THE DARK KING

BOOK 05

Ancient Xi

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The Dark King

(黑暗王者)

by

Ancient Xi

(古羲)

Synopsis

Disaster outbreaks which ends the civilization we know.

Sleeping in the cold storage for three hundred years Dudian wakes up into a new “world”.

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Chapter 401

“Dragons don’t feed on humans?” Dudian looked at the giant black shadow in the sky: “Do you mean to say that that big guy is a vegetarian?”

Reid replied: “Master, you don’t know about it but the dragons are used as mounts by the Holy Church. They eat monsters from outside the giant wall.”

Dudian quietly looked at the giant black shadow as it disappeared in the horizon. He took back his eyes.

“Let’s go.” Dudian commanded.

Gwyneth and Sergei were by Dudian’s side. The three generals followed after them. The three hundred soldiers were riding behind those three. They passed through neighborhoods as they went to the north of the commercial district. The elite troops caught the attention of the ordinary residents.

Although the rain had stopped but the ground was still wet.

They passed along the main streets of the commercial district. Soon the people recognized Dudian. They cheered him along the way.

In about one hour Dudian reached the military headquarters in the north of the commercial district. General Lorenzo and others

generals were aware of their arrival because of the messenger crows. They suspended their discussions as Dudian and others arrived.

"Master, are you planning to go to the battlefield?" Lorenzo was feeling helpless as he asked the question to learn purpose of Dudian's visit. Dudian was the most 'active' master he had ever seen.

Dudian nodded: "Let's not delay time as general is aware of my intention. This time I hope that you will give me troops because of my knight identity. I hope to personally get involved in the battle!"

Lorenzo looked back at him: "Master, I know what's passing through your mind. But let me remind you that battlefield is totally different from the other places. There is just too much of a risk! Everyone will blame us if an accident happens..."

Dudian shook his head: "I've written a letter which has my last words. I knew that general would be worried about that so I decided to act this way. I've written that everything that I do is voluntary and the military doesn't hold any responsibilities in case something happens to me!"

Lorenzo was silent as many ideas passed through his mind. What good a letter is if you died in the battlefield? How much credibility did it hold? If dark church or another force took the opportunity to guide the public opinion to attack the military...

Lorenzo couldn't understand if Dudian didn't really understands

these or the boy deliberately pretended not to understand. However he was inclined towards the latter option. After all, the boy was 16 years old. Although he was an excellent architect but the kid didn't have life experience! The inventions were related to his superb skills but it didn't mean that he had rich life experience and was mature to understand these points.

Lorenzo deeply looked at him: "Master, I'll allow your request since you insist on it. However I have one condition."

Dudian stared back: "Yes?."

"Please obey the military arrangements since you insist joining the battlefield. The war is about whole not the individual performance. I hope you will listen to our way of solving problems and won't rush the troops casually into the battle!" Lorenzo looked at Dudian with a serious gaze.

"No problem! I will obey the rules. However I hope that I wouldn't be sent into some office work because I am a master! I think I have the ability to fight the enemy on the battlefield!" Dudian replied.

Lorenzo nodded: "Naturally you will be on the front line. Master, please come over and check this."

Dudian went to the sand table.

"The barbarians have occupied the golden wall. They have three

options right now. The first one is to attack the silver wall protecting the residential district. The second option is to try to attack commercial district from the Red River. Their main forces are gathered over there but I suspect they are trying to fool us. Their real purpose is to occupy the residential district." Lorenzo pointed towards the sand table as he explained to Dudian.: " We are protecting the silver wall but there is scarcity in terms of staff members. Moreover there is forest which is kind of a gap at the boundaries of the silver wall."

"They can detour the forest and enter the commercial district. Moreover your steam rifle is unfavorable in the forest because of the terrain disadvantage. So it must be guarded by the elite forces!"

Lorenzo looked at Dudian: "I will give you two thousand soldiers and colonels to protect that area."

Dudian checked the entire commercial district and the points of the battle on the table. It was obvious that indeed the forest led to the commercial district. But a large-scale war couldn't happen within the forest. By giving him two thousand soldiers to protect the forest was an easy task. It would be very safe.

"Alright!" Dudian looked at Lorenzo: "I promise to complete the task! I hope that general would punish me according to the military law if I fail!"

Lorenzo was relieved as he looked at the teenager. He immediately responded: "I'll leave this grim task to you. I hope you won't let us down!"

Dudian nodded in confirmation. There was a trace of excitement in his face.

Lorenzo smiled: “Master, you should immediately depart to complete the task!”

“Yes!” Dudian bent to salute the general the way a soldier would do. He turned and left afterwards.

The other generals shook their heads and wryly smiled as they looked at Dudian leaving the hall.

“I haven’t seen such a master. ”

“You should rephrase it. You haven’t seen such a young master! He is too young and youth tend to refuse the comfort...”

“Unlike some consortia who try to take advantage of the war to make wealth out of it.”

“It’s way too hard to control him..”

...

Dudian left to the front of the forest with the small army.

The rain had stopped and the sky was clear. The previous useless artillery once again appeared in the battlefield. The barbarians tasted the bombs as they attacked the silver wall of the residential district. The military was in advantageous situation because of the weapons. The giant frogs were useless in front of the artillery. They just became huge targets!

A day passed.

Barbarians paid a heavy price but were unable to occupy the silver wall. They changed their strategy and scattered into small teams. Their aim was to get into the commercial district through various regions.

However it was too late.

The military had long calculated their move and have made new strategies according to such a situation. Moreover the steam rifle was introduced at this point.

The emergence of the steam rifle destroyed the plans of barbarians to do guerilla warfare. In just three days they retreated suffering heavy casualties.

At the same time, by the forest.

Dudian led two thousand elite soldiers as well as three hundred purple feather troops. Their troops were stationed by the edge of the forest. On daily basis they caught wild animals and barbecued

them. It was very comfortable.

Several barbarian teams tried to pass by the forest however all of them were killed by the troops sent by Dudian. In reality he didn't even have to go to battlefield. The colonels were enough to solve the problem. In addition they relied on the advantage of the terrain to completely massacre the attacking barbarian teams.

It was like picking credit from the air.

Sergei picked the grilled rabbit leg and sat by Dudian who was holding a book: "Master, its too boring in here. When are going back? The mosquitoes at night..."

Dudian took the rabbit leg and retracted his eyes from the book. He spoke while ate: "Let's go back after eating. The colonels are enough to lead the forces stationed in here."

"Really?" Sergei was stunned as he was casually complaining.

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Apparently Dudian wasn't joking with Sergei as he called the colonel after eating the rabbit leg: "There hasn't been any barbarian attacks since morning. I think all of them are killed. I'll go back to the military hq to see if there is a need for me in the front line while you will control the troops stationed in here."

Colonel was surprised as he looked at Dudian: "Master, according to the orders from above we are station here.. I..."

"I believe that you can manage the situation." Dudian patted his shoulders and passed by the colonel. He took Gwyneth, Sergei, the Mouse brothers and 300 hundred elite purple feather troops and left the forest area. He didn't return back to his castle but directly went to the military hq.

"Master, are we really going to the front line?" Sergei carefully asked: "I was just casually chatting. You don't have to take my words too seriously. If the military blames us then we... "

"Why they should blame us?" Dudian indifferently replied: "Has there been any barbarians who were able to pass into the commercial district while we were guarding the area?"

"Ah, that's... No ..."

Dudian patted the horse to speed up the marching speed. He had not seen the newspapers because they were stationed by the forest for the last three days. However he estimated that the barbarians

were hit hard and retreated. The main reason for his thinking was that the weather was dry and the temperature was about three or four degrees. But it didn't prevent the use of the artillery.

In addition to the artillery, his steam rifle should be mass produced by now and introduced into the battlefield.

In this era of the cold weapons the emergence of the steam rifles was same as bullying the weak. The results were decided even before the begging of the battle.

...

Military HQ. North of the Commercial District.

Lorenzo and several generals were standing in front of the sand table and discussing the situation. Previously the area was covered in red flags but now the only places where you could see those red flags were the place close to the Red River. Moreover there were several red flags inserted behind the golden wall which referred to the reinforcement teams of the barbarians.

"Send a battalion with two hundred steam rifle to annihilate these ones!" Lorenzo stretched out his arm and pulled out few red flags and threw them aside. His tone was indifferent.

The adjutant standing by him issued down the command.

"Everyone, its almost time to recapture the golden wall." Lorenzo

looked at the wall's design on the sand table: "Move the artillery from the silver wall towards the golden wall. Moreover send a division of steam rifle soldiers. I want to hear the news of the recapture by tonight!"

"Yes."

"General, we will be unable to station troops over the golden wall even if we get back the golden wall. The production speed of the steam rifles is good but the most of the soldiers are sick and they haven't recovered yet. Should we go for a new conscription?"Another general spoke up his opinion.

Lorenzo narrowed his eyes as he slowly said: "Since the beginning our aim and ultimate goal is to get back the golden wall! For time being we can't do something like that unless all our trump cards are exposed! The Holy Church and the Dark Church will infiltrate the military in such a case. In that case the sharp edges of the blade will begin to rust..."

"I think so too. It wouldn't be difficult to capture the rest of the golden wall as long as we get a section of it back. We are able to produce 8000 steam rifles a day and the efficiency is gradually increasing. In a day or two we will be able to mass produce 10000 steam rifles a day. In that case we will be able to take back the golden wall sooner or later..." A general added.

"If it doesn't go like our plans then we will use the fires(bombs)!"

Lorenzo faintly smiled: "Bombs should be used as the last

possible card. So far we don't need to play that one. Moreover the damage to the golden wall was too serious before the barbarians snatched it. They won't be too focused on protecting it as its relatively easy to defend from the Red Maple Mountains rather than the broken golden wall!"

The others nodded in confirmation.

"The thing is that the barbarians didn't send reinforcements. Is it that they expected it? Or was there another reason? I hope that we wont be crossed..." Lorenzo whispered as he narrowed his eyes.

The others frowned as they looked at each other. They felt unusual about the situation too.

...

On the way back to the military hq Sergei 'borrowed' a pot of wine and newspaper from a bistro. He drank the wine while Dudian checked the newspapers. There was a trace of smile revealed on his face as the horses trotted forward.

Dudian went to see general Lorenzo after they reached the headquarters.

Lorenzo felt his head ache the moment he saw the 'active' master. However he had a coping method because of his last experience with Dudian. He planned to send him to stay behind the siege troops in a larger battlefield. It was a very low risk place.

Dudian gladly agreed without any objections.

“Master, wasn’t it written in the newspaper that the most intense battles aren’t happening near the golden wall but on other locations? How come the other areas are more important than getting back the golden wall?” Sergei asked in a curious tone as he rode the horse.

Dudian replied in a serious tone: “Nonsense! The general must have his reasons to order us so. We are now soldiers and must follow his orders!”

Sergei uttered ‘ah’ cry as he weirdly looked back at Dudian. How come he wasn’t aware that Dudian was such an obedient boy? He turned his head and looked at Gwyneth. Gwyneth winked at Sergei. He turned back his head and looked at the Mouse brothers.

The three general brothers looked back at him.

Sergei smiled and threw the wine bottle: “General Dale, would you like a drink?”

Dale smiled: “I never drink when I’m marching. Its just wrong.” He threw back the bottle to Sergei.

“No wonder you are a general while I’m a soldier.” Sergei reached out to grab the bottle and turned his head. He slowly drank the wine.

A messenger riding on a horse began to loudly shout in the streets of the commercial district before the sunset.

“Golden wall is recaptured! …”

The residents were surprised as they heard the news. They warmly cheered as they heard the messenger. Some who were packing their things to move close to the inner wall stopped doing so.

In the last three days that the rain stopped the situation was completely reversed. The news of military winning back was heard more and more.

The residents of the commercial and residential districts were relieved as they heard the news of golden wall being seized back. It stabilized the population. Moreover the news of the military’s counterattack didn’t stop there. The news regarding the military winning back the different regions came one after another. Moreover the information about Dudian being stationed in the forest and wiping out barbarians was widely spread too.

Although Dudian didn’t even made a step out through the battles but his name was hang in every news reported. He was described as ‘brave’, ‘fearless’, ‘matchless’, ‘wise’ and so on. All the credit was attributed to him.

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In the blink of an eye another two days passed.

The golden wall once again became the barrier to be used by the military. The barbarians were defeated and expelled behind the golden wall. However they weren't planning to easily abandon the Red Maple Mountains. Although the Red Maple Mountains belonged to the outer edge of the commercial district but at the end of the day it was within the King's Fort. It's lands were blessed with rich resources. Moreover once they evacuated from the Red Maple Mountains then they will be exiled for long time.

However military wasn't anxious to attack the Red Maple Mountains but focused on soldiers to recover. Their main plan was to consolidate the defense of the golden wall. At the same time they were increasing the inventory of weapons and other resources. Gradually statistics about the casualties and other information was published by the military newspaper and the other newspapers that belonged to the consortia. They identified few generals, colonels who died in the war as heroes.

Moreover several outstanding commanders and generals were praised in those reports. Dudian's name was also included.

...

Dudian knew that the military feared to be ambushed by the barbarians so they preferred not to chase after the barbarians at the first chance. After all, the Red Maple Mountains had fallen into

the hands of the barbarians and it would be much easier to ambush them in case the military was tempted to give them a chase. In addition the military waited for the regular soldiers to be cured before making a move. After all, the more they dragged the time the more chance they had to produce steam rifles.

"We should also go back." Dudian called to Sergei and Gwyneth. He declined the escort of the Mouse brothers and the rest of the soldiers.

The Mouse brothers didn't force Dudian as they evaluated the situation. Moreover they had personally seen Dudian's extraordinary strength. He was no less inferior to them. In addition there were two senior hunters who were by his side. In the end trying to hurt Dudian was a difficult thing at this point. As the war by the golden wall had ended even if Dudian was injured there wouldn't be any relations to the military.

"The war is finally over! We can go back and take a good rest!" Sergei's heart was racing as he shouted out.

Dudian faintly smiled: "The war is just beginning! Do you want to be lazy?"

Sergei was startled: "Beginning?"

"The previous one was the war between the military and the barbarians. Now its time for our war!" Dudian continued: "Both of you will be busy after we return."

Sergei woke up: “I had almost forgotten about the damned Mellon consortium! By the way none of the two senior hunters that they had sent into the war died. Especially the woman. It seems that she had the magic marks from the black weaver! The abilities she had are terrifying if she would use them for assassination! In the previous battle she just went down the soil until the end of the war. She was unharmed! That is a cheat!”

Dudian remembered Glenn’s appearance as he heard Sergei’s words: “If she didn’t die then we will hire her! Afterwards she will become one of us.”

“Do you want to recruit her?” Sergei shook his head: “It’s not so easy to recruit a senior hunter because of the contract she has signed with the consortium. There are 2 options. First is for her to die and the second is for the Mellon consortium to collapse!”

Dudian smiled but kept his silence.

Gwyneth who was riding the horse parallel to Dudian suddenly asked: “Master, yesterday we had a very good opportunity to attack but you seemed reluctant to fight for the military. Why?”

“Oh?” Dudian looked at her with interest: “What do you think?”

Gwyneth frowned: “I can’t figure out! Young master please enlighten me.”

Dudian smiled: “Its better to leave some space while acting.

Moreover its not my own fight so why should I be so desperate?"

