’s cloak. This pair of black and white furballs were too distinctive and would expose Qi Aoshuang’s identity, so they had hide.

They arrived before an unfrequented inn. Qi Aoshuang asked for five rooms. Once Qi Aoshuang lifted off her hood to reveal her face, everyone

gasped. What a stunning youth! From his features and temperament, they knew he was no ordinary person. Were the four behind him his attendants?

"It's hellishly hot," Xi Shaoqi grumbled, also removing his hood.

Once Xi Shaoqi removed his mantle, everyone froze. It was such a beauty! This beauty was the youth's attendant? Perhaps a mistress, a few wily individuals surmised. This unknown young master sure knew how to enjoy himself, traveling with such a beauty.

"Put your hood back on," Xi Shaosi said coldly.

"Why?" Xi Shaoqi frowned. "You don't feel hot?" Xi Shaoqi reached out and pulled down Xi Shaosi's hood as well.

The entire hall gasped. Twins?! And such beautiful twins too.

"You idiot!" Xi Shaosi humphed. Naturally, Xu Shaoqi had completely forgotten he had transformed into a beautiful woman.

Everyone now eyed Qi Aoshuang with different gazes: admiration, envy, disdain. Such a young man could enjoy the company of two great beauties?

As Qi Aoshuang noticed the gazes from the corner of her eye, she frowned. Perhaps they shouldn't have entered the town at the same time to replenish supplies. How could she have forgotten that these people were now peerless beauties who absolutely would not allow any men to look at them with vulgar gazes?

"Two beauties, why don't we have a drink together!"

"You two think that little boy can satisfy you? Why don't you join us..."

Xi Shaoqi glowered darkly, about to explode.

"Stay cool, ignore them," Leng Lingyun said faintly.

"Be calm," Feng Yixuan said a little deviously.

Qi Aoshuang had an ominous premonition.

Then, a young waitress came over and smiled at them. "Please do not

take offense, customers. These people are simply rude. Please follow me upstairs."

Xi Shaoqi's expression remained dark, but he nodded reluctantly in the end.

But the next moment, the waitress pulled down Leng Lingyun and Feng Yixuan's hoods, revealing two absolutely stunning faces.

"Whoa..."

The hall exclaimed with gasps.

The waitress continued to smile. "It is best for guests to take off their mantles to breath better. It is better for your skin." Behind her back, she signaled to someone in the corner of the room.

Qi Aoshuang's gaze darkened. It seemed this waitress had been bribed into doing this. However, she had not ill intentions and was also a woman, so Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun were not angered.

Now, the inn was lively. Four stunning beauties had suddenly appeared, each with their own strengths. The inn owner stood dumbstruck, staring at the beauties.

"Beautiful lady, have a drink with me?" A well dressed man walked up to Feng Yixuan. He spoke politely, but the perversion in his eyes could not be concealed.

Xi Shaoqi choked back his laughter so forcefully, he was about to have an internal injury. The insufferably arrogant Feng Yixuan was being hit on for the first time, and by a man!

"You have good taste." Leng Lingyun smiled at the ignorant man.

Feng Yixuan's expression turned unsightly, whereas Leng Lingyun smiled brightly. He used Feng Yixuan's words against him: "Be calm." Xi Shaosi and Xi Shaoqi tried not to smile with great difficulty.

Now, everyone was certain that these great beauties were not the black haired youth's mistresses. Four outstanding beauties, and they were all older than the youth! It would not make sense otherwise. And when one of

the beauties was hit on, the youth made no protest. Everyone became even more encouraged.

"Beautiful noble lady, have you fallen into misfortune? I will buy you from your owner with much more money and will not force you to travel under the scorching sun." The person sitting in the corner of the room walked over and said impatiently to Leng Lingyun. He feared that if he did not make his move sooner, it would be too late. Everyone now viewed Qi Aoshuang as a rich villain!

Leng Lingyun's expression darkened.

"Stay cool," Feng Yixuan smiled and said faintly. However, his faint smile made him appear even more charming. Everyone was drooling.

"Beautiful lady, have you also fallen into misfortune? I will rescue you no matter what..." the well dressed man declared hastily.

"Fuck no!" Feng Yixuan finally couldn't hold back any more. He shot wind out his palm and instantly sent the well dressed man flying.

Leng Lingyun was even more angry, magic bursting forth from his palm.

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi were stupefied. "Didn't you guys say to stay cool, be calm?"

"Fuck being calm!"

"Only corpses can stay cool*!"

*cuz normal body temperature is warm

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun bellowed at the same time.

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi's lips twitched. They shared a glance, both wordless.

Qi Aoshuang laughed, then said quietly, "I am going to go out and replenish our supplies. I will wait for you all west of the city." She was certain now that they shouldn't have entered the city. These femme fatale would cause trouble wherever they went. Even the most cool headed Leng Lingyun could not bear such obscene gazes.

Qi Aoshuang left the inn alone, sighing in her heart. Her wish to bathe was unfulfilled again.

Water, food, firewood, clothes. Qi Aoshuang left the pile of goods in the wooden baskets next to the camels. Exposing the existence of the interspatial ring would bring unwanted trouble. She brought them into a secluded alleyway, put everything into the interspatial ring when no one was looking, and then continued to buy things. This repeated many times until she finally finished replenishing all their supplies. Then, she led the camels outside the city gates.

She continued on west. After walking for a while, she saw a few people were already waiting for her.

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun stood there as calm as water. Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi looked like they were resisting the urge to smile with great difficulty.

“Let’s go. In the future, you guys don’t need to go into the city. I’ll just buy things myself.” Qi Aoshuang was also smiling faintly. It must have been the first time they had been hit on by men before.

The two humphed, but didn’t say anything. They had only berated the people in the inn, not resorting to killing. What they did not know was after this day, their exceptional beauty became renown in Yowusali, so renown that even the emperor of Yowusali knew. Of course, this was later in the future.

As they continued to journey, they did not run into any more trouble as only Qi Aoshuang would replenish the supplies. They did not run into any members of Black Lightning either. At the border of Yowusali was a relatively flourishing port city. This town was Yowusali’s main source of income. They mainly traded with other countries by ship.

However, when they arrived, Feng Yixuan stopped them from entering.

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“Didn’t you say we’re going to find that secret enclosure?” Xi Shaoqi gave Feng Yixuan a sideways glance, then laughed mischievously. “Or is our beautiful young lady Feng afraid of being hit on again?”

A strange wind blew Xi Shaoqi’s bag flying and tousled his hair into a mess, even ripping apart Xi Shaoqi’s clothes, exposing a beautiful maiden.

“Your body’s not bad.” Feng Yixuan raised a brow and laughed.

“You!” Xi Shaoqi cried indignantly. However, he pervertedly agreed with Feng Yixuan’s words. His current body was indeed not bad. Pah! What was he thinking! Xi Shaoqi immediately dispersed his thoughts and pitifully asked Qi Aoshuang for clothes to wear.

“The enclosure is not in the city. It is in a village some distance away from here.” Only now did Feng Yixuan resume his seriousness.

“Didn’t you say you didn’t know where it was?” Xi Shaoqi asked angrily as he put on clothes.

“I can’t lie to you?” Feng Yixuan’s devious response left Xi Shaoqi filled with anger.

“Then let’s go there now.” Leng Lingyun looked up at the sky. “Can we get there before the sky darkens?”

“We should be able to.” Feng Yixuan also looked up at the sky, then looked around their surroundings. “Just continue in that direction.”

Once everyone arrived at the small fishing village, the sky had already darkened. The villagers were extremely cautious towards outsiders, exhibiting one message with their gazes clearly: unwelcome!

“Who are you? Why are you here at our village?” A middle aged man faced them, brandishing a harpoon. The other villagers stood behind him with cautious expressions.

Qi Aoshuang and the rest had been discovered the moment they entered the village, and then had been surrounded by the fishermen.

Feng Yixuan saw their hostile gazes. He smiled and walked forward, saying amiably, “We are merchants here for trading. If you may inform your village chief, we would be most grateful.”

“What kind of trade? All of our business is scheduled in advance. Leave, you are not welcome here,” the leading man said aggressively, his eyes filled with hostility. He was completely unwavered by Feng Yixuan and the rests’ beautiful appearances.

“We are here to buy the biggest products.” Feng Yixuan continued to smile.

For a moment, he wavered, but then his hesitation disappeared. “They’re all scheduled to be sold, none left.” He refused just as impolitely, just a little less fierce than before.

Feng Yixuan took a step forward, then created a strange hand signal with both hands.

Qi Aoshuang and the rest were then amazed to see the hostility in the middle aged man’s eyes disappear. He lowered the harpoon.

“Can you bring us to the village chief now? We are really here to discuss trade.”

The middle aged man took two steps back. With a wave of his head, all the other villagers dispersed. Qi Aoshuang’s eyes narrowed. These fishermen were definitely not as simple as they appeared. They surrounded them so quickly, and dispersed in orderly fashion so quickly as well.

“Follow me.” The middle aged man turned around.

Under the dim light of the moon, they could see small houses made of stone bricks everywhere. Many houses had fishing nets in front of them. Dried fish hung from roofs and many houses had fishing gear laying before them. No matter how you looked at it, it looked like an ordinary fishing village. If not for the brief conversation between Feng Yixuan and the middle aged man along with the actions of the other fishermen, no one would be able to know that the secret enclosure was here.

After bringing everyone to the biggest stone house, the middle aged man stopped and turned to Feng Yixuan. “Please wait here. I will go to inform the village chief.”

“Of course.” Feng Yixuan smiled and stayed put.

The middle aged man gently knocked on the door. A muffled voice came from within. “Who is it?”

“Chief, it’s me,” the middle aged man said quietly.

“Come in,” the voice said quietly.

The middle aged man entered, the closed the door.

“Young master Feng, what was that hand signal just now?” Xi Shaoqi stood close to Feng Yixuan and asked quietly.

Feng Yixuan rolled his eyes, not responding.

Xi Shaoqi suddenly understood and covered his mouth. Since there were merfolk raised here, then the people inside were definitely unordinary. If they heard what he said, then it would be bad.

Luckily, it did not seem they heard him. After a while, the door opened. The middle aged peeked out and looked at Feng Yixuan. “Please enter.”

Everyone followed Feng Yixuan into the door.

The house was arranged simply. One square table, a few wooden stools. At the head of the table sat who appeared to be an ordinary old man. He wore simple clothing that was even patched in places. His hair was white, and he squinted to see. The old man coughed before speaking. “I am the village chief. Please sit.”

Everyone sat down. The village chief remained seated, squinting at everyone, his expression unchanging.

“May I ask where you all are from?” the village chief’s voice was weak. He looked completely like a sickly, old man.

“Lagark,” Feng Yixuan replied quietly.

“Oh, is that so.” The village chief still appeared extremely feeble.

“We want to look at the goods, is that ok?” Feng Yixuan smiled.

“I understand. It is too late today.” The village chief squinted at Feng Yixuan. Before Feng Yixuan could respond, he turned to the middle aged man and said, “Ian, bring the guests to their resting quarters.”

After saying this, the village chief closed his eyes and stopped speaking.

Feng Yixuan wanted to say something, but Ian walked up to them. “Please follow me.” He had a hard to refuse tone of voice.

Feng Yixuan and the rest stood up and followed Ian out the door.

Ian led them to the west side of the village until they arrived at a row of stone houses. He called out, “Lola, we have guests! Take care of them!”

Ian then turned around and left, not giving Qi Aoshuang and the ret so much as a glance.

Soon, a stone house’s door opened. A chubby woman with a dress walked out, laughing. “Guests who have traveled a long distance, please come in.”

Without any hesitation, they all entered.

Their lodging was simple and crude, yet clean. The four beauties shared a room, whereas Qi Aoshuang had a room of her own.

At the dead of night, only the sea breeze brushed past.

Qi Aoshuang lay in bed, looking out the window at the swaying dried fish. She frowned. Wasn’t everything going too smoothly?

“Aoshuang…” said a low voice.

“Feng Yixuan?” Surprised, Qi Aoshuang sat up and looked out the window.

“Follow me,” Feng Yixuan said in a low voice.

Without another thought, Qi Aoshuang hastily put on clothes and quietly leapt out the window.

“There’s one problem. That old thing is definitely not ordinary.” Feng Yixuan said quietly.

Qi Aoshuang paused. So Feng Yixuan also realized this problem.

“The hand signal I made is a secret signal between them and customers. However, the village chief’s reaction was very strange. He didn’t ask any questions at all. Perhaps, he was already suspicious,” Feng Yixuan continued quietly.

“Then should we go check right now?” Qi Aoshuang frowned.

“I don’t know where the enclosure is. I heard that they only bring out the mermaids after customers have scheduled in advance and won’t bring customers to where the enclosure is. We should first scout out the area before deciding what to do. I let Leng Lingyun and the Xi brother stay in their room temporarily.”

Qi Aoshuang nodded. Those three were not trained in assassination skills. If their opponents were experts, then they would be discovered easily. Only she and Feng Yixuan could go scouting.

“Let’s go.” Feng Yixuan concealed his aura, then advanced silently. Qi Aoshuang followed him closely from behind.

The two arrived at the village chief’s house, both with concealed presences. They heard his feeble voice. “Ian, when are you going to mature?”

“Sorry, boss. I was too careless,” said Ian’s low voice. Ian now addressed the village chief as boss.

“Think before you act in the future. Don’t be completely convinced by just our hand signal.” The village chief sighed. “When have you seen such beautiful people personally come to buy the goods?”

“Boss is correct. For such beautiful people to buy mermaids is strange, and there are so many of them too,” Ian responded.

“But we cannot fully reject them. There are many questions in the world that cannot be answered. I am only suspicious. I cannot tell if they are genuine or fake.” The village chief’s voice was still casual.

“Which is why Boss left them first to see?” Ian asked.

“Correct. We are businessmen. There is no need for us to become enemies with money.” The village chief’s voice was calm.

“Yes, Boss is correct.” Ian nodded again deferentially.

“Enough. Send men to watch them carefully. Also be careful that no one follows you.” The village chief motioned for Ian to leave. “Go. I am tired.”

“Yes.” Ian nodded, then left.

Feng Yixuan and Qi Aoshuang shared a glance, then both nodded.

Following Ian would definitely lead them to the secret mermaid enclosure.

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As Ian exited the house, he inspected his surroundings. It was peaceful as always. Only then did he start to walk to his destination. Feng Yixuan and Qi Aoshuang waited until he was a distance away before following.

Ian continued all the way to the village. The simple sandy beach had no spaces to hide, and every few minutes or so, Ian would stop and turn around. Feng Yixuan and Qi Aoshuang had no choice but to stop following him.

“I will follow him. I have a cloak of invisibility.” Qi Aoshuang brought out a cape from her interspatial ring. Before Feng Yixuan could respond, she put it on and disappeared before his eyes. This was the invisibility cloak that Cliff had gifted her.

“Don’t worry, the moment I find the location, I will hide, then lead you guys there with one of my magic puppets.” Qi Aoshuang handed Feng Yixuan a small mouse puppet.

Feng Yixuan hesitated for a moment, but in the end, accepted it. “Then be careful. I will return with everyone else. The moment you discover the location, do not act alone under any circumstances. Wait until we come.” Feng Yixuan continued to strongly warn her. Finally, after Qi Aoshuang promised to not act alone, Feng Yixuan left with the magic puppet.

Qi Aoshuang quietly followed with the cloak on.

Ian was very vigilant. He would turn around very often to check that no one was following him before he continued forward.

At the end of the long stretch of beach were craggy rocks. Ian increased his pace. Qi Aoshuang silently followed with the large rocks as her cover as she watched him.

He arrived before a large stone and struck it three times with a certain rhythm. Gradually, the stone began to move, revealing a large passageway.

A person peaked out. When he saw it was Ian, he relaxed.

“Boss, you’ve arrived.” He withdrew his head.

“Mm, how is it? Did anything happen today?” Ian walked in, not forgetting to look back one final time. Certain that no one had followed him, he seemed to pull some kind of lever. The large stone once again moved slowly back into place.

Qi Aoshuang thought for a moment, then spiritually linked to the magic puppet she had given Feng Yixuan. Feng Yixuan had been grasping the puppet anxiously. At this time, the puppet freed itself and dropped to the ground. It started to crawl away.

“Let’s go. Aoshuang has discovered the location.” Feng Yixuan motioned to everyone else, following the puppet closely.

Following the puppet, they finally found Claire.

“Aoshuang,” Feng Yixuan greeted in a low voice.

“The entrance is behind that giant rock over there.” Qi Aoshuang pointed at it.

“I’ll move away that rock.” Xi Shaoqi was about to cast magic.

“No, we still don’t know the circumstances within. Don’t be too eager.” Qi Aoshuang walked up to the large rock and also struck it three times like Ian.

The stone slowly moved away to reveal the face of the same person as before. His initially suspicious expression gave way to shock as he saw the unfamiliar people. He reached out towards something near him.

However, Qi Aoshuang moved faster than him. Before he could touch it, a red bead of blood appeared on his neck. He slid silently to the ground.

The party entered the deep passageway. It was lit with torches on each side. Wind blew from the other end, making the torch fires gently sway. It was strangely eerie.

“Blood.” Leng Lingyun frowned. The gentle sea breeze entering the passageway carried the faint scent of blood!

Feng Yixuan frowned. “Perhaps some merfolk are coming of age today.” Everyone’s expression darkened. They knew what his words meant.

Coming of age meant cutting off their tails and forcibly growing a pair of legs for the mermaids!

Qi Aoshuang did not say a word, leading the way. Unexpectedly, the passageway had quite a few traps, but Qi Aoshuang disabled them easily. Seeing this, Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi were shocked. Qi Aoshuang was not only a magician warrior, but knew how to disable traps as well? As Qi Aoshuang disabled the traps, she suddenly thought of someone: Camille, the one who had taught her how to discern and disable traps. How was that person who always elegantly smiled doing these days?

Perhaps because they were too confident in their own traps, there were only two guards at the end of the passageway. Without batting an eye, they took care of them easily. At the end of the passageway, the scent of blood was even more strong. They could hear cries of pain mixed with the sound of ocean spray.

Before their eyes appeared to be a huge underground prison. In the middle was a giant pool surrounded by an iron netting so that no merfolk could get out. Inside were countless mermaids swimming! The cavern walls were lined with torches, lighting the prison brightly. The blue tails of the mermaids could be seen slapping the water surface, the sound intermingling with the continuous cries of pain. Hearing their fellow mermaids cry out, the trapped mermaids were angry, but also afraid.

Each side of the pool was lined with numerous, narrow stone rooms. They were the source of the smell of blood. Because the entire cavern was bustling with activity, no one took note of the extra few people who had appeared at the end of the passageway.

No one knew that at this time, two other people infiltrated through a passageway.

Qi Aoshuang walked over the the closest stone room. Inside, a few people were currently surrounding a tabletop in the corner, which a helpless mermaid was strapped to. Her dainty body trembled, her beautiful face pale, her pretty eyes were completely filled with fear. Beside her, a few people forcefully tried to press down her struggling tail. The

tabletop was filled with blood stains from the waist down. Meanwhile, a few other mermaids in the room had already fainted. Their long, beautiful hair sheltered their alluring bodies, their tails already gone, replaced with a pair of fair legs, which were stained with blood. Their complexions were incredibly pale.

"Quick, we still have to do three others," one of the men holding down the tail said angrily. The man held a sharp knife in one hand, a bottle of green potion in the other. They started to concentrate, not noticing the new people at the doorway.

"I know already, so annoying. You have to press down more firmly. Just now, it almost swatted away the potion bottle. You guys know how expensive this potion is," another man said with annoyance. His knife was already positioned at the mermaid's waist, about to chop down.

However, the pain the mermaid waited for did not come.

"Bastard!" Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi yelled angrily. Two giant black beams of light ran through the man holding he dagger at the same time. Blood spurted from his body, splashing onto all the people around him, including the mermaid bound to the tabletop.

"Who dares?!" The people around the tabletop turned around in alarm to face the people at the doorway. Since when did they come here?

"You two, take care of this place," Feng Yixuan said concisely before running off to the other rooms. Leng Lingyun and Qi Aoshuang also split up to save other mermaids. Soon, the cavern was chaotic.

Qi Aoshuang was angered with each cry of pain she heard from each room. When she arrived before another room and saw the cruel scene, her knuckles cracked from how hard she clenched her fists. A mermaid hung in midair, a cord tied around their neck. One leg was a fair leg, the other covered in scales. Clearly, this mermaid was considered a failure, so they were going to use her body for something else. Her scales would be scraped off to make mermaid wax.

"Who are you? How..." A man turned around in shock, dagger in hand.

His response was an an ice cold, sharp blade that pierced through his chest, and was then twisted. After pulverising his heart, the blade was angrily retracted.

Qi Aoshuang looked up at the mermaid hanging in the air. She had already long stopped breathing, her eyes already empty cavities. Her body still continued to drip blood. Nearby, a transparent bottle contained a pair of green eyes. Qi Aoshuang closed her eyes and took a deep breath, her heart filled with nothing but anger and grief. Humanity...

At that moment, screams began to erupt around the cavern, but it was not the mermaids this time. It was the deranged humans. Qi Aoshuang stared at the cruel ending of the mermaid, not moving for a long time, her emotions complex.

At last, Qi Aoshuang left the room with a heavy heart. However, she saw something that shocked her.

People were fleeing in all directions from the stone rooms, faces filled with terror. However, the next moment, lightning arrows accurately struck their feet, pinning them to the stone rooms. Screams echoed in the entire cavern. The smell of blood thickened.

Arrows that could flash with lightning? Magic arrows?

Qi Aoshuang immediately looked for the source of the magic arrows and was shocked to discover a familiar, young female archer.

Qiao Chuxin!

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Her face was flushed red with ire, her eyes filled with rage. She shot multiple arrows without slowing at the people in the cavern.

“Die, you animals!” Qiao Chuxin seethed. She did not hold back, her magic arrows shooting towards the peoples’ heads and chests. Blood spurted in flowery droplets in the entire cavern, splashing into the pool.

Feng Yixuan finally realized what was happening. He ran out of his room and was shocked see Qiao Chuxin. He called out to her, but as if she did not hear him, Qiao Chuxin shot a vicious arrow at Feng Yixuan.

“Oi! Qiao Chuxin! It’s me, Feng Yixuan!” Feng Yixuan yelled as he dodged the arrow. Suddenly, he became annoyed. Currently, he was a woman, which must have been why Qiao Chuxing had not recognized him.

The Xi brother were wide eyed, mouth agape at the merciless girl who had suddenly appeared.

“Qiao Chuxin?” Leng Lingyun also discovered Qiao Chuxin. Just as he said this, Qiao Chuxing’s magic arrow viciously greeted him.

“What’s going on?” Leng Lingyun frowned at the malicious Qiao Chuxin. He immediately flashed over to Feng Yixuan’s side. He had the same thought as Feng Yixuan, that perhaps Qiao Chuxin wasn’t able to recognize him now that he had transformed into a woman.

The next moment, Leng Lingyun rejected this notion.

“Haha, Leng Lingyun, why are you dressing as a woman?” a familiar voice said. Leng Lingyun looked at the source of the voice to see a vulgar figure hide behind Qiao Chuxin.

“Dong Fenghou?” Leng Lingyun was confused. From what he remembered, Dong Fenghou was normally reticent, his speech always jumbled, but currently, his words were clear.

“Hide first. When Chuxing gets emotional, she cannot differentiate between enemy and foe. Be careful,” Dong Fenghou vulgarly crouched

down behind a stone and warned Leng Lingyun.

Cannot differentiate between enemy and foe?!

“Chuxin.” Qi Aoshuang arrived at Qiao Chuxin’s side with a light step of her foot.

“Careful!” A few people said at the same time. Qi Aoshuang’s guard was currently lowered against the dangerous Qiao Chuxin!

“Why?” Qi Aoshuang was already at Qiao Chuxin’s side. White Emperor and Black Feather were crouched on each shoulder, staring at Qiao Chuxin. Everyone’s heart was clenched. Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun were about to rush over and save her.

But something shocking happened next. Qiao Chuxin set down her bow and head tilted, looking at Qi Aoshuang curiously. Suddenly, she flung her bow behind her, hitting Dong Fenghou squarely on the head. Dong Fenghou clutched his head in pain.

“Claire…” Qiao Chuxin grabbed Qi Aoshuang into a bear hug and started to weep. She felt extremely wronged, her heart in pain. “Claire, what happened? Exactly what on earth happened? When I heard what happened between you and the Temple of Light, I was so worried. I have been looking for you all this time, waaaaaaaaah…”

Dong Fenghou’s mouth gaped. Stupefied, he turned to Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun, then said embarrassedly, “Don’t look at me, I don’t know either. No one could stop Qiao Chuxin whenever she was berserk.” It seems Dong Fenghou had learned this through bitter experience.