There was a trace of doubt in Gwyneth's eyes. She seemed not able to grasp what he meant.

"Think about it from the perspective of interests and results ..." Dudian smiled.

Sergei whispered to himself as he looked at Dudian: "Something bad is going to happen as I see him act tooo honest these days!"

The residents of the commercial district recognized Dudian as they passed through the streets.

They saw hundreds of people holding flowers and waiting by both sides of the river by the castle as they came close to Dudian's castle.

"Are they here to welcome us?" Sergei was surprised and felt excitement as he saw the crowd.

Dudian nodded as he slowly rode the horse.

In an instant the crowd screamed out loud as they saw Dudian. They gathered close to Dudian and others. Some of them fell to the ground and were trampled by the other excited people.

Dudian naturally noted that some of the fell down within the

crowd. He only took a glance. There was a gentle smile on his face while he was wearing a knight armor. He was like a bright knight which caused the woman to scream out loud and throw flowers at him.

Dudian rode the horse while the crowd followed after him.

Gwyneth also saw the women who ‘accidentally’ fell to the ground and knew what they were after. However she didn’t care much as the tsunami-like cheers drowned their voices.

Sergei was grinning as his mouth curved from one ear to the other. Although he knew that the cheers and applause weren’t mean for him but he was still pretty excited to be in such an environment.

Dudian came to stop before the castle. He dismounted and looked at the people by the gate. He raised his hand and waved. The crowed cheered once again. He didn’t say anything but went into the castle.

Kroen and Neuss also quickly came out. Neuss pulled the horses while Kroen said to Dudian: “Master, finally you are back! Incredible things have happened these last few days!”

Dudian looked calm: “Send someone outside to tell the crowd that I will rest so I need a silent environment.”

Kroen nodded: “Yes.”

Dudian was sitting in the hall when Kroen returned. He had taken off the knight armor and put on comfortable white clothing. He was drinking coffee: “Tell me.”

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Kroen quickly approached: “Master, George, Mark and Sarah from the Mel family were secretly arrested by the military and the news had spread within a small range. However when Old Patriarch Fulin got the gist of the news he spread them all over the commercial district. The aristocratic circles were boiling about the news while the stocks of the Mellon consortium plummeted. There are problems in all of their industrial chains.”

“What happened afterwards?” Dudian calmly asked as he took a sip of coffee.

“The Mellon Consortium tried to rebel when they were aware that military wasn’t open for the negotiations. They wanted all three of them to be released however the military didn’t agree.” Kroen whispered

“Did they rebel?”

“No.”

“We have to be a little bit patient.” Dudian asked: “Are they still held by the military?”

Kroen nodded: “Yes. The others who saw that they were still being detained by the military began to withdraw from the Mellon consortium. As much as I know its only in name only at this moment. I’ve heard Old Fulin say that he had spread the news of Mellon consortium colluding with barbarians and also trying to

frame you. The major families have broken their ties with the Mellon consortium and most of them joining our New World consortium."

Dudian nodded: "The war is over no the old dogs are going to bite each other."

Kroen was surprised to see Dudian's calm face as if he had expected everything. He thought Dudian would have endless joy but he had a dull reaction instead. He bowed: "Master, the Mellon consortium is almost defeated. Shouldn't we celebrate?"

"There's nothing to celebrate." Dudian said: "You can't put the arrows away after the first shot. The results have yet to come out. Not to mention its just the first step and there is nothing gratifying yet."

Kroen whispered: "Master you had send me to arrange people into the residential district. I've arranged them to stay in the hotel. The situation is chaotic. I'm worried that they will mix with us and it will end as a disadvantage for you so..."

Dudian slowly said: "Ask Neuss to take them away and give them opportunity to pick a house in the commercial district. Buy them whatever they want. The war has just ended and the property prices are cheap. Let Patriarch Fulin to buy large quantities of low-cost real-estate using the resources of the consortium. The population will rise in sometime and the prices of the housing will increase too."

Kroen nodded: “Yes.”

The war had temporarily came to an end. The commercial and the residential districts were devastated. The outer edge of the golden wall was the most affected by the barbarian invasion. Even the households of the residents had heavy losses by the golden wall. The manors were burned. Everything had to be rebuilt.

The rain had affected the war too. Most of the regular soldiers had fallen ill because of the continues rain which stopped after several days. Fortunately the legendary steam rifle was invented and even the reserve troops were able to use it to force back the barbarians.

Ten days of continuous war had destroyed countless families.

There were numerous victims but also large number of people who had made wealth. There were consortia who took the opportunity to gain wealth because of the war. They raised the prices for military supplies and everything else. In just ten days they had made as much as wealth they had acquired in the last ten years. Of course there were some wealthy people who had gone bankrupt and become ordinary people.

The other consortia received the news that Dudian was back. They sent messengers with gifts.

At the same time the reporters from different newspapers came over to interview Dudian but all of them were declined.

Dudian wrote to Patriarch Fulin to set up a newspaper agency. He was going to give all his future interviews to their own newspaper. It would greatly enhance the sales of their own newspaper.
In addition, the best way to shape the public opinion was to rely on media. The newspapers were the only means of the propaganda in this era.

Old Fulin had excellent ability as he registered the newspaper by the afternoon. Moreover he was able to recruit staff from other non-consortium newspaper by giving high salaries. The name of the newspaper was very simple. It was called ‘New World News’.

Old Fulin temporarily left the newspaper under Sander’s management. He made sure to contact and talk with printing factories to be able to make the first sale of the ‘New World News’ by the next morning. Because of Old Fulin’s noble identity and Dudian’s identity as a master the most of their problems were solved easily.

Sander led the interview to come and have a chat with Dudian after the dinner.

Dudian sat in the hall next to Sander after the dinner. There was a woman holding a notebook in front of him. There were two young assistants by her side.

Sidney Hart was excited and nervous as it was her first time to see a legendary figure. The palm which she used to hold the quill kept sweating. She smiled as he looked at Dudian: “Master, can we start now?”

“Yes.” Dudian put down the cup of tea and indicated her to began to interview. Of course, the questions had been revised before.

Sidney took a deep breath: “Master Dean, what was your childhood dream?”

“My dream was to become a master and change the lives of the people with my invention. I want to see a world without poverty and suffering.” Dudian smiled.

Sidney complimented him: “The master’s dream are different from the ordinary people such as us. They are so great and extraordinary.”

Dudian corrected her: “Man isn’t great because of his dreams but because he can realize that dream.”

Sidney was startled. There was a trace of admiration in her eyes: “Master, as far as I know your background is a civilian. The talent and effort are inseparable when we think about your achievements. Which one do you think is more important? Talent or diligence?”

“Three points account for talent while seven account for diligence in terms of success.” Dudian calmly replied.

In his mind: (Try as hard as you want trying to catch up with the pace of others and you will know how important talent is!)

Sidney nodded: “Master, I have seen a lot of people try very hard but still fail. Is it because they don’t have talent?”

Dudian responded: “Many people try to deceive themselves. They put effort but its to show-off in front of others. “

Sidney quickly recorded his answers and asked: “Master, according to your argument will the gold will always shine?”

“Yes, as long as it is gold.”

(Unfortunately, most of you are just stones! How will you shine?)

Sidney nodded: “Most of us are eager to achieve our dreams they you did. We are willing to work hard too. Do you have any good suggestions?”

“First learn to get up early … …”

(Or sleep more… That way your ‘dreams’ may come true.)

Sidney chuckled: “Master you are humorous! Right now you have both fame and fortune. What do you think of wealth?”

“Wealth doesn’t make people happy.” Dudian said in a serious tone.

(Peasants like to hear rich people say so.)

Sidney continued with a question: “Master, which one do you think is more important... Morality or wealth?”

“Without a doubt the morality!” Dudian continue: “A person with good morality will make the others love and respect them from heart. After his death he would become an immortal. The money makes people decadent!”

(Unfortunately most of them are working under those decadent wealth men!)

Sidney was stunned by his reply: “Master is indeed a noble knight! I hope that after today’s interview everyone will follow master’s path and be good people!”

“Thank you for your compliments.” Dudian said: “We will naturally treated kindly by others if we treat others with kindness. Don’t we?”

(How can these people bully you if you aren’t kind?)

Sidney nodded: “Master, the military spread rumors that you have colluded with the barbarians at the beginning of the war. Although later it was proved that you were being framed but it certainly had affected you. How was your mood at the time?”

Dudian smiled: “There is a good saying that a body won’t be afraid of its shadow. As an upright person I don’t fear the slanders of others! I didn’t care about these rumors and continued with my research.”

(How could I ignore those three tigers?)

Sidney said: “Master is really indifferent to the fame and fortune! You are indeed the youngest master of the Temple! The war was won because of your new invention. Do you want to say anything?”

“That was my responsibility.” Dudian replied.

(I want you all to thank me.)

Sydney said: “After the war there are many who think that the outer wall are is not peaceful and the conditions aren’t good. Do you have any advice to appease them?”

“It’s meaningless to complain. They have to build and guard their homes by their own hands.” Dudian responded.

(Unfortunately, you can’t go to the inner wall! You can’t leave the giant wall either! You are all screwed!)

Sidney nodded: “I believe that many people will respond to your encouragement. Many homes were destroyed and many happy families were broken because of the war. Do you habe anything to

say to them?”

Dudian pondered a bit: “Don’t give up! Each of you is the hope of this world! The real constructors of this worlds are not those extravagant singers, or politicians or the wealth businessmen but the honest and good people like you! So don’t give up the hope and create the world that you want to live in! You are the most important people in the world!”

(What would government and businessmen do without you?”

Sidney’s eyes lit up: “Master, do you really think so?

“Do you think I’m kidding?” Dudian laughed.

Sidney immediately reacted: “No-no, master! I was just excited. Forgive me. I hope you don’t mind…”

“No, let’s continue” Dudian added.

Sidney nodded like the chicken pecked the rice and continue the interview.

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Interview gradually came to an end as the time passed.

“Master I have heard that the Knight’s Hall authorized your knighthood during the war but you didn’t went to the ceremony but instead joined the battlefield. Don’t you want to be an official knight?” Sidney checked the script and asked. The main purpose of the questions was to give more opportunities to Dudian to express his thoughts.

Dudian smiled: “The sole reason that I choose to rush into the battlefield was because I felt myself as a knight! The duties of the knight has to be fulfilled! That’s what real knighthood is!”

“Good!” Sidney continued: “Master, thanks to the invention of the legendary weapon, steam rifle, we were able to defeat the barbarians and expelled them out of the golden wall. Will you be able to invent another legendary item in the future?”

Dudian smiled: “It’s impossible to guarantee such an invention but I’ll do my best to continue to research in the area. The results can be known only in the future.”

“Moreover the credit is not only the steam rifle’s but also due to the soldiers of the military. They exchanged their blood and life to the victory. In addition I would like to thank the consortia who actively provided the facilities and supplies to the military. It was because of their selfless dedicated that we were able to unite as the people of the outer wall. Unfortunately there was a single

consortium whose performance has disappointed me."

Sidney knew what Dudian wanted to say but still asked: "Would master please name that consortium?"

"I would prefer to keep silent as not refer to the consortium's name. It would have bad effect on their business. But I believe that the reader will be able to guess which consortium I'm talking about. My purpose to talk about them was to persuade them not to repeat the mistakes once again in the future." Dudian calmly replied.

Sidney quickly recorded and said: "Master thanks for the interview. I'm sorry to disturb your valuable time..."

"It's late and you should pay attention to your safety on your way back." Dudian responded with a smile.

...

The next day.

Morning. The weather was sunny.

North of the commercial district. Prison. Military HQ.

Two teams of knights wearing dark exquisite armors were standing outside the prison. Everyone in the commercial district

were aware which family the knights served. On the chests of the armor dark red flowers were engraved which were banner of the Mel Family.

The soldiers had surrounded the entire prison. Their faces were cold as they looked at the knights.

The door of the prison slowly opened. Blatter helped George Mel to walk out. Mark and Sarah silently followed them from the back. The warm rays of the sun shined upon their faces.

George raised his hand to cover the sun. His eyes narrowed because of the sun rays as he had spent last few days in the dark room.

Mark looked at the carriage waiting for them and checked the knights serving their family. Although he had been imprisoned for the last few days but the news were conveyed to them. He already knew about the changes in the outside world. He slowly moved behind George.

Sarah bit her lips as her slender hands hold onto her skirt. She knew that the root of problems was her. She was ready to exchange her own life for God to pity her and give another chance to go back in time.

“Master, you get on.”

“Miss, be careful.”

The carriage slowly left the prison and entered the commercial district. The knights were protecting the carriage as they rode on horses besides it. However as soon as they entered the commercial district George and others heard the curses aimed at them. All three of them frowned.

“What is it?” Sarah’s face was cold and her mood was gloomy as she heard people cussing at them. She moved the curtain and saw that the pedestrians were all over the roads. They were pointing at their carriage and cursing very loudly. The ‘Mel family’ was attached to many dirty words that were poured out of the dirty mouths of those.

“Damned peasants!” Sarah was bewildered. She was about to ask the coachman to stop so that the knights could find the people who cursed at them. But Mark whispered: “Sarah, don’t do anything unreasonable!”

Sarah turned around to look at her father. She suddenly thought of something and bit her lips: “It’s that damned good for nothing Dean! It is certainly him who have cooperated with the other consortia to damage the reputation of the Mel Family!”

George who was sitting opposite to her slowly closed his eyes: “Use your brain instead of getting angered by things like these. Think about how to fight back! Anger can’t solve a problem!”

Sarah bowed her head.

The carriage passed through the streets. Despite the protection of the knights the angry civilians cursed out loud. However they weren't able to keep up with the carriage.

Sarah's face was red because of anger as she got off the carriage. Even if she ordered the knights to change the direction the cursing wouldn't be stopped. Their family castle was located in the most prosperous lot and to go there they had to pass from the main streets. She heard all kinds of harsh and dirty abuses aimed at them. She had never heard so many dirty words since birth. Her hatred of Dudian had reached an unprecedented level.

"Master, miss."

Butler quickly led the servants.

George got off the carriage and moved to the castle: "What has happened today? Yesterday, Blatter told me that in addition to the withdrawal of some shareholders there were no other troubles. Why it is so today?"

The butler whispered: "Master you are not aware but yesterday New World Consortium established a newspaper. They had interviewed master Dean and it was published this morning. Master Dudian had told in the interview that he was disappointed in a consortium in this war..."

George Mel stopped.

The butler looked at George. His heart was trembling as he served Mel family for many years but had never seen George expose such an angry expression.

“He was disappointed? Just because he was disappointed?” George’s arm which was grabbing onto the crutch shook. His chest was thumping up and down. He was an all-powerful man when he was young. He had lived his life in comfort. But now, he was scolded non-stop for a few streets of ride just because a 16 year old boy said that he was ‘disappointed’!?

Sarah’s face was full of anger: “He was disappointed by a consortium…Everyone would know that he was talking about us as even the fool knows that we were imprisoned for the last few days. Bastard! Damned cheap bastard!” She wanted to curse to push out the anger but she didn’t know to many words that could be used to cuss.

Mar’s face was gloomy as he clenched his fists.

Chapter 406

“Master, they were released from prison.” Kroen respectfully said.

Dudian put down the newspaper and smiled: “What happened on the road?”

“Nothing.” Kroen whispered: “According to your orders Old Fulin hired some people and they abused them along the way. However they didn’t respond.”

Dudian faintly smiled: “They are decent as they can hold back.”

“Master, what do we do now?” Kroen whispered.

“We will see their performance.” Dudian indifferently said: “I’ll write a letter and call Neuss to personally take it to the Temple. Ten days later I will make a open to public conference where I will explain the principles of the ‘steam’ faction. Moreover I’ll take 8 students.”

Kroen replied: “Yes.”

“The second thing... Inform Old Fulin to buy a knight from Mel family. He should use as much as money he can. Afterwards let the knight to come and meet me. Remember to say to him to choose the strongest one from their family. ” Dudian quietly said: “In addition, tell the Old Fulin to inform the shareholders from the

Mellon consortium that I want to have students. If those shareholders wants to go back to Mellon then tell him not to insist and let them go."

Kroen was startled: "Yes."

...

Master Skagen received the letter from the family servant of Dudian. He was overjoyed as he read the content. He put away the letter and sent a servant to notify his own students: "Immediately notify the Temple and publicize it in headlines of the newspaper that Master Dean will explain the details of 'steam' concept in 10 days in a lecture and will choose 8 potential students."

The students were very surprised. They turned and left in excitement. These last days the most discussed topic in the Temple was the new concept and its role. However the architects still had little knowledge even though few masters had come out to explain. It would be much more easier to understand if the creator of the concept himself explained everything in a lecture.

The message spread like wildfire.

The nobles of the commercial district were thrown into an uproar even though the news weren't published yet. They sent people to inquire about the arrangements of the public lecture and the conditions for Dudian to accept students. Only the bottom level aristocrats and the ordinary civilians weren't aware of the news. They were still immersed in the grief because of relatives and

friends who had died and the homes and properties that they had lost.

...

“Father, Ram, Bethel and Koen families are willing to return to the consortium.” Mark was tired: “But they want three times more share in comparison to their previous standing. Each would have 8% percent of the shares. The rest of the families haven’t responded yet but the Milan family wants 30% of the shares to join back. In addition, Rudolph’s butler sent message that Rudolph wants to completely quit the consortium.”

George was sitting on a large chair. His eyes were as frosty as an ice block: “A group of idiots... IF they want it then give it to them. After we pass this hardship we will marginalize them out. Milan family and Rudolph are being way to stubborn. 30%?”

“Inform Milan family that we will give them 20% of the shares. The number of shares in our hands must not be less than 51 percent or will be ruined by that kid!”

Mark frowned: “Father, what about Rudolph?”

“You should talk to him personally.” George’s face was gloomy: “His father co-founded the Mellon consortium with me. If his father had heard that he wants to quit...”

Mark sighed: “I know but Rudolph has a stubborn character. He

had withdrawn a lot of funds earlier on so I think it would be hard to persuade him with words. In my opinion we have to think of a way to deal with the kid first and pressure others afterwards. We are in an unfavorable situation because of the kid."

"It's very sensitive time right now. The little devil will be prepared for out move. We have to think of another way." George continued: "Tell Rudolph that if he does invest then both our families will rule the Mellon consortium in the future."

Mark nodded: "Alright."

He was about to leave when a crow with golden feathers flew through the window into the room. It was the crow used by the Temple. It was believe that it descended from a noble crow.

George stretched out his arm and the crow landed on it.

He took the envelope. He shook it and opened. His face turned ugly as he skimmed through the content. He shredded the letter into pieces. The crow flied in surprise because of George's instant action. Two golden feathers fell off as the crow flew away.

Mark's heart sank: "Father, what has happened?"

"The little devil!" George clenched his fists in anger: "He will held a public lecture in ten days. Moreover he will accept students. Damned bastard! He has announced the news at this time to scare off the other nobles! The little beast!"

Mark's face turned gloomy. The more potential an architect was the more aristocrats tried to have relations with them. Dudian's move was like throwing a seductive fruit.

There would be many people who would be willing to be the student of the youngest master in the history of the Temple. Moreover the others will try to clear off their relationship with Mellon consortium. They were bound to get isolated this way.

Mark clenched his fists. There was a trace of remorse in his heart. If he was aware that the kid was so dangerous then he wouldn't have let his daughter to deal with him but he would personally acted to get rid of him!

The room was silent.

Only the rough breathing of the two echoed.

George gradually restrained his anger. Suddenly the door was knocked. He said in a horse but low tone: "Come in!"

The door nob twisted and the butler stepped in. A middle-aged man wearing a black armor followed after the butler.

Mark recognized the middle-aged man: "Ron what's the problem?"

Ron nodded: “Master, sire... New World consortium has sent people to contact me.”

“Oh?” George’s eyes were cold: “What did you say?”

The butler was shocked as he subconsciously took two steps back.

Ron calmly said: “Master the New World consortium has sent a person to contact me. They are ready to give me 500000 gold coins to sell Mel family. They want me to go and find master Dean and listen to his orders.”

George narrowed his eyes: “500000 gold coins... Did you come over to inform us?”

“Yes, I will never sell off Mel family.” Ron replied.

“How can i believe you?” George asked.

Ron looked at George then at Mark: “Sire, I swore to serve and defend Mel family for life when you saved my life! Don’t you believe me?”

Mark nodded as he looked at George: “Father, I believe in him. Ron would never betray us. They have chosen and picked the wrong person. Do you think I would pick an untrustworthy person as the head of our knights?”

Chapter 407

George stared at Mark: “Since you put it in words in such a way then I’ll hand over it to you.”

“Yes.” Mark looked at Ron: “Did you respond to their request?”

Ron shook his head: “I haven’t responded yet.”

“Good.” Mark nodded: “The kid uses his identity as a master to isolate Mellon consortium. Now he wants to use the people around us to check us. Hm... Let’s play with him. Agree to his request.”

Ron nodded: “Master so I will pretend to be bought by them and send intelligence back to you.”

“Yes.” Mark continue. “But you have to act so that they couldn’t detect it. ”

“I will.” Ron nodded.

Mark replied: “Alright, leave now.”

“Yes!” Ron left the room.

George slowly said: “Trusting him... Would he exchange our trust... It would... ”

Mark slightly shook his head: “Father I wouldn’t believe others but he is like the ‘shadow’. He is my most trusted man. He wouldn’t sell us out if there were five million gold coins involved in the transaction... He is a man who doesn’t care about money.”

George stared at him: “We can’t afford to lose at the key moment! Mistakes are not allowed!”

“Don’t worry!” Mark said in a serious tone: “Even if it happens as father says then there is nothing much to do now. I believe that we can play out that kid!”

George nodded: “I would like to see if the kid will want to secretly assassinate me! ”

“It’s better to know in advance if that’s the case.” Mark continued: “But this matter woke us up. I don’t know if the others have been bought in addition to Ron. It seems it’s the time to reorganize...”

“Yeah.” George nodded.

...

“Young master.” Kroen joined Dudian’s study room:” The news from the Ryan family came that they had bought off the commander of the Mel family’s knights. What should they do?”

Dudian slowly put down the book: “They shouldn’t do anything! Let him come and meet me first. I have some stuff to talk to him in person.”

“Alright.” Kroen left the room.

…

“Sire, I have communicated with the other side. I’ll see master Dean directly.” Ron handed out the note to Mark. The note was taken out from a bread and it had the fragrance of a fresh bread.

Mark narrowed his eyes: “It seems that he is afraid to leave evidence so he wants to visit him. He must be thinking about talking important things with you… Maybe he even will tempt your loyalty…” Mark pondered for a little and said:” Alright visit him. But if you find a suitable opportunity then directly kill him. That will be the end!”

“Yes.” Ron decisively answered. He knew that what would be the consequences if he killed Dudian. But he promised without a hesitation or second thought.

Mark patted his shoulder: “He will be at guard at the first visit. So try to gain his trust. There will be opportunities in the future…”

“Yes.” Ron replied.

“Alright, go now.”

…

Dudian made sure that Kroen and Nicholas ate first. He ate after them. After the dinner he asked Kroen to call Sergei. He threw a stack of gold notes in front of Sergei: “Go to Moulin Rouge and play around the night. You are not allowed to come back unless you finish all of the money!”

Sergei was yawning but the moment he heard Dudian’s words his eyes went wide: “Master, why are you giving me the money?”

“I’m compassionate towards my subordinates.” Dudian indifferently said.

Sergei thought that the sun rose out from the west. He quickly poached the gold notes and directly put them in the back pocket of his pants. He rubbed his pocket as he smiled: “If that’s the case then I have to complete the task!”

“Remember, go to Moulin Rouge.” Dudian indifferently said: “Your foundation will be wasted if you don’t play around… ”

Sergei felt coldness around his crotch: “Master, I will. I’m a practical man.”

“Leave.” Dudian waved.

Sergei helplessly replied: “I’m off to play around then.”

Kroen whispered after Sergei left: “Master are you worried that Sergei isn’t trustworthy? Is it because of tonight the Mel family knight would come over?”

Dudian replied: “He is trustworthy… Prepare for the meeting.”

Kroen left but he was full of doubts.

Ron was disguised using an ordinary clothing. He had hired an ordinary horse and came to Dudian’s castle.

Ron stopped in front of the gates and removed his hood.

“Who is it?” Neuss shouted as he was standing behind the gates. However when he saw the posture of the man he predicated the man’s identity.

Ron said the pre-arranged code: “Full moon.”

Neuss pushed open the gates: “Come in.”

Ron often heard the legend of the genius teenager while in the Mel family. But it was his first time visiting the teenager’s castle. The hall was shabby and dimly lit.

His eyes fell on the figure sitting on the sofa. The teenager was handsome and tall as it was said in the rumors. He had an elegant temperament.

“Ron Cohen?” Dudian looked at the knight.

Ron put off his hood: “That is me! Are you master Dean?”

“Yes.” Dudian said: “It’s the first time we are meeting so I can’t trust you. Your body will be checked. I don’t allow people to carry weapons in my castle.”

Ron nodded and took out his dagger: “I use this weapon for self-protection.” He bent down and put the dagger on the ground.

There was a trace of smile on Dudian’s face: “Good.. Ron you are very honest as knight. You are truly worthy of the golden knight title given to you by the Knight’s Hall. But we will have to check your body. I hope you won’t mind it.”

Ron nodded: “No harm.”

Dudian waved his hand

A girl standing by Dudian approached Ron. Her hands touched his shoulders and other places where a weapon could be hidden.

Ron saw that the girl wasn’t simply a maid. He frowned as there

were traces of doubts in his heart but he preferred to stay silent. He raised his arm to let the girl check his chest.

puff!

A pain burst in his chest.

Ron's pupils shrank as he shook his hands and tried to punch the girl.

However the girl was able to increase the distance between them with a few simple steps. She was like a soft breeze.

Ron looked down to see a small needle pierced through his chest. His face turned ugly as he looked at Dudian who was sitting on sofa. He bit his lips as he knew that the needle had poison. He asked: "Master, why?"

Dudian slowly blew the cup of coffee in his hand: "You may not be aware but your only use is dying in here."

Ron stared at him in anger. He growled: "You villain! I'll kill you!" He picked up the dagger from the ground and rushed at Dudian.

Chapter 408

A smile appeared on Dudian's face as he looked at angry Ron. He flicked the cup of hot coffee and kicked the table in front of him.

Hot water splashed onto Ron's face. However the pain from that was much less than the anger in his heart. He kicked the table and broke it into two as he approached Dudian. He stabbed the dagger.

Whoosh!

At this point Ron felt a light breeze from behind. It was Gwyneth who had sword in her hand.

Ron didn't care much about his defence. He still kept rushing towards Dudian. He was ready to give up his own life to take away Dudian's life.

Dudian quietly looked at him. Suddenly he raised his hand and accurately grasped Ron's wrist. Ron's body abruptly stopped.

Ron's eyes widened as he incredibly watched the boy. He was almost speechless because of the power pressuring his body from his wrist.

"Sorry, its just you can't kill me." Dudian smiled. He pulled the Ron from his arm. The dagger cut off his clothes and a bloodstain was on his body as dagger slightly scratched Dudian's chest.

Ron was startled however there was no time for him to react as a sharp whistle echoed from behind.

At the moment he felt that the pressure put by Dudian was so tedious that he wasn't controlling his body. He was terrified by the strength put out by the teenager. His body turned automatically as he saw the maid who had searched him. The girl was holding onto a sword and her eyes were as cold as an ice block. She didn't have the temperament of a servant.

Puff!

Sword stabbed into Ron's chest and pierced his heart.

Blood gushed out of his throat. He wanted to swallow it back but the pressure it was pumping out was to fast. He didn't have the power to swallow and spitted out. The blood splashed onto the floor and stained the girl standing in front of him.

His consciousness became dizzy.

Ron's body fell to the ground and he died on spot.

Dudian withdrew his hand and let Ron's body to fall. He called Kroen: "Bring a first aid kit and immediately inform the magistrate that there was an attempt on my life."

Kroen and Nicholas were shocked. Kroen turned and left in haste.

“It’s been hard on you.” Dudian sat back on couch as he looked at Gwyneth.

Gwyneth was still standing in front of the corpse as she held onto the sword. The blood had splashed onto her face. She silently looked at the teenager: “This is my job.” Her fingers gently rubbed the hilt of the sword. She thought that Sergei would be shouting out if he was in here. Although Gwyneth and Sergei expected that Dudian didn’t let them remove the spikes because of fear of attack but she just witnessed the teenager show much higher strength than they had anticipated.

Ron’s physique was in no way inferior to senior hunter. Actually he was more powerful than most senior hunters. However Ron was easily suppressed by the boy which looked like a weak child.

Gwyneth remembered the corpse of the legendary monster and her mood was a bit complicated. She looked at the boy carefully. She was from the inner wall and knew how great potential the people with legendary magic marks had. Moreover the other side was a master of the Temple. He had enough resources to cultivate his constitution to reach the apex.

It didn’t take long for people from the magistrate to arrive.

There were two deacons and two groups of knights. They came in hurry which showed how much attention was paid to Dudian.

Both deacons of magistrate saw Dudian sitting on the sofa as they

entered the hall. His chest was wrapped in gauze while there was girl standing by her who held onto a sword. There was a corpse on the ground.

The hall was silent as a cemetery.

One of the deacons looked at corpse and went closer to Dudian: “Master, did you know the identity of the assassin?”

Dudian shook his head: “Please check the person. I would like to know the identity of the man and the reason why he would try to assassinate me.”

“Your body seems to be injured.” Deacon Ross took a deep breath: “Master are you alright? Do you want a doctor to check your body?”

Dudian shook his head: “It’s just a scratch. I’m alright.”

Ross saw the faint red color on the bandage on Dudian’s chest. He thought that the ‘scratch’ was fairly long: “Master, please describe me the actions of the assassin…”

Dudian replied “Attendants said that a beggar had come over to ask for my help. I asked them to let him in. He didn’t say anything but suddenly tried to attack me. Fortunately I had her protection and I’m a knight with a bit of skill. I was able to avoid a fatal blow.”

Ross nodded as his assistant wrote down. Ross looked at Dudian: “Master, we will be investigating the scene…”

“Please! I’ll go upstairs.” Dudian responded.

“Alright.” Ross nodded: “You should rest.”

Dudian raised his arm and Nicholas helped him to go upstairs.

…

The next day.

“New World News” once again published a news that shocked the public.

Master Dean, the hero of the war, was a target of assassination yesterday! He was almost killed!