“Chuxin…” Qi Aoshuang gently patted Qiao Chuxin’s back. “Don’t cry. Aren’t I just fine?”

“What do you mean just fine? You even turned into a man, waaaaaaaah….” Qiao Chuxing started to cry even more sorrowfully.

Everyone had a strange expression and looked at each other in dismay. Qi Aoshuang didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “Did you forget about the gender changing potion? We all drank some in order to avoid the assassin the Temple sent.”

“Huh?” Only then did Qiao Chuxin realize, but she was still a little confused.

Suddenly, the entire cavern started to shake.

“Business first, talk later.” Dong Fenghou stood up impatiently. “I summoned a few sea beasts. They are currently breaking the underwater metal net. This pool is connected to the ocean. Let’s save the mermaids first.”

“Right. We came here to save the mermaids. Who knew that we would bump into you? It’s a miracle.” Qiao Chuxing was beyond pleased, radiating happiness.

“Lead the merfolk out through the underwater current. We’ll destroy this place while we’re at it,” Dong Fenghou said hurriedly as he handed Qiao Chuxin back her bow.

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun did not waste any words, lifting up the entire metal net out of the water. Xi Shaosi and Xi Shaoqi rescued mermaids out from the rooms and ran back and forth from the pool. The mermaids in the pool attended to the rescued mermaids.

The cavern started to shake more seriously. Debris started to smash down, arousing painful cries. The people Qiao Chuxin had pinned to stones could not move. Many could only watch on blankly as huge stones smashed down onto their bodies.

All the mermaids in the stone rooms were eventually rescued and returned back to the pool. Up until now, even with the unexpected disturbance, the mermaids had been calm, because they understood that these people were here to save them.

“Let’s go.” With a flick of Feng Yixuan’s finger, large barrier surrounded everyone. As he gently raised his hand, the barrier brought everyone into the water. The water was turbid. All the mermaids surrounded them, waiting expectantly. Suddenly, there was a low, deep call. The water started to flow.

“Over there.” Dong Fenghou pointed. “Straight that way.”

Feng Yixuan controlled the barrier to move them forward. The mermaids followed closely. The water started to flow even more quickly, the low voice coming closer.

Straight ahead, they saw a sea beast with a strange appearance that was striking an iron door.

Bam...

With a loud explosion, the iron door was finally broken. Feng Yixuan moved them forward as the mermaids emotionally swam at flying speeds. Dong Fenghou extended his right hand, touched the tips of his middle and pinky finger together, then started to chant in a low voice.

The next moment, a giant sea beast squeezed past them.

Howl...

The sea beast opened its mouth wide and emitted a strange voice, then swam furiously.

“That place cannot remain.” Dong Fenghao shrugged, casually explaining why he suddenly summoned such a huge sea beast.

Qi Aoshuang frowned slightly. Of course, she had noticed the change in Dong Fenghao. He was like an entirely different person from the previous Dong Fenghao who only knew how to eat. What exactly happened?

Meanwhile, the mermaids swam away as fast as they could.

Xi Shaoqi watched with wide eyes as the mermaids swam farther and farther away. “If they leave, how do we go to the underwater kingdom?”

“Don’t worry, they will wait for us outside.” Dong Fenghou dispelled Xi Shaoqi’s misgivings. “Without our help, there would be no way for them to return.”

“Claire, what exactly happened? Why did your hair and eyes turn black? And why did you drink the gender changing potion?” Qiao Chuxin asked anxiously.

Qi Aoshuang smiled faintly. “We’ll talk another time.”

Qiao Chuxing was completely worried, but in the end, merely nodded.

The barrier followed the underwater current all the way to the surface. In the distant night sky, they heard ominous rumbling, the sound of the sea beast Dong Fenghou had summoned wrecking the evil place.

The barrier bobbed gently on the sea surface. Mermaids surrounded them, watching them with wide eyes. Their gazes were filled with appreciation and hope.

The mermaids opened their mouths to speak, but no one could understand their language.

“Dong Fenghou, quickly translate!” Qiao Chuxin anxiously urged.

“They are thanking us for saving them, but they have many weak companions who are incapable of a long journey. They hope we can escort them to the underworld kingdom. If we agree to protect them, once we arrive at the underwater kingdom, they will reward us greatly,” Dong Fenghou directly translated.

“Oh.” Qiao Chuxing turned to Qi Aoshuang. “Are we going to accompany them back?”

Qi Aoshuang nodded. It was their objective, afterall.

Dong Fenghou nodded, then crouched down to say something to the mermaids. The mermaids revealed expressions of happiness.

“But how will we get there? Get a boat?’ Feng Yixuan stroked his chin. He eyed the barrier. “This barrier won’t last for long.”

“I have a way.” Dong Fenghou stood up. He clasped his palms together before his chest, then chanted something. However, this time, he seemed chant much longer than before.

After he finished the incantation, with a loud rumble, a colossus suddenly appeared at the surface before them.

Everyone was struck by how much larger it was compared to the previous sea beast. What was this creature?

Moo...

The sea beast whistled, then suddenly opened its giant mouth. With a sudden gulp, the beast swallowed all the mermaids along with the barrier. All of a sudden, everything was dark.

Just as Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun were going to make their move, Dong Fenghou hastily stopped them. “Don’t! We are going to rely on it to reach the underwater kingdom.”

Just as he finished speaking, their surroundings suddenly brightened. They had all been swallowed into the sea beast’s belly. The mermaids started to get frantic, but after Dong Fenghou explained to them, they calmed down.

“This is Moomoo cow’s body. It can hold a lot of water, enough for the mermaids to rest. We can rest in the higher level.” Dong Fenghou pointed up. Everyone looked up to see a protruding layer of pink flesh, various ores inlaid. It was because of the ores that it was so bright inside.

“Moomoo cow loves to eat, but these things can’t be digested, so they were lodged there,” Dong Fenghou explained. Feng Yixuan moved them up there in the barrier, then dispelled it.

“The village next to the sea! Dong Fenghou, order the sea beast to create a tsunami that will submerge the village. It’s not a true village, but the base of operations for people selling mermaids.” Qi Aoshuang had not forgotten about the village.

“Alright. Right away.” Dong Fenghou closed his eyes. A red dot appeared in his forehead, flickering. Then Dong Fenghou stopped. “Don’t worry, in a moment, the village won’t exist any more.”

“Alright, tell me what happened to you guys. Did Summer and Shui Wenmo not accompany you guys?” Qi Aoshuang sat down. She looked at Dong Fenghou mischievously. “And Dong Fenghou, you seemed to have become smarter.”

“Wha, don’t say that. I just just broke my spiritual restrictions. I was smart from the start.” Dong Fenghou pouted. He touched the flesh wall and told Moomoo cow to swim into the depths of the ocean.

“We ran into a powerful beast and split up in the middle of running away. We don’t know where they are now either. I heard what happened in Amparkland and immediately started to find you. I know that you didn’t do what the rumors said. The vile Temple of Light framed you!” Qiao Chuxin angrily brandished her fist.

“Claire, what exactly happened?” Dong Fenghou’s expression was serious. Of course, he wouldn’t believe in the rumors.

“My name is now Qi Aoshuang,” Qi Aoshuang said faintly.

“Qi Aoshuang?” Qiao Chuxing and Dong Fenghou echoed at the same time.

“Mm, that was my original name.” Next, Qi Aoshuang calmly explained everything. Everyone remained silent. Qiao Chuxin’s teeth had sunk so deeply into her lip that it was bleeding, while the fire in Dong Fenghou’s eyes reached the skies. Though Qi Aoshuang spoke calmly, the two could tell how devastating it must have been.

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“Those bastards!” Don’t Fenghou clenched his fist tightly.

“We have to assemble the relic as soon as possible!” Qiao Chuxin’s eyes blazed, her fists clenched. “So we can kill that disgusting goddess.”

“Enough. She will be paid back eventually.” Qi Aoshuang smiled at Dong Fenghou. “Dong Fenghou, I’m not used to you being able to talk so fluently.”

“Boss, are you complimenting me or are you just being sarcastic?” Dong Fenghou pouted.

“Oh right, I haven’t introduced you guys to each other. These two beauties are Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi. This is Feng Yixuan.” Qi Aoshuang smiled. “This is Dong Fenghou, a summoner.”

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi darkened.

Fortunately, although Dong Fenghou could speak much more fluently, his personality was just as boring as before. He did not make fun of them, only politely greeting them.

“Ao-Aoshuang…” Qiao Chuxing was still unaccustomed to Qi Aoshuang’s new name. She moved over to Qi Aoshuang’s side. “We don’t know where Summer and Shui Wenmo are right now.”

“Exactly what kind of magic beast attacked you guys?” Qi Aoshuang frowned slightly.

“I don’t know. Dong Fenghou couldn’t even communicate with it. That fellow was so scary, it was huge and its entire body was covered in flames. None of our attacks affected it, so we could only run away.” She shuddered from the recollection.

Qi Aoshuang pondered for a moment. “We’ll look for them after obtaining the part of the relic in the hands of the merfolk.”

“Mm.” Qiao Chuxin nodded. She looked around her surroundings and watched the resting mermaids. “Moomoo cow’s body sure is fantastically.

It can block out all weather and transport us underwater."

Qi Aoshuang gave a nod. Indeed, the magic beast's body was magical. It was like a living submarine. Dong Fenghou sure was skilled.

And so, Moomoo cow listened to Dong Fenghou's order, traveling to the inner depths of the sea. At times, it was resurface for fresh air and fresh sea water. Moomoo cow had a large body, but was fast. Within three days, they reached the depths of the ocean.

"We're here." Dong Fenghou stood up and stretched. "Let's go. First go to the entrance. The mermaid city is completely filled with water, so I will summon some aquafission beasts." Dong Fenghou then leapt down to inform the merfolk in their strange, unknown language. The mermaids grew emotional, many of them splashing the sea water with their tails, faces brimming with smiles.

Qi Aoshuang and the rest also leapt down. After counting seven people, Dong Fenghou summoned seven strange sea beasts that looked similar to donkeys. The small sea beasts had thick torsos and long noses with oval ears. Their tails were curled, their necks long. They stood there calmly, awaiting orders.

"Here." With another wave of his hand, four small sea beasts appeared in the palm of his head. He handed one to everyone. "This trumpet beast can create air. Although the aquafission beasts can part the sea waters, they cannot give us enough air. Simply place these on your chests." After saying this, Dong Fenghou stuck a trumpet beast to the front of his chest. Everyone else followed suit.

"Let's go." Dong Fenghou took the initiative, mounting onto one of the aquafission beasts. Everyone else also mounted, following him.

"How mysterious." Qiao Chuxin looked down at the the strange trumpet beast. Its mouth flapped open and closed constantly.

Feng Yixuan and the Xi brothers had been very surprised when Dong Fenghou had summoned so many magic beasts. Summoners were rare, and a summoner as powerful as Dong Fenghou was even more rare.

As Moomoo cow opened its mouth, a powerful force safety sent them out. The merfolk cried out, surprised, then all started swimming. Qi Aoshuang sensed a surge of water, when...

Pop...

The aquafission beast emitted a sound. A bubble like barrier surrounded both the aquafission beast and Qi Aoshuang, a completely isolated space within the ocean. On Qi Aoshuang's shoulders, White Emperor and Black Feather scanned their surroundings curiously.

Yowl...

The aquafission beasts emitted a sound, then swam forward together.

The mermaids emotionally swam downward. From time to time, they would look behind to check if their benefactors were following them.

Dong Fanghou pointed. "Look, this is the mermaid capital."

"Capital?" Qi Aoshuang was confused. "Do they also have towns and villages?"

"Yes, branched not far away from the capital," Dong Fenghou explained. "To thank us, we are definitely going to be led to the capital."

Few rays of light would penetrate so deeply under the sea, but the mermaid city was full of bright light and vivid color, emitting a beautiful, rainbow hue. The entire city was built atop coral reef out of white stone, among which were many kinds of sea shells and vibrant ore. Much kelp floated on top, drifting along the sea water. It was a paradise like world.

"How beautiful!" Qiao Chuxing exclaimed.

The mermaids continued to swim emotionally. The city gates were already in uproar. Everyone stopped at a distance from the city gate, understanding that even if they saved these mermaids, the mer race hated humans very much. Rashly approaching could lead to misunderstandings. It was best if the mermaids explained on their behalf.

After a while, the city gates finally calmed down. The mermaids majestically entered the city. Everyone else waited patiently. After a long

time, there was finally some response at the entrance.

A delegation of male mermen swam over with pitchforks. They did not have any ornaments. Some had blue or green hair. Their skin was pale, nearly translucent, and sharp fins lined their backs.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we are extremely grateful you saved our companions.” Unexpectedly, the leading merman spoke in the human language. Behind him, the mermen bowed politely.

Dong Fenghou frowned. He kept feeling something was wrong, but did not know why.

“We will engrave your kindness in our hearts. Our honorable king has sent us to express our most sincere gratitude. Is there any gift our heroes may like?” Although the leading merman spoke politely, his eyes were filled with unmistakable disdain. Would these humans truly save their fellow comrades out of the pure kindness of their heart? They wouldn’t believe this even in death.

Dong Fenghou’s frown deepened. He finally realized what was wrong. Although they had saved many mermaids, the mer race did not seem to receive them with sincerity. After saving so many merfolk, not only where they not allowed to step foot in the city, their king did not even personally appear, only sending a few guards out to speak to them, as if to drive them away with simply a few treasures.

Qi Aoshuang smiled faintly. “What do you think we need?” she said unhurriedly.

“Gems? Pearls? Ore?” the leading merman asked. Weren’t these the only things humans wanted? Didn’t they save their companions and escort them here just for some treasures as reward? This was humanity’s true, ugly nature!

Everyone could see the unmaskable contempt in the merman’s eyes. They all started to frown vaguely.

“So in your eyes, your companions are only worth a few treasures.” Qi Aoshuang laughed coldly.

The merman balked, then darkened. “Don’t you humans only want materialistic goods?”

“Did I say I wanted those things? So not only is the merfolk race incapable of repaying kindness, they even look down on their helpers, imposing their thinking onto others.”

“Of course. The merfolk have always been an arrogant race,” Xi Shaoqi piped up, annoyed.

“You!” The merman’s expression darkened. The merfolk’s pride would not allow human criticism. Currently, these humans said the merfolk was incapable of repaying kindness, and even arrogant. They could not accept such treatment.

“Then, may I ask what you want?” The merman held back his anger. These humans had indeed helped them. It would not be good to be too unyielding.

“I saved your companions for a reward, but not what you have mentioned. Inform your king I want the God Feather. If you don’t hand it over, I will take it by force. Don’t think I’m threatening you baselessly, I have the power to back it up.” Qi Aoshuang’s voice was ice cold, her eyes without a trace of warmth.

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“You! Arrogant humans, don’t think that just because saved a few of our brethren that you can treat us so disrespectfully!” The merman gave Qi Aoshuang a long look. He was already grasping his trident tightly, a stomach full of anger. Although the mermen behind him could not understand what their captain was saying, they could tell by his expression that something was wrong.

“Humph!” Qi Aoshuang humphed, her eyes darkening.

A powerful force greeted the captain, pushing him back a few stops. His blood churned madly. With a grunt, he finally steadied himself. His subordinates worriedly supported him, then all aimed their tridents at Qi Aoshuang’s party.

The captain raised an arm, blocking them. He eyed Qi Aoshuang coldly, gritting his teeth. “I don’t know what God Feather you speak of.”

“Just because you don’t doesn’t mean your king doesn’t,” Qi Aoshuang said impatiently. “If you’re going to pay our kindness with mistreatment, I’m not going to bother holding back!”

The mermaid captain’s expression paled, then greened. He gritted his teeth, eyeing Qi Aoshuang for some time before responding coldly, “Wait here. I will report to the king.”

The squadron hurriedly swam back to the city.

This time, the captain responded quickly, his expression serious as he hurried to them. He looked at Qi Aoshuang. “Benefactor, please follow me into the city. But the king said only you can enter.”

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun wanted to say something, but Qi Aoshuang turned to them and said, “Wait for me here.” She did not leave any room for argument. Everyone could only wait.

Qi Aoshuang rode the aquafission beast, following the captain into the vibrant city. Qiao Chuxin worriedly watched Qi Aoshuang’s leaving figure. “Aoshuang should be fine, right? That mermaid king shouldn’t do

anything strange, right?"

"Most likely." Dong Fenghou was also watching Qi Aoshuang's back. "If there is some kind of problem, the aquafission beast will immediately inform me."

"If the king dares to do anything strange, I will destroy the place." Feng Yixuan clenched a fist.

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi rolled their eyes. If something actually went wrong, would young master Feng even have to bother? The Miss alone was enough to raze the place to the ground. The mermen race should be more worried than the miss.

As she followed the captain into the city, the erect soldiers on each side of the city gates watched Qi Aoshuang warily, the apprehension evident in their eyes.

After passing through the gates, they were inside the immense underwater city. The city was not much different from a human city, with wide avenues and roads everywhere. All the passersby mermaids would stop to see human. Everyone knew what had happened and understood that the human behind the captain must have saved their brethren. However, their gazes continued to be unfavorable. Afterall, humanity had already left a deeply rooted, nasty impression.

Qi Aoshuang didn't have the time to appreciate the environment or architecture, following the captain on the thick avenue, passing through a large plaza to arrive before the tallest, most gorgeous building.

"Please follow me." Though unwilling, the captain still treated Qi Aoshuang respectfully, leading her up a long path of stairs.

At the top, past a large gateway, they arrived before a large shrine. In the middle of the shrine stood armed merman. Two mermaids sat atop a luxurious throne. One was tall, robust, with a long, black tail trailing on the ground, his expression lofty, wearing a dazzling, golden crown. Clearly, this was the king. Beside him was a gentle beauty who was wrapped in soft seagrass. She had a long silver tail, wearing a small and exquisite golden crown. This was the queen.

“Your majesty, the human has arrived.” The captain bowed respectfully, then withdrew to the side.

All eyes landed on Qi Aoshuang.

“Are you the human who saved my people?” The mermaid king watched Qi Aoshuang from above, aloof. He was also fluent in the human language.

“You must know what I want.” Qi Aoshuang did not feel like beating around the bush with the arrogant mermaids.

The mermaid king frowned with displeasure. This rude human did not even bow when they met him. Now, the human even ignored his question and was asking for upfront payment.

Everyone stirred at Qi Aoshuang’s words. A few mermaids who understood the human language translated for the others. Everyone watched Qi Aoshuang disapproving gazes. The moment the king said the word, they would immediately expel Qi Aoshuang from the city.

“I cannot give you what you want. It is a special treasure. You should choose something else.” The mermaid king clapped. A few mermaids carried out multiple trunks with exhaustion. At the mermaid king’s signal, the mermaids opened the trunks. Dazzling light shot out, glimmering in all colors of the rainbow. It was clear they were priceless treasures.”

“Human, you can take all of these. This is the thank you gift for saving our people.” The queen smiled as she indicated for the mermaids to carry the trunks over to Qi Aoshuang. The trunks were not filled with simply silver or gold, but was each worth half a country. The king and queen exchanged a glance, certain. They doubted the human would not be moved by these treasures.

But who knew that the next moment, Qi Aoshuang would smash the trunks to pieces with a wave of her hand. The treasures inside spilled out. Qi Aoshuang did not even bat an eye at the priceless treasures, frowning even more deeply instead. “Did you not hear what I said?” Their insufferable domineering attitude had driven Qi Aoshuang’s patience over the edge. Her plan had been to take it by force if necessary, which had not

changed. Now that their attitude was so insufferable, Qi Aoshuang had even less qualms.

"You dare!" The king's expression finally changed. He immediately slapped the chair arm of the throne, angrily staring at Qi Aoshuang.

All the mermaids in the shrine aimed their tridents at Qi Aoshuang. The moment their king gave the order, they would turn this arrogant human into a porcupine!

Seeing their positions, Qi Aoshuang laughed coldly. "Is this the true nature of the mermaids? To treat their benefactors as enemies?"

"You saved our mermaids, but you were just another human who wanted something from us!" The queen's beautiful face was also angry.

"Regardless, I still saved your brethren and safely returned them. Otherwise they would still be having their tails cut off to be replaced with legs, their eyes plucked out for pearls, and their corpses turned into wax. I am your benefactor, this is unquestionable," Qi Aoshuang declared coldly.

"You!" The queen shook angrily. She had never met such a shameless human! Actually saying such shameless things so righteously! But thinking of how cruelly they had been treated, she trembled.

The armed mermaids all glared at Qi Aoshuang, gnashing their teeths, as if Qi Aoshuang was the one who had mistreated the mermaids.

"You merfolk sure are ridiculous. Look at your expressions, as if I mistreated your brethren, when I was in fact the one who saved them." Qi Aoshuang laughed coldly, seeing their fiery gazes. Her voice was full of derision. The mermaid king's eyes filled with loathing.

It was the first time a human dared to look down on him this way. His mood was evident. It was the day the proud mermaid race was being looked down upon by a human.

The mermaid king was still a king though. Gradually, he cooled down. He motioned for the armed mermaids to lower their weapons. No matter what the intentions of this human was, the human had still saved their fellow mermaids.

“Cough, cough...” the mermaid king coughed to cover up the awkward atmosphere. “Benefactor, we are very grateful you have saved our brethren. Please our impulsive rudeness. However, we cannot give you what you have asked for. Please request something else.”

“I already said, I came for only one thing. I don’t need anything else.” Qi Aoshuang eyed the mermaid king coldly. There was no indication of backing down.

“You! Don’t be unreasonable! Where do you think you are? This is our mermaid kingdom. You very feet rests on our territory!” The queen stood up angrily. That a mere human would dare to continue disobey their authority. “Grab him! Send him away with some jewels and treasure!”

The mermaid king watched on with narrowed eyes, tacitly agreeing with the queen’s order. The human youth had been too ruthless, continuously crushing their pride, his pride.

The mermaid soldiers in the shrine had long disliked the human before them. The youth was simply asking for a beating. Giving him riches was already a great gift, but the human continuously provoked them.

The mermaid soldiers gripped their tridents tightly, starting to march forward.

“Humph!” Qi Aoshuang had a completely ice cold expression. With a thought, she raised a terrifying force. The mermaids only heard a boom, as if their heads were about to explode. Then, they started to fly back without their control, landing heavily on to the shrine walls. The entire shrine shook. The next moment, none of the mermaid soldiers could stand up, all lying on the ground. Only Qi Aoshuang stood in the center of the shrine, coldly regarding the king and queen. They shivered at his cold countenance.

The mermaid king stood up abruptly, shocked at the youth. His lips moved, but not a single word came out. The mermaid queen was even more shocked, her beautiful eyes filled with terror. She did not think that the delicate looking youth would actually have such power.

“I’ll only repeat myself once. I want the God Feather.” Qi Aoshuang’s

eyes were now piercingly chilling. An indescribable incorporeal power shone out.

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The entire shrine trembled violently. The king started to pale. It wasn't an illusion, the shrine was actually shaking. The queen gripped her armrest, face paling, watching the human incredulously. She never imagined that the youth would have such terrifying strength. She finally realized that even if the youth had not saved their brethren, the youth still had the power to forcibly take what he wanted anyways.

"Benefactor, please stay your hand," the mermaid king said hastily. He finally understood their true circumstances.

Qi Aoshuang's expression remained icy. The mermaid king still had not said he would hand over the God Feather.

"Benefactor, please stop. It is not that we do not want to hand over the God Feather, but that it is currently not in our possession. A few years ago, it was stolen." The mermaid king finally could do nothing but reveal the truth.

What? Qi Aoshuang was shocked. She finally stopped the tremors, eyeing the king coldly as she said, "Who stole it?" Qi Aoshuang finally realized why the mermaid king had not been willing to hand it over. This was the mermaid race's so called pride?

"Who stole it?" Qi Aoshuang coldly regarded the unsightly king.

The mermaid king hesitated, gritting his teeth. Well, he had already lost face anyways.

"It was another human." The king's expression grew more unsightly. "Named Xue Longfei." He would remember this name even after he died. It was this insolent who had stolen away the relic piece, but he hated this human for something else.

"All of you, leave." The queen motioned for the poor mermaid soldiers to withdraw.

The mermaid soldiers all watched Qi Aoshuang with trepidation as they silently withdrew. In the blink of an eye, only the king, queen, and Qi

Aoshuang were left in the shrine.