The title attracted interest of countless people. ‘New World News’ once again was the newspaper with the most sales.

Mel family.

George woke up from sleep. Maid helped him to dress after washing up. He used crutches to come down to dining room. The newspapers were prepared and placed on table.

He sat by the table. Hot milk was poured into the cup and he drank it to moist his throat. Afterwards he put on his glasses and picked a newspaper. He shook the newspaper and opened it to quickly read the content. After finishing the first paper he continued with the next one.

After finished the second newspaper he took the third one.

“Master Dean, the hero of the war, was target of an assassination yesterday. He was almost killed... ” George’s pupils shrank as he read the headline. He was startled. His fingers that were clutching onto the newspaper trembled. He face turned red. Suddenly he spat out blood which splashed onto the mild cup and the breakfast plate.

“Master!”

“Master!”

The maids next to him hurried up to support his old body.

Chapter 409

Bang!

Bang!

The door was knocked in hurry.

Mark was tired as he didn't even have the strength to open his eyelids. He instinctively frowned. Last night he was at the banquet because few big families had joined back the Mellon consortium. He drank a lot wine as he accompanied people. Although he used medicine but he was fealing bitter and uncomfortable because of hangover. He was irritated as he heard the violent knocks.

He raised his hand and pinched the bridge of his nose. He knew that some matter was pressing from the rapid knocks on the door.

He sat up and raised his hands. The maid next to the bed had long prepared the warm wet towels which was handed out to him. He wiped his face and said: "Come in."

The maid pulled the door but Sarah pushed in on impulse and ran in. She saw the tired look on her father's face. There was a trace of guilt in her heart as she said: "Father, a big thing had happened!"

"Slowly." Mark's face sank. He stood up and waited for the maid to dress him.

Sarah quickly handed out the newspaper: “Father, check for yourself.”

Mark skimmed through the newspaper. However the next moment his tired face changed as if he was hit by a lightning.

Sarah saw that the reaction of her father wasn’t calm. She was frightened as she asked: “Father, what will you do with this matter? You have said that the teenager has an insidious personality. Will the problem smash up in our heads?”

Mark recovered and ordered her: “Order Ron Cohen to come and see me right now!”

“Ron Cohen?” Sarah was in a loss. However her face changed: “Father, he couldn’t…”

Mark interrupted her words: “Get him here!”

“I-I will ask the butler.” Sarah was frightened as her father never was so fierce towards her since small age. Even if she wasted 100,000 gold coins he wouldn’t say anything instead comfort her. Sarah understood the seriousness of the matter as she turned away and run in hurry.

Sarah’s face was pale as she returned: “Father, Ron is not in here… ”

Mark almost fainted as his body shook.

“Father, what has Ron done?” Sarah looked at him “Did you send him to assassinate? The newspaper said that the assassination had failed as Dean’s squire had killed him. If its Ron then the investigation will sooner or later reach our doors... ”

Mark’s head was buzzing as he stared at the ground. He wasn’t responding to his daughter. A desperate feeling burst out in his heart. He had gone through such things many times in his life but have never faced such a result.

“Did Ron betray me? No, he would never betray me...Even if he was bought... He has lost his life so what’s the use of money...” Mark gradually recovered his mind. The chaos in his mind was cleared up. He was set up by a kid!

He tightly clenched his fists. Because of the excessive force his nails pierced deeply into his palms.

Although he had considered this point when he allowed Ron to go but he didn’t plan it carefully. After all, Ron’s strength was exceptional or else he wouldn’t keep Ron as head of the family’s knights... Otherwise he couldn’t defend their family for so many years...

Moreover he was aware of the strength of Dudian’s attendants. There were only two people who Dudian bailed out from the Thorn Flower Prison that had the strength of a senior hunter. However with Ron’s skills he could easily retreat even if both of

them acted together. It shows that the other side had made a good ambush since the beginning...

They had fallen into a trap!

He had also tried to take this opportunity to get rid of Dudian. Even if Ron wasn't able to kill him this would send out an important message to Dudian. It was a kind of counterattack.

"Father, father!" Sarah called out to him.

Mark took a deep breath: "Make sure that your grandfather isn't aware of this. He wouldn't be able to recover from such a blow! In addition, call back Melk and Meyers... Convene everyone from the family to come back! We have to transfer funds as soon as possible!"

Sarah was shocked: "Father, what do you mean? Transfer money? You-do you want to... "

"Yes! Mel family is finished." Mark looked back at her: "But it won't die today! One day we will rise again. Right now we have to minimize the losses!"

Sarah couldn't acknowledge the words that her father said. The Mel family was high above the others. They had always looked at other noble with disdain. Now, their family was going to be finished overnight?

“Father!” Sarah looked at Mark: “It’s just an assassination case. We bribe the magistrate with money. If it’s a big deal then we will give them ten times the money than usual! They can close their eyes…I don’t think that they won’t do it. He was just promoted to a master! We can say that Ron acted on his own and didn’t have any relationship to us in this matter!”

Mark frowned: “Nonsense! Lost is lost! We had underestimated our enemy! We had let him drill loopholes way too many times! We can’t use money to cover assassination attempt on a master! Holy Church will be disturbed because of this. According to the agreement with the magistrate they will send people to participate in the investigation!”

“Holy Church will make sure to obey the instructions of the kid. The dirty water has already been poured at us! We have no hope! The only hope is for us to rise again in the future!”

“But, but …” Sarah couldn’t accept such a blow. She was different to an ordinary young noble lady as she wasn’t as much spoiled and was aware of the rules of this world. However she couldn’t accept this relentless reality as it was too cruel and unbearable.

“Go!” Mark shouted.

Sarah bit her lips as crystal shiny tears flowed out from her eyes. She rubbed them with her hands and ran out.

…

Study room on the second floor.

“Wrong! Copy hundred times more.” Dudian handed back the small notebook to the boy. He looked at Gabriel: “You have to know how to write too. Reading isn’t sufficient. Do you know that knowledge is more useful than the sword?”

Gabriel bowed: “Yes, young master.”

Dudian nodded: “Go.”

Gabriel left. There was another small figure who was building a small house from small blocks that were on the table. Artemis carefully put the piles of the roof. She had a green hair and small face. She looked like a porcelain doll.

Dudian sat down by the desk: “What is this?”

Artemis’s body shrank back: “It is a house.”

“Do you like this house?”

“I like it.”

Dudian strength out his hand and touched the bottom of the house with his finger. A piece of wood block fly out and the whole house crashed down. The wood pieces scattered all over the table.

Artemis looked at the wood pieces and looked back at Dudian. Her eyes flushed and it seemed that she was about to cry. But she didn't dare as she looked at Dudian's face with a wide smile. The last time when she cried Dudian had made her brother to slash with a sword for three thousand times. Her brother's hands got tired and sour so bad that he wasn't able to hold onto a knife.

"It seems that you aren't strong enough to build yet." Dudian said.

Tears slipped through Artemis's face.

"Once more." Dodian smiled: "There is a penalty if you mess anything up!"

Artemis sucked her nose and raised her hands to take blocks to build the house.

Chapter 410

"Master Dean we have investigated and found the identity of the assassin." Deacon Ross looked at the teenager who was sitting on the sofa. He was polite towards a senior architect of the Temple so he was much more careful with his attitude in front of a master. Moreover Dudian had an unlimited potential as a master.

Dudian nodded slightly. He was aware of deacon Ross's body language so he smiled and said: "Deacon please tell me."

Ross replied: "Master, the name of the assassin is Ron Cohen. He was born as a civilian and was fancied by a knight from the Knight's Hall at the age of 13. He was taken as a student and by the age of 28 he passed the Golden Knight assessment and became a gold knight!"

"Ron declined the invitation from many families and request to join Mel family out of his own initiative. He served as the commander of the Mel family knights... until today." Ross looked up at Dudian. He was aware of the conflict between Dudian and Mel family. It was easy to find about that conflict.

Dudian's face sank as he heard this: "Deacon Ross do you mean that Mel family sent a knight to assassinate me?"

Ross wryly smiled: "Master, this is only the results of a preliminary investigation. We haven't figured out whether the knight was ordered by the master of the Mel family or had come on his own..." He was interrupted by Dudian.

“Do you mean that a knight would take a risk to assassinate master without instructions?”

“Did you find out anything about that?” Dudian stared at the deacon: “Deacon, how long will it take to you to reach a conclusion?”

Ross felt the anger in Dudian’s tone. He knew that he couldn’t offend him: ” Master rest assured that we will investigate everything. Right now members of our team have gone to talk with Mel family. We will give you an explanation after the full investigation!”

Dudian nodded slightly but didn’t say anything.

“Investigation?” A voice echoed from outside the hall.

Dudian and Ross turned over to see a middle-aged man wearing a silver armor stroding towards them. The man politely said to Dudian: “I am ‘guardian’ Redmayne from the Holy Church. I’ve taken the liberty to make a visit. Forgive me master.”

There was a trace of smile on Dudian’s face: “Hello sorry that I didn’t greet you by the door.”

“Master you are too polite.” Redmayne continued: “We were ordered to investigate this assassination attempt together with the magistrate. Hopefully you will get a satisfactory answer. The ones

who dare to attack a master most probably have relations with the dark cult! So I will send someone to personally investigate the Mel family. Master, please be a bit patient!”

Dudian nodded: “Thank you.”

Deacon Ross sighed. He knew that the Mel family was really finished. Anyone who tries to kill a master of the Temple will be identified by the Holy Church as a member of dark church and engraved as a cult member! This was someone that Mel family couldn’t afford to carry in such a situation.

“Nice to meet you deacon Ross.” Redmayne smiled and moved forward to shake Ross’s hand.

Ross reached out his hand but didn’t reply.

...

“What did you say ?!” Sarah was shocked as she heard what her brother Mel said: “We will be investigated as member of the cult!?”

Melk sighed as she looked at the girl who was full of sadness: “I have been a knight of light for long time. There will be strict investigation if a high level member of the Holy Church is targeted as part of assassination. There is an agreement between Holy Church and magistrate regarding such a situation. A ‘guardian’ will be involved and the incident will be changed to a ‘cult’ case.”

“They will investigate everything thoroughly. There is no escape unless we are as clean as an angel and never had contact with the dark church!

Everyone’s face turned ugly as they heard Melk’s words.

Mel family was one of the largest families in the commercial district. They had large number of industries under their command and had to deal with people from all levels of the society. Naturally they couldn’t avoid alchemists from the dark church. It was an unwritten rule that all the nobles one way or the other were involved with the alchemists from the dark church. No noble family could stay clear from such a claim.

If such an investigation occurred then they will be able to find out many things that had been covered up.

Sarah bit her lips: “We must not let a ‘guardian’ to get involved with the investigation. Then they will certainly find out that our family had contact with dark church. We even have business cooperation with them. The charges will be too heavy if things go out of hand. Not only our assets will be seized but we may not be able to keep our noble status.”

Everyone looked at each other.

They knew this but who could stop a ‘guardian’?

At the same time Mark slowly walked down the stairs. He stood

and looked around the crowd. He slowly said: “There is no way to stop this hurdle. Someone has to step out and bear the guilt for the sake of the family when the ‘guardian’ comes over. I will be that person! I will say that this assassination attempt was purely because of commercial competition! The best you can do right now is to immediately sell as much as property as you can. Transfer as much as funds as you can out of family balance!”

Sarah stared at her father as tears flowed down over her cheeks. She regretted that she hadn’t killed the teenager early on.

Regret! Pain!

She had never regretted anything but this! Unfortunately there was no way to reverse the time!

A cough echoed from behind Mark.

Mark turned around to see his father George coming down the stairs as the butler helped him out.

Half a day had gone past but the George wasn’t the same man as yesterday. Everyone was shocked to see his body. At the moment he looked like a real old man. His spine was bent and wrinkles had covered his face. George was dressed in a fluff coat but he looked thinner than usual.

“Father!” Mark approached his father.

George sighed and stretched his hand to pat his shoulder: “Child don’t forget what I had taught you! When the enemy hits you with a fist then you should get to his back to attack with a sword… The future of the family will be in your hands.”

Mark’s face changed: “Father it was the result of my negligence. I made the wrong judgement…you can’t… ”

“I am old.” George looked at him then at the young members of the family. He smiled: “Old men should die. Stuff like this can’t kill me anyway! You are my good boy! Work harder in the future.”

Members of the family cried as George spoke.

Chapter 411

“Did you ignite the fireplace?” Dudian’s body shrank as he tightly clenched the blanket and asked Kroen who was by his side.

Kroen felt strange at the site: “Master, the fireplace has been ignited. Would you like to sit by it?”

Dudian frowned but slightly nodded. He held the book and sat on the sofa by the side of the fireplace. Kroen put a blanket made out of animal skin on the sofa and paved it before Dudian sat down.

The fire warmed his face. However Dudian still felt his body cold. There was a trace of anxiety in his heart.

Black snow fell down outside the window. The wind whistled as it accumulated thick black snow by the windows.

Door was pushed open and Artemis came in. She looked at Kroen and had more courage than usual because of his existence in the room: “Master, did you call for me?” Although she was four or five years old but she was more sensible than the most of the kids the same age as her. Moreover she learned more in the last few days as she studied under Dudian’s care.

Dudian nodded and waved her over.

Artemis slowly came to stop in front of Dudian.

Dudian looked at her green hair. He had never seen such a hair color in the outer wall area. Most of the civilians had either brown or black hair. Nobles had blonde or pale gold colored hair. The green was an extremely rare color. Dudian whispered: “Did you finish your homework?”

“Yes.” Artemis replied.

Dudian nodded and grabbed her to sit on his lap: “What do you want to hear today?”

Artemis blinked her eyes as her tense heart was relaxed a bit. She knew that Dudian was the most gentle when he told her stories. At the story telling time her mind was in peace: “I would like to listen to the ‘ugly duckling’ story that you told me last time.”

Dudian smiled: “The ugly duckling story is finished. I’ll tell you the story of ‘Snow White’ this time. Do you want to hear it?”

“Snow White?” Artemis blinked. Snow was black. How could there be white snow?

Kroen was standing by their side but his ears were erected. He was very fond of the stories that Dudian told. Moreover he admired his peer who was much more knowledgeable that himself.

“In a very distant place…” Dudian continued: “snow is white. The story began in that place. There was a… ”

Black snow fell down the sky. The wood cracked as the fire burned in the fireplace. Dudian's soft voice echoed in the room. Artemis sat in a very well-behaved manner and never intervened. She wasn't like other little girls which would interrupt to ask questions because of curiosity.

Kroen was still immersed in the story when it was finished.

Artemis's eyes flashed: "The dwarfs are pitiful."

Dudian laughed as he silently put her back on the floor: "Time to train with the sword."

Artemis nodded: "Yes, young master."

Kroen quietly watched her leave then looked at Dudian: "Master your time is valuable. Why are you wasting it as you are telling her these stories?"

"If we blindly train her then we will have nurtured nothing but a monster." Dudian continued: "The time will come when the cocoon will break up and the butterfly will fly into the sky."

Kroen didn't understand the last part.

Dudian sighed as he looked at the accumulated black snow by the window.

Knock~

“Come in.”

Nicholas pushed the door and respectfully said: “Young master a representative from the Knight’s Hall has come over. They are here for the ceremony.”

Dudian opened up the blanket and put down the book. He got up and left the room. The air seemed colder. The pores on his body slightly shrank as he shivered.

Dudian went downstairs.

Dudian saw a man who was about thirty years old and dressed in armor of a gold knight. The man had a imposing aura and thick eyebrows. He got up as he saw Dudian appear: “Greetings master Dean. I’m Alva.”

Dudian nodded: “Please site down.. You have been waiting for a long time.”

“I’m here to give you this letter.” Alva respectfully handed out the envelope.

Dudian nodded and replied “I’ll go to the Knight’s Hall with you.”

Alva was rejoiced because of Dudian's answer: "Alright."

Dudian commanded Kroen to prepare horses. They were about to leave the castle when a team of people came from the distance. They were led by Redmayne who dismounted. He reached out and held his chest to salute Dudian. He nodded towards Alva. Redmayne looked at Dudian: "Master, George Mel from the Mel family has admitted that he was the mastermind of the assassination attempt. He has been arrested and is detained by the military. He has been imprisoned for life!"

Dudian's eyes lit up: "What was the reason behind his actions?"

"According to the investigation of the magistrate it should be because of commercial competition. He had planned that if you died then the New World consortium couldn't rely on you to suppress the Mellon consortium..."

Dudian nodded: "I know. It's been hard on you."

"Master the weather is bad. Where are you planning to go?" Redmayne looked at Alva as he speculated about the man.

Alva responded: " The master has to receive his knight medal! "

Redmayne admired the path Dudian had taken: "It is admirable to see that master is not only involved in inventions and research but he has the spirit of the knight too!"

Dudian bid farewell to Redmayne and rode together with Alva. They were wearing raincoats. After an hour of travel they reached the Knight's Hall.

"Master, please." Alva took the lead and showed the way.

Dudian followed after him.

They passed through a huge square which had a tall dome. There were luxurious crystal lamps lighting the place.

"This is the place." Alva led Dudian to a hall.

In the middle of the hall there was a roundtable. At the moment twelve figures who were wearing knight armors and medals were standing by the end of the table. Three people sat by the table. One of them wore a golden uniform which was a bit different than the other two who sat by his left and right. The man was old and had white beard.

"Recipient Dean. Please come over." White bearded old man's majestic voice spread throughout the hall.

Dudian walked along the narrow aisle and came to stop in the middle of the roundtable.

The white bearded old man deeply looked at Dudian: "I am the oath!

“I make oath!”

The twelve knights shouted in unison after the old man.

“Humble, upright ... ” Everyone said what the old man chanted. Their voices reverberated in the hall and stirred the walls.

The white bearded man finished and stood up from his seat. He pulled out his sword and walked to stand in front of Dudian: “Are you willing to accept the knighthood?”

Dudian knelt on one knee and bowed in accordance with the etiquette: “I accept!

The old man put the sword on his shoulder: “Swear!”

Dudian took a deep breath as he solemnly said: “I, Dean make the oath, that I will purse the principles of knighthood all my life – humilitary, integrity, compassion, justice, heroism, sacrifice, glory and spirit!”

“These are my criteria of the knighthood!”

“I swear that I will be kind to the weak!”

(enslave them.)

“I swear, I will be brave enough to fight.”

“I swear, I will go against the injustice!”

(Depends.)

“I swear that I will fight for unarmed people!”

(use them.)

“I swear to help anyone who calls for me!”

(only valuable ones.)

“I swear, I won’t hurt any woman!”

(Unless they provoke me.)

“I swear to help my knight brothers!”

(buy them.)

“I swear, I will treat my friend sincerely!”

(on the surface)

“I swear, I’ll love until I die!”

(...)

His words echoed throughout the hall. Moments later the ceremony finished. The old man recovered his sword and stretched out his hand.
Dudian reached out to grab his hand to stand up. It was not meant for help but symbolized the inheritance.

Two golden knights brought a new set of armor and sword for gold knight and submitted to Dudian. The white bearded old man took out a medal and handed it out to him. This medal was not meant for golden knights but it was a bright gold colored one with crystal diamonds on its edge. It was meant for Crystal Knight who was the highest level of knight that could be reached.

“You will be a Gold Knight from today on!” The old man said in a serious tone as he looked at Dudian: “But because of your excellent performance we deliberately will give the medal of a Crystal Knight. You will have the treatment and resources of a Crystal Knight. I hope that we will replace your armor when the day will come and you become a real Crystal Knight!”

Dudian nodded: “Thanks.”

The old man nodded and gave the medal to Dudian.

1st October. Year 308 of Silvian Calender. Dudian was appointed as a gold knight and was given a medal of a Crystal knight. He had become the youngest golden knight in the history of the Hall.

Chapter 412

Afterwards Dudian listened to the origin story of the knighthood. He left the Knight's Hall and rode back to his own castle. He saw a large number of newspaper staff gathered around the entrance. The place was crowded and bustling.

Dudian's face was pale as he felt his body frozen because of cold. He didn't slow down and went straight into the castle.

Neuss who was in front of the gate saw that Dudian wasn't reducing the speed of the horse so he opened the gates for Dudian to enter in.

The reporters were afraid to block Dudian's horse because of the speed. Neuss quickly closed the gate to keep out the crowd.

The horse stopped at the door of the castle. Dudian dismounted and took a deep breath. His body was slightly trembling.

Kroen had prepared the blankets and waited for Dudian.

Dudian stepped into the castle. His body staggered and he almost fell. He coughed up blood. It was extremely dark and had a pungent smell. His vision blurred: "Don't call a doctor..."

He fainted before finishing his words.

Kroen tried to help but he only had one arm so he couldn't hold his body.

Gwyneth who was dressed as maid quickly took hold of Dudian's body. Both of them saw that Dudian didn't respond. She saw that there was faint reaction from his eyelids. Gwyneth's brows wrinkled as she grabbed him and walked upstairs. She told to Kroen: "Make the reporters go away!"

Kroen wanted to go out but Nicholas interfered.

"I will go!" Nicholas said and left.

Kroen quickly went upstairs.

Gwyneth kicked open the door of Dudian's study room. She came to the sofa by the edge of the fireplace. She looked at Kroen: "Add wood... He may be sick."

Kroen tried to add wood but remembered that he was only one-handed. There were few people left in the castle as Dudian had sent back the other servants. The only one idle right now was Sergei.

"Too cold!" Gwyneth touched Dudian's left arm. She felt like she has touched a block of ice. She felt that Dudian's body temperature was very normal when she carried him up.

She touched Dudian's forehead and it was warm. Then she touched his neck and counted the frequency of the heartbeat. It

was slow. She reached out and touched Dudian's chest.

"So cold!" Gwyneth was scared. It was incredible that he was alive since his body temperature was so low.

Gwyneth remember the legendary magic marks that Dudian had. However she knew that even if she took them out they couldn't be used again. She frowned as she thought about the possibility of such a low body temperature. Is it caused by the legendary magic marks?

Is it the side effect of having legendary magic marks?

Or something else?

Sergei and Kroen added wood and lit the fireplace.

Sergei came to check Dudian when Kroen began to ignite the fire. Sergei looked at Gwyneth: "Did he really faint? Was he attacked on the way back?"

Gwyneth replied: "He isn't hurt."

"Maybe he was poisoned because of a meal or drink... "

Gwyneth shook her head: "Do you think he will eat anything else after the hot soup even? He may not eat even in the Knight's Hall... "

Sergei frowned: “Since that may not be the case then is it some kind of disease from before?” Sergei looked at Kroen: “Do you know about his old diseases? Ask Old Fulin if he is aware of anything…”

Kroean was lighting up the fire. He didn’t know much about Dudian after he had left the orphanage. The only one aware of Dudian’s condition could be old patriarch: “Alright, I’ll write to him now.”

Gwyneth suddenly said: “Wait.”

Sergei replied: “What?”

Gwyneth looked at Sergei: “Old Fulin shouldn’t know about him even if he had a sickness. Otherwise, he would let us know before going to come. If we send a message to old patriarch then the enemies will know about the news and his condition will be exposed. He asked us not to look for a doctor. He didn’t want the news to be spread!”

Sergei shrugged his shoulders: “What if its spread out? What are you afraid of? I will kill everyone who comes to attack! ”

Gwyneth coldly looked at him: “Are you sure that there is noone stronger than you in the outer wall?”

Sergei was startled as he stopped talking.

Gwyneth continued: “We can’t leak the news. Tell the reporters that master will give interview only to ‘New World News’ and send them off.”

Kroen hesitated: “This, this …”

“It will inevitable lead to speculation if you don’t say anything and there will be people who would be interested in knowing the situation.” Gwyneth continued: “We will hide this matter. And if he wants to blame anyone when he wakes up then its alright to blame me!”

Kroen replied: “Alright.”

Sergei reached out and touched Dudian’s face: “it’s too cold” He looked at Gwyneth: “He isn’t dead but how can his body be colder than undead?”

“He is not dead if his body colder than dead people. ” Gwyneth said.

Sergei looked at her: “Maybe he is testing us by trying to tempt us?”

Gwyneth indifferently replied: “You can try…”

Sergei responded: “I don’t plan to try anything. There is nothing

to benefit off even if he really died. At this point I don't see a tree as huge as him in the outer wall... There is no better shade to rely on."

"Whatever." Gwyneth replied in disdain.

Cage laughed: "Isn't it? You can rely on him if you want to enter the inner wall. Moreover if we go to other consortia we will be treated as pawns. Additionally we have fought in a battle together. Even though we have no love but we are friends at least. So don't be cold towards me. Alright?"

"Don't irritate me more." Gwyneth coldly said.

The temperature of the room rose because of the fire and it got warmer.

Few hours passed in the blink of an eye.

Dudian slowly opened his eyes. He felt as if his body was soaked in cold water. His stomach tumbled. He had kind of a nauseous feeling. Dudian felt drowsy and painful. He was reluctant to open his eyes. Artemis was the first person who he saw when he opened his eyes. Her little face was full of worry.

Dudian felt warm. He saw that Gabriel and Gwyneth were behind her.

"Master, you woke up!" Artemis cried out in surprise.

Everyone in the room hurried over in surprise.

Dudian glanced at Gwyneth, Sergei, Kroen and others. He sighed in relief: “Get me a pillow.”

Chapter 413

Sergei carefully lifted up Dudian's head and Gwyneth put the soft pilled behind his head.

"Master, are you all right?" Kroen was worried.

Dudian took a deep breath. Warm air entered his body and dispersed a bit of chill. He mind become a bit clear. He asked: "How long did I sleep?"

"About six hours." Nicholas answered.

Dudian was concerned: "Did the message leak out?"

"No, only the few of us here know about it. The reporters were driven away." Nicholas replied: "We didn't call for a doctor because of your orders. Should I find a doctor now to diagnose your body?"

Dudian felt uncomfortable as he felt the chill climb from his abdomen. He took a deep breath: "Do you remember that I had told you bring people from residential district? There should be a woman called Jura. Call her but no one else."

"Jura?" Nicholas was puzzled: "From residential district?"

"Alright."

Nicholas nodded: “I’ll go right away.”

Sergei looked at Dudian: “How did you suddenly get sick? Is it because of the injury on the battlefield?”

Dudian was silent. He wasn’t sure yet but he speculated about few things.

Nicholas returned half an hour later. He brought a middle-aged woman with himself. Her body was still slender and straight. She was an intellectual beauty.

Jura was startled as she saw the weak body of Dudian lying on the sofa. Her eyes turned red. She hadn’t seen Dudian for the last few years. She thought that she would gradually forget the adopted child as he was in prison. However after a few years she learned the child was out of the prison. It was written in the newspapers that Dudian was wronged.

She wanted to come over to find Dudian. But she couldn’t pass through the residential district to commercial.

Afterwards she saw his name appear on newspapers a lot. Especially the recent headlines were almost all about him. She sometimes felt that it was the kid from back than as the name written on the newspaper were the same.

She was taken to the commercial district when the war broke

out. At that point she was more convinced that it was the child that made them cross the borders through the districts. She had been looking for the reunion for the long time. But she couldn't see Dudian even after passing into the commercial district. She met him today but he didn't look like the high-spirited child that she remembered but a weak teenager.

Although they had adopted him but she accepted Dudian as her own child. She understood what kind of hardships he had gone to reach the status he was right now. She expected him to live the life of luxury but came over to the castle to find that he wasn't living the life she had expected. She realized what kind of price the child had to pay to climb to the position he was today!

"All of you go out." There was complex feelings in his eyes as Dudian saw Jura: " Kroen alone is enough to take care of me."

Gwyneth deeply looked at him then left.

Sergei felt weird but left as he led Gabriel and Artemis out.

The door was shut. Jura suddenly reacted and rushed forward: "Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Dudian looked at her anxious face. In few years he could see few strands of white in her hair. Time is always ruthless.

"I feel cold." Dudian whispered.

Jura quickly touched his forehead. However she quickly retracted her hand. There was a trace of panic on her face: “Why is it so cold?”

Kroen knew that the woman was the one who had adopted Dudian. He couldn’t help but ask: “Auntie, aren’t you a doctor? Do you know what kind of sickness he has?”

Jura didn’t answer him but checked Dudian’s neck, arm, chest and other parts. Her surprised face turned into panicky one: “How could it be so low?”

According to her knowledge of medicine and experience a human couldn’t survive if they had low body temperature like Dudian. Him being alive was simply a miracle!

Dudian’s heart sank as he saw her expression. Although Jura wasn’t a top doctor but she could be considered a good one.

“Auntie, don’t worry.” Dudian took a deep breath. He mustered strength and soft said: “I feel cold here. The problem should be here. Can we cut it off and check?”

“Stomach?” Jura quickly took off the blanket and touched his abdomen. She rapidly retreated her fingers: “Too cold!” She felt that Dudian’s abdomen was colder than an ice block. It was simply same as the temperature of the ice. But how come his body wasn’t frozen if the temperature was so low?

How could he survive if his abdomen was frozen?

She bit her lips and looked at Kroen: “Get me hot water.”

Kroen immediately left the room.

Jura sat by the site of the sofa. She took out scalpel, needles and other tools from the medicine box. In addition, she had gauze, hemostatic and anesthetic powders.

She took of his clothes and used the anesthetic powder.

It didn’t take long for Kroen to bring hot water.

Jura said to Dudian: “try your best to endure.”

Dudian softly replied: “You do the surgery, I’ll look.”

Jura’s eyes flushed. She had seen nobles and wealthy business scared to open their eyes during the surgery. However Dudian was very calm. How much had he suffered to have such a temper?

She suppressed the grief and sorrow in her heart. She looked at the clock on the wall and calculated the time. He let Kroen help her. She used the knife.

Kroen put pillow behind Dudian’s head so that he could see his

abdomen. Dudian wanted to know the cause.

The knife pierced his abdomen. He felt no pain. The hemostatic powder played its role and not much of blood penetrated out.

Jura’s hands trembled as she held onto the scalpel. There was a cold feeling that spread along the iron scalped. Her fingers felt frosty.

All three of them were shocked as they looked at the scene after his abdomen was sliced off.

Chapter 414

Dudian saw row upon row of crystallized blood as the skin above the abdomen was sliced open.

The color of the crystal was dark red like frozen blood. It was like a armor covering the body below his skin. At first glance it seemed like the skin was just a soft layer covering the armor.

Dudian was perplexed.

“Young master …” Kroen’s body slightly trembled in fear.

Jura’s eyes were full of shock as she stood confused on the spot.