"Speak. What happened?" Seeing the king's clenched teeth, she knew the situation was not simply just that. The relic weapon was stolen by a human?

"Actually, we are fully aware of the spiritual relic weapon. Unless they are combined, the parts are mere ornaments. We are also sure that the weapon would never be assembled, so we gave the golden tiara to our daughter." The mermaid's king now filled with anger. For a moment, he did not speak.

The queen sighed. "I should tell it instead. One day, our daughter recklessly decided to swim in the open ocean with the tiara, then met a human. That human was Xue Longfei. He took away our daughter along with the golden tiara!"

"The person stole away your daughter? Did he fall for her good looks?" Qi Aoshuang questioned.

The king and queen suddenly flushed with embarrassment. After a long time, the two said weakly, "That unfilial daughter, she abandoned us, abandoned our entire race to follow that man! We won't acknowledge such an unfilial daughter."

Qi Aoshuang immediately understood. The human man must have been too charming, that even the mermaid princess could not resist his charms, so she willingly left with the man. It was a cruel joke.

"Who is Xue Longfei?" Qi Aoshuang raised a brow.

"One of Swerther's city lords. Vile, nasty, ugly man. He goes around collecting beautiful women. His city is at an island. The surrounding eighteen islands are all under his jurisdiction." The queen fumed with anger.

Qi Aoshuang knew that the queen's words were not totally true. If Xue Longfei really fit the queen's description, would the mermaid princess really fall for him and follow him?

Now that she knew where the relic piece was, there was no need to stay

here. Once they found the princess, they would find the relic piece.

"What does your daughter look like?" Qi Aoshuang asked faintly. "And where is the city?"

"Her portrait is inside here." The queen took off a necklace from her neck and walked over to Qi Aoshuang from the throne to show her. "The city is called the City of Unruly. East of here is an archipelago. You will know once you ask."

Qi Aoshuang looked and saw a smiling, devastatingly beautiful woman. She wore a small, exquisite tiara. This must be the relic piece. Though the painting was underwater, it remained clear, evidently enchanted with magic.

To phrase it differently, the mermaid princess had eloped, leaving with the relic piece, not actually stolen away. This was why the king and queen's attitude was so strange.

"Mm, got it." Qi Aoshuang handed the pendent back to the queen, but the queen stopped her. "Benefactor, if you find this unfilial daughter, please give this pendant to her, tell her we have no more relations."

Qi Aoshuang looked down at the pendant, then looked at the queen. Her eyes were filled with deep grief. Suddenly, Qi Aoshuang was reminded of Katherine's final moment, her gently, tenderly smile. She gripped the pendant, then said coldly, "If that is the case, why don't I kill this unfilial daughter for you?"

Qi Aoshuang turned, about to propel the aquafission beast forward.

"Wait!" The queen said frantically.

"What is it?" Qi Aoshuang stopped, but did not turn around. She continued to say coldly, "Does your highness want me to bring back her corpse? That's too much of a hassle. You should send people over at the time, I will throw her into the sea for you."

"No..." the queen cried out.

Qi Aoshuang sighed in her heart. Motherly love... Mothers were always

worried.

“No, don’t hurt her.” The queen raced over, face full of worry and grief.

“Don’t worry, I will bring her back to you save and sound, and am delighted to do so.” Qi Aoshuang said faintly, then left on the aquafission beast. Xue Longfei, what kind of person was he? Even a stately mermaid princess fell in love with him at first sight, then abandoned her parents and clan to live with him on land.

The queen watched Qi Aoshuang’s leaving figure blankly, vacant for a long time. For some reason, she believed Qi Aoshuang’s words. A thought surfaced: this human would definitely bring back her daughter!

Qi Aoshuang left the mermaid kingdom unimpeded. Once everyone saw Qi Aoshuang appear at the entrance, they all let out a sigh of relief.

“Aoshuang, what happened? Did you get the relic piece?” Qiao Chuxin asked quickly.

Qi Aoshuang let out a sigh. She turned to Dong Fenghou. “Let’s talk after entering Moomoo cow.”

Dong Fenghou instructed Moomoo cow to swallow them all again. After entering, everyone dismounted from their aquafission beast. Dong Fenghou sent back the aquafission beasts and trumpet beasts. Everyone watched Qi Aoshuang expectantly, waiting for her response.

“They did not have the relic piece. The mermaid princess has it, but she eloped with a human.” Qi Aoshuang spoke calmly. She showed everyone the pendant. “This is the mermaid princess. We just need to find her to find the relic piece.”

Eloped?!

Everyone was shocked, then looked at each other in dismay.

What kind of person would the mermaid princess elope with?

“The person she eloped with is called Xue Longfei. The mermaid queen said he is one of Swerther’s city lords, his city located on an island. Let’s go, we need to find him,” Qi Aoshuang said faintly.

“Xue Longfei?” Leng Lingyun frowned. Though the Temple of Light did not have much influence in Swerther, Leng Lingyun still knew one or two things about this country.

“Do you know this person?” Feng Yixuan asked.

“Mm. I’ve heard of him.” Leng Lingyun spoke in a low voice. “This person…” Leng Lingyun frowned. Looking at the pendant that Xi Shaoqi was currently holding, he frowned.

“What is it?” Qi Aoshuang said.

“This person is versed in both pen and sword. He is very popular in Swerther. His City of Unruly is thriving under his administration. It is said that…” Leng Lingyun paused hesitantly. “It is said that he is extremely handsome and powerful, but he is a typical playboy. He has a large number of concuncubines and there are still countless women after him.” This description was very different from the queen’s. It seemed the mermaid queen hated humans so much, she deliberately defamed him.

“Ah, young master Leng, since when did you engage in gossip? Why do you know this so clearly?” Xi Shaoqi asked jokingly. It was very strange that Leng Lingyun knew this.

“These were written in the Temple of Light records.” Leng Lingyun’s expression changed. That the Temple of Light had bothered to record so extensively on one person showed how much power and influence he must have in Swerther.

Everyone’s expressions also changed at these words. They all assumed pensive looks.

A playboy? Even a grand mermaid princess was swayed into leaving, so he was definitely not simple. Xi Shaoqi passed back the pendant to Qi Aoshuang. “This person is definitely no ordinary man. We want to keep the situation as minimal as possible. If our identities are revealed, the Black Lightning will be after us.

Qi Aoshuang frowned. Exactly how powerful was the organization?

“Just go to the East, Dong Fenghou,” Qi Aoshuang instructed.

“Yes,” Dong Fenghou responded, then told Moomoo cow.

Xue Longfei... Qi Aoshuang’s gaze darkened. What kind of person was he?

Chapter 194: [No Title]

Unruly island, moderate sunny weather.

The pier was bustling with activity.

It was another beautiful morning for the City of Unruly.

“Why is it me?” Dong Fenghou’s beautiful face looked wronged. He was currently a peerless beauty. The effects of the gender changing potion had worn off, so everyone was waiting inside an inn for them to bring news back.

Currently, Qi Aoshuang and Dong Fenghou were quietly sitting in front of a fountain in the plaza. Like everyone else, they were feeding the seagulls pieces of bread. Because the effects of the gender changing potion had worn off, Qi Aoshuang was currently wearing a golden wig. Without Cliff’s magic to change their appearances, this was the best they could do.

“Because you are the prettiest,” Qi Aoshuang responded.

“I would rather not be pretty,” Dong Fenghou scowled. Why was he acting as the honey trap again?! He was fundamentally a genuine male! Making him disguise himself as a woman and wait here to attract Xue Longfei, why, why!??!!

“Wait here. In a moment, Xue Longfei will pass by.” Qi Aoshuang stood up, patting her clothes. “You just need to infiltrate and figure out where the mermaid princess is.”

Qi Aoshuang already had a very bad impression of Xue Longfei. Last night, she planned on asking where the mermaid princess was at the city manor, but was shocked speechless by the giant harem. The courtyards were all decorated the exact same, so finding the princess would be a huge task. Damn Xue Longfei giving every concubine an entire courtyard. It was said that Xue Longfei’s harem was completely harmonious. If Dong Fenghou infiltrated and asked, it should be easy.

Seeing Qi Aoshuang about to leave, Dong Fenghou hastily stood up. “What if he does something to me? What should I do?”

“Don’t worry, Xue Longfei has never forced himself onto women,” Qi Aoshuang said casually, about to leave.

Dong Fenghou watched Qi Aoshuang’s leaving figure with puppy eyes, feeling very tortured.

Qi Aoshuang turned, about to leave, but then a figure flashed in front of her, blocking her path. How quick! Qi Aoshuang was shocked by their speed.

“Pretty girl, could I have the honor of having a cup of tea with you?” A gentle voice said.

Qi Aoshuang looked up to see who it was. Her eyes flashed with shock. What a universally shocking face. His eyes were like stars, his golden hair supple, his lips luscious and wet. Such a beautiful appearance belonged to a man, what a pity. Seeing his luxurious clothes and exceptional face, along with his casual pick up line, Qi Aoshuang immediately understood who it was.

He was the lord of the City of Unruly... Xue Longfei!

However, he was not talking to Dong Fenghou, but to Qi Aoshuang.

Seeing the man’s smile was like being bathed in spring wind. Qi Aoshuang could not help but admit that the man was worthy. He was extremely attractive. Perhaps the mermaid princess had been entranced by his smile alone.

Qi Aoshuang did not respond, but Xue Longfei smiled and said something that shocked her. “Weren’t you waiting for me this whole time? Why aren’t you saying anything right now?”

Qi Aoshuang’s heart sunk. She recoiled a few steps back, eyeing the smiling Xue Longfei coldly. She had underestimated him!

“Claire Hill. This is our first meeting. I have been looking forward to meeting you for a long time. Let me introduce myself. I am Xue Longfei.” Xue Longfei watched the girl intensely. This was the girl the Temple of Light was trying to kill no matter the cost?

Qi Aoshuang's eyes darkened. He already knew her identity?!

Xue Longfei laughed calmly. "You must be curious how I knew who you are. Haha, your friends in the inn must already be confronting people of the Temple of Light and Black Lightning. Only our fight has yet to start." His eyes flashed with a sliver of glee. Claire Hill. Originally, he had no interest in her, but after she battled with the Temple, he took notice of her. The girl who originally chased after men was now a genius that others chased, the star of Amparkland, even a Priest of the Temple of Light. However, she later defeated the Temple's Pope and twelve archbishops. Her strength remained on the back of his mind ever since. He wanted to have a fight with her.

Qi Aoshuang glanced to see Dong Fenghou was currently being chased away by a girl like a mouse running from a cat. What was going on? Wasn't Dong Fenghou a skilled summoner? Why was he having such difficulty?

"That girl is a summoner's natural enemy. He is unable to summon any magic beasts." Xue Longfei's indifferent explanation dispelled her doubts.

Tch!

She clicked her tongue with annoyance, regarding the man coldly. Xue Longfei had been prepared from the start. He was indeed unordinary!

Currently, the commoners had already disappeared from the plaza. They all left, but were not far away. Many people watched from high buildings. Many more were surrounding the plaza to spectate.

"City Lord is unparalleled!"

"Go, City Lord!"

"City Lord is the best!"

Suddenly, the plaza began to bustle with noise. Cheers came from the left and right.

Xue Longfei squinted and raised a hand in response, as if this was a familiar situation. This guy was not only a playboy, he was narcissist. And

from the commoners' response, it seemed it was very common for Xue Longfei to duel, and he enjoyed them watching him win to boost his ego. Their love and respect for their city lord was even more evident.

"Come, Claire Hill. Let me see if you are strong as the rumors say," Xue Longfei said in a low voice. His smile instantly vanished as he started to emit an indescribably terrifying pressure. Slowly, he raised his hand. A golden sword materialized. He stood there silently. Qi Aoshuang raised a brow at his imposing manner.

Xue Longfei! A master! As expected of Swerther's pride! Merely twenty seven years old, yet already so powerful and achieved.

She narrowed her eyes, smiling coldly. The Azure Ripple blade materialized silently in her hand.

Seeing the Azure Ripple blade, Xue Longfei raised a brow. What a good sword!

Sea gusts blew, tousling their hair. Their clothes flapped in the wind. The two's gazes suddenly intensified. An incorporeal power started to burst forth.

The seagulls that had been eating scraps suddenly all started to fly away, leaving a whirl of white feathers that floated around the two.

In that instant, the fight could have gone either way.

Qi Aoshuang and Xue Longfei eyed each other coldly.

The two both controlled their strength so that their terrifying auras would not affect the nearby commoners. Xue Longfei's eyes gleamed imperceptibly. His theory strengthened.

"City Lord is unmatched under the sky!"

"Ah... City Lord..."

It was the shriek of fan girls. The City Lord was invincible in their hearts. Nothing was infeasible for their City Lord.

Cheers...

It was as if time stopped. Suddenly, the two lept back at the same time, their swords glinting so brightly that it was hard to see.

Two destructive figures clashed in the air.

A loud explosion.

The entire plaza seemed to shake. No! The entire island seemed to shake.

The spectators covered their ears, the deafening sound ringing in their ears. The trembling land struck fear in their hearts.

In the air, the deadly figures separated. The two landed in their original positions.

Qi Aoshuang watched the man coldly. Xue Longfei eyed the girl without change in expression.

Evenly matched?!

The spectators watched with wide eyes, deathly silent.

This girl was evenly matched with their City Lord?! Everyone exchanged glances, their eyes filled with disbelief. How could that be?

The next moment, the loftily standing girl's golden wig flew to the ground, revealing her luscious black hair. There were evident traces of slashes in the wig.

Clamor...

Suddenly, there were deafening cheers.

"City Lord!"

"City Lord!"

"Invincible!"

The commoners' cheering enveloped the entire plaza.

However, the next moment, Xue Longfei coughed up blood, then started to sway, about to collapse. He struck his sword into the ground to steady himself.

The deafening cheers trailed to a stop.

The plaza was now silent, fearful. Everyone could not believe that their unparalleled City Lord could be reduced to such a state. The City Lord lost?! Their eternally invincible City Lord lost! To that girl?! Everyone's eyes were on the black haired girl.

A gust of wind gently blew, her hair fluttering in the wind. Her refined face was icy and aloof. She merely stood there silently, but everyone felt a terrifying pressure.

"You are strong, but not enough." Qi Aoshuang's ice cold voice spoke quietly. However, to all the spectators, it was nightmarish.

"You are indeed strong." Xue Longfei wiped away the blood on his mouth.

"Life or death?" Qi Aoshuang coldly regarded the man. His expression had not changed.

"Of course life." Unexpectedly, Xue Longfei revealed a toothy grin. With a snap of his fingers, the girl who had been chasing Dong Fenghou stopped and obediently ran over to Xue Longfei. "Life is so beautiful. How could I die before experiencing everything?"

Qi Aoshuang frowned seeing his brilliant smile. Suddenly, she was suspicious. What exactly was this fellow planning?

Chapter 195: [No Title]

“Alright, everyone disperse! Get back to business!” Xue Longfei ordered the spectators. They all glared at Qi Aoshuang, but still dispersed.

Dong Fenghou hurriedly ran over to Qi Aoshuang as if his butt was on fire. “Aoshuang, I-I’m going back to the inn. Chuxin, Chuxin is still there.” Dong Fenghou had overheard Xue Longfei say that the Temple of Light and Black Lightning already had the inn surrounded.

“Let’s go.” Qi Aoshuang nodded, frowning. Her gaze had not shifted from Xue Longfei, who was still smiling brightly, evidently cautious.

Dong Fenghou madly hastened to the inn. No one stopped them, which made Qi Aoshuang even more suspicious of Xue Longfei.

“Why did you approach me?” Xue Longfei walked over casually, motioning for the girl beside him to leave.

Qi Aoshuang watched him carefully, but did not sense any malice.

“I don’t care about your relationship with those religious fools. I only wanted to have a fight with you. The results are already out. You are stronger than me,” he said plainly as he sheathed his sword.

“The mermaid princess.” Qi Aoshuang also sheathed her sword, coldly announcing her objective. One thing was certain: Xue Longfei would not act based on common sense. She was a little surprised at his free spirit, even a little envious.

“Ah? You’re looking for Qian-er*?” Xue Longfei stroked his chin thoughtfully, then said coldly. “Did you fall for her good looks? Are you into women?”

*adding -er to the end of a first name is a form of endearment, like a cute nickname

Qi Aoshuang’s expression turned frosty, Azure Ripple blade already in hand.

“I was joking!” Xue Longfei took a few steps back, his hands raised in

surrender. “Don’t be hasty, I was just joking.”

“Humph!” Qi Aoshung humphed coldly, retracting the Azure Ripple blade.

“But why are you looking for Qian-er?” Xue Longfei still did not understand.

“We are after her tiara, and want to bring her back to her parents’ side.” As Qi Aoshuang finished speaking, she could already see that Xue Longfei’s expression was different from usual.

“Oi, don’t look at me that way. I didn’t kidnap her, she stubbornly wanted to follow no matter what.” Xue Longfei seemed somewhat unsatisfied. He did a hair flip, then sighed, “It was just my luck that I was born with such good looks.”

Qi Aoshuang immediately felt a burst of disdain, but didn’t say a word. She only eyed him coldly.

“First, you should go help your friends. We’ll meet at the easter pier. My boat is there. I will bring you what you want and tell Qian-er to return to her clan.” Xue Longfei shrugged.

Qi Aoshuang frowned, watching Xue Longfei skeptically. What exactly was he planning?

“Let’s go. Your friends must be amidst a difficult battle currently,” Xue Longfei advised.

“How strong are the people they are fighting compared to you?” Qi Aoshuang gave no indication of leaving.

“Of course weaker than me. As the strongest one, I was reserved to fight you.” Xue Longfei raised a brow playfully.

“Oh, then it’s nothing. I’ll just wait here for them.” Qi Aoshuang walked over to the fountain and sat down calmly.

“What?!” Xue Longfei’s eyes widened, watching the expressionless Qi Aoshuang. Did she not care about her companions? Or did she have confidence in them? It seemed to be the latter. He couldn’t help but doubt.

Were her friends really that strong?

Qi Aoshuang did not say a word, continuing to sit calmly.

“Hm? What are you up to?” Xue Longfei sat down right next to her, chatting naturally. “I don’t like those religious hypocrites who spew lies all day either. Originally, they had a branch here, but I secretly eliminated them. They have told me to watch out for the perpetrator ever since, what a joke. Why would I hand myself over?” Xue Longfei chatted freely without any precautions.

“Destroy the Temple,” Qi Aoshuang answered simply. She looked up at the sky, calculating when they would wrap up at the inn. She secretly sighed in her heart. Xue Longfei was truly unruly beyond belief. The City of Unruly, what a name that befitted him.

“Oh, really? Haha, good idea.” Xue Longfei raised a brow excitedly. Then he frowned. “But right now you’re being chased down by the Temple. How can you destroy it?”

Qi Aoshuang regarded him coldly. “Do you think your phrasing is correct?”

“Oh, haha. It’s more like the Temple is eating your dust.” Xue Longfei laughed, correcting his mistake.

Qi Aoshuang frowned. “Why did you decide to help me? Were you not assisting the Temple?” Qi Aoshuang did not care for the Temple of Light, but the goddess of Light was another story. The goddess’s terrifying strength remained fresh in her memory. Therefore, though she did not care for the Temple itself, it was best not to face them directly.

Xue Longfei smoothed back his hair, adopting a relaxed posture. “No reason. I do what I want.”

Qi Aoshuang was silent. His words and posture fit his personality perfectly.

“Oh right, Claire...” Xue Longfei started to say, looking at her black hair.

Qi Aoshuang broke him off. “Call me Qi Aoshuang. The name Claire

died with someone else."

"Oh, Qi Aoshuang, is there a person of the Feng merchant clan among your comrades?" Xue Longfei changed to a different topic. He had noticed the nearly imperceptible trace of grief in Qi Aoshuang's eyes. The person she spoke of was probably her mother. Naturally, he did not believe the girl before him would cruelly kill her own mother. It must have been another "good deed" of the religious hypocrites.

Hmm? She was aware the Feng Trade Union was renown throughout the entire Ceylon continent, but did not understand why he would suddenly ask such a question.

Suddenly, there came the sound of thundering footsteps.

"Yes, the one with red hair. He is the Feng clan's Feng Yixuan, the son of the president of the Feng Trade Union." Qi Aoshuang indicated at the hurriedly running Feng Yixuan.

Feng Yixuan and Leng Lingyun arrived followed closely by the Xi brothers along with Qiao Chuxin and Dong Fenghou.

Once they saw Qi Aoshuang and the gorgeously dressed man was sitting together peacefully, they were all shocked. Dong Fenghou's chin was about to dislocate. Before he had left, Qi Aoshuang was still coldly affront him, sparks flying. How were they now harmonious?

"Oh? You must be from the Feng clan, one of the people wanted by the Temple of Light and empire of Amparkland." Xue Longfei watching Feng Yixuan with a whimsical.

Feng Yixuan's expression changed, about to flare up.

But Xue Longfei said something that struck him heavily. "For you, the Temple of Light and empire of Amparkland has put the Feng clan under heavy pressure. Are you not going to return?"

Everyone froze at his words.

Feng Yixuan was dumbstruck, staring at Xue Longfei blankly, but Xue Longfei's gaze was firm. He appeared entirely truthful.

“Something happened to the Feng clan?” Qi Aoshuang stood up promptly. Though he was smiling whimsically, his eyes were serious.

“If I can figure out your identity, you think others can’t? The ones you have faced on your journey are greenhorns.” Xue Longfei shrugged heedlessly. “The Temple of Light must be gathering talents who rival your strength besides I to kill you. You should take care of yourselves.”

“What exactly happened to the Feng clan?” Qi Aoshuang’s heart sunk. An Lisha’s bright smile appeared in her mind’s eye. To Qi Aoshuang, she was already a special existence. Though she appeared fiery, she was tender on the inside. At the time, it was she who had brought Qi Aoshuang to the Feng island and asked the Astral Wind elder to block the lightning strikes. When Qi Aoshuang was at her lowest point, it was she who sheltered her.

Feng Yixuan was currently unusually calm. He said coldly, “What happened to the Feng clan? Please tell me.”

Xue Longfei’s expression shifted slightly. Though the aura of the red haired youth before him was like that of a calm lake, he sensed an indescribable pressure. The pressure was even more dreadful compared to Qi Aoshuang’s. A terrifying thought flashed in his mind. This youth was even stronger than Qi Aoshuang?! Was this why Qi Aoshuang confidently sat down, calmly waiting for them?

“Please tell me.” Feng Yixuan’s voice was clear cut, tranquil, yet spine chilling.

“The Feng clan is currently being pressured. Many branches have been suppressed, and Amparkland keeps on provoking Lagark,” Xue Longfei said grimly. “I suggest you return.” Though he had already sensed Feng Yixuan’s power, he still advised him.

Feng Yixuan’s eyes were already filled with hellfire.

Chapter 196: [No Title]

“Did you finish off the men the Temple and Black Lightning sent?” Xue Longfei looked behind them. Without waiting for anyone’s response, Xue Longfei snapped his fingers. Instantly, fully armored guards appeared in the plaza.

“Do you have any orders, sire?” Evidently, this guard was trained well, his aura reserved, his posture steady.

“Go and see if any of the Temple of Light or Black Lightning organization survived,” Xue Longfei ordered indifferently. “If there are, finish them off. Take care of the bodies.”

“Yes, sir.” The guards left the plaza, not even blinking at the command.

Xue Longfei beckoned at the girl who had just been chasing Dong Fenghou. She walked over obediently.

“Go. Tell Qian-er to give me her tiara. Send it to the boat docked at the Eastern pier.” Xue Longfei spoke softly, yet in a manner that could not be questioned.

“Yes.” The girl nodded, turned, and left speedily. Dong Fenghou watched the girl leave with lingering fears. He was bewildered. Under the girl’s attack, he was unable to focus enough spiritual power to summon magic beasts. The moment he made a spiritual connection, it would be interrupted. Who exactly was she?

“Go. This is not a good place to talk.” Xue Longfei stood up and led them away.

Qi Aoshuang followed without hesitation. Everyone else followed suit. Feng Yixuan was quiet, not saying a word.

He led them to eastern part of the city until they reached the pier. When the bustling people saw Xue Longfei, they all prepared to bow, but Xue Longfei only waved offhandedly. They immediately stopped and continued with what they were doing. Qi Aoshuang was shocked. The loyalty these commoners had towards Xue Longfei was abnormal. Who exactly was Xue

Longfei?!

Naturally, the most luxurious boat docked there was Xue Longfei's. The moment they saw how elaborately designed it was, they knew. Xue Longfei led them without any change in expression. After entering the boat, everyone sat down. Currently, no one was in the mood to admire the boat's beauty.