Dudian looked at her: “What’s the name of the disease?”

Jura reacted to his words. Her eyes were full of loss. She had never seen such a strange scene in her life. The surface of the crystallized blood was extremely smooth. It was like fish scales one over the other. The most strange thing that she found was that the owner of the body was still alive.

“I do not know.” There was a complex expression on her face as she looked at the dark red crystals: “The blood was frozen because of the low temperature but… ” She couldn’t find the right words to express herself.

She didn’t dare to blindly make a diagnose as she hadn’t met such a condition before. Moreover she didn’t know how to solve the problem of frozen blood because of the low temperature.

Dudian’s heart sank as he saw the complex expression on her face: “Is there any way?

“I will try my best…” She used the scalpel to expand the area. She sliced open the skin all the way to intestines but there was nothing but dark red crystals.

She tried to touch but it was extremely cold.

Jura doubted that even the knife may not be able to pierce through this strange crystallized blood.

“Auntie, is there a way to treat it?” Kroen looked at Jura as he gradually adapted to the scene. He was anxious and nervous.

Cold sweat flowed down through Jura’s forehead. She hesitated for a moment: “It will be a little painful as I will try to remove one of the scales. Try to bear…”

Dudian took a deep breath: “I will endure you continue.”

Jura nodded and stared at Dudian’s abdomen. She looked at the edge of the scale and slowly stabbed the scalpel.

Traces were left on the crystallized blood as if the surgical knife had stabbed onto an ice block.

Dudian saw the blue veins extending on her wrist. He knew that she was putting a great effort but couldn't pierce through the crystallized blood. Although Jura was an ordinary person but her strength wasn't low either. Did it mean that to pierce through the crystallized blood you had to have an extraordinary strength?

Jura gradually increased the strength she put onto the scalpel. She used seventy or eighty percent of her power but she still couldn't pierce the crystallized blood. She was taking big breathes as her wrist felt sour. Suddenly an idea flashed through her mind. She was startled as she looked at Dudian. Her eyes had fear in them. The feeling turned into remorse and pain.

Dudian felt bad as he saw her expression: "Auntie, is there no way?"

Jura's eyes turned red as big tears began to fall down: "I have seen a description of a similar disease in a medical book. It is a very rare disease and extremely few people were infected with it."

Dudian was startled: "What is the name of sickness?"

"Ice blood syndrome." Jura bowed her head as she sniffed: "It is a rare terminal illness."

Dudian's heart sank when he heard the phrase terminal illness.

It was the same as hearing that he had cancer!

His heart beat violently but the throbbing of his heart gradually subsided. In the old era with the development of medical technology many types of cancer could be treated. Since in this era the ‘ice blood syndrome’ was classified as an incurable terminal illness then he had to rely on knowledge from the super chip to find the treatment.

Dudian was silent for a moment: “Auntie, thank you! Please sew it up.”

Jura was crying silently. She bit her lips as she heard Dudian’s words. She hold back the sobs but her heart was broken. She removed the neadly and very delicately sewed the skin.

Dudian quietly looked at her. After she was finished he asked: “Auntie, how long can I live?”

Jura bowed down her head: “There are not any detailed records. But you shouldn’t live long… ” She looked at Dudian: “It is an infectious disease. You better not share anything with others. In addition, its best for you that Holy Church isn’t aware of the disease. Otherwise they will hunt you down and isolate you.”

“Infectious disease?” Kroen’s face turned white as he stepped back instinctively.

Dudian glanced at him then looked at Jura: “Alright, auntie. Don’t mention this to anyone. If someone asks you then tell them that its just a cold.”

Jura continued to cry: “I’ll stay to take care of you.”

Dudian’s heart was warm but his expression became cold: “Kroen pay the medical expenses and send her off.”

Kroen left the room with Jura.

Kroen came back after a while. Dudian looked at him: “Give those medical books from the shelf to me.”

Kroen was startled as he handed him the books.

Dudian looked at the medical books that he had brought back from the library. Previously he didn’t have time to check them as he was busy learning knowledge from the super chip. He wanted to know more about the disease. Maybe in the old era it had a totally different name. He wanted to know the outcome that would happen after being infected with it.

He checked another book.

At one point Dudian stopped at a particular page of an old medical book. There was a narrative from a doctor who had lived hundred years ago. He was invited by an aristocrat to check an attendant in a snowy day. The body temperature of the attendant

was very low. After the initial checkup he had decided to do surgery and check the problem.

But the doctor found out that the arm of the attendant was frozen below the skin. It was like frozen fish scales.

“Ice blood …” Dudian knew that the description of the attendant’s arm was very similar to his situation.

“I failed with the surgery. The noble drove me out. However I later mentioned this situation to a friend of mine. Soon, I heard that the people from Holy Church looked for that noble and arrested the sick attendant …” Dudian carefully read the page. According to the perspective of the above narration the disease was called as ‘ice blood syndrome’.

“It seems the Holy Church was the one to name the disease!” Dudian was surprised. He thought that doctors came up with the naming but he didn’t think that Holy Church was the one to take the lead and identify the disease.

He read more. However there was no follow-up information after the attendant was taken away by the Holy Church.

Chapter 415

“Unfortunately, there is no microscope! Otherwise I would be able to find the cause of blood crystallization. The blood couldn’t froze just because of the body temperature. There should be an order to everything. Maybe the blood was crystallized not because of the low body temperature but there was a cause that made the blood froze and the body temperature got so low…”

Dudian frowned.

Production of a microscope with current technology was nothing but a wishful thinking.

He looked at Kroen: “Order Neuss to go to different libraries and bring back medical books. The more remote libraries he goes the better it is. In addition tell him to bring only one fifth of the total as the medical books and the other part to select from different sections. Ask him to be carefuly of enemies. His every move will be checked. He shouldn’t let outsiders know what he is aiming for. Do you get me?”

Kroen reacted with an ‘ah’ noise as he was puzzled. He knew that Dudian had chosen Neuss because of his golden hair. But he couldn’t understand why he would take on one-fifth of total as medical books. Shouldn’t it be better if he got more?

He didn’t ask because he was aware that Dudian wouldn’t answer such a simple question. He had to come up with answer by himself.

Kroen brought few medical books that were on the shelf to Dudian.

“The splitter’s scythe had pierced my body. Although Scar’s corpse had blocked the most of the attack but I was wounded. It had cut out a big hole in my waist. The wound was infected when my body with mixed with the corpses of other monsters. So everyone who has had ‘ice blood syndrome’ in history had one way or other had come in contact with monsters...at least most of them... ”

Initially, Dudian had the magic marks from juranzhi and he was immune to most diseases. So nothing strange had appeared. However after changing it with the magic marks of the splitter his body had changed too. He felt cold when he came back from the giant wall the last time.

However knowing the reason didn’t mean that he had a solution.

Moreover he didn’t know how long he had to live after being infected such a strange sickness.

“God will make me day when the time comes... However heavens have put too many tests in front of me ...” Dudian gently rubbed his fingers.

A few days passed in the blink of an eye.

These last few days Neuss borrowed a lot of books from famous

libraries. There were medical books that Dudian were interested in. The rest had variety of topics such as the history of the giant wall, the history of barbarians, biography of legendary people, music and so on.

"What's happening with Mellon consortium?" Dudian asked Kroen as he put away the medical book. He was checking medical books day and night to find clues about the disease and ways to solve it. There was no time to read newspapers and think about situation.

Kroen replied: "Master, Mellon consortium fell apart after the old patriarch of the Mel family George was sent to prison. The Mel family business also plummeted. The industries under their command have suffered boycott of public and other businesses. They are making losses everyday. Hotels and entertainment centers they own have been smashed by mobs. They wouldn't be able to hold on for long"

"Tell Old Fulin to seize the opportunity finish them for good. If its dragged for long then the anger of public will quell. We will need to use much more resources to completely defeat Mel family at that point." Dudian commanded.

Kroen nodded. He knew that Mel family was a famous aristocratic family in the outer wall. It was reduced to ashes at this point. He recalled the time when a gardener from Mel family had come to the orphanage for adoption. He was the most prominent person there at that time. Everyone wanted to be adopted by the gardener back then. Now the Mel family was a noble family in decline. However as an old noble family they had roots that had

spread wide. They didn't immediately collapse even after the strong pressure put on them by Dudian.

"He said that if his hands had wounds then he was forbidden to touch the 'soul crystals' so not to trap the spirits inside his body... " Dudian was startled as he saw a case for treatment. The clergyman wrote that anyone who was infected with 'ice blood syndrome' had to take lots of sugar and eat beef... "If the medicine was taken on time then it was possible to live for two years... The shortest time is a week. If attention wasn't paid to cold ...avoid cold water, black snow..."

Dudian felt like he was struck by lightning.

At best only two years?

The shortest ... a week of life?

Is it same as the late stage of cancer?

He bowed his head to read again. He repeatedly read it until he confirmed that he wasn't wrong. Did it mean that at best he had two short years to live?

Two years would pass in the blink of an eye!

He thought about grand ideas and ideals in his heart. However if it went like this then there was no way to achieve any of them!

Kroen saw Dudian's strange reaction as he read the book. Kroen's face changed as he realized that something bad was found by Dudian. He carefully asked: "Master, what has happened?"

Dudian was silent for a while: "Nothing. Go out now."

Kroen was hesitant as he left the room. He stayed by the door.

There was a trace of confusion in Dudian's eyes as he stared outside the window.

After a long time...

The time got late and outside darkened.

The night was reflected in his eyes. His numb look gradually restored as Dudian whispered: "sugar and beef... All of them are high-calorie foods. According to the book the disease can be suppressed if I consume high-calorie foods...If I eat something that has more calorie then it is possible to even live longer."

"Moreover the physique of those people infected with 'ice blood syndrome' are much weaker than mine. If my body reaches a higher level then the resistance will enhance too. I may be hold on for a little longer!"

Gradually a strong desire to live resurrected in his heart

replacing the despair.

“I have to master the medicine in time of two years. Afterwards I have to find a solution. They were able to find solution to cancer. This ‘ice blood syndrome’ is nothing much relative to cancer. It should be a simple condition even though they call it terminal condition in this era. I will change the world. I will change this simple condition and make it an ordinary disease!”

How could he throw the towel because of a little bit of pain?

“Kroen!” Dudian shouted.

Kroen pushed the door and entered the room: “Yes, young master!”

“My armor and cloth should be made out of the warmest materials.” Dudian continued: “Additionally, from today on I will eat only the rib meat of ‘tooth crab’.

Kroen was surprised: “Meat of ‘tooth crab’? Master that is the most expensive ingredient. The front ribs of a tooth crab is about half a catty. Its only enough to eat one meal. Moreover its very rare and difficult to catch those crabs....”

“Is it hard?” Dudian said in a cold tone: “You have to buy it even if I wanted the meat of a dragon! If nobody sells then steal it!”

Chapter 416

Kroen hesitated: “I will try my best, young master.”

“You must.” Dudian added: “In addition to the tooth crab I want to use the most expensive tableware produced personally by the masters. Moreover I will drink the pure water that has been repeatedly filtered.”

Kroen was startled. He wanted to ask the benefits of eating tooth crab but he changed his mind as he heard Dudian talk. Maybe the personal preferences of rich and famous change as they get more wealth?

Kroen bowed his head: “Master, anything else I should note down?”

“Inform the Temple to make sure that the temperature in the lecture hall is high. I think you know the reason!” Dudian replied.

“I know, I will keep it secret.” There was a trace of concern in Kroen’s eyes: “Master, teaching will consume a lot of energy. Would you be able to handle it with your current health issue?”

“I’m not that easy to fall down. Call Artemis over.”

“Yes, young master.”

…

“Father, can’t we bail out grandpa?” Sarah looked at Mark in pain and remorse.

Mark sighed: “I have contacted few generals from the military. Bail is impossible. However they promised to make sure that he lives in a better environment. He won’t be humiliated.”

Sarah clenched her fists as tears fell down her eyes: “Father, Ron was certainly ambushed. Maybe we should send everyone to kill him. As long as he dies we can restore to our original strength and take back grandpa.”

“Nonsense!” Mark spoke in angry tone: “Have you forgotten my teachings? You gotta be more calm as the situation gets dangerous! Regret and pain won’t bring anything. Moreover if he is killed whether we are involved or not we will be the first target of the Holy Church’s anger! They would just go for a genocide!”

Sarah’s body flicked as she heard the word “genocide”.

“Father, father …”

Mark interrupted her: “I have investigated the day of the crime. The kid had two senior hunters close to him. He sent one of them out. The woman by her side wouldn’t be able to keep up with Ron. It seems he keeps another expert by his side… A hidden one. I think that this hidden expert is the old butler!”

Sarah was startled: “Father, do you mean that he has three senior hunter level helpers by his side?”

“The kid himself also has the strength of an intermediate level hunter. He has the magic marks of a juranzhi. His combat strength is enough to fight with one or two ordinary senior level hunters. So unless we want to kill him for good we need experts from at least two consortia!” Mark continued in a cold tone: ” However there are more way to kill in addition to the use of sword. I have already posted a reward in dark church. Whoever can kill him will get five million gold coins. We don’t need to keep to money right now. He won’t let us go free. Either he dies or us!”

Sarah took a deep breath: “Father, did you actually contacted the dark church?”

Mark coldy looked at her: “What? Why would I dirty my own hands if there is such a good knife to be used?”

“No, no.” Sarah whispered: “It’s sensitive period of time. If Holy Church finds that…”

Mark snorted: “Holy Church? Holy Church is smart as they ‘sell’ illusory things. Only fools will believe them!”

Sarah whispered: “Father, you said that he has three people with the combat power of senior hunter. The strength of a consortium is needed to kill him. How dark church will accomplish… ”

Mark replied: “Even if they aren’t able to kill him then at least he will live in caution for the rest of his life. Don’t underestimate dark church. They have vicious alchemists, potioners, puppeteers... He will die unless Holy Church sends a group of knight to guard him day and night!”

Sarah’s heart was relieved.

“What about our investments? We don’t have much of a time! Old Fulin has been devouring our businesses. Throw the rest away if they don’t amount to much. ” Mark changed the topic.

...

“Father its useless! He said that he won’t see me again. Its useless for me to beg him.” Jenny was dressed in uniform of the magistrate and was looking at her father who was standing in front of her.

Rudolph sighed: “The Mellon Consortium is finished. The Mel family will have the same end sooner or later. Our Burong family is in dire need of your help. Only you are able to resolve the hatred in his heart. Otherwise Burong family will be devoured and completely destroyed by him!”

Jenny bit her lips as she bowed her head.

“Miss, I beg you...Please help out!” Butler who was next to them

knelt down to beg,

Jenny looked at him: “Uncle, don’t.”

“Miss, I won’t get up unless you go to talk with him.” Butler begged.

Jenny replied in hurry: “Get up uncle…I-I… ”

Rudolph silently looked at the scene. He sighed: “Get up.”

Butler looked at him.

Rudolph waved at Jenny.

Jenny hesitated so she slowly walked towards him.

“Tell your dad. Don’t you want to see him?” Rudolph whispered as he stroked her hair.

Jenny clenched her teeth not to cry: “I went that time but …”

Rudolph patted her shoulder and took her into his arms: “If you don’t want to go then don’t! I won’t force you. Do what you want to do as long as it makes you happy. I will handle the family business.”