"Feng Yixuan, the son of the president of the Feng Trade Union," Xue Longfei said after sitting down, pointing at Feng Yixuan. He paused, then looked at Leng Lingyun. "You, the Divine Prince tricked by the witch, Leng Lingyun."

Everyone frowned, but did not say anything, all waiting for Xue Longfei to finish speaking.

"And you, the archer who follows Claire, Qiao Chuxin." His gaze shifted to Qiao Chuxin. Then he looked at Dong Fenghou. "The summoner who follows Claire."

Qi Aoshuang's expression darkened. Xue Longfei knew everything.

"And you two are the twin Dark magicians." Xue Longfei continued, looking at Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi.

"What are you trying to say?" Xi Shaoqi said unhappily.

"What do you think? Your disguises can trick normal people, but do you think it can trick the Temple of Light or Black Lightning? Do you really believe you could disappear into a crowd?" Xue Longfei laughed profoundly. "Do you think you look so ordinary?"

Everyone was silent, their expression unsightly.

After a long time, Qi Aoshuang let out a sigh. She slowly closed her eyes. She then opened her eyes, her gaze serious.

"Xi Shaoqi, Xi Shaosi. Return to Yowusali and help Long Sasi. Now." Qi Aoshuang had an unopposable aura.

Xi Shaoqi and Xi Shaosi shared a glance, their expressions also serious. They stood up, looking at Qi Aoshuang intensely. "Divine Princess, if it is

your command, we will set out immediately."

"I command you. Be careful on your way back." Qi Aoshuang gave a slight nod.

"Ah, I'll send men to send you out this ocean area and send back Qian-er at the same time," Xue Longfei said, pleased with his idea. "The seas here are all under my jurisdiction. No one dares to challenge me here."

Qi Aoshuang gave him a nod. "Thank you."

"Want to thank me?" Xue Longfei sized up Qi Aoshuang pervertedly. "If you thank me wholeheartedly in five years time, I definitely won't refuse."

Sensing their change in expression, he said hastily, "I was just joking, joking." The cold gazes told him that his joke was not funny at all!

"Yixuan..." Suddenly, Qi Aoshuang turned to Feng Yixuan who had been silent. It was the first time Qi Aoshuang called him by his first name.

Feng Yixuan looked up and was met with Qi Aoshuang's pitch black eyes.

The two locked gazes, not saying a word, but understood each other.

Just as Qi Aoshuang was about to speak, Feng Yixuan said, "Aoshuang, I understand."

"Mm. First return. Don't let Aunt An be hurt." Qi Aoshuang's heart settled down.

"You must return to Yowusali safely." Feng Yixuan looked at Qi Aoshuang deeply.

"I will." Qi Aoshuang revealed a smile, nodding.

Leng Lingyun's eyes flashed with loneliness, but it quickly disappeared.

"Chuxin, Dong Fenghou, we will separate here." Qi Aoshuang faced them.

"Why? No, we just met up a short moment ago. I don't want to leave you!" Qiao Chuxin stood up emotionally.

Dong Fenghou pulled on her sleeve. "Chuxin, it will be more dangerous

if we stay together. The chances of being exposed will be higher. It is better if we split up to find what we're looking for." Because Xue Longfei was present, Dong Fenghou did not specify what they were looking for. This, however, piqued his interest. What exactly was Qi Aoshuang looking for?

"Ah?" Only then did Qiao Chuxin understand. She bit her lip, then said with difficulty, "Then... then we'll split up. Dong Fenghou and I will help you find the other stuff."

Qi Aoshuang froze. She had not planned on Qiao Chuxing and Dong Fenghou endangering themselves for her. Originally, she was going to tell them to continue traveling or return to Yowusali where the Temple of Darkness had influence.

On deck, there came the sound of footsteps. Xue Longfei looked up at the noise. "You guys can continue talking. I'll go out first. The tiara must have been sent." Then he left, leaving them alone.

"Chuxin and I will look for the beast clan. I understand their language and likes and dislikes. I will definitely get their artifact." Dong Fenghou had an unusually staunch expression, his tone of voice also difficult to oppose.

"Right, right. Aoshuang, Donghou and I will help you look for the artifact. If we separate, our identities won't be exposed so easily. There are archers everywhere." Qiao Chuxin nodded hurriedly.

"I..." Seeing Dong Fenghou and Qiao Chuxin's staunch expressions, she could not say, I am not worthy you endangering yourselves for me...

"Ok, we'll do what you said. After we find the beast clan, we'll find the dwarves." Qiao Chuxin nodded.

"There are still artifacts in the hands of the goblins*, the fae, and the dragons," Leng Lingyun said in a low voice.

*earth spirits changed to goblins

When he mentioned the dragons, everyone thought of Ben at the same time. That clumsy dragon, has he avenged himself yet?

“I will visit the dragon clan with Leng Lingyun. If we find Ben, it will be much easier,” Qi Aoshuang decided. Ben’s strength was evident. Most importantly, he could fly. This would make it much easier for them to act.

“Good. We’ll do what we planned.” Qiao Chuxin nodded seriously. She gripped Qi Aoshuang’s hand. “Aoshuang, you must be careful.”

Qi Aoshuang’s eyes flashed with complex emotions. She stole the words right out of her mouth.

“You must also be careful.” Qi Aoshuang gripped Qiao Chuxin’s hand in turn.

“Don’t worry, no one will suspect our identity. I will take care of Qiao Chuxin.” Dong Fenghou smiled sheepishly. “Even if we can’t beat them, we can run away.”

“Tch!” Qiao Chuxin rolled her eyes, dissatisfied with his cowardly words.

“Run if you can’t beat them. Chuxin, I hope nothing bad happens to you,” Qi Aoshuang said seriously.

Qiao Chuxin froze, then nodded obediently. “Don’t worry, I won’t be that dumb. I will return alive.”

“Good.” Qi Aoshuang nodded.

With everything decided, the atmosphere in the boat grew heavy. No one knew what to say.

“Everyone, come in.” Xue Longfei’s voice came from outside. The next moment, he came in with a triumphant smile, an exquisite wooden box in hand.

“Cl-I mean, Qi Aoshuang. This is what you wanted.” Xue Longfei handed over the box. “Don’t worry, I am delighted to send Qian-er back to the mermaids.”

Qi Aoshuang opened the box. It was the tiara depicted in the pendant. This was a part of the God Feather? Besides looking ornate, she could not tell what was special about it. It did not even emit magic ripples. Perhaps just like the god of Darkness said, by itself, it had no power. Only together

would they emit grand, terrifying power.

“Thank you,” Qi Aoshuang thanked sincerely. No matter what motives he had when doing all this, he had still helped her.

“If you want to thank me...” Xue Longfei laughed vulgarly. Everyone swiveled to give him an icy stare, stopping him in mid sentence.

“Please give this to the mermaid princess. Tell her her mother misses her.” Qi Aoshuang handed over the pendant the queen had given her. She was not worried anymore whether or not the mermaid princess would return any more. She had handed over the precious tiara just because Xue Longfei told her too. Clearly, she would listen to anything Xue Longfei said.

“Alright, no problem.” Xue Longfei put away the pendant.

And so, everyone departed. Xue Longfei sent men to accompany them on ships. He himself accompanied Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun personally. Before leaving, Feng Yixuan did not say a word, only gazing at Qi Aoshuang intensely. Silent, unspoken words were exchanged.

Chapter 197: [No Title]

Qi Aoshuang stood at the prow of the ship, the wind gently brushing her face. Leng Lingyun stood to the side, silent.

Xue Longfei viewed the wide expanse of oceans, arms crossed. He broke into a candid smile. “If I did not have the City of Unruly holding me back, I would have liked to join you.”

“As long as I stayed with you, exciting things would be sure to happen.” Xue Longfei said his true intentions.

“You’re better off staying here to protect your people. Now that you’ve let me go, the Temple of Light is sure to investigate.” Qi Aoshuang frowned. She was thinking about the innocent Feng clan that had been unfairly implicated.

“The Feng clan trade union has great, widespread influence, allowing it to be suppressed in multiple areas. I am different. My Unruly Island is out in deep waters and centralized. It is not easy to travel their either. For the Temple of Light to suppress me is fundamentally impossible.” Xue Longfei said confidently, then laughed. “I sure am looking forward to the day you topple the Temple of Light, double black girl.” Xue Longfei had also heard of this legend. In the past, he brushed it aside, but now, he was willing to believe in it.

“The day will come.”

“Oh, also, your appearances attract too much attention.” Xue Longfei stroked his chin, looking at Qi Aoshuang, then looking at Leng Lingyun. “Although you both are not as attractive as I, both of you are very noticeable. I do have a way to change your appearances, however.”

Qi Aoshuang cast a sidelong glance. Leng Lingyun and her appearances were indeed trouble, especially Leng Lingyun’s. His silver hair and violet eyes were too distinctive.

“If you eat this fruit, you will look like a commoner, perhaps even look ugly.” Xue Longfei fished out two grey, wrinkled fruits from his robe.

“What is that?” Leng Lingyun frowned upon the two little fruits.

“This is a treasure one of my concubines gave me. I originally had ten, now I have three left.” Xue Longfei gazed at the fruits longingly.

“What did you use it for?” Qi Aoshuang had no qualms and grabbed the fruit.

Xue Longfei eyed the fruits. “Sometimes, I’m handsome to a fault. When I need to do business, somethings I will be forced to change my appearance, Otherwise, I’ll rouse attention everywhere I go.”

Qi Aoshuang had no words.

“If you want to change back, eat these.” Xue Longfei fished out another two wrinkled leaves. “These leaves come from the same plant as the fruits.”

Qi Aoshuang stared at Xue Longfei, unable to find words to say. They were merely strangers who had crossed paths by accident, yet he had given them such a huge favor. Without a doubt, these items were extremely valuable, but Xue Longfei gifted them to them. She found herself somewhat moved, almost.

Qi Aoshuang did not immediately take the leaves. Instead, she looked Xue Longfei into the eye. “Xue Longfei, I will engrave this favor into my memories. If the day comes when you need my assistance, I will help you with all my might.”

“Knowing you, your words alone are enough.” Xue Longfei smiled brightly. He handed the two leaves over. “Eat it now and see.”

Qi Aoshuang handed one of the fruits to Leng Lingyun. He looked at the ugly fruits, then swallowed it in one bite. Under Qi Aoshuang’s incredulous gaze, Leng Lingyun’s appearance was changing rapidly. His alluring, violet eyes gradually faded into grey. His elegant, long silver hair turned brown. His facial features also gradually changed. In an instant, standing before Qi Aoshuang was not Ye Yin anymore. It was a man with beady eyes and brown hair who could not look more ordinary.

“Come, take a look for yourself.” Xue Longfei handed a refined mirror to

Leng Lingyun. Of course the narcissistic Xue Longfei would carry a mirror!

When Leng Lingyun saw himself in the mirror, the person reflected was shocked. The person in the mirror and him were as different as could be.

“Absolutely no one could recognize you.” Xue Longfei said, pleased.

“Chirp chirp!”

“Peep peep!”

Hidden in Leng Lingyun’s cloak, White Emperor and Black Feather crawled out onto Leng Lingyun’s shoulder. Their round, little eyes were filled with shock.

“Haha, and you need to watch over these two little pets carefully. They have already become symbols of your identity.” Xue Longfei stroked his chin, looking at the two strange organisms thoughtfully. “What kind of magic beasts are these? I cannot recognize them. To think that there were magic beasts that I could not recognize, how astounding! It cannot be, how could I not recognize them...” He felt a blow to his confidence.

Qi Aoshuang then swallowed her fruit and felt her features changing. She looked at White Emperor and Black Feather. “Perhaps they do not come from this world. This is not their true appearance either.”

“Ah? Then what exactly are they?” His interest was piqued.

“I do not know,” Qi Aoshuang replied honestly. Although White Emperor and Black Feather had assumed human forms before, Qi Aoshuang still to this day did not know their true identities. She only knew that the god of Darkness and goddess of Light recognized them, so they were definitely unordinary.

“Haha, if anyone could recognize you now, I’d eat my hat!” Xue Longfei was immensely pleased.

A trace of shock flashed through Leng Lingyun’s eyes. He handed over the mirror to Qi Aoshuang. When she took a look, she saw a head of green hair. Her eyes were still large, now a common blue color. Her nose was covered in freckles.

She nodded, pleased. Indeed, no one would be able to recognize her.

A few days later, Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun arrived at a dock near the border. Xue Longfei then departed.

As the sun started to set, Qi Aoshuang watched as the gorgeous vessel left, silent.

“Aoshuang, let’s go,” Leng Lingyun said quietly.”

“Mm.” Qi Aoshuang nodded, and then they left.

Their journey was smooth as expected. No one took notice of Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun now.

And so, the two smoothly passed Yowusali’s border and through the hazy swamp, heading to Dragon Valley.

Dragon Valley was between wide expanses of steep mountains.

It was a forbidden area.

Who knew how many had been able to make it out alive.

Just as they entered the mountain range, Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun sensed an incorporeal pressure.

The next moment, they saw black. A giant figure appeared overhead, throat rumbling, then descended before them.

“Humans, if you want to live, leave immediately. You are in dragon territory,” a thunderous voice said abruptly.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun looked up to see a giant dragon crouched before them, eyeing them disdainfully. He was likely a dragon guarding the entrance.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun exchanged glances.

“We are looking for Ben Berna Alexa Betlabu Etfeid…” Qi Aoshuang started to recite from memory. She had remarkable memory, able to remember Ben’s long family name from that one time he had introduced himself.

“Cease your talking! Lowly human, how could you utter our king’s name

so wantonly." The giant dragon abruptly burst into anger, about to spit out fire.

Qi Aoshuang was elated. She had bet correctly. Ben had been able to clear his name and regain what was rightfully his! Becoming the dragon king! If this was true, then it was too easy. However, this guard was just a little too thick.

"Is the dragon race really this thick? Could any human know the dragon king's name? Tell Ben Claire Hill is here." Qi Aoshuang humphed.

The guarding dragon froze. He looked at the small human, suspicious. The dragons were a proud race and would not give away their names to anyone? But his king's true name had indeed been said by this human. Everyone knew that their king had been framed before, and they all knew some kind of human had saved their king. However, the human was famous for their golden hair and fair appearance. The tiny human did not seem to fit the description.

"Human, are you really Claire Hill? Claire Hills is known for her golden hair and jade eyes." The dragon crouched down to look at her carefully to ascertain he was not wrong. Whether it was her hair or eyes, they all did not match the description.

"I used a secret method to change my appearance," Qi Aoshuang explained. "If you bring us to meet your king, the truth shall be revealed."

"But our king is currently in seclusion, receiving the dragon king inheritance." Although the human seemed different from what their king described, she was able to utter his name. Perhaps she was really Claire Hill in disguise?

Dragon king inheritance?!

Qi Aoshuang understood. After becoming the dragon king, he would receive the dragon god's bestowal and obtain gold power. Only then would he become the true dragon king.

"Thus, we will have to wait." Qi Aoshuang smiled at the guard dragon. "Don't worry, we will leave the dragon valley and wait outside. Once your

king's ceremony ends, please inform him."

"Of course. The moment he leaves seclusion, I will inform him immediately." The dragon nodded hurriedly. If the human before him was truly the king's savior, he could not afford to offend them accidentally.

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Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun took set up camp outside Dragon Valley.

Leng Lingyun pitched tents, while Qi Aoshuang stacked up firewood, preparing their bonfire for the night. Black Feather and White Emperor bounced around Leng Lingyun, waiting expectantly for Leng Lingyung to cook meat for them.

At this moment, a group of people was at the mouth of the ravine. Leading them was a charming, lavishly dressed woman followed by a well dressed young man. The young man had a beautiful sword at his waist, his boots of the highest quality. His clothes were embroidered elegantly, showing his high status. Behind then were armed knights. At the very back was someone dressed completely differently from them, wearing pure white clothes. He maintained a certain distance, not lagging behind, but not following closely either.

“Young master, Dragon Valley is right ahead. We should stop now,” a middle aged man leading the knights said earnestly. He cursed inwardly. This foolish price, persuaded just because of that woman to come to this dangerous place. It was Dragon Valley, a place where even some magic beasts wouldn’t appear. Although they had a disciple of the Hidden Sect following to protect them, if they entered Dragon Valley and actually angered dragons, it would be strange if they weren’t swallowed whole! Their horses were already unsettled at merely the mouth of the ravine. They could only leave two people behind to look after the horses as everyone else continued forward.

“Shut up, useless fool,” the lavishly dressed man angrily chided. He was losing face in front of the beauty because of the old man! The young man was the third prince of Belruk, Banis. He had been completely enamored by the beauty in a chance meeting.

The captain gnashed his teeth bitterly. Useless? Could humans win against dragons? The captain shot a hateful glance at the beautiful woman. It was all because of this bimbo’s fault that they were forced to

follow this brainless prince here. The disciple of the Hidden Sect was only responsible for protecting the prince's safety. At a critical juncture, they would be screwed.

Though the Hidden Sect did not interfere with common life, they were still humans; they still needed to eat. All their money came from a handful of imperial families. As payment, they would dispatch some of their disciples to protect royal family members.

The captain cast a glance at the Hidden Sect disciple. The disciple followed unhurriedly, calm and composed. He had never spoken a word with them. The captain sighed. Hopefully, their prince was wise enough to not continue forward.

"Dear..." the alluring woman turned to speak to prince Banis coquettishly.

"Mm, what is it, Baby?" Banis asked cautiously with a fawning smile.

"The sky is darkening. We should set up camp at the end of the ravine and enter tomorrow, okay?" The woman's charming voice nearly melted prince Banis.

"Alright, no problem. Baby, tomorrow we enter Dragon Valley." Prince Banis gazed at the beauty tenderly.

"Will there be any problems?" the beauty asked sweetly.

"How could that be? These knights are Belruk's greatest knights. We even have a disciple of the Hidden Sect."

"No fair, that disciple is only responsible for your safety," the beauty pouted cutely. Her eyes flashed profoundly with something unclear that disappeared instantly. No one noticed.

"Oh silly you, you are my everything. How could he not protect you," he comforted her. But although he said this, he was also unsettled. The disciple had only exchanged words with him three times. He was very dissatisfied with the disciple's attitude. The way he always seemed to be looking down on him always made him feel prickled.

“Dear, you’re the best.” The alluring woman clung onto Banis’s shoulder, her large chest rubbing against him. Instantly, Banis was elated. Watching from behind them, the captain was indignant. He had been watching everything that had happened calmly. A cold laugh surfaced in his heart.

Once they reached the end of the ravine, night had already descended.

“Huh? There’s light.” Banis frowned, seeing a flickering bonfire in the distance.

“Someone’s there.” The alluring woman was shocked. Someone was actually camping there?!

“Let’s go and see.” Banis started to walk over, wanting to impress the woman with his manliness.

The captain, on the other hand, frowned. Anyone who could set up camp here could be no ordinary person. He prayed the brainless prince wouldn’t cause more trouble.

Once the group got close, they froze at the scene.

Two ordinary looking people sat in front of a bonfire. The young man was roasting meat, while the freckled girl was making tea?! Yes, they did not see wrong. The freckled girl was making tea. She had a cheap tea set and was waiting for the water in the kettle to boil over the bonfire. A pair of lovers on a date? Pah! Everyone discarded the thought immediately. How in their right mind would come here for a date? How many people were as dumb as their prince, who had came here just to show off to a girl?

“Dear, who are these two?” The alluring woman assumed a curious appearance. Prince Banis also frowned.

I don’t know either. But of course, Banis could not say these words out loud.

“They should be lost commoners,” Banis said indifferently. He had no interest in the ordinary looking people.

“But the ravine is a straight path,” the woman said coyly.

Prince Banis's face reddened. He shrugged her off. "Who cares what they're doing? We're going over there." He then walked away. The two looked very ordinary, but even though Banis would often forget himself, even he knew that those who could come here were unordinary. It was best not to stir up trouble.

"Oh..." The charming woman pouted her lips, dissatisfied. She followed the prince. Banis then instructed his underlings to set up camp. Meanwhile, he and the woman flirted.

Not far away, the Hidden Sect disciple stood quietly. His gaze lingered on Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun. These two individuals were definitely out of the ordinary.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun had of course sensed the people before they were in view. Currently, they could sense the person's gaze on them. Qi Aoshuang cast a glance, then raised a brow. What a coincidence, it was the person she had met right outside Fenghua city! His name was, uh, Carter? She was only able to remember his name vaguely because it sounded similar to Camille. He was still dressed in white. At the time, Qi Aoshuang had felt it was very familiar, but now she realized that it was the same type of clothes Elder Huo had worn. So he was a disciple of the Hidden Sect. But why was he following these group of idiots? It seemed he was protecting the ostentatiously dressed young man?

"What is it?" Leng Lingyun sensed Qi Aoshuang seemed to be in thought.

"What do you suppose those people came here for?" Qi Aoshuang kept her voice low.

"The lavishly dressed man is a prince of Belruk, Banis. He has poor character. I do not recognize the woman next to him. It's very strange that he is here. It couldn't be that he is here to pick a fight with the dragon race." As the previous Divine Prince, Leng Lingyun had met many royal family members and had an exceptional memory.

"Don't you think that woman is attractive?" Qi Aoshuang suddenly asked.

Leng Lingyun froze. He paused for a moment to look at Qi Aoshuang. After a while, he said, “I... I think you are more attractive than her.”

Qi Aoshuang also froze. She looked at Leng Lingyun blankly for a brief moment before returning to her senses. She said a little embarrassedly, “I wasn’t asking about that. It just seems she used a beautifying potion.”

“Ah?” Only then did Leng Lingyun understanding her intentions. His eyes flashed with a trace of embarrassment upon realization. He cast a glance over at the woman who was currently flirting with prince Banis. His expression changed slightly. If that woman was using a beautifying potion to approach prince Banis, then the reason why they were here would be in large part due to her. If this woman had convinced them to come to Dragon Valley, what was her motive?

“Now do you understand?” Qi Aoshuang lifted off the teapot that hung over the bonfire and poured herself a cup of tea.”

“Indeed.” Leng Lingyun nodded as he rotated the meat over the bonfire to cook it evenly.

As the two pondered, Carter suddenly did something. He started to walk over to Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun.

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Prince Banis and the alluring woman looked over at Carter, not understanding what he was doing. Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun also eyed him as he approached.

“Good evening. Could I borrow a bit of your fire?” Carter’s icy face revealed a trace of a smile.

Prince Banis blinked. Had he seen wrong? The stone-faced man could smile? The knights were even more shocked. It was the first time they had seen this powerful person take the initiative to talk to someone else, especially to strangers! The alluring woman’s eyes also darkened, watching with narrowed eyes.

Qi Aoshuang’s response left Carter stiff.

“No. I’m sorry, there’s not enough room,” Qi Aoshuang responded heedlessly. She took a sip of her cup, not even giving Carter so much as a glance.

“But isn’t there a lot of room?” Carter then did something that shocked prince Banis and the rest even more. He smiled as he plopped down next to Leng Lingyun.

How shameless! Qi Aoshuang was annoyed. She did not want to have any connections to this person. He was definitely difficult to deal with. This was her intuition. She did not want problems to arise.

Carter eyed Qi Aoshuang fixedly. What he said next made Qi Aoshuang shiver. “Young lady, your voice is very similar to a person I know.”

He watched Qi Aoshuang intensely to see her reaction.

But Qi Aoshuang showed no change in expression. “What? I’ve never met someone like you before.” She paused, then said venomously, “It takes a certain level of skill to flatter others.”

Carter’s expression. He examined Qi Aoshuang’s expression more closely, but was not able to discern any clues. He was certain that this ordinary looking girl’s voice was the exact same as the person who had

been seeking to battle, Claire. Claire Hill was like fireworks, falling after displaying her peak splendor. Naturally, he did not believe she had committed matricide in order to ingratiate herself with the Temple. Was this ordinary looking girl the previously shining Claire? He inspected her face with rapt attention, but was disappointed to see no similarities. Her every freckle was so realistic, there was no way she was using some kind of disguise. There was no traces of uses of potions either. It seems he had made a mistake."

"I must have mistakened you for someone else, my mistake." Carter smiled, standing up to bow apologetically, then left.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun did not respond, continuing to make tea and roast meat. Right now, all they needed to do was wait for Ben to come out of his reclusive training.

Prince Banis's party and Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun lodged on each side of the ravine, mutually ignoring the other.

The night passed by peacefully.

As day broke, the sun rays filled the entire ravine. The crisp bird calls could be heard.

Prince Banis left his tent a little gloomily. Just as before, the captivating women did not let him do anything to her.

"Dear..." Prince Banis's hand was pulled tenderly. "Are you still mad? I already said as long as you fulfill this wish of mine, I'll become yours."

Feeling the soft sensation on his elbow, Banis discarded his floomy thoughts. He wrapped his arm around her curvy waist, nodding. "Alright, baby. You promised me."

"Mm, of course, darling," the flirtatious woman responded coyly. Her eyes flashed with loathing, but it disappeared in a wink. Inwardly, she cursed, this disgusting pig. Did he think she was some kind of playing? If he wasn't born a prince, he would be a nobody. She just needed the cretin to attract the dragon race's attention for a moment. Humph. Whether he lived or died did not matter to her, as long as she could get that thing!

“Everyone, get up! Get ready to leave!” Banis coldly commanded.

“Young master, where are we going?” the captain asked, unsettled. Was their idiot prince really that dumb?

“Of course into Dragon Valley,” Banis replied haughtily.

The captain’s mouth dropped, staring at the prince incredulously. Wasn’t that certain death? All just for that woman?

“We’ll just take a look,” Banis urged impatiently. Although he was perverted, he was not a fool. He knew how strong dragons were, but the beauty only wished to witness a dragon, that was all. It couldn’t be that difficult. They would just enter to take a look, then leave immediately.

Just take a look? That simple? A trace of doubt flashed in the captain’s eyes. That bimbo only wanted to take a look? Perhaps it was so.

After waking up and eating, they saw Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun had lazily just come out of their tents.

“Baby, let’s go. You’ll finally be able to meet a dragon. However, we must be careful.” Banis smiled, pulling the alluring beauty’s waist close to him.

“Yes, dear.” The alluring woman smiled charmingly. Banis nearly swooned.

“Carter, you must protect my baby, ok?” Banis turned to face the cold-faced Carter.

Carter’s face remained impassive. “I am only responsible for your safety.” His meaning was clear; he would not protect the woman.

“You!” Prince Banis’s face darkened, about to explode into anger. But the alluring woman pulled him back, smiling. “Dear, you just need to protect me.”

“Mm, baby, I’ll definitely protect you.” Prince Banis nodded repeatedly, infatuated.

The beauty gave him a lovely smile, but inwardly, she was disgusted with the arrogant prince. As her gaze passed by Carter, her eyes flashed venomously. She laughed in her heart. No matter, she had not planned on

relying on them to protect her from the start. They only needed to attract the dragons' attention for a moment, that way she could infiltrate and steal that thing...

Qi Aoshuang watched as they packed up their stuff. As they started to walk to Dragon Valley, she frowned.

"Aoshuang, what do you think?" Leng Lingyun asked softly.

"That brainless prince was persuaded to enter Dragon Valley, but I can't tell what that woman's intentions are." Qi Aoshuang took a bite of bread that Leng Lingyun had handed her. White Emperor and Black Feather were jumping around in the tent. They had been hiding there since last night so that none of Banis's men could see them.

Leng Lingyun crouched down, passing a piece of bread into the flap of the tent so that the two little things would settle down.

"Want to follow them to see what happens?" Leng Lingyun stood up.

"No need to be hasty. Let's first wait and see." Qi Aoshuang watched as their figures disappeared out of the ravine. Carter also followed, clothed in pure white. Qi Aoshuang's eyes lingered on his figure the longest.

"It'll be quite tragic, I imagine." Leng Lingyun responded indifferently.

Qi Aoshuang smiled. "Did I just detect dark humor in the venerable Divine Prince's voice?"

"Really?" Leng Lingyun responded with the exact same tone.

But then something strange happened.

Roar....

There came the sound of an angered dragon from the end of the ravine.

Leng Lingyun followed Qi Aoshuang's suggestion to wait and see. The result was pitiful, as expected.

The entrance of Dragon Valley:

The patrolling dragon angrily roared, the sound reverberating in their ears.

“Damn humans, pay for your idiocy!” the dragon roared. Terrifying dragon breath started to descend upon them.

“Please let me explain, venerable dragon,” Bani started to say, large beads of sweat on his forehead. As his group entered Dragon Valley, they suddenly ran into the dragon just as Qi Aoshuang had and was being berated. He originally thought that after fulfilling the beauty’s request to see the dragon, they could return safely. However, the woman suddenly attacked the dragon with magic. It was only a small fireball, but it hit the dragon’s nostril accurately. It was clearly provocative, hitting a sensitive spot. Then the woman ducked behind him, declaring he had forced her to do so. After successfully angering the dragon, she slipped away. Prince Banis realized he had been completely manipulated, but there was no point in explaining anything now.

“Idiot,” Carter cursed silently. He stepped forward, gripped Banis under one arm, then quickly ran out the mouth of the valley. This all happened in a matter of seconds. The dragon was mighty, but with Carter’s strength, running away was not anything difficult. Unfortunately, the remaining knights took the brunt of the dragon’s anger. Dragon breath blasted. Soon, knights became scorched earth. The surviving knights lost the will to fight, all running towards the mouth of the valley with all their might. No one noticed the alluring woman with her cold grin. She was concealed behind a large true expertly.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun watched as Carter ran out with the previously arrogant prince pinned under his arm, while behind him, knights ran as hard as they could with looks of terror.

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“Stop, you ants!” The dragon roared in pursuit.

Qi Aoshuang narrowed her eyes. As she suspected, the alluring woman was nowhere to be found. Naturally, Leng Lingyun noticed as well. The two shared a glance, understanding what had happened.

The guard flew after them for a while, but returned in the end. Evidently, he had not been able to catch up to Carter.

Once the dragon returned to the ravine, he saw Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun. Currently angry, he was unwilling to acknowledge them. He merely gave a nod.

But Qi Aoshuang spoke. “These people were only here to attract your attention. That woman must have slipped in.”

The dragon froze. He recalled what just happened. Thinking carefully, his expression changed. He immediately flew back.

“Why did that woman go in?” Leng Lingyun frowned, watching as the dragon left.

“It’s hard to say.” Qi Aoshuang also frowned. Using beautifying potion to attract the brainless prince Banis and using his squadron to attract the dragon’s attention to slip in. Naturally, that woman could not directly fight the dragons. What was she trying to do in secret?

It was unrelated to her, but Ben was the current dragon king. She could not just sit still and watch. No matter what that woman was planning, one thing was certain: it definitely would not benefit the dragon race!

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun did not enter Dragon Valley. Warning the guarding dragon was already enough. Because they could not be identified, hastily entering was not necessarily the right choice. The best decision was to wait until Ben came out of seclusion.

Merely two days later, after Ben left seclusion, after hearing the report by his underling, he immediately went to the ravine.

Ben was like a completely new person. The Ben before them had elegant, flowy hair with profound eyes as cold as the night sky. His handsome face emanated a firm, domineering aura. He gave off the air of a king. Two people in grey followed behind him, or more accurately, two dragons in human form.

Once he saw the ordinary two people, he paused for a moment, then asking cautiously, “Claire?”

Qi Aoshuang smiled. Before she could say anything, White Emperor and Black Feather suddenly bounced out, jumping onto Ben’s shoulders.

“Ah! It’s really you!” he exclaimed happily.

Qi Aoshuang nodded. Ben then looked at Leng Lingyun suspiciously. “Then who are you?”

“Leng Lingyun,” he said quietly.

“How come you guys look like that? You’re almost ugly, haha...” Ben was back to his old ways, still that uncultured black dragon. It was just now, he was not a prince anymore, but the dragon king!

Clearly, Ben had not heard what had happened. Of course, living in Dragon Valley, the dragons would not interact with humans, and Ben had been receiving his inheritance, so naturally, he would not know what had happened to Qi Aoshuang.

“We’ll talk about that later. There is another pressing matter at hand. A woman infiltrated Dragon Valley, have you found her? Her motives are unknown.”

“That happened?” Ben frowned, then turned to look at the two people in grey behind him. They had terrified expressions. “Did you find the woman yet?” Ben did not ask if there was a woman who infiltrated, but if they had found the woman or not. He would never doubt Qi Aoshuang’s words. The two people in grey were a little surprised at their king’s faith in the human.

“Your highness, that woman is currently...” one of them started to say apprehensively, then trailed off.

“Just say if you found her!” Ben was already a little angry, his eyes flashing coldly.

“Forgive me, your majesty. We have already hastened the search,” they said fearfully.

“Ben, that woman is no ordinary person. She used a beautifying potion to use a group of people as bait to attract attention, and then slipped in. Think carefully, what could it be that she wants?” Qi Aoshuang could see from Ben’s intense gaze that he was now truly the dragon kind.

Suddenly, Ben had a strange expression on his face. “Summer.”

“Summer?” Qi Aoshuang frowned, but then suddenly said, “The Ai Luo clan! That woman must be from the Ai Luo clan, so she is after dragon teeth!”

“She is a thief.” Ben was currently calm. He ordered the two in grey, “Immediately send people to the Dragon Hollow. Bring that woman to me the moment you find her.”

“Yes, your majesty.” The two in grey immediately turned and left. The Dragon Hollow was the burial ground of the dragons and was not to be disturbed.

“Claire, come to my palace.” Ben revealed a toothy grin, delighted with himself.

Qi Aoshuang nodded. Ben muttered something, transforming back into his true form, then started to fly. Qi Aoshuang smiled, unfurling her golden wings. Leng Lingyun also flew on his own. The two followed Ben from behind.

Entering with Ben, naturally they were not obstructed. When the guarding dragon saw Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun flying behind Ben, he stared blankly, his mouth wide open. Inwardly, he thought to himself, luckily he had not rashly offended the king’s friends.

Qi Aoshuang surveyed the entire valley from her vantage point. The long mountain range was covered with dense forest. Once in a while, she would spot dragons atop mountains. Deep in the mountain range, there was a

lake with dark green waters, a few dragons lounging next to it. Even further in, a grand palace appeared before them. It appeared to be made of pure white, lustrous jade. The palace was much larger than human ones.

“Ben, do you dragons typically live in your dragon forms or in your human forms?” Qi Aoshuang was curious.

“Once a dragon matures, they can assume a human form. Of course, it is their choice which form they choose. However, you must assume your human form to enter the palace.” Ben sighed gloomily. “Although the dragon race is proud and looks down on humans, they can only assume the human form once they mature. To be forced to assume the human form in the palace is a bit ironic.”

“Perhaps, the dragon god deeply wishes for dragons to coexist with humans,” Leng Lingyun uttered in a low voice.

“Indeed.” When they reached the palace, Ben descended, instantly assuming his human form as he did. Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun also descended. Immediately, two beautiful maids appeared.

“Your majesty.”

The two beauties bowed respectfully. Their eyes were filled with unconcealable reverence. To dragons, strength equated to law.

Ben nodded offhandedly. “Prepare two rooms for my friends.”

“Yes, your majesty.” The two maids bowed, then withdrew.

Ben led Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun to the main hall, then through a corridor to arrive at a small palace hall.

Another beautiful maid came to offer the three fresh water, then left. The dragon race did not enjoy tea, all choosing to drink underground fresh water.

“Ben, I came here to ask you for something,” Qi Aoshuang said solemnly after getting seated.

“What is it?” Seeing that Qi Aoshuang had a serious expression, he too became serious.”

“Do you know what the God Feather Heaven Slayer is?” Qi Aoshuang asked in response.

“Relic weapon?” Ben asked probingly.

Qi Aoshuang nodded.

“We do have what you want, but…” Ben rubbed his temples. “But who knows which nook or cranny it fell into. It will be difficult to find. I think it was a pair of wristguards.”

Qi Aoshuang started to sweat. She hadn’t expected the dragon race to treat it like nothing. At the very least, the mermaids had given it to their princess as a gift. The dragons, on the other hand, didn’t even know where they put it.”

“Claire, what do you want it for? Don’t the sprites treat theirs like some kind of offering from their god?” Ben asked, not understanding.

“Ben, my name is now Qi Aoshuang…” she said quietly. Her eyes flashed through a myriad of emotions: grief, heartbroken, anger, hate…

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“What do you mean?” Ben frowned. Seeing Qi Aoshuang’s expression, an ominous feeling arose in his heart.

“Let me explain,” Leng Lingyun interjected. He did not want Qi Aoshuang to recount her sorrowful experiences once again.

As Leng Lingyun explained everything quietly, Ben’s eyes filled with more and more hatred. He unconsciously squeezed his armrest into pieces.

“I’ll destroy the capital of Amparkland and raze the lowly Temple of Light to the ground.” Ben stood up, about to explode.

“Ben!” Qi Aoshuang stood up to stop him.

“What?” Ben gnashed his teeth.

“The dragon race cannot attack humans without reason, especially not a human city. Did you forget your dragon god’s rules?” Seeing Ben’s rage, she added, “You think I don’t have the capability to destroy the Temple of Light? I can!”

“Then! Then why do you not take revenge?” Ben was stunned, completely not understanding.

“Even if the Temple of Light was destroyed, they will still live in the hearts of the people. They can always rebuild. On the other hand, instead of clearing my name, I will become the enemy of all believers of the Temple of Light. Do you know how many people in Amparkland are followers of the Temple of Light? Or the entire continent? Will they believe my side of the story? Or will they believe the excuses of the Temple of Light that they have always believed in?” Qi Aoshuang’s face was ice cold, emphasizing on every word.

Ben’s face darkened. He sat down slowly, frowning, contemplating her words. Now, he was not the brash prince from before who would have ran in impulsively without thinking of the consequences. After a long time, he finally sighed. “Yes, it would only be a shallow attack that would not root

out the main problem." Ben's face was unprecedentedly calm and serious.

"Then what do you plan to do?" Ben asked solemnly.

"Expose the Temple's true colors step by step. Overthrow her image in people hearts, and change their faith. Then, I will personally kill her." Qi Aoshuang's eyes flashed coldly with terrifying determination!

"Good. I will help you find the remaining artifacts," Ben promised. "The sprites race are closest to us. Although they have never developed a relationship with the dragon race, they have always treated us politely. We will ask them first."

With Ben's impatient personality, he was in a hurry to avenge Qi Aoshuang. He stood up abruptly. "Let's go right now."

Seeing how hurried Ben was, Qi Aoshuang felt touched. She recalled the first time she had met Ben. At that time, she had only wanted to take advantage of the dumb, impulsive fellow but somehow, without realizing it, they had changed from people exploiting each other to comrades in battle.

Qi Aoshuang did not say anything for a long time. Suddenly, there came the sound of hurried footsteps from the door.

"Your highness, we caught the human girl!" a voice said at the door.

"Bring them in," Ben said coldly.

The door was opened. Two men in grey coldly brought in a battered woman. She shuddered, her face pale, terrifying. From her clothes, they could tell she was the one who had fooled prince Banis. However, her appearance had changed. Just as Qi Aoshuang had suspected, she had been using a beautifying potion. Her current appearance was her true self. Her face could be considered pretty, somewhat similar Summer's delicate and refined features. However, this woman's moral disposition and scheming was despicable. This was clear from how she had used her beauty to exploit prince Banis and his men.

"Your name?" Qi Aoshuang coldly regarded the woman. If she was really Summer's relative, it would be hard to explain to Summer if they killed

her.

The terrified woman shivered as she looked up to see the owner of the voice, then froze. Human?! This ordinary woman was the one she had seen at the mouth of the ravine? The man was beside her also. What was going on? She was acquaintances with the dragon race?

Name? What did she want her name for? The woman suddenly had hope. Perhaps, she could live. She knew that anyone who disturbed the spirits at Dragon Hollow were doomed to die if caught, but seeing this woman ask this question, she felt there was hope she could survive.

“Kimira Ailuo,” she responded hastily. She looked up at Qi Aoshuang and said cautiously. “Miss, are you friends with the dragons? Please save me. I will definitely repay you.”Qi Aoshuang’s expression did not change. She only shared a glance with Ben. As they had expected...

“Do you know Summer Ailuo?” Qi Aoshuang already knew, but she still waited for the woman’s response.

“She is...” Kimira looked at Qi Aoshuang’s expression, then looked at the intense man with black hair nervously. Was he the dragon king? Dragons could be this handsome?

“Answer her question.” Ben narrowed his eyes, his voice low.

“Sh-she’s my little sister!” Kimira resolutely made her decision. It was a gamble. She could not say that she did not know Summer. She just made a bet that the ordinary looking human knew Summer and would maybe save her.

“You came to steal dragon teeth to pass the test.” Qi Aoshuang still did not show her intentions. She then frowned. “If you are her older sister, why have you still not passed the test?”

Kimira’s face paled even more. She knew that this human really knew Summer now.

“I... I...” Her eyes flashed with unwillingness and hatred.

Qi Aoshuang smiled coldly, understanding. Kimira was indeed Summer’s

older sister, but was not as talented as Summer. This was why she still had not passed the test. From the hatred in her eyes, it seems she did not have good relations with Summer. With this woman's venomous personality, perhaps she would even pose a threat to Summer. The thought of killing her flashed across Qi Aoshuang's mind. Seeds of dissent must be destroyed before they sprout.However, before Qi Aoshuang could make up her mind, Ben spoke. "Get out. We'll spare your life this time, but don't set foot in Dragon Valley ever again." He directed the two soldiers. "Throw her out. If she tries to approach Dragon Valley, kill her."

The two soldiers did not question their king's decision. They only nodded deferentially, then left, dragging Kimira away.

Kimira turned around to stare at ben. Even as the doors closed, she still did not withdraw her gaze.

"Why did you let her go?" Qi Aoshuang's voice was steady.

"Because she is Summer's sister," Ben said quietly.

Qi Aoshuang sighed quietly. Ben had fallen for Summer, which was why he did not want to take the life of that woman. That woman had not done anything to harm Summer yet. If Summer knew that Ben killed her sister, perhaps it would evolve into something more complex.

"Did I do something wrong?" Ben could see that Qi Aoshuang's face was somewhat dark.

Qi Aoshuang did not know how to explain to him either. Humans had complex emotions. Their crafty deceit was not something dragons could compare to. Qi Aoshuang kept feeling the woman who had just been spared was not so simple.

"It's nothing. You just need to be more careful in the future. That woman is very calculative. Don't let her near Summer," Qi Aoshuang said quietly.

"What? Isn't she Summer's older sister?" Ben frowned, confused.

"Weren't you also betrayed by your older sibling?" Qi Aoshuang deflected with annoyance.

Ben's expression changed, at a loss for words.

"Then... I'll keep it in mind. If anyone dares to harm Summer, I'll fry them to crisp." Ben's eyes filled with a terrifying ruthlessness.

Qi Aoshuang sighed in her heart. It would be too late to take revenge if she was already harmed. However, as a dragon, Ben did not seem to understand the complex heart of humans. Whatever, she would teach him later. He would not understand if she tried to explain. Most importantly, Kimira still had not necessarily done anything wrong. It was all merely Qi Aoshuang's own musings.

"Speaking of Summer, where is she?" Ben asked.

"She went traveling, but we don't know where she is now," Qi Aoshuang said faintly. "She is currently with Shui Wenmo. Qiao Chuxin and Dong Fenghou went to the beast clan to help collect their artifact."

"We must hurry then. After finding the wrist guards in the treasury, we'll immediately go visit the sprites." Ben wasted no time, standing up, ready to go. "Let's go. I can't wait another minute."

Seeing Ben's impatient appearance, Qi Aoshuang's heart warm. She nodded.

They flew to the end of an immense mountain range, then slowly descended. Two dragons at the foot of the mountain stood up to bow once they saw Ben, but Ben motioned for them to stop. With a slight nod of his head, he said, "I need to find something."

"Yes, your majesty." The two dragons' gazes shifted to Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun. Understanding they were their king's friend, they did not ask anything.

Ben led the two inside a giant cavern. The further they went in, the thinner the rays of light from the entrance became. However, it became more and more bright. Once Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun saw the mountain high pile of treasures, they took a deep intake of breath. So much! Stunning, dazzling, resplendent... Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun ran out of words to describe how amazing it was. To find a pair of wrist

guards among all this...

Qi Aoshuang took out the refined tiara from her interspatial ring. “If Ben is right and the wrist guards are here, they should have designs similar to this tiara.”

Ben took a look at the tiara. “Mm, I just know that the dragons have it. All dragon kings knew. We just have to look for it.” And so, true to his word, he started looking. After a length of time, they finally found the pair of wrist guards in some nook or cranny, collecting dust. All the while, White Emperor and Black Feather bounced around happily in the pile of treasures.

Qi Aoshuang wiped the wristguards clean, then compared them to the tiara. Sure enough, they had the same mysterious design.

“They’re the right ones. Next, we get the sprite clan’s artifact.” Ben nodded his head enthusiastically.

“Mm.” Qi Aoshuang carefully put the tiara and wristguards into her interspatial ring. She looked up at Ben and said seriously, “Ben, thank you.”

“What are you thanking me for? We’re friends.” Ben grinned.

Chapter 202: [No Title]

After informing the Dragon Elders, Ben led Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun out Dragon Valley. Only once they were a distance away did Ben turn to Qi Aoshuang, who was flying next to him, and say, “Haha, you can climb on my back now. It will be faster if I bring you to the Sprite Forest myself.”

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun smiled, understanding Ben’s good intentions. In Dragon Valley, Ben absolutely could not allow them to ride on his back. He was the Dragon King, the leader of the prideful dragons. How could he let humans ride on his back before them?

Now that they were far from Dragon Valley, Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun sat comfortably on Ben’s back. With a deep breath, Ben took off with a sudden flap of his wings, flying rapidly. Below them, the scenery flitted by.

In half a day’s time, they arrived at the fringe of the an endless forest that stretched as far as the eye could see.

Ben descended. “We’ve arrived. This is the fringe of Sprite Forest. All of it is considered their territory.”

Qi Aoshuang looked up at the dense forest. As she concentrated her gaze, she noticed there was a faint barrier.

“This barrier was constructed by the god of Sprites to protect his people.” Ben took a few steps forward and placed his hand on the barrier. A hole wide enough for a person to enter appeared. “Let’s go. We’ll explain afterwards.”

Qi Aoshuang entered first, then Leng Lingyun and Ben. Behind them, the barrier fused together back into its original appearance.

“We are out the outer edges. Normally, no sprites roam here,” Ben explained. But then he scratched his head with vexation. “Unfortunately, the sprites hate humans the most. They’ll capture you the moment they see you, don’t even think about asking them for the artifact. As a matter of

fact, they worship the artifact like a treasure."

Qi Aoshuang frowned. "We'll see after we meet them. The dragons and sprites have never been hostile. You are the dragon king, after all. It might be best for you not to appear."

"It doesn't matter. Worst case, I'll mask my face when I help you steal it." Ben chuckled. He was about to tear off a piece of cloth to cover his face.

Just as Qi Aoshuang was about to laugh and say something, they heard slight movement.

Someone was there!

They all changed their expressions, their eyes narrowed as they watched ahead.

The rustling noise came closer and closer.

Qi Aoshuang was on high alert. The sound came not just from in front of them, but all around them.

The next moment, there was a blur of shadowy figures. The sound of rustling went on continuously as the three felt their feet first constricted, then their wrists, then their waists.

Qi Aoshuang look at her ankles and wrists with alarm. Tree vines! Green tree vines were attacking them from every direction, immediately entwining their arms and legs tightly.

Ben took a breath, about to forcefully snap the green vines.

"Wait! Don't move." Qi Aoshuang stopped Ben. Leng Lingyun did the same as Qi Aoshuang. None of them had moved an inch, letting the vines wrap around their entire body.

Ben snorted. Then, he remembered. The sprites loved peace, a good and honest race. What they loved the most was nature, cherishing plants and animals. However, he had never heard of them being able to control plants.

"Filthy humans, you do not belong here. Leave now," a cold voice said.

His voice was filled with faint arrogance, annoying Ben.

"Is this how sprites treat their visitors?" Ben's old habits resurfaced. In an instant, he released dragon might.

There was a collective gasp in the forest.

The cold voice spoke again, this time more politely. "Dragons? Honorable guest, please withdraw your dragon pressure." The next moment, the vines slowly withdrew. The sprites and dragons did not have any formal agreements, but in order to enter Sprite Forest, one must first pass through Dragon Valley. It could be said that dragons were the sprites' protectors. This was why the sprites were polite towards the dragons.

Ben humphed, retracting his dragon pressure. The hidden sprites in the forest all released a breath. Afterall, Ben was the current king; his pressure would not be easy to bear.

"Is one of you Claire Hill, if I may ask?" The cold voice spoke again. This time, the faint arrogance was back.

"It is I," Qi Aoshuang responded. Inwardly, she was surprised. Why would the sprites know her name? It was as if they knew she was going to come. Since they were only at the periphery of Sprite Forest, like Ben said, normally sprites were not here. However, there were quite a few hidden around them. The moment they entered, the sprites had appeared. Clearly, they had been waiting for them.