Tears flowed down Jenny's cheeks.

"This is the result of my actions. I will bear the loss of failure since our businesses fail." Rudolph stroke her hair and said in gentle tone: "Its not a big deal! I believe that in twenty or thirty years the Burong family will rise again!

Jenny wiped her tears and looked at him: "I'll work with you!"

Rudolph looked up and laughed: "Good! We will work together!"

...

Butler asked after Jenny left: "Master, we are in a critical situation right now. After the public lecture the kid's strength will reach a new level. He will have enough power to crush us easily. Why did you stopped the lady? She could plead for us!"

"Pleading is not the way out." Rudolph slowly said as the smile on his faded away: "Moreover, how do you think he climbed up all the way from prison to today's position? He didn't rely on love but hate!"

"Hatred can make a person go crazy!"

"Hatred will give you strength and drive that is much more powerful than love!"

“He has strong hate towards us so an apology at this point will make him despise us.” Rudolph continued: “But the hate he feels towards us is not the revengeful madness… It’s a good thing. We can squeeze out a lot of things from the hate and love that he feels!”

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“Master, what do you mean?” Butler was confused.

Rudolph responded: “Do you really think that he is dealing with the Mellon consortium because of revenge? Everyone thinks so, but the point is everyone is wrong. Its not because of the resentment but he just have deal with us. If he chooses to deal with another one then he will have one more enemy to deal at the same time!”

“So he is finishing off Mellon because he has no other choice!”

“And he have chosen to do so. The other consortia are happy at sight and if there is a possible chance they will help out too. The knife will become more sharper that way.”

Butler sighed: “Master but he isn’t an ordinary weapon anymore. He has become a master. The Mel family has fallen so the next will be us!”

Rudolph slowly said: “Have you ever thought why he dealt with Mel family but not with our Burong family?”

Butler was surprised then his eyes lit up: “Master, do you mean that he didn’t deal with us because he has feelings for little miss? Then we won’t… ”

Rudolph interrupted him: “Since when have you become so

foolish?”

Butler was stunned.

“Do you really think this monster has feelings? Imprisonment, suffering non-human torture... Do you think after all those he will have ‘feelings’? Do you think those ‘feelings’ can affect his judgment?” Rudolph said in a cold tone.

Butler’s face changed: “Master, if he doesn’t have feelings for little miss then what was the reason?”

Rudolph replied: “There are two reasons for his actions. The first may be his feelings towards Jenny but I think it has so low possibility of happening that it is not even an option. So the real reason can be the second choice. This one is much more in line with his style of doings things.”

“The second reason?”

“In the past he fought with Mellon consortium but he was just a weapon. Scott consortium was willing to help him and other consortia also supported him to see the fight between tigers. But now the situation has changed. As you have mentioned he has become a master. Since it is so then he has to face other masters too.”

“The real battlefield has just begun for him! The other consortia will not tolerate such a monster continue to grow. The military

won't allow and the Holy Church would not allow him to grew big and swallow up the other five consortia. Maybe he can even assimilate Holy Church and the military."

"If he becomes that big then he can influence the balance of power between the military and Holy Church. The side he gives support means the end of the other side. Neither military nor Holy Church would be willing to face such a situation."

Butler was startled: "Master, do you mean that he chose to deal with Mel family because he didn't mercy us but to defeat the Mellon consortium. After he gets rid of the main enemy then he will go after the other consortia!?"

"Yes." Rudolph replied: "Mel family was the leader of the Mellon consortium. The Mellon consortium dissipated after Mel family went down. Now as a master with two legendary inventions in his resume every consortium will want him to become their ally. However he is a disaster for the consortium. His like a thorn in the flesh!"

Butler asked: "But the thing is the relationship between him and the New World consortium is very well known. He is bound to New World consortium not just by the financial interests but by virtues! Then all the other consortia, Holy Church and the military will secretly try to suppress them, don't they?"

"The military and Holy Church won't take action right now. The will see the situation and check his performance." Rudolph continued: "There will be no consequences if he is only willing to keep New World consortium as a consortium. But if he is restless

and wants more than that then he will be finished even though he is a master. Its just a title. The moment he violates the rules then he will swallow the bitter fruit. Anyway, since Jenny doesn't want to apologize then you have to make a trip in her stead…"

"Me?"

"Don't forget to take a gift. This gift…should be the one we used to give to the businesses in the commercial district."

Butler was shocked: "Master, but …"

"Go."

…

"Any news from the Ryan family these last two days?" Dudian put the book aside and casually asked.

Kroen shook his head: "No."

Dudian handed a picture to Kroen: "Give it to them. They must built it before sunset."

Kroen saw a huge cage drawn on the picture. He was surprised but he didn't ask anything.

Dudian called Nicholas over after Kroen departed: “There are few members of the Mellon consortium that are my friends. You used to be a butler for a noble family. I will leave their protection to you. Don’t let them get hurt.”

Nicholas nodded: “Alright.”

Kroen returned after moments: “Master, Neuss have sent a letter. Sergei and him have gone to several markets to find tooth crab meat but none of them sold anything.”

Dudian said in a cold tone: “If there is none in market then they should have gone directly to the supplier. Is there no one in the entire outer wall that sells it? As long as there is tooth crab meat then it should be on my table. Do you understand it?”

Kroen scratched his head: “Young master, actually there is. I have heard that Brandon family will give a banquet this evening and have bought tooth crab meat…”

“Buy it.” Dudian interrupted him.

Kroen carefully said: “Young master, but this Brandon family is a high-ranking noble family and have big industries under their command. If they refuse to sell…”

“Steal it! I don’t like repeating myself. If there is a tooth crab meat somewhere within the outer wall, even if its placed in front of the Pope, I have to eat it. Am I clear?”

Chapter 418

“Master, we will offend people this way...” Kroen said in a weak tone.

Dudian indifferently replied: “I said do it. I’m the one who is offending... ”

“Okay.” Kroen didn’t expect Dudian to be so persistent with food: “Should I tell Sergei to buy it.”

“Neuss should also go with him.” Dudian continued: “Tell him to offer a price to buy first. If the man doesn’t sell then rob it. I’d like to see if he has courage not to sell it.”

“Alright.”

Kroen came to the hall and passed Dudian’s words to Sergei and Neuss. Both of them looked at each other. Sergei turned towards Kroen: “Did he really say that we should steal if they don’t sell it?”

“Yes.” Kroen replied in a confident tone.

Sergei was stunned: “I didn’t think he would be so much into food. I will bring it back.” Both of them rode on horses as they went towards the territory of Brandon family.

...

“Linda, isn’t hall ready yet?” Cage asked the girl next to him as he looked down at the attendants who were busy in the magnificent hall.

The girl was about ten year old. She was wearing a luxurious golden skirt which had countless crystals embroidered on it. It was a very gorgeous and eye-catching dress. It seemed that a master tailor had sewn it.

“Father everything is ready. We are waiting for guests.” Linda replied and smiled.

Cage laughed and said: “Today uncle William will come too. I have heard that his son is a second level knight of light at the Temple. He loves the music of “Mr Hamming”. He is your favorite composer too. Talk to him in the banquet about that.”

Linda’s face turned red: “Dad, what are you talking about!? Today’s banquet is meant for you and uncle William. It’s to congratulate him because of the rise in position.”

“Silly kid.” Cage laughed.

At the same time a middle-aged butler dressed in black tuxedo came forward and bowed his head: “Master, there are two people who has come to see you. They claim to be the attendants of Master Dean.”

“Master Dean!?” Cage was surprised.

Linda’s eyes lit up as she looked at the butler: “Is that the genius master Dean?”

The butler respectfully replied: “Yes, miss.”

“Really?” Linda was excited as she clutched Cage’s hand: “Father will he also come over to congratulate uncle William?”

Cage felt strange when he heard her words. He looked at butler: “Let them come.”

“Yes, master.” Butler left.

There was excitement in Lena’s eyes as she said: “Dad my birthday is after few days. Can you invite master Dean to my birthday party? My friends will feel so envious if he comes to my party! I have heard that Master Dean isn’t only a superb architect but also a handsome golden knight! He knows poetry too. He is just too perfect!”

Cage helplessly replied: “Don’t even think about that. Our Brandon family is not on the same level as him.”

Linda pouted her mouth: “I’m his admirer. I want to personally see him.”

Cage shook his head and stood in silence. The butler returned. Two tall figures were walking behind him. One of them had golden hair while the other had a burly physique. Both of them were indeed attendants from their uniform. Cage glanced at them and saw no gifts in their hands.

“Greetings, Mr Brandon Cage.” Sergei politely said as he stood in front of Cage.

Cage smiled: “Please sit down.”

“No need.” Sergei looked left and right. He saw that no one was paying attention to them so he whispered: “Patriarch cage our young master sent us to ask something from you.”

“Ask something?” Cage continued in a quiet tone: “What things?”

“Tooth crab.” Cage said: Young master has recently taking a liking to this food. We searched all the places today. In the market we were told that your family servant bought it today. We will pay three times the amount to buy the tooth crab. Would you please sell it to us?”

Cage and Linda looked at each other. They never thought that Sergei would come over to discuss a food.

“He likes to eat crabs …” Linda secretly noted this point.

Cage slightly frowned as he pondered. He knew that there was a constant storm in the business world. Master Dean was the main force to defeat the Mellon consortium. However Brandon family wasn't a pushover either. They knew the pattern's of change in the commercial district.

"Patriarch?" Sergei said as he saw Cage contemplate.

Cage hesitated: "You should tell master Dean that we have already sent the menu to our guests. I can resell it now. If master Dean wants it I will find and bring tooth crab in a few days of time."

Sergei's eyebrows wrinkled: "Patriarch lets not be so stingy. Our young master likes to eat it and we are ready to pay triple the amount. Is my young master's face so worthless? Or you don't want to give him face?"

Linda didn't expect her father to refuse. She grabbed his arm: "Dad, lets give them. We can use something else."

"No." Cage flatly refuse: "There are rules of our family and we have to follow them. The menu has been published already. How can we freely modify it at this point?"

Sergei narrowed his eyes: "If that's so... Patriarch can you at least let us see the tooth crab? Is this request too much?"

Cage slowly replied: "That's not a problem. I'll personally take

both of you to see it." He turned away and took the lead.

Sergei winked at Neuss and Neuss replied: "I'll be waiting for you in here."

Sergei nodded as he went to the kitchen.

Cage Brandon ordered the chef to show the tooth crab.

It was a big crab which had black colored head. It was totally different from ordinary craps as it had sharp teeth in the mouth. It fed on fish. The feeding costs were very expensive and the crab itself was very rare. Only few people were willing to breed it within the wall. Most of the tooth crabs had radiation in them or could be found in desolate lakes in the wilderness.

"Very cute." Sergei reached out to touch it.

Cage felt that master's attendant was acting frivolously.

At the same time, Sergei quickly grabbed the crab and hit chefs close to him. He turned and run away.

Cage was shocked.

Everything happened as fast as lightning. Cage didn't react for a long time. He recovered when Sergei had run quite a distance. He loudly shouted: "Get him!"

The attendant began to chase after him.

Sergei was fast as he jumped over the wall of the manor.

Whoosh!

A figure was running behind him.

Sergei looked back and laughed: “Catch me if you can.” He quickly bypassed few streets and was lost from sight.

The man following him tried to catch up with him but still failed. He turned back to the manor.

The same night a sensational news was spread from Brandon family. People claiming to be master Dean’s attendants robbed the kitchen.

The news spread like spider net to everywhere.

Chapter 419

“Master, Sergei they come back.” Kroen reported.

“Did he buy it?”

“He didn’t buy just robbed it.” Kroen glanced at Dudian.

“Oh, I’m hungry. Let’s go.”

“…”

There were few pieces of free rib meat of tooth crab on dinner table. The rest were high-quality beefs. Dudian looked at Kroen: “I’ll be giving the public lecture few days later. Did you contact the tailor for warm clothes?”

“They are working on it.” Kroen replied.

Dudian looked at the plate: “From now on I’ll eat the meal made in ‘tiger eyed rhino oil’ or ‘one eyed fish oil’. From tomorrow on prepare accordingly.”

Kroen nodded.

Sergei strangely looked at Dudian: “Before you weren’t so picky about the food. What happened to you last two days?”

Dudian glanced at him but was lazy to answer. He felt the cold in his body ease up after eating rib meat of the tooth crab. He sighed and got up: “Kroen, come to my study room after eating.”

“Oh? Alright ...”

Kroen quickly ate his dinner and came to Dudian’s study room: “Master, are you looking for me?”

“Come in.”

Kroen pushed the door. He saw Dudian sitting by the desk and writing something. He waited.

Dudian handed him out a paper and told to him: “In the future I want to eat meals made out of these ingredients. If you can’t find in the market then go to families and try to buy it. If they don’t sell then steal it!”

Kroen was speechless as he read through the ingredients: “Master, only from this list? ”

“Yes.”

There were lots of ingredients that Kroen had never even heard their names. But he was able to recognize some of them. All were valuable top ingredients. You couldn’t eat them even in the well-

known restaurants. A cost of a single tooth crab was enough to accumulated wealth of seven or eight years of an ordinary civilian family.

In addition to crabs Dudian had written about clams. They were also rare than the crabs.

Moreover there was ‘caviar’ and ‘mountain dew’. The former was also a very well-known food. The ordinary nobles couldn’t even afford to eat it. The latter was something that money couldn’t buy. It would only appear in black snow season. But finding it was a problem. Many civilians died every black snow season as they search snow-capped mountain tops for mountain dew. However the ones who found it would change their lives the moment they sold it.”

Kroen put away the list and looked at Dudian: “Master these ingredients are hard to cook and we don’t have a professional chef. We would waste them even if we find them. Would you like to hire a chef?”

Dudian replied: “Hired people are not trustworthy. A few days later new partners will join us. You get to buy these ingredients first.”

“Yes.” Kroen nodded.

…

“Mr. Chai, do you really want me to send someone over to get statement from Master Dean?” Sergei slowly narrated everything to the old man then asked.

Chai Rostov gently swayed the glass of red wine: “I had already heard about it and made an investigation. Those two were indeed his attendants. The reason for his actions is to see our reaction! He hasn’t dealt with the roots of Mellon consortium and he wants to deal with us. Young and ignorant!”

Cage frowned: “Our consortium has been in partnership with him many times. We haven’t offended him. Why would he pick us?”

Chai narrowed his eyes: “He should be upset about the new textile machine!”

“New textile machine?” Cage was startled: “We have them enough money because of the new textile machine. Although after two months it was already widely spread in the commercial district. Actually Krylov consortium tried to suppress him because of the senior hunter called Sergei who he had bailed out. Why doesn’t he try to revenge them?”

Chai looked at him: “It’s hard to calculate such a thing. Anyway, since he wants to see our reaction then let him see how we act! Send people and ask him to give a statement! I would like to see how he will respond!”

“Yes.” Cage nodded.

...

Huasheng consortium.

“Master, we just got information that there is a high price reward posted in the dark church for the one who can assassinate that genius master.” Butler looked at the old man: “Master, should we secretly push it up a bit?

Hank folded the newspaper in his hands: “No the kid is still too young. He has swallowed the Mellon consortium but haven’t digested it yet. But he has already provoked Scott consortium. Huh! I though he will make an alliance with the Scott consortium. I was very worried about it. Actually originally I was planning to send the information regarding the return of new textile machines to provoke the relationship between them. But now it seems the kid is aware of everything.”

The butler asked: “Did he troubled Brandon family to see the reaction of Scott consortium? Brandon family has lost face. Will they find him for that?”

“Let’s see how they respond.”

“Master, then the plan before ...”

“Temporarily put on hold. Let’s wait for them to get tired from fighting and we can attack at the best possible time!”

...

Green Foundation. Clinton family.

“Temporarily cancel the previous plan. I want to wait and see the reactions...” Steve Clinton sipped from the coffee cup as he looked at the young man next to him.

The youth wearing traditional Chinese clothing replied: “Yes, master.”

Chapter 420

“Master, the cage is built and ready.” Kroen reported to Dudian.

Dudian nodded slightly as he retracted his eyes from the book: “Order Sergei to take it to the passage by the giant wall. In addition, call old patriarch Fulin. There are things I have to discuss with him.”

“Yes, young master.”

Kroen left the room.

Ryan family carriage parked in front of Dudian’s castle half a day later. Old Fulin and Sander got off the carriage. Three knights followed after them. One of them was a gold knight while the other two were silver knights.

“Its forbidden to carry weapons into the hall.” Neuss stopped them by the door.

All three of the knights frowned as they turned to look at old Fulin.

Old Fulin nodded slightly.

All three of them were displeased but still gave their weapons to Neuss.

“Old patriarch, please come over. Young master has been waiting for a long time.” Kroen showed them the way.

Old Fulin nodded but at the same time waved with his hand to indicate the three knights to stop by the castle’s entrance. Sander helped him to go in.

Korne opened the door to the study room and looked at Dudian who was wrapped in cotton clothing: “Master, Old patriarch has come over.”

“You go out first.” Dudian replied.

Kroen nodded however he gestured Old Fulin and Sander to enter the study room. He gently closed the door and waited outside.

“It’s so warm in here.” Old Fulin said as he looked at the flames burning in the fireplace.

Dudian folded the corner of the page and closed the book. He looked at Old Fulin and Sander: “Are you alright? You have been missing from the scene for a few days.”

“I’m getting old.” Old Fulin laughed. He looked at Dudian: “I heard that you had a small friction with Brandon family yesterday. Do you want me to settle it?”

“No need.” Dudian smiled as he took the tea pot from the desk. He soaked and cleaned it. Later on he added tea and poured the hot water to brew it. He shook the cup and filled the cups. The smell of fresh tea exuded from the tea pot and cups.

Old Fulin was surprised: “I would doubt that you weren’t born in a noble family if your hair color wasn’t black. ”

Dudian smiled: “Etiquette is something that can be learned. If the libraries were oopen to the civilians the so called ‘noble etiquette’ wouldn’t be for nobles only.”

Old Fulin smiled but didn’t continue to chat.

Dudian wasn’t intending to continue to talk about that matter. He went straight to the point: “Patriarch, any news from the Mellon consortium?”

“Nope.” Old Fulin took a sip from the tea: “Most of the members of the Mellon consortium have joined our New World consortium. But a small part of them have joined other consortia. Moreover there is a public boycott to any product produced by Mellon consortium and there is noone buying their things. The Mel family is making loss everyday and will collapse soon.”

Dudian nodded: “Mel family?”

“George was imprisoned without a chance for parole. The prestige of Mel family has fallen to the ground. In a matter of day

they were thrown from heavens to the hell.” Old Fulin continued: “Mellon consortium has no chance to stand up again. The Mel family will declare bankruptcy in few days.”

Dudian nodded: “Exterminate them!”

Old Fulin stared at him: “I will.”

“Try to stabilize and operate the industries that you took from Mellon consortium.” Dudian drank his own tea: “From now on, I will not provide any practical help to the consortium. Patriarch its all on you now.”

Old Fulin was confused: “But…why?”

Sander was also anxious: “Yes, why? We have the momentum and the public believes us. If we attack the other consortia they won’t be able to back on anyone. We can swallow all of them. If you provide us with inventions then we can even rule the outer wall!”

Dudian looked at him: “Ruling the outer wall area? Don’t forget the military and Holy Church are above the consortia!”

Sander was puzzled: “Military and Holy Church? They would never meddle and intervene in this matter. They have nothing to do with it if we are able to swallow up other consortia! ”

Dudian stared back at old Fulin: “Patriarch right now everything

seems calm. We are slowly swallowing up and digesting the Mellon consortium. But the other consortia are at start and looking towards the New World consortium. If you keep trying to expand you will be punished. The military and the Holy Church would never sit idle. They need a balanced system. The one who breaks this balance gets punished. That's why the Temple forbids masters to cooperate and be in close contact with nobles! A master can't help out his own family so that an imbalance would be created!"

"Of course, there are some masters who contact consortia. But they only help a little. If there is too much of a help provided then the Temple will open its one eye and close the other. You know the stakes at hand and I hope you can understand what I mean."

Old Fulin pondered for a moment and looked at Dudian: "Do you mean that we can't attack other consortia in the future? But what if they try to fight with us? What should we do then?"

"A business is a business." Dudian continued: "There will be conflicts and fricts while doing business. But I will still stay away from the operations of the New World consortium. However you shouldn't be worried. Although I won't help but everyone is aware that I have close connections to New World Consortium. They won't provoke you. You can also borrow my fame to operate. It should be more than enough to cope with other consortia."

Old Fulin sighed. He also realized the current situation. He knew that if they tried to move forward the fill face a cliff.

This cliff wasn't something that was there but was artificially placed in front of them.

“I know, don’t worry. As long as you are alive we only need to borrow your fame to become the largest consortium.” Old Fulin replied.

Dudian smiled as he continued to pour tea.

“What are you planning to do if not focus on inventions?” Old Fulin asked while he drank tea.

Dudian responded: “There are lots of things. Right now, I’m going to be a faction master. But my department isn’t stable yet. However it has much better identity rather than a master with two legendary inventions. I’ll continue to research… But I fear that I will ruin the world.”

“Ruin the world?” Old Fulin and Sander were surprised. This tone… Isn’t it a bit cocky?

Dudian saw the expression on their faces. He laughed but didn’t elaborate: “In the future I will teach and train a group of outstanding students. No one would dare to touch New World consortium even after I die.”

“That’s true.” Old Fulin laughed: “You are young but you think so far ahead. One of my legs is in hereafter but I haven’t considered things like you.”

Dudian glanced at Sander: “I always plan for long-term!”

Old Fulin sighed: “We may be able to go much farther if the military and Holy Church wouldn’t suppress us. Unfortunately, the system is like this and its not about our abilities... No one is willing to share the bowl of meat in front of them with others. We are same too. It’s best not to threaten them.”

Dudian heard his words and added: “In fact, every system is the same. If you want to climb up then being a bit stronger than the rest is not enough. You have to be so strong that you can rush out by losing them behind.”

Old Fulin continued: “A supreme ruler... We were able to destroy a consortia which had a foundation that was built on decades of experience. But our background is too thin to cope up with Holy Church or the military which had hundreds of years to build foundation. I hope the next generation will rise!”

Dudian looked at him: “Patriarch you may be old but your heart is young!”

“You are a useless man if your heart is old! ”

...

Dudian received the news that Burong family had come to visit after sending off Old Fulin.

Dudian didn’t met them but let Kroen to handle the issue.

“Master the messenger of the Burong family has gone back. They have brought over a gift.” Kroen handed out a box to him.

The box was open and there was a contract inside it.

“I was worried that there would be something dangerous inside so I opened it without a permission.” Kroen said.

Dudian said: “I’ll check it now.”

“Yes, young master.”

Dudian picked up the contract and skimmed through. There was a trace of cold that passed through his eyes: “They want to play around me by offering few industries…Naïve!”

Chapter 421

“Give this to Old Fulin and let him send someone to get this industry.” Dudian threw the contract at Kroen: “In addition to the letter from Burong family I don’t want to hear these two words again. Otherwise I’ll make sure that the family completely disappears from the commercial district!”

Kroen caught the contract and left.

Dudian continued to read after Kroen left.

“Holy Church, the military … They have been in here for hundreds of years. Their roots must be in the inner wall. I have to know their bottom lines if I want to defeat them.” Dudian’s eyes lit up: “the inner wall … is the next target.”

Dudian finished the lunch when he heard the sounds of carriage from outside. He looked through the window. Dudian saw that it was his own carriage. Nicholas was the first to get off. He made gestures for the others to get off the carriage.

Dudian stood up and rushed through his room.

Gwyneth was confused as she saw his actions. She rushed behind him.

“Dean!”

A burly boy got off the carriage and loudly shouted at as he saw Dudian exit through the door.

There was a smile on Dudian's face.

The burly teenager diverted his arms and hugged Dudian.

"You are much stronger after these few years..." Dudian looked at Mason who was in front of him. Mason was the closest friend from the scavengers' training camp.

Mason grinned: "Its nothing in comparison to you. I have heard that you are a powerful master now. The newspaper write your name every other day. By the way, it was written that you are now a golden knight! I was told that Golden knights are stronger than senior hunters... "

Dudian shook his head: "I'm just a honorary knight. Its totally different from a real knight. Moreover there is still a difference between a gold knight and a senior hunter!"

"Ohh... Do you mean honorary knights aren't as powerful?"

"Of course not." Dudian laughed.

Gwyneth was surprised as she looked at Dudian. She had followed him for long enough to know that Dudian also focused on identity and behavior. However at the moment he was using the 'vulgar' words he normally didn't.

“Mason, you bastard! Why are you running so fast?” A person called out.

Dudian and Mason looked to see a handsome teenager holding onto a another ordinary teenager.

“Zach ... ... Sham?” Dudian was startled. Although its been a few years but all three of them have grown tall. There was a trace of childhood shadow on their faces... However he noticed Sham’s legs... One of them was broken from his thigh and there was a prosthesis used.

“Dean!” Zach smiled as he helped Sham.

Sham also saw the luxurious clothes Dudian was wearing. He was a bit ashamed. Zach said: “We have been calling him Dean. Although he is a master and a golden knight but we are the same!”

Zach continued: “So should we call him master Dean now? ”

Mason helplessly looked at both of them: “Nonsense! Dean is Dean... I’m right, aren’t I?”

Dudian reacted: “Whatever you feel like... Sham, what has happened to your leg?”

“This ah ...” Zach quickly said: “A monster attacked when we

were on a scavenging task. Sham's leg was bitten and infected. We couldn't detoxify on time so we had to cut his legs to save his life."

Sham smiled: "It's good this way too. I was expelled from the consortium because I had no value anymore. So I went back to help my father with his tavern. Although I didn't have not much of problems but my physique was much tougher than an average person. I was nickname as one legged king!"

Dudian smiled. Its been few years but all of them were as close as before. However Sham seemed to have changed. In his mind all three of them were trustworthy but they were on different levels. Mason was the most trustworthy one followed by Sham who was honest. Zach had a bit of selfish personality.

Although he liked to chat with Sham before but he saw that he had undergone through some changes. Zach seemed more generous. Mason was the same.

Perhaps Sham had gone through much after being expelled from the consortium. He should have been in contact with more people as he helped with the tavern.

Dudian sighed as he looked at the few people who he cooperated in the scavenger training. They had gone through many things together: "From now on you guys will be with me. What's up?"

Mason laughed: "Its good that the old man came over to help us or else we will be in sea of misery because of the break up of consortium... "

“Ah.” Zach nodded.

Sham bowed his head but didn’t speak.

Dudian looked at three of them. They have suffered for many years. The job of a scavenger was no different from a slave. They would be sent to dangerous locations without knowing about the existence or levels of monsters. They were only taught to pick up resources, transport them and how to stay alive outside the giant wall.

They would be dead once they faced a monster.

However it was precisely because of this reason that the resources consumed to nurture scavengers was much lover than a hunter. It was also much shorter time wise.

“Hey, De … Mister Dean or master?” A voice echoed from the carriage.

Dudian’s eyes lit up: “Long time no see Glenn!”

“Since the last assassination… Has it been long?” Glenn grinned.

Dudian smiled: “Past is past. Today you are part of the family!”

Glenn blinked: “I will go ahead then.”

“I will also go in.”A young man behind the Glenn laughed.

Dudian was aware of his existence since the beginning. He knew that Mellon consortium had another senior hunter who had chosen a knight career. The youth had a very strong presence and was neck to neck with Glenn. He assumed that he wouldn’t be inferior to Sergei in melee combat.

“Come in, the place is big enough to fit all.” Dudian went back into the hall.

Mason looked around in surprise. It was his first time coming into a castle meant for nobles.

Glenn and the young man were surprised too. But their surprised was uprooted in the idea that they didn’t expect Dudian to live in such a simply castle.

Dudian greeted everyone and sent Gwyneth to cook.

“Master, a person from Brandon family has come.” Kroen came to the hall.

Glenn and the young man’s eyes lit up. They knew that Brandon family was an upper level nobility. They had almost the same position as Milan family had in Mellon consortium.

Dudian said in a cold tone: “I’m busy and don’t have time to see them. ”

“Alright, young master.” Kroen left.

Glenn stared at Dudian: “The Brandon family should be related to Scott consortium. Are you going to cooperate with Scott consortium?”

Dudian shook his head.

It didn’t take long for Kroen to come back again: “Master the messenger said that he was sent to get an explanation regarding the ‘crab’ that was stolen…”

“Explanation?” Dudian indifferently said: “Kick them out.”

“Ah …” Kroen was stunned as he saw that Dudian wasn’t joking. …

…

“What? You were driven out?” Cage was shocked as he listen to his attendants: “Was it his butler? Who was the one who kicked you out?”

“I talked to his butler and he replied that master Dean was busy. Then he kicked us out.” The young attendant replied.

“Bastard!” Cage slapped the table: “He snatched my food from my banquet! Moreover Brandon family have lost face. Now he kicks out my people? Kiddo you have little time left...Master? Shitty bastard!”

The young man trembled in fear.

“I’m going to a trip to Rostov family.” Cage said.

The attendants were relieved as they left the room.

The news spread all over into the ears of big families and the other consortia. The Scott consortium held an emergency meeting that day. The specific content of the discussions weren’t known to outsiders.

Chapter 422

“Do you want to go war with Scott consortium?”

Glenn asked after Kroen left. She suddenly felt that was the reason of Dudian’s recruitment. She felt bitter as she didn’t imagine that she would be part of a ferocious struggle the moment she left Mellon consortium.

Dudian laughed without replying.
His silence meant agreement.

Glenn stared at him: “The Mellon consortium’s network is very wide. You haven’t finished with them yet and now want to deal with Scott consortium? Aren’t you a bit too anxious?”

Dudian smiled: “I know what my current abilities are. You don’t have to be pressured by these. You will be working as my private hunters and won’t belong to any consortium. That’s why you don’t need to comply with rules and regulations of the New World consortium. Moreover you will get three times more money than you received in Mellon consortium. At the same time you will be registered as my personal knights. You will have the same identity as a knight serving a noble.”

“Although its not much but it’s a more decent identity. In the future if you can pass the assessments of Knight’s Hall you will be able to get an official knight status. I’ll help you out to unregister your hunter household registration.”

Glenn was startled as she glanced at the youth next to her. She replied in shock: “Are you going to help us to unregister from hunter household registration?”

Although in public registration they were registered as civilians but there were special symbol placed by their registration. This special symbol represented their identity as hunters hidden behind civilian