"Your appearance does not seem to match." The cold voice had no trace of warmth. They still did not show themself. "If you used something to change your appearance, is there any other way to prove your identity?"

Before Qi Aoshuang could respond, White Emperor and Black Feather bounced out of her cloak, crouching on her shoulders. They started go, chirp chirp, peep peep.

The forest quieted.

The sprites emerged from their hiding places. There were at least twenty or thirty. Qi Aoshuang raised a brow. As rumored, the sprites had handsome appearances. The allure of so many appearing at once could be

imagined. Some of them carried exquisitely designed bows, others with refined magic staffs, because they were mostly archers and magicians. The sprite standing at the front was especially remarkable. He had a slender body, with supple, light blue hair. His handsome face was incomparably cold. One eye was blue, while the other was golden! His pure white clothing only enhanced his allure. He did not have a bow nor magic staff in hand, so they could not tell if he was an archer or magician. However, the disdain he had when regarding Qi Aoshuang was clear. Evidently, like all the sprites, he hated humans.

"Miss Claire Hill, our king is waiting for you. Follow me." The leading sprite beckoned politely. However, his tone was still disdainful.

"Have you been waiting for us?" Qi Aoshuang frowned.

"Not bad," the leading sprite responded. "Follow me. My king is waiting."

"Do you know what my intentions are?" Qi Aoshuang still had not budged. She looked straight at the arrogant, handsome sprite.

"I know," the sprite said faintly, then started walking away.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun shared a glance. They chose to follow the arrogant sprite quietly. Ben rolled his eyes and also followed. The remaining sprites also followed from behind.

Countless thoughts flitted across Qi Aoshuang's mind. How did the sprites know her? Why did they know that she would come, and what her motives were? Suddenly, Qi Aoshuang recalled her conversation with the god of Darkness. The god of Sprites had lost a bet against him. This meant that the two gods had a good relationship. Perhaps... Perhaps the god of Darkness asked the god of Sprites for a "back door"?

The entire way there, it was silent. The prideful, leading sprite advanced without a word. Qi Aoshuang, Ben, and Leng Lingyun all noticed a strange phenomenon. Originally, there had been no road. This branches and grasses covered the entire forest. However, whenever the sprite before them took a step, the branches and weeds would give way to a path.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun shared a glance, both seeing shock in

each others eyes. Inwardly, Ben was also surprised. The sprite had just been manipulating the plants. Who would have thought such a genius would appear among the sprites! He vaguely recalled his father telling him that a couple hundred or thousand of years ago, such a rare genius had appeared before. Who would have thought that he would meet one today!

The prideful sprite walked quickly to the depths of the forest. It was always dime, as the tall trees blocked much of the light. As they continued, gradually, there was more light. The light came from the vegetation around them. The flower petals on tree flickered with dewdrops, which released gentle, faint rays. There were many different kinds, so many that it illuminated their surroundings.

Ben curiously reached out to touch one of the dewdrops. The dewdrop slowly lost its light and became an ordinary dewdrop.

“What is it?” Ben turned and asked a nearby sprite.

“It is our Springwater of Life. Because these trees are close to our Springwater of Life, they have absorbed much of the water, which is the permeating dewdrops are like so.” Although the sprite regarded Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun with loathing, he was very polite towards Ben.

As it became brighter and brighter, the air became more and more moist and refreshing.

“Honorable guest of the dragon race, look, there is our Springwater of Life.” The sprite next to Ben pointed.

Chapter 203: [No Title]

The sound of water became louder and louder. As they approached, a silver lake emerged, sparkling intensely under the sun rays. In the middle of the lake was a giant tree. There was a strange formation in it where silver water flowed out continuously into the lake, a steady, endless stream. This must be their Tree of Life and Springwater of Life.

“Very pretty,” Qi Aoshuang said genuinely.

Humph! The cold elf leading them sneered, as if the praise was to be expected.

“Over here, please.” The tone of the leading elf was still faintly haughty.

Following his gesture, Qi Aoshuang saw numerous beautiful elves who were on guard. Behind them were their homes, all designed exquisitely. Straight ahead was a large temple, its huge, wooden door already open. Two soldier elves with bows stood and each side. All the elves regarded Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun coldly.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun did not care for the cold gazes, following the haughty elf into the large doorway expressionlessly.

Everything was made from nature. The walls, chairs, and even the candle holders were all made of tree vines. On top of the candle holder was a beautiful piece of gemstone. Sitting atop a throne in the temple was a beautiful female elf. She donned a plain green dress, a refined golden crown atop her head, facing them with dignity. This was the elf queen. Once she spotted Qi Aoshuang and the rest, her expression did not change.

“Mother, Claire hill has arrived.” Only then did Qi Aoshuang and the rest realize his true identity. So he was the prince of the elves! This would explain his ostentatious manner and loathing towards humans.

“I have been waiting for you, Claire Hill.” The dignified and beautiful queen spoke softly, yet everyone heard her words clearly.

“Venerable highness, greetings.” Qi Aoshuang also spoke courteously.

“May I ask why you have been waiting for me?”

“I know you are here for the Heaven Slayer.” The elf queen smiled graciously, her eyes fixed on Qi Aoshuang, who remained calm. The queen’s eyes flickered with hidden admiration. What a powerful human. Perhaps the god of Elves had a basis for his instructions.

Qi Aoshuang did not say a word, quietly waiting for the elf queen’s words.

“Originally, I would not give you such a valuable treasure.” The queen smiled as gracefully as spring wind, pausing before continuing, “But now, as long as you agree to a condition, I will give you the Heaven Slayer.”

“Please state your condition,” Qi Aoshuang said seriously.

“Please allow my son Oscar to stay with you until you complete your task.” The elf queen smiled as she delivered the shocking condition to Qi Aoshuang.

Oscar? The haughty elf prince’s name? What… what a joke! Bringing an elf with them? Oh please, she did not want to be gawked at by pedestrians or invite trouble. What was the elf queen thinking? Did she dislike them so much to force the elf prince onto them? If only the prince’s attitude were more bearable. The whole way there, he had his nose to the sky. Trying to get along with such a person would shorten her life!

“Your highness, do… do you know what I intend to do?” Qi Aoshuang smiled. Before the queen could respond, she continued, “Does your highness know of my current status? I am now a fugitive, a wanted criminal for Amparkland and the Temple of Light. Do you really think it is a good idea to let your son accompany me?”

Oscar’s expression also changed. He glanced at Qi Aoshuang’s ordinary face from the corner of his eye, his eyes filled with faint disdainful from their depths. The elves loved beauty, but Oscar was displeased with Qi Aoshuang’s almost ugly face. Now that he heard that she was a wanted criminal, he was even more displeased with her. If it weren’t for the fact that mother’s words were the god of Elves’s order, he would never leave with this filthy human!

But the queen immediately resumed her dignified smile. “I doubt my son cannot protect himself. He will definitely be of great assistance. I do not care for your status.”

“But I care very much about the prince’s status.” Now, Claire was not so courteous, her voice cold. “I attract attention wherever I go, which was why I intentionally disguised myself. The elf prince’s appearance and pointed ears are too conspicuous, so he will be too much of a burden.”

“You!” Oscar immediately flared up. That someone would not value him! He, who had been superior his entire life was being disdained! He then looked at Qi Aoshuang’s face, secretly thinking, this person changed her appearance? What did she truly look like?

“Everything I said is true.” Qi Aoshuang ignored the distraught elf prince, looking fixedly at the queen, waiting for her response.

The elf queen continued smiling in her dignified manner. “I will find a way to conceal his ears. He can wear a hat to hid his face. I believe there are no more problems? And I imagine you have enough power to handle any trouble.

Qi Aoshuang watched the smiling queen. Suddenly, she had a thought. This queen was not as gentle as she appeared. Do not judge a book by its cover...

Now that the queen had compromised, what more could Qi Aoshuang say? She needed the Heaven Slayer at any cost.

“I understand. I’ll do as you say.” Qi Aoshuang nodded, finally accepting. It would be a problem if the queen resolutely denied giving them the Heaven Slayer. It was fine to have a powerful elf at her side, even if his personality was very XX. She would think of a way to restrain him!

The elf queen’s eyes glimmered, as if everything happened according to clan. Noticing this, Qi Aoshuang shuddered.

“If that is the case, I shall hand the Heaven Slayer to you.” The elf queen smiled. She turned to an elf standing beside her. “Go, fetch the Heaven Slayer.”

Qi Aoshuang vaguely frowned. The god of Darkness sure worked quickly; the god of Elves had arranged everything well beforehand, it seemed. Although the god of Darkness was craven and shameless, fleeing the moment he saw the goddess of Light, he was not terrible at everything. This also meant that the god of Sprites was no good person. Like attracts like. For him to be on such good terms with the god of Darkness, how virtuous could he be? However, Qi Aoshuang could not say this out loud before all these elves. She did not want to be pierced by all their arrows into a hedgehog.

Two elves solemnly brought forth a silver pike. At the entrance of the temple, many elves watched on with interest, their eyes all on the silver pike. When the two brought the silver pike before the queen, they appeared even more dignified and divine.

The elf queen slowly stood up, grasping the pike with both hands. The two elves withdrew. The queen then slowly walked over to Qi Aoshuang. “Once you finish, I hope you will return the Heaven Slayer to us intact.”

“I will.” Qi Aoshuang also grasped the Heaven Slayer with both hands solemnly, her voice exceptionally earnest.

The elf queen smiled. “I leave Oscar in your hands.”

Qi Aoshuang put away the Heaven Slayer. She glanced at the clearly displeased elf prince from the corner of her eye, feeling annoyance herself. The elf queen sure was cunning, leave such a rude elf prince at her side to learn from experience. Why did she feel that this was the focal point? He would even learn for free, how shameless. Meanwhile, the elf queen continued to smile gently and composed. “Miss Claire, if you may please rest here for two days before setting off.”

“Thank you, your highness, for your hospitality.” QI Aoshuang lowered her head courteously.

The elf queen quietly clapped. Immediately, an elven maid appeared.

“Molika, please lead our honored guests to their resting place,” the queen instructed.

“Yes, your majesty.” The maid Molika bowed, then walked over to Qi Aoshuang gracefully, speaking quietly. “Please follow me.” Elves loved the quiet, and faced with humans, which they disliked, they naturally would not hold a banquet to welcome them.

They followed. Inside the temple, Oscar had a face full of displeasure. He did not go.

“Oscar, you don’t understand, do you?” The elf queen smiled at her haughty son. She could not help but admit this child was arrogant. However, he could not become the elf king with such an immature attitude, which was why she made the decision for him to follow Qi Aoshuang.

“I don’t understand. Mother, why did you do that? We already gave them the Heaven Slayer like our god decreed. After she finishes, she is to return it. There was no need to send someone to accompany them. Mother, why are you making me go with them?” Oscar was completely unhappy.

“Oscar, travel with the girl. In the future, you will understand my decision.” The elf queen understood her son very well. No matter what she said now, he would not be convinced. Only through experiencing it himself would he be convinced him.

Oscar opened his mouth to speak, but the queen stopped him and said, “I’m now tired and will take my leave. The day they leave, you will follow them.” The queen raised her hand. A ray of silvery white light spilled forth onto Oscar’s ear. Soon, his pointed ears became rounded like humans. Now, Oscar simply looked like an exceptionally handsome human with fair skin.

After casting this magic, she walked away gracefully, leaving Oscar standing alone in the temple, lost in thought.

Chapter 204: [No Title]

At night, Qi Aoshuang discussed with Leng Lingyun and Ben that they would leave tomorrow morning. After returning to the room the elves lent them, Qi Aoshuang was just about to lie down when she heard a knock at the door.

She was slightly surprised, but got up to open the door. Standing at the doorway was a beautiful, mature female elf.

"Do you have business with me? Or is her highness summoning me?" The elf was dressed differently from the maids, green designs on the bottom of her white dress. She appeared gentle, standing motionlessly at the door for some time.

Qi Aoshuang frowned, about to question her, when the elf quietly said, "Can I come in?"

Qi Aoshuang was somewhat puzzled, but she still allowed the elf in.

After closing the door, the elf smiled and introduced herself. "Hello, Miss Claire. I am a Grand Elder of the elves, Mona."

"Hello." Qi Aoshuang gave a nod politely. "Is the queen giving us an explanation?"

"Oh, no, no it's not that." Mona waved her hands hastily, her expression becoming somewhat unnatural.

"Then what is it?" Qi Aoshuang was now even more perplexed. Didn't elves hate humans? What did this elf come this late for?

"I... I..." Mona seemed a little apprehensive and embarrassed. Seeing Qi Aoshuang's questioning gaze, she said, "I... I wanted to ask you about a human."

"Oh?" Qi Aoshuang's curiosity was piqued even more now. She raised a brow. "Who?"

"Cliff," the elf said shyly.

Mm? When she heard this, Qi Aoshuang raised her brow again.

Gossip! The word appeared in Qi Aoshuang's mind.

Seeing the elf's bashful expression, Qi Aoshuang immediately recalled that her master once told her he had saved an elf before and escorted her to the Forest of Elves before. Was it this elf?

Seeing Qi Aoshuang's strange expression, Mona shrinked back a little. "I.. I.. excuse my rudeness. There are so many humans, there's no way you..."

"No. Grand Elder, you found just the right person to ask. Cliff was my master. He told me that he once saved an elf and escorted her to the Forest of Elves." Watching the beautiful elf, Qi Aoshuang sighed inwardly. Humans and elves were too different. Compared to the elven lifespan of hundreds of years, human lives that merely spanned over decades were fleeting. The elf before her still had such a beautiful, youthful appearance, but her master had aged into an old man, even if he was a cute old man. Qi Aoshuang frowned. Where was master now? Right before the incident, Master had disappeared from the city. Clearly, the Temple of Light had intervened. She missed the cute old man...

"Ah? Really?" Mona stood up eagerly, her face flushing red.

"Mm." Qi Aoshuang nodded. Their relationship was definitely not so simple, seeing her reaction.

"Is... is he well?" Mona lowered her head to hide her emotions and sat down.

"He is very well." Qi Aoshuang nodded, although she sighed in her heart. Master, where are you now? Such a huge thing had happened to her, her master should be aware by now. So what was Master doing now?

"Good, good..." Mona muttered. She slowly raised her head, her beautiful face smiling bitterly. With difficulty, she said, "He... should be married now. Does he have a son now?"

Seeing the elf's anguished appearance, she shook her head lightly. "No. Master has never married his entire life. How could he have a child?"

"What?" Mona's expression changed again. "He... he really did not

marry? He really still has not…"

Qi Aoshuang now understood that Master and this elf must have made some kind of promise, which was why he had never married.

"Yes. Master must have someone in his heart." Seeing the elf's immediate look of disappointment, Qi Aoshuang continued, "That person must be you, Grand Elder Mona."

Mon froze. After a long time, she finally uttered, "What a fool, a true fool. It's already been years…"

"Master believes it is worth it." Now, the elf had a look of despair. Qi Aoshuang sighed lightly. "Why did you separate from Master?"

The elf's face darkened. After a long period of silence, she slowly began to speak. "Humans can only live for several decades, while I will live for several hundred years. I do not wish to see the day he leaves this world. How could a human and an elf ever be together?"

Qi Aoshuang regarded Mona silently. "Every person has the power to make their own decisions. You know that he is fine, and has been thinking of you all this time. Is that enough?"

"Yes, I am satisfied." Mona smiled. She removed her necklace and handed it to Qi Aoshuang. "Please deliver this to him. Tell him, he shall forever remain in my heart."

As Qi Aoshuang accepted the necklace, she raised a brow. For a reserved elf to say such a bold statement, it seemed that Master had a special place in her heart.

"I will." Qi Aoshuang put the necklace away carefully. "I will deliver your words to Master." Everyone makes decisions. Why Cliff and this elf made such decisions, Qi Aoshuang did not understand. However, she respected their decisions.

"Thank you. I will be indebted to you for all of eternity." Mona stood up to bow, but was stopped by Qi Aoshuang.

Qi Aoshuang smiled impishly. "I do not deserve such courtesy. If master

knew, he would skin me alive."

Mona's face reddened.

Qi Aoshuang pondered for a moment. "Oh right, these are for you." She took out the three gifts her master had first given her.

Mona looked down at the items curiously, then looked at Qi Aoshuang with a puzzled expression. Qi Aoshuang laughed. "Master made all of these. I don't need these anymore, so you can have them as a keepsake."

"He made them himself?" Mona looked at them happily.

"Mm." Qi Aoshuang nodded. "Take care of them. In the future, if Master learns I gave them to you, he will definitely praise me. Perhaps he might teach me all the incantations and spells he knows." Qi Aoshuang smiled.

Mona looked at the items wistfully, stroking them gently. Watching this, Qi Aoshuang sighed again.

In the end, Mona left with a smile on her face. Qi Aoshuang closed the door and lied down, but she couldn't sleep. People's face flashed in her mind. Where was Master now? What was Summer doing? What about Jean, that person who had vowed to stay by her side forever? After the incident, would he still be able to say those words resolutely? He was Duke Gordon subordinate, after all. Qi Aoshuang felt her heart freeze. Duke Gordon! She would never let him go! That person who would sacrifice everything for power!

The capital of Amparkland.

In the silent night, Lashia sat quietly meditating in the headmaster Mozart's office.

"Lashia..." Mozart quietly knocked on the door.

"Enter." Lashia's voice was ice cold.

Mozart slowly opened the door. Seeing Lashia sitting silently on the bed, his heart tightened. After the incident, Lashia left Hill manor, never stepping foot in it ever since, cultivating at his place ever since, cultivating unflinchingly, as if she did not know how to feel tired. She had changed

from a lively, smiling little girl to always regarding everyone coldly. Tender pain flickered from the depth of Mozart's eyes. He loved his talented, clever disciple from the bottom of his heart. Now that Lashia was like this, how could he not be pained? This child seemed as if she had closed off her heart.

"Lashia, it is already very late. Sleep early, cultivate tomorrow," Mozart said softly.

"Yes, I know. Thank you, Master." Lashia's voice was without a trace of warmth. Despite her words, she did not move.

Mozart sighed, then turned and left, closing the door behind him. He knew that no matter how many times he said this, it would be to no avail. He did not mention any of the words that Duke Gordon had repeatedly sent. Despite how many people Duke Gordon had sent to tell her to return, Lashia would always turn a blind eye, never talking to Duke Gordon or the people he sent. She would only leave one reply. Cultivation in seclusion. No one can see her.

Lashia watched as the door closed, then slowly closed her eyes. "I know you will definitely come back, sister. I'll wait for you." Tears flowed from the corner of her eyes, glistening silently before they trickled down her face and disappeared.

Chapter 205: [No Title]

Hill manor.

In the study, Duke Gordon stood before the window, his brows furrowed. His hands were behind his back, though one was a strangely pearly white. It had been destroyed by Qi Aoshuang. The hand was made of a special type of ore, sent to him by the pope. The pope too had one made of the same material for his leg. This one, however, was created by the goddess of Light. Of course, Qi Aoshuang was to blame for all this.

Duke Gordon currently had an unsightly expression, extremely dark. Roger, that trash, resented him for a mere woman's death, living at the frontier far away from the capital. It was said that he would drink away his sorrows everyday. There was never a moment when he had a clear mind. Reports said that he was haggard, poor in health. This was fine. So what if a piece of trash died. Lashia on the other hand... Duke Gordon sighed. She was still in her rebellious phase. Hopefully, after time passed, she would understand.

However, there was still no news of the black eyed, black haired Claire!

This left him unsettled, extremely unsettled.

Those pair of black eyes filled with hatred he saw right before he lost consciousness was etched deeply into his memory. She would definitely return for revenge! Duke Gordan was very certain, growing even more disturbed. He urged the pope to kill her many times. At first the pope was patient, but then he grew annoyed and started to ignore him.

It could not continue like this! Duke Gordan paced back and forth in the study worriedly. He must do something! "Claire" was a terrifying danger that had to be exterminated as soon as possible! He could not allow her to return!

In the Forest of Elves, the morning was peaceful with golden rays shining down. Qi Aoshuang and her party left after saying farewell to the king. This time, there was one more person: Oscar. He had an arrogant expression the entire time, not even giving Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun

so much as a glance. The only person he was willing to acknowledge was Ben, because he was a dragon.

Qi Aoshuang did not care for him either. She thought to herself, as long as this arrogant fellow didn't cause any trouble, just a bystander, it would be fine. After exiting the Forest of Elves, Ben assumed his original form and allowed everyone on his back. If it were not for the fact that Qi Aoshuang was in a hurry, Ben definitely would not allow Oscar to sit on his back.

Oscar, on the other hand, was shocked. The prideful dragon was willing to return to his true form to allow humans to ride on his back?

Ben extended his wings and started to fly. Wind whistled past their ears. Oscar was shocked at Qi Aoshuang's calm expression, thinking to himself, what kind of relationship did this human have with this dragon for him to lower his pride to be her mount?

However, he was even more amazed at what happened next. Just as they were about to arrive at Dragon Valley, Ben returned to his human form, and they passed through Dragon Valley on foot. Oscar was stunned to find that none of the dragons questioned them, all bowing respectfully instead, all saying your highness.

They were definitely not talking to him. He was an elf; at most, they would call him princeling. Calling Qi Aoshuang or the human man your highness was even more out of the question. There was only one possibility. The dragon who had just allowed them on his back was the dragon king!

Oscar looked at Ben, then Qi Aoshuang incredulously. He was definitely not dreaming. His gaze remained fixated on Qi Aoshuang. Who exactly was this human?

After they exited Dragon Valley, Ben turned to Qi Aoshuang. "Aoshuang, where are we going?"

"Chuxin and Dong Fenghou went to find the beast clan and dwarf clan. We'll go visit the goblins," Qi Aoshuang said in a low voice. She looked at Ben and continued, "You should be tired now. Let's go to nearest village to

rest for the night."

"Alright," Ben agreed.

Suddenly, Oscar murmured, "There are many humans stationed ahead."

"How did you know?" Ben asked immediately.

"The wind told me." Oscar raised his head, looking into the distance. "They have Light aura."

"Light aura?" Leng Lingyun frowned, regarding Oscar suspiciously. "The wind told you?"

"Hmph, whether you believe me or not us up to you." Evidently, Oscar was annoyed at Leng Lingyun's suspicion. No one had ever doubted his capabilities before, but today, he was doubted by a mere human. Naturally, he had an ugly expression.

Ben stroked his chin, regarding Oscar with a raised brow. It seemed this elf princeling was quite capable, able to hear the voice of the wind. Although he could use wind magic, he was definitely unable to hear the wind's voice. Few elves were able to reach such a realm. This elf princeling was a genius.

Qi Aoshuang raised a brow, smiling coldly. So the Temple of Light had caught up to them, but did not dare to continue because the Dragon Valley was ahead. Were they waiting for her? The fact that Xue Longfei had assisted her must have been exposed already, hopefully he was not in some kind of trouble. However, for her whereabouts to be exposed, who leaked the information? The Temple of Light knew of her relationship with Ben, but they didn't know Ben's identity. At the time, many people had been splashed with Ben's saliva, including the dignified pope. Did that prince Banis expose them or was it... Kimira?

"It was that woman." Leng Lingyun said coldly. "Prince Banis did not see us enter, nor does he know of our relationship with Ben. But that woman saw everything. The first person the Temple of Light could think of to have such a close relationship with a dragon was you. They would rather kill a thousand innocents than let one guilty go."

It was clear what had happened. With the Temple of Light's way of doing things, as long as there was a possibility, they would not rule it out.

"Hmph!" Qi Aoshuang humphed coldly. "They're just sending people to their deaths."

Oscar frowned. Wasn't this woman a little too violent?

"I'll get rid of them." Ben's innate power was already surfacing. He excitedly clenched his fists.

"Did you forget the agreement between the Dragon god and goddess of Light?" Qi Aoshuang burst his bubble.

"Gah..." Ben cried with annoyance.

"Just help us if we're in trouble." Qi Aoshuang was a little amused. It was as if she had stolen a toy from a child.

Ben agreed reluctantly.

"We still haven't killed the goddess of Light yet, so the agreement between the Dragon god and goddess of Light still exists. You are the dragon king, you still need to think of the dragon race." Leng Lingyun advised, seeing Ben's disappointment.

"Yes, yes..." Ben's head drooped defeatedly.

"Aoshuang," Leng Lingyun suddenly said in a low voice. "Last time, the Temple of Light suffered greatly. They won't come unprepared."

"So?"

"The people who come this time will not be ordinary," Leng Lingyun continued in a low voice. "Perhaps in the eyes of many people, the pope and archbishops are the strongest people in the Temple of Light."

"Is that not so?" Ben frowned.

"Of course not." Leng Lingyun shook his head. "In the Temple of Light, there are powerful individuals who do not seek fame or fortune. They enjoy simple, peaceful lives. However, whenever the Temple of in danger, they will come to the forefront."

“Tsk tsk, then I will definitely have to act.” Ben took out a piece of black cloth and used it to cover his face.

“What are you doing?” Qi Aoshuang frowned at his crude action.

“I will get rid of them with my face hidden.” Ben chuckled, pleased with himself/

“You are a dragon. They will definitely be strong enough to tell.” Leng Lingyun said, feeling a headache.

“What are you afraid of? It’s not like they can see my face.” Ben shrugged and said self righteously. “So what if they know I’m a dragon? Also, with my current strength, concealing my aura is no big deal.”

“If they recognize you’re a dragon, they will report to the goddess of Light, and the Dragon God will be in an uncomfortable position,” Leng Lingyun said.

“I just won’t admit it was me. With my face hidden, who can tell it was me?” Ben said shamelessly. “I’ll even complain that someone is trying to frame me to ruin the relationship between the Dragon god and goddess of Light!”

Leng Lingyun was speechless. The pure and honest elf prince Oscar’s mouth was wide open. He stared at the shameless Ben, unable to return to his senses. This extraordinarily shameful man was really one of the incomparably prideful dragons? Really the venerable dragon race’s king? Qi Aoshuang’s mouth twitched. Watching the shameless Ben, she was a little saddened. Before, Ben was honest and impulsive. Now, he had become like this...

“You...” Qi Aoshuang watched Ben with his mask, unable to finish her words. She knew that Ben had become this way all because of her. Even if it wasn’t totally because of her, it was in large part due to her.

“Just be careful.” Leng Lingyun said seriously. “These people do not care for fame or profit, so although they may not have any position in the Temple of Light, their strength is not to be looked down upon.”

“How many of them are there?” Ben said in a muffled voice with the

mask on.

“I don’t know. I just know they exist.” Leng Lingyun shook his head. Although he was previously the Divine Prince, this did not mean he knew all the Temple of Light’s secrets.

“Whatever, I’ll just kill them all.” Ben clenched his fists, cracking his knuckles. His eyes were full of eagerness. It seemed he had not fought in a while.

Violent, shameless dragon king! Completely unlike the grandiose dragon clan! This was Oscar’s conclusion.

Leng Lingyun sighed. A normal kid was turned into this because of Qi Aoshuang. But he was not so bad this way either.

Chapter 206: [No Title]

“Let’s go.” Qi Aoshuang felt a little headache seeing Ben so impatient. “Don’t be like Chuxin, unable to differentiate between friend or foe when excited. Make sure you look at who you’re attacking before you attack.”

“I know, I know. How could I make that kind of mistake?” Ben excitedly ran forward. Qi Aoshuang shook her head, materializing her wings and following. Leng Lingyun also started to fly. With a wave of his finger, a mighty wind enveloped Oscar and he too started to fly gracefully, following them.

Ahead of them, Ben suddenly halted. Behind him, Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun also stopped, not understanding what Ben was doing.

“How can I just beat them up randomly, that doesn’t seem very fair,” Ben muttered.

Ah? Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun gawked at Ben. What was he saying?

The next moment, they understood what Ben wanted to do.

Shameless! So shameless it was hair raising!

Ben asked Qi Aoshuang for a mantle, draping it on, covering his entire body. Then, he pulled the black cloth as high as possible, only exposing his pair of pitch black eyes and black hair, then crouched down, reducing his height. He ran forward sneakily. At a first glance, with this height and their body hidden with the mantle, they really could not tell his gender. Ben already was aware of how the Temple of Light “treasured” girls with black hair and black eyes. He also knew that Qi Aoshuang’s true appearance was with black hair and black eyes.

However, Oscar did not know.

So when Oscar witnessed this scene, he almost fell from the sky! That was the dragon king? Really the leader of the venerable dragon clan? Was he pretending to be a woman? Why? Exactly why? Why on earth? Oscar had a thousand questions, but none of them could be answered.

Leng Lingyun watched Ben blankly, then shared a glance with Qi Aoshuang.

Qi Aoshuang shrugged and said innocently, “I swear, I never taught him this.”

Oscar could tell from QI AOshuang and Leng Lingyun’s interaction that they knew what Ben was going to do, but his pride would not allow him to ask. He simply followed at a distance silently.

“Just wait a moment.” Ben shuffled forward quickly. His strange posture was extremely suspicious.

Indeed, it was rude to strike without notice. However, if they attacked first and Ben “defended” himself, it would be different.

Qi Aoshuang and the rest followed at a distance, watching Ben shuffle forward.

As expected, a number of people were camped at the opening of the ravine. They didn’t not appear to only be members of the Temple of Light. Black Lightning?

Of course, when they saw Ben so suspicious, they surrounded him immediately.

Black hair, black eyes! And coming out of Dragon Valley! It was a match to Claire’s description.

“Halt!” a voice said coldly.

Ben acted as if he didn’t hear. He was hoping they would stop him!

But, as a true and blue disciple of Qi Aoshuang, Ben naturally did not stop. Instead, he humphed and increased his speed. They were now even more suspicious of him now. Some even said confidently, “It’s Claire Hill!”

“It’s not her,” an old man with white hairs inside one of the tents said. He regarded Ben coldly. The Temple of Light had gone out of their way to specially invite this man. He wore ordinary clothing of clergymen, but was clearly of unordinary strength. If Ben had not received the inheritance of Dragon King, the old man would have been able to immediately perceive

he did not have a human aura and stopped any of the Temple's men from acting. However, Ben was exceedingly powerful, concealing his aura perfectly. The Temple also would kill a thousand innocents to kill one guilty. Although the old man said Ben was not the person they were looking for, he would not stop the underlings from taking action. Thus, the current situation.

Magic flames blossomed around Ben. He had never thought flame magic could be so beautiful until now. He grinned from ear to ear. Dragons could not attack humans, especially in human establishments, but right now, they were in his territory, and they attacked first!

"Petty humans, you dare to attack me, a noble dragon!" Ben tore off his mask and mantle and howled at the sky. At the same time, he released dragon pressure, causing the Temple's men to green. Their internal organs were getting damaged, their limbs about to be dismembered. Meanwhile, the white haired old man was wide eyed, in shock.

A dragon! How could that be? Dragons never left Dragon Valley. How was this happening? Impossible!

The other men were scared witless, their legs trembling under the weight of the dragon pressure. The one before them was not a human, but a dragon! And he was not female, but a male!

"You must pay for your impetuous behavior!" The situation had developed just as he had planned. Without giving them time to explain themselves, Ben exploded forth with wind, fire, and water. Many were slain instantly.

"Venerable dragon..." Although the white haired old man was powerful, more powerful than even the pope, how could he face a dragon? He spoke in an attempt to stop Ben, but how could Ben give him the chance to speak? A giant flame ball shot towards him. The old man immediately ascended into the air to avoid the fierce attack. He could feel the intense heat below him. The tent where he once stood in was not ashes with the faint smell of scorched earth.

Watching from far away, Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun's expressions

did not change.

Although Oscar appeared to have a calm expression, awe surfaced from the bottom of his eyes. Even though he had grown up in the pure land of the elves, Oscar understood one thing. The dragon king had tricked these humans! Yes, the grandiose dragon king had done such a petty thing!

The old man was one of the hidden cards of the Temple of Light, with strength that even the pope would admire. But today, he would die a dog's death.

"Too miserable." Qi Aoshuang almost felt a little pity seeing the gruesome events.

"Yes, quite cruel." Leng Lingyun shook his head and sighed.

Oscar froze. He looked at Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun, but their expressions did not seem to match their words.

Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun did not move, knowing that Ben had been stifled for a long time now. He had not fought in a long time, but now he had a rare opportunity to attack without restraint. Naturally, he would treasure the moment, occasionally casting warning glances at Qi Aoshuang and Leng Lingyun to not get involved, then look back to chase the fleeing Temple of Light and Black Lightning members. Qi Aoshuang felt sympathy for the panicked escapees. Actually, these people were quite strong, especially the white haired old man. He had an intense aura, more powerful than that of the pope's. If he had chanced upon an ordinary dragon, perhaps he would have an even fight. But unfortunately for him, he was facing Ben, the dragon who could strangely use three elements and had already received the Dragon King inheritance!

Just when the old man was prepared to risk his life for escape, the sky suddenly started to become overcast. A giant shadow shrouded everyone. As everyone looked up to look, their expressions became more despairing.

Another dragon!

Qi Aoshuang froze. Her gaze was fixed on the person riding the dragon, a figure she could not be more familiar with.

Jean!

Jean stood on the dragon's back loftily, surveying the circumstances below. His gaze landed on the fleeing people, then slowly shifted to the perpetrator of the event.

Black hair, black eyes, black clothes! Chilling appearance, terrifying aura.

Ben!

Jean's eyes widened.

If he was here, where was she?

Jean's expression changed sharply. He scanned the ground rapidly, searching for the person he had been worried about all this time.

"Roar!" Ben howled at the dragon in the sky. As overbearing dragon pressure descended, leaving many unable to move. The sound left them in a state of shock, their heads about to explode.

Vermilion shuddered with dread and descended. She lay sprawled on the ground facing Ben. It was a dragon, one who was much stronger than her. Terrified at his strength, she did not dare to move.

Jean was too preoccupied to pay attention to Vermillion. However, he was not focused on Ben, his gaze instead on the aloof person a distance away.

The refined figure calmly floated in midair, quietly watching. Although she was far away, Jean was already far stronger than before. He could see everything in detail from this distance. Jean stood silently, watching the ordinary looking girl. Green hair, blue eyes, face spotted with freckles. However, her gaze was so familiar.

It was her. The ordinary looking girl was her.

Jean clenched his fist, staring at the person he had been searching for this whole time. His heart seemed to stop beating, nothing existing in the world except for him and the girl.

His gaze did not move an inch away from Qi Aoshuang's face. He did not

pay attention to anything else, walking slowly towards Qi Aoshuang.

Chapter 207: [No Title]

Qi Aoshuang stared back as Jean approached her slowly. A strange feeling that she did not understand arose in her heart as she stared at him blankly.

Leng Lingyun narrowed his eyes, not saying anything.

Jean stood before them.

Qi Aoshuang lowered her head, silent.

“Miss, I’ve returned…” His voice was drawn out, as if filled with too many emotions. Jean knelt down on one knee, his right fist clenched before his left chest. It was the most formal knight bow.

A thousand words could not contain the meaning of these words.

Miss, I’ve returned…

While Ben was spewing angry fire, they were silent.

With her head lowered, Qi Aoshuang watched as he kneeled. Jean gave Qi Aoshuang a deep, long look.

The two peered into each other’s eyes silently. Neither moved nor spoke.

Finally, Qi Aoshuang lowered her gaze.

Jean silently watched her, still kneeling.

“You’ve returned…” Qi Aoshuang broke into a bright smile, her voice quiet and gentle.

Jean slowly stood up. He stared profoundly at the person he had been chasing after all this time. Gradually, his handsome face also revealed a smile. He nodded. “Yes. Miss, I’ve returned.”

“Chirp chirp!”

“Peep peep!”

White Emperor and Black Feather called out intimately, shooting out of Qi Aoshuang’s cloak like little cannonballs into Jean’s embrace. Of the people Qi Aoshuang was friends with, White Emperor and Black Feather

like Jean the most. Now that they saw Jean, they were naturally excited.

Before they finished their reunion, Ben was finished with his fight. They had all died a dog's death unjustly. They originally came after her, but before they could even get a glimpse of her, not to mention attack her, they were wiped out.

"Oh? Jean, how did you find us?" Ben smiled contently, rotating his shoulder relaxedly.

"I heard what happened to Miss and had been searching for her ever since. Later, I heard that the Temple had stationed many people here, so I came. Because you were there, I predicted Miss would come to find you," Jean explained.

"Haha... not bad! You're pretty smart. I remember you were one of the Hill clan's people. Have you not thought of returning with her head?" Ben narrowed his eyes, his eyes glinting with an imperceivable cold light. If Jean's response was unsatisfactory in anyway, he would strike.

"I said long ago that the Miss is my religion. No matter what she has down, I will stand at her side. Even if everything the Temple of Light claims is true." Jean spoke faintly.

"Oh?" Ben raised a brow, his eyes narrowed. "You really believe in your Miss? Although, right now, she is not a Miss any more. Her name is now Qi Aoshuang."

"Qi Aoshuang?" Jean paused slightly, murmuring the complex characters to himself, then looked at Qi Aoshuang resolutely. "I believe in Miss, I always have. I don't need an explanation."

Seeing Jean's staunch gaze, Qi Aoshuang's heart warmed. Originally, Jean was one of Duke Gordon's people, but now, he chose to stand at her side unwaveringly....

"Thank you..." Qi Aoshuang said softly. It was all she could say.

"Is that you mount?" Suddenly, Ben shot a vicious glare at Vermillion, who was trembling slightly.

“Yes.” Jean nodded.

“Alright, don’t be such a bully.” Qi Aoshuang knew that Ben hated dragons who accepted humans as masters. Although he could allow Qi Aoshuang to ride him, they were two different matters.

“Come over here!” Ben coldly ordered. Vermillion was still sprawled on the ground.

She shuddered, her eyes flashing. Then, she transformed into a girl in red clothes and walked over shyly.

“You just became an adult?” Ben watched Vermillion with narrowed eyes. She watched his frightfully.

Vermillion nodded, not daring to speak.

“Do you know what I am?” Ben said coldly.

Vermillion shook her head hesitantly. She knew that the young man with black hair before her was a dragon, a dragon many times more powerful than her, but she did not know who he was.

“Alright, Ben, stop being so mean..” Qi Aoshuang tried to stop him.

“I am the Dragon King. In the future, you will be our mount.” Because Ben heard Qi Aoshuang speak, his tone softened a bit.

“Ah!” Vermillion froze, staring at Ben, both terrified and amazed. Dragon King! The Dragon King was with that woman! Vermillion glanced at Jean, but saw that Jean’s gaze had never left Qi Aoshuang. Her heart started to dim. Master forever only had that woman in his heart. Vermillion pouted, lowering her head. She said to Ben deferentially, “Yes, your highness.”

“Vermillion has grown up outside of Dragon Valley. When I found her, she still had not hatched from her egg,” Jean interceded.

Ben frowned. Qi Aoshuang naturally understood what he meant, adding, “So Vermillion did not destroy the honor of the dragon clan when she became Jean’s mount, understand, Ben? In the future, don’t be so mean to her!”

“Fine,” Ben gritted his teeth and said reluctantly.

Vermillion lowered her head, her eyes filled with unwillingness and humiliation. That woman was speaking up for her! Unacceptable! Unacceptable! But no one noticed this.

“Oh right, Jean, guess who this ugly man is.” Ben was now smiling boyishly. He pointed at Leng Lingyun.

But contrary to his expectations, Jean replied calmly, “His divine highness.”

“Tch!” Ben curled his lip with dissatisfaction. This boring fellow...

“I am not the Divine Prince any more.” Leng Lingyun smiled.

“This is the princeling of the elves, Oscar,” Ben introduced. “OScar, this is Qi Aoshuang’s knight, Jean.”

The two nodded in greeting without a word. Oscar did was not disrespectful now. The man before him had a dragon as a mount, but was this woman’s knight! How many secrets did this woman have?

“Miss, where do we go to next? We should not stay here for long.” Jean turned around, looking pointedly at the disastrous leftovers of Ben’s fight.

“We were planning finding the goblins.” Qi Aoshuang frowned at the dreary landscape. “Let’s first leave this place.”

“Miss, why are you looking for the goblins?” Jean did not understand.

“I want their deity relic. It is a part of the God Feather,” Qi Aoshuang replied faintly. “With the Heaven Slayer, we can kill the goddess of Light.”

“I understand now.” Jean nodded, then turned to Vermillion. “Vermillion, let’s go.”

When Vermillion heard Qi Aoshuang’s words, her heart tightened. Just as she was immersed in thought, Jean called her back to her senses.

“Master, where do we go?” With a slight huff, Vermillion resumed her original form. A giant dragon appeared before them.

“First, let’s leave this place,” Jean said quietly. Everyone got onto

Vermillion's back. When Qi Aoshuang got on, Vermillions eyes flashed darkly for a moment, but it disappeared as quickly as it came.

After everyone got on, with a slight grunt, Vermillion took off into the open sky.

"Jean, what have you been doing all this time?" Ben asked, his eyes narrowed. Suddenly, he laughed naughtily. "You are must stronger than before. How about we have a practice duel sometime?"

"You seem to have forgotten how you almost accidentally killed Qi Aoshuang last time. Jean is stronger, but you are stronger too," Leng Lingyun suddenly said.

Ben smiled embarrassedly. Indeed, last time, it was also a practice duel, but he had accidentally used his full strength.

Qi Aoshuang smiled, not saying anything.

"Oh right, do you know anything about Master Cliff or Walter?" Ben stroked his chin. "If you were able to hear that Qi Aoshuang might be at Dragon Valley, did you hear anything about the others?"

"Master Cliff..." Jean's voice trailed to a stop.

"What happened?" Qi Aoshuang hurriedly turned around and asked. She could hear the hesitation in his voice.

"After we find a place to set up camp, I'll explain." Jean sighed, reaching down to pat Vermillion. "Vermillion, find a remote place in the woods to land."

Vermillion flapped her wings, flying rapidly.

Qi Aoshuang's face darkened. Master, how are you? Did something happen to you?

As if he could read her mind, Jean said, "Miss, please don't worry. Nothing bad happened to Master Cliff."

The wind whistled past their ears. Though Jean said not to worry, Qi Aoshuang had a serious expression.

When they finally landed, Qi Aoshuang asked immediately.

Jean looked at Qi Aoshuang's anxious expression, then looked at Jean. He sighed. "A few days before Madam Katherine's trial, Master Cliff left, so he never knew that you had returned. The reason why he had left hurriedly was because he heard you were in critical danger, so he left to save you."

"At that time, I had already secretly returned to the capital." Qi Aoshuang frowned. Feelings of restlessness and regret arose in her heart. If she had found Master earlier, they wouldn't have missed each other.

"The person who informed Master Cliff you were in trouble was Master Lawrence." Jean saw that Leng Lingyun's always calm expression finally changed. Jean sighed again, this time in his mind.

"Master?!" Leng Lingyun's expression became exceptionally unsightly. "Master tricked Master Cliff away?"

"Yes." Jean nodded. "When Master Cliff realized what happened, he injured Master Lawrence heavily, then left alone. He swore he would find Miss. He also said to Master Lawrence, he would never see him again!"

Chapter 208: [No Title]

“Where is Master now?” This was what Qi Aoshuang was worried about.

“I do not know.” Jean shook his head. “After Master Cliff disappeared, he was never to be seen again.”

Qi Aoshuang frowned, looking down dejectedly. She knew very well how Master felt towards Lawrence. Lawrence was Master’s only friend, the only person he treated genuinely as a friend, but because of her her, this had happened...

Leng Lingyun closed his eyes, not saying a word. However, his grief was evident.

“Perhaps Amparkland regrets becoming enemies with you now,” Ben said disdainfully, “now that they’ve witnessed you heavily wound the Temple of Light and lost both Master Cliff and the Dragon Knight Jean, yet they haven’t even caught of glimpse of you.”

Everyone was silent.

“Enough. What are you guys doing?” Ben was annoyed. “You masters didn’t die or anything, Aoshuang, you’re not dead either. Once your master finds you, you can just destroy the root of the problem and everything will be resolved, right?”

Qi Aoshuang sighed quietly. “Yes. I don’t want Master to lose his only friend because of me.”

“Then we just have to work faster.” Ben raised his fist eagerly.

“Have you heard anything about Walter?” Qi Aoshuang suddenly remembered the person who was so cowardly and fearful of death, yet refused to abandon her.

“Walter...” Jean shook his head. “I did not hear anything. As a Dark magician, he won’t expose his whereabouts so easily. But he definitely knows what happened to you. Perhaps he is even looking for you.”

Qi Aoshuang took a moment to think, but did not say anything.

“Let’s rest here tonight. We have a long journey ahead of us tomorrow morning.” Jean looked at Vermillion, who sat not far away. Gently, he said, “Vermillion is also tired.

Everyone agreed and started setting up camp.

“Aoshuang, you seem to be much stronger than before. When can we spar?” Ben laughed.

Qi Aoshuang ignored Ben’s mischievous smile, preparing the firewood with Jean instead. Ben continued to chatter despite her disregard. Meanwhile, Oscar sat silently to the side.

Jean stood up. “I’ll go catch some hares.”

“Go, go. Get some fat ones.” Ben laughed.

Jean walked over to Vermillion and said quietly, “Vermillion, let’s go.”

“Master?” Vermillion was a little surprised that Jean would approach her.

“To catch some hares.” Jean did not say another word.

Vermillion didn’t say anything either, following Jean silently. And so, the human and dragon walked into the forest, not silent the entire way.

Once they were a distance away, Jean said quietly, “Vermillion…”

“Hmm? Master?” Vermillion blinked.

Jean turned around and stared at Vermillion. “Vermillion, you… don’t like Miss,” he said calmly.

Vermillion’s expression shifted. She stared back at Jean blankly. Never had she imagined Jean could be so direct. She was even more surprised by the fact that Jean would able to see through her.

Vermillion lowered her head, biting her lip, silent.

Jean did not speak either, only waiting quietly.

After a while, Vermillion finally exploded. “Yes! I hate her!” She raised her head, facing Jean directly. “I do hate her. Why? Why does Master treat her so well? But she doesn’t care about you at all. Master, has she ever

repaid your kindness?"

"Vermillion, she is very important to me." Jean was unexpectedly calm. "No one can replace her in my heart."

Vermillion felt as if she had been stabbed in the heart. Tears started to roll down uncontrollably.

"Of course, no one can replace you in my heart either, Vermillion," Jean consoled her gently. "Vermillion is unique."

"But, but! Master, you treat her so well, but she..." Vermillion started to shake.

"You also treat me very well. Have you ever wished I would repay your kindness?" Jean asked quietly.

"No, of course not." Vermillion shook head violently, so fast that her tears flew, sparkling and pure. She said hastily, "I am always delighted to help you. Master's wishes are my wishes."

"I have never wished for Miss to repay me either. I only wish to stay by her side forever. To watch her live happily is good enough for me," Jean said gently. He reached out and patted Vermillions head, smiling. "Do you understand? And have you ever thought what I would do if you harmed the Miss? Do you think I would just ignore her?"

Vermillion's mouth opened wide. She looked at Jean's handsome face, considering his words. Suddenly, she was filled with fear. If she really did something to her, then Master definitely would not just leave her alone, but punish her severely. Maybe, he would even abandon her! The more she thought, the more afraid she was.

"Waaah..." Vermillion finally started to cry. She dove into Jean's bosom. "Master, I understand. I'm sorry... I... I was just jealous of her. She can receive your care and protection. I... I wish Master would look after me more, care for me." Tears streamed down her face.

Jean smiled gently. He patted Vermillion's head. "It was I who was at fault. I hurt you."

Vermilion started to cry even harder. Jean didn't move, letting her continue to weep. Actually, Jean was aware of Vermillion's negative feelings long ago, but he didn't expect her to care more and more. If he let it go, perhaps something might transpire. Vermillion was still immature, technically speaking a young dragon. If her innocent self became twisted from jealousy and she ended up harming Qi Aoshuang, Jean definitely would not forgive himself or Vermillion. So, before this girl could do anything, he pulled her aside.

"I want to stay by Master's side too. I know that Master and I cannot ever have a romantic relationship. But.. but I can't help being envious of her. I wish I could drop her from my back while I'm flying." Vermillion sobbed even harder after confessing. At the same time, she felt much lighter. Indeed, she had this thought before, childishly wanting to drop her from the air. Now, she was really happy that she had only thought of it, never doing it for real. Otherwise, Master would be furious. He might even do something to her!

Jean was a little shocked. This foolish girl, she really thought she could hurt the Miss this way?

"Waah, Master, I'm sorry. Aren't I a terrible person?" Vermillion sobbed. Seeing Jean's blank expression, she felt even more uneasy.

"Vermillion did you... forget that the Miss can fly?" Jean was amused. Fortunately, she realized her wrongs and had not actually done anything.

"Ah?" Vermillion stopped crying, looking at Jean blankly. "I really forgot."

"You can't have such thoughts in the future." Jean rubbed her head, smiling.

"Mm, I'll never do it again." Vermillion nodded obediently.

"Let's hunt game now. I appreciate your hard work for the past few days, flying so many people." Jean cared for Vermillion genuinely. Afterall, she had always stayed at his side.

"No, it's not hard at all." Vermillion had already stopped crying and was

smiling. Once she had thought things through, her heart had become much more light. Jean started to smile. Vermillion was a dragon indeed, seeing things in black and white. Even if she hated someone, she wouldn't be like scheme like humans. This was the difference between humans and dragons...

Once Jean and Vermillion returned, bringing back all sorts of wildlife, Qi Aoshuang was a little shocked by Vermillion's change in attitude. She was visibly more intimate, clinging to her, chatting constantly. Qi Aoshuang sent Jean a suspicious glance, but Jean only smiled without a word.

"Wow, pretty good. You got it done so easily," Ben murmured to Jean in a low voice.

"I wouldn't want Vermillion to be killed by you, charred until not even ashes remain." Jean humphed, curling his lip.

"Good thing you knew." Ben took a bite of fruit. How could Ben not tell that foolish dragon harbored intentions towards Qi Aoshuang? She just hadn't done anything. The moment she did anything foolish to Qi Aoshuang, Ben would immediately kill her. He had learned how to be sinister from Qi Aoshuang.

"Don't be so tough on Vermillion in the future," Jean said coldly.

"Tch." Jean had seen through Ben perfectly. Although Vermillion had not dishonored the dragons, Ben was dissatisfied with her. He was dissatisfied with any dragons that had accepted humans as masters. He had originally planned to give her a tough time during the journey ahead, but not that Jean had exposed him, it would be too embarrassing to continue to doing so.

Chapter 209: [No Title]

The next day, Vermillion flew everyone to the place on Qi Aoshuang's map.

Goblins are greedy dealmakers, also lovers of architecture. They are stout and ugly, but their intellect could not be looked down upon. They lived underground in a myriad of confusing tunnels. Their underground palace was even more magnificent. If they wanted to obtain the deity weapon, it would be a little difficult. Even if they entered, the maze-like passageways would trap them.

"From this forest onward is all goblin territory." Ben squinted as he peered into the tree. "Goblins never interact with other races."

"Because they're unscrupulous businessmen, and ugly," Leng Lingyun said quietly.

"Haha, you sure know a lot," Ben laughed.

"It was recorded in the Temple of Light's library. Long ago, when the different species still intermingled, the beast and dwarf races made business deals with the goblins, but they would always suffer loses. Later, something happened that made all the races retreat back their own territories. Everyone now guards their own territory, never making contact with other races," Leng Lingyun said faintly.

"The Temple of Light's library recorded this?" Ben was a little surprised.

"I secretly read it from the secret library," Leng Lingyun said a little embarrassedly.

Ben gave him an admiring look.

"Let's go." Qi Aoshuang walked ahead. Just as she entered the forest, there was the sound of rustling all around them.

Everyone's gazes changed. It seems that the forest had some goblins on guard.

As expected, the sound grew louder and louder. One by one, green

creatures appeared.

A group of fully armed goblins riding wolves surrounded them with weapons pointed at them. The goblins had wrinkled faces, green skin, long, tapered ears, and round eyes. Currently, they were cautiously regarding Qi Aoshuang's group.

"Humans, stop. We cannot permit you to advance any further," the leading goblins said coldly.

"I have business with your king," Qi Aoshuang said to him calmly.

The goblin frowned. He sized up Qi Aoshuang, then inspected the other people. Ben timely released slight dragon aura.

"Dragon?!" the goblins all paled with fright. The wolves all uniformly crouched down and shivered.

Qi Aoshuang smiled ever so slightly. Having a dragon by her side sure was convenient.

Before the goblins could respond, a ray of bright light shot down from the sky, trapping the goblins within. Before they could cry out, they all turned to dust, then dissipated. In an instant, all their lives had been taken away. It was a frightening scene.

Enemy attack?!

They all retreated back, alertly watching the mass of white light.

The Temple of Light's power!

Slowly, the white light dissipated. A few figures emerged from within.

Angels! They were led by an angel with eight wings. Behind him stood four cold-faced angels with six wings. The five angels all had white clothes, white wings, and supple blonde hair and deep blue eyes. They all held a pure white blade

Qi Aoshuang's gaze darkened. Was the goddess of Light finally about to make her move? Indeed, she had already collected three parts of the God Feather Heaven Slayer. The goddess should have sensed it already. She could not descend in the human world for long, so she sent these angels to

take her place instead.

Leng Lingyun's expression had also changed. Before them were true and blue angels. Normally, angels could not descend to the human world easily. Even if they forcibly descended, their strength would be greatly reduced, but these angels had terrifying strength. In other words, the goddess had found a way for them to descend without reducing their strength.

"Holy fuck! Actual angels." Ben was gleefully about to attack.

"Dragon King!" Suddenly, before he could attack, the leading eight-winged angel pointed his sword at Ben and said coldly, "Did you forget the agreement between the goddess and your dragon god?"

"What are you talking about, I'm no dragon king," Ben lied without a trace of embarrassment.

"Humph." However, the eight-winged angel smiled coldly. He faced the sky and gave a long whistle. The shrill sound was as loud as thunder, earsplitting.

Qi Aoshuang and everyone else's expressions changed greatly. The angel's strength was definitely unordinary, completely different from the angels that had descended and possessed the pope and archbishops' bodies.

After the long whistle, there was a rumbling sound coming from the horizon.

Ben's expression turned incomparably ugly.

Only he recognized what the pressure and rumbling sound signified.

The dragon god was descending!

The rumbling was deafening. A rainbow cloud appeared in the sky and approached. Ben's face was already beet red. Naturally, he knew what the dragon god would appear here for.

Seeing the angels' delighted expressions and Ben's unsightly expression, Qi Aoshuang immediately understood what was going on.

“Dragon king, let’s see if you’ll still interfere! You violated the treaty between the goddess of Light and the dragon god, so the dragon god will punish you. Hmph!” The eight winged angel smiled coldly, his sword pointed at Ben. His voice was filled with clear glee and faint malice.

“Fuck!” Ben’s face darkened. He looked up at the rapidly approaching rainbow cloud, his heart sinking.

Before Qi Aoshuang and everyone else could react, the multicolored cloud was already overhead. A rope descended. Ben’s expression changed. He turned, wanting to run, but as if the rope had eyes, it chased after Ben. Ben could not even have the chance to resist as the rope wound around him. In a flash, he was wrapped up tightly. With his mouth covered, he gave muffled grunts.

Qi Aoshuang’s mouth was wide. It was not that Ben did not want to resist, but that he did not even have the chance to. In front of the dragon god, he was powerless.

Qi Aoshuang instantly shot a bolt of flame at the end of the string that bound Ben, but it had not effect. They could only watch on helplessly as Ben was taken into the sky. Ben struggled with all his might, looking like a wriggling caterpillar, but it was no use. Although it was amusing to see, their current situation was no joke. Qi Aoshuang was about to attack again, Ben shot her a warning look, telling her to stop. Their current situation was already critical. In order to face the five angels, she could not waste her strength. Furthermore, she was facing the profound dragon god! Qi Aoshuang knew better than anyone else how large the gap between humans and gods was. Seeing Ben’s gaze, Qi Aoshuang understood and stopped everyone else from attacking.

Soon, Ben was dragged away in the cloud. Vermillion shivered, hiding behind Jean. She was afraid the dragon god was going to capture her. Clearly, Ben had been taken away because he was about to interfere.

“I’ll take away this lil bastard,” a resonant voice said from the sky. The voice was filled with imposing aura, inconsistent with his choice of words. Lil bastard...

Then, the multicolored cloud floated away. The sound of Ben's muffled grunts gradually disappeared along with it.

"Hmph! Lowly human, today you'll pay the price for uselessly provoking the venerable goddess's might!" The leading eight winged angel coldly humphed. He raised his blade. In the light, it shimmered.

Qi Aoshuang snorted. With a flick of her wrist, the Azure Ripple blade was already in hand.

With ringing sound, Jean pulled out his sword. Leng Lingyun's face darkened. He coldly regarded the arrogant angels.

Meanwhile, Oscar had his arms crossed. He stood to the side quietly. As promised, he was a spectator. Qi Aoshuang had never expected for him to help anyways.

"Elf?" The eight winged angel looked at Oscar in surprise.

"Is the elf race going to interfere?" one of the six winged angels said angrily.

Oscar frowned with annoyance. Were they stupid? Couldn't they see that he had no intention of doing so?

"If you think I'm going to, then why don't I?" Oscar smiled coldly, getting up.

"Idiot!" The eight winged angel swiveled back and berated. Did he not have eyes? Clearly he had no intentions of doing anything, but now, because of the six winged angel's words, the elf was going to join the fray! The elf definitely was powerful. However, elves, who were regarded as peaceful and elegant could be this irritable? Aside from anger, the eight winged angel was also a little confused.

It was not just the eight winged angel who was confused. Qi Aoshuang was surprised as well.

She frowned. Oscar sure behaved strangely. He attacked whenever he wanted to, and his reason to do so was simple too.

"Aren't you afraid of bringing trouble to your elf god?" The eight winged

angel's objective was to kill Qi Aoshuang and destroy her soul, not this elf.

"Does the elf god and your god have an agreement?" Oscar said heedlessly, smiling.

The eight winged angel froze. Indeed, the elf god and goddess of Light did not have any agreement. Because the elves loved peace and hated humans, there had never been a need to make such an agreement.

"Even if there isn't, aren't you afraid of being punished by the elf god?" the eight winged angel persisted.

Oscar chuckled and didn't say anything. Evidently, he did not take the angel's word to heart.

The eight winged angel's expression changed. What these arrogant angels hated the most wasn't people cursing at them, but completely disregarding them. Oscar's haughty actions were a resounding slap in the face.

Chapter 210: [No Title]

“If you must insist, die. I will report to the goddess the mistaken act of the elves.” The eight winged angel humphed. When he opened his mouth to speak again, he was stopped by an abrupt sword thrust.

Alarmed, the eight winged angel raise his blade to block.

His sword started to hum, his hand trembling.

Qi Aoshuang raised a brow, a bemused smile on her lips. Were they looking down on them?

“Lowly human!” The angel’s face ashened. He gripped his sword more tightly so that it did not shake. However, contrary to his words, he was overwhelmed with shock. A trifling human could be this strong? No wonder the goddess was so vested this time.

Qi Aoshuang smiled derisively. This birdman*, he only knew how to talk big!

*The Chinese phrase “bird man” can mean like motherfucker

Qi Aoshuang absolutely would not give the eight winged angel any slack, her sword flitting rapidly. It was a terrifying sight to behold that emanated the aura of death. Panic flashed across the eight winged angel’s eyes. He hastily raised his sword to parry.

Meanwhile, Jean, Leng Lingyun, and Oscar started to engage the remaining six winged angels.

With every clash between the Azure Ripple blade and the angel’s sword, there was a thunderous clang. Qi Aoshuang frowned. As expected, the eight winged angel was powerful!

As the two were in deadlock, Qi Aoshuang and the eight winged angels assumed serious expressions.

Secretly, the eight winged angel was apprehensive. This human’s power was actually equal to his own. Or maybe even stronger? The eight winged angel shivered at the thought. He struck with more force. He could not

lose to this heretical human!

Just as the eight winged angel struck with more force, he heard her faint, distinct voice. “Did they send fighter type birdmen this time?” The eight winged angel did not detect the hidden ridicule in the voice.

Birdmen? The eight winged angel was stunned. Only then did he realize what she meant!

“Lowly human, you must pay for your ignorant words!” The eight winged angel seethed with anger. Eyeing her alertly, his entire body started to emit bright light.

“You seem to have forgotten I am a magician as well.” Qi Aoshuang raised a brow, smiling. Before the eight winged angel could come back to his senses, an intensely hot blade emerged from her palm, then erupted into golden flames. This was the supreme golden flame.

The exceedingly hot flame immediately enveloped the eight winged angel.

“Ah...” the eight winged angel cried out, rapidly retreating.

The golden flame soon extinguished, revealing the eight winged angel’s body. The eight winged angel’s supple blonde hair was now a mass, faintly fuming foully. His clothes were in even poorer condition, hanging in strands. His snow white wings were now burnt black. He did not carry himself so proudly now.

“Smells like burnt chicken.” Qi Aoshuang sneered. The eight winged angel was so angered, he almost spat blood.

“Sinister, cunning human!” The eight winged angel was visibly angry, shouting at Qi Aoshuang with his sword raised. Suddenly, he noticed something behind Qi Aoshuang and started to smile sinisterly. “Why don’t you take a good look at your companions? Not a single one of you shall escape today.” The angel appeared pleased.

Qi Aoshuang frowned as she cast a glance over. Two six winged angels currently had Oscar surrounded while Jean and Leng Lingyun each faced one six winged angel. Vermillion stood to the side nervously, wanting to

help, but unable to, crying instead. What Vermillion feared the most was leaving Jean, but the threat of being taken away was still fresh in her memory. White Emperor and Black Feather crouched on each side of her shoulder, chirping and peeping, as if to say don't do anything. They were not flustered at all. To them, these angels weren't a threat to Qi Aoshuang and them.

Oscar was currently enveloped in a hazy aura. Whenever an angel attacked, the moment their sword was about to approach, the sword would automatically diverge and brush past Oscar. Oscar was not injured in the slightest. Oscar would calmly evade, but he did not attack. He merely held them up so that they could not help their other angels.

Leng Lingyun was a bit more strained. Afterall, he was a healer first, a magician second.

Just as Qi Aoshuang was thinking what to do, a sharp attack shot towards her.

"Where are you looking?" the eight winged angel said coldly.

Qi Aoshuang raised her sword to deflect. She turned her attention back to the eight winged angel, losing her derisive attitude. She knew that she had to finish off this eight winged angel as soon as possible. Leng Lingyun would not be able to hold on for long, and although Jean appeared to be evenly matched with one angel, if this continued, Jean would be at the disadvantage.

Vermillion stood to the side, her hands in fists as she nervously watched the circumstances, unable to get involved. Who knew how close the dragon god was. If the eight winged angel summoned him again, she was doomed.

Leng Lingyun's situation was most dire. The moment the angel saw he was using Light magic, the angel became even more enraged. He knew that this person was the one who had betrayed the Temple, betrayed the goddess, the Holy Prince. His attacks became even more vicious.

The eight winged angel seemed to know what Qi Aoshuang was thinking. He chuckled coldly, attacking once more. This time, he did not

attack with all his power. Qi Aoshuang was in a position where she could not move now.

As time passed, Qi Aoshuang became more tense. It seemed she still could not kill him off. Although she had given him multiple wounds, she had never been able to give the fatal blow. It was as if he was a cockroach. Whenever Qi Aoshuang turned around, wanting to help the people behind her, the eight winged angel would attack with renewed strength. In such an endless cycle, Qi Aoshuang couldn't help but feel vexed. Jean and Leng Lingyun already appeared weary.

"You damn human, how dare you cause the goddess problems." The eight winged angel pinned down Qi Aoshuang's blade strenuously, gritting his teeth. His eyes were now cold and smiling. "Did you think it was only we who descended? Did you think we would let you succeed in collecting all the pieces of the God Feather Heaven Slayer? Do you think your other companions are still alive?"

Qi Aoshuang's eyes widened. Chuxin and Dong Fenghou were in danger! Seeing Qi Aoshuang's expression darken, the eight winged angel became even more delighted.

"Haha, perhaps not even their bodies remain!" The eight winged angel howled with laughter. His devious expression became even more warped as he smiled malevolently.

"You..." Qi Aoshuang lowered her gaze. No one could see her expression. She only spat out this word. Suddenly, her body exploded with an icy, cold aura.

"What? Are you sad? Worried?" The eight winged angel laughed loudly, thinking that Qi Aoshuang had suffered a great blow. The best time to strike was now, when she was at her weakest. Thus, he madly brandished his sword as he charged to attack Qi Aoshuang.

But Qi Aoshuang did not move. She only calmly raised her sword to easily block the attack the eight winged angel had put so much strength into.

Huh? The eight winged angel couldn't help but stare blankly. Suddenly, a

dense, murderous aura enveloped him. His heart tightened, and he instinctively wanted to back away.

"Hmph!" Qi Aoshuang leveled her gaze now. Her eyes were like cold vortexes, emitting terrifying, cold light.

The eight winged angel was stunned. This was because he had seen Qi Aoshuang's eyes glint with red light.

Red light?! The eight winged angel blinked. He wanted to take a better look to see if Qi Aoshuang's eyes had turned red, but the next moment, all he could see was redness.

It was his own blood.

Chapter 211: [No Title]

The intense pain almost made him stop breathing. Qi Aoshuang's sword had pierced through his right chest.

"Birdmen have red blood too?" Qi Aoshuang smiled coldly, then pulled out her sword viciously.

The eight winged angel howled with pain. His blood spurted out like fountain water. He retreated as fast as he could, to get as far away from Qi Aoshuang as possible.

When the four six winged angels saw the circumstances, they all stopped what they were doing and rushed over to the eight winged angel's side. They all made the same symbol with their left hand. A barrier appeared before Qi Aoshuang, stopping her from advancing.

The five angles then raised their right hands at the same time. Just as Qi Aoshuang was about to strike through the barrier, their made a simple hand gesture. Instantly, dazzling white light enveloped them. Then, they disappeared.

"A portal." Leng Lingyun said quietly, coughing as he approached.

"Portal?" Jean sheathed his sword. He stared ahead at the empty cavity, frowning.

"Only with five angels can they use it. They are teleported to the nearest source of Light power. It should be the closest temple," Leng Lingyun explained. He waved his hand to cast healing magic. White light enveloped Qi Aoshuang, healing her wounds instantly. Jean fell silent, because Leng Lingyun's wounds were visible more serious than Qi Aoshuang's.

"Master!" Vermillion flew over, tears in her eyes. She carefully inspected Jean to see if he was wounded at all, sobbing as she said, "Sorry master, I could not help you. I.. I was afraid the dragon god would take be away. But... but... master, I... if they were too... I would have intervened no matter what."

“I understand.” Jean patted Vermillion’s head kindly. “You were good. We’re perfectly fine. If you were taken away, we would have been much slower.”

Vermillion continued to sob.

Oscar nonchalantly stood to the side, arms crossed as he regarded Qi Aoshuang without a word.

Qi Aoshuang was dark faced, also silent.

“Chuxin and Dong Fenghou are in danger,” Qi Aoshuang managed to squeeze out.

“What?” Everyone was alarmed. Only Oscar remained aloof.

The goddess has finally started to make her move.” Qi Aoshuang’s expression was exceptionally unsightly. She needed an entire set of deity weapons to kill the goddess of light, but so long as the goddess stole away a single one, all of her efforts would be for nothing. Right now, what was most worrying was Qiao Chuxin and Dong Fenghou were completely not those angels’ match. They had only sent five angels after them, even one that was eight winged. What about Dong Fenghou and Qiao Chuxin? Even a six winged angel would be hard for them to fight!

“We need to find them immediately.” Qi Aoshuang did not care for anything else. Even if the goblins were right ahead, the deity weapon almost in reach, Qi Aoshuang was currently complete fixated on Qiao Chuxin and Dong Fenghou’s safety.

No one objected. They all knew what was most important.

Vermillion immediately assumed her dragon form, carrying everyone up into the clouds in one huff.

They soon reached the beastmen race. Dong Fenghou and Qiao Chuxin’s first stop was there. Based off of their calculations, they still had not arrived yet.

At this time, Ben was all wrapped up on the rainbow cloud. Sitting next to him emanating red light was a mysterious old man. This was the

dragon god.

“Mmph, ah...” Ben was still writhing around pointlessly.

The dragon god looked down upon Ben. Suddenly, he reached out and jabbed Ben. Ben opened his eyes wide, struggling even more now.

“Shut the hell up.” Ben felt as if thunder struck. His voice was resonant and dignified, yet he said such words. He had been all wrapped up and struggling with all his might at the time the dragon king said “lil bastard”, so he hadn’t heard him.

“Mmph!” Ben wriggled, even more loud.

“How could you be so dumb? Always making trouble for me.” The dragon god stood up, anger rising. He raised his foot and started to step on Ben. Ben howled miserably.

“You caused so much trouble, and even provoked the goddess of Light, that wench. Your identity was even found out! Are you a dragon or a pig?” The dragon god’s face had been fuming red, but now, even his ears and neck were starting to flow red. Whether it was anger or excitement was indiscernible.

“Mm?” Ben realized something was strange. It seemed like he didn’t care about provoking the goddess of light?

“You don’t know how to wipe up after your shit? You’re a dragon, not a pig! Use your brain!” The dragon god started stepping on Ben again. With each step, he was more stirred up. Ben was pummeled into a ******. He wanted to cry but couldn’t.

Finally, the dragon god was finished. He withdrew his foot, then sat down, finally satisfied. With a flick of his finger, he loosened Ben’s bounds. Ben desperately held on for dear life, gasping for breath.

“I originally wanted to see you bring down that treacherous, idiotic dragon king. Just when I was about to praise you, you got into this mess. How could you get into such bullshit? The goddess of Light, that wench, came knocking on the door!” The longer the dragon god spoke, the more angry he became. He was prepared to give Ben another beating. At this

time, Ben “unlocked his hidden potential”, rolling away, avoiding the dragon god’s claws.

Ben now understood one thing very clearly. The dragon god they revered had bad character! He was a shameless, two faced bastard!

“Venerable dr-dragon god, I...” Just when Ben started to speak, he was met with ringing pain.

“Don’t try to act all nice. I know you’re secretly cursing me.” The dragon god gave Ben a warning smile.

“Yes! So what, you damn old man. Why did you take me away? Are we dragons afraid of the goddess of light?” Ben finally understood the dragon king’s personality, blurting out cheeky words.

Ben stared at the dark faced old man. When the dragon king heard his words, he was so angry, he was going to give Ben another beating.

“You favor the strong and bully the weak!” Ben ducked to avoid the attack.

“You pighead, you know what that means? Hm? If you know what it means, why do you ask? Are you an idiot?” The dragon god was even more angry. He gave Ben a thorough beating.

“What do you mean?” Ben hugged his head, crying out. “Is it because you hate people calling you that way, so you...”

“Oh, you’ve made progress. You’ve changed from a bastard to a fool.” The dragon gold stopped his attacks. He said disdainfully, “You finally realized. Dragons are so much stronger than humans, so how could the goddess of Light, that wench, be someone I care about? But if others say I bully the weak, then it would be bad.” The old dragon god sat down crossed legged and said seriously.

“Huh?” Ben was shocked. Who would have thought the dragon god would be so shameless, two faced, and care so much about face! “It’s like that?” Ben’s expression was still filled with shock.

“Of course!” The dragon god assumed a grandiose appearance. “If not

for that wench pretending to be so pitiful, asking me to sign a pact, pah! You think I'd care?" The dragon god's mouth twitched. Suddenly, he seemed to say to himself, "That old wench is too shrewd, I don't like her."

This time, Ben heard everything clearly. He felt like that dragon goddess had grabbed hold of his weakness of hating losing face, she she had tricked him into signing the agreement that dragons could not attack humans heedlessly.

"If you don't like that wench, then let me go help my friends. I'll just hide conceal myself everywhere we go," Ben frowned and said, breaking the dragon god's train of thought.

The dragon god flew into a fury. He pointed straight at Ben's nose. "You idiot, they already know who you are. How the hell would you be able to help them? Don't cause me more trouble!" He rolled his eyes, then looked into the sky, silent. Now one knew what he was thinking.

Ben now was proficient at reading expressions. Thus, he crouched obediently, waiting for the dragon god's next words.

"Lil bastard, how come I never noticed you were so scheming? You're so treacherous and deceitful, how come I never noticed before?" the dragon god suddenly asked.

Ben's mouth went wide. "Are you complimenting me or insulting me?"

"You can think of it as a compliment." The dragon god nodded earnestly.

"It was my human friend who taught me. At her side, I learned many things. Only then was I able to think of an idea to kick that previous dragon king off the throne." Ben sensed this is what the dragon god liked.

"Mm... not bad, not bad." The dragon god nodded, smiling. "That woman has piqued my interest."

"So can I go help her?" Ben smiled, trying to curry favor.

"When did I say you could?" The dragon god's face darkened, his voice low.

Ben was about to ready himself for another beating, but before he could,

the dragon god started to laugh, his eyes darting around. “If we can’t do this blatantly, then we’ll do it secretly. That wench had been rubbing tme the wrong way for some time now. Getting rid of her should be a good idea.”

Ben: “……”

Credits

Translator: Japanese Mafia Lady

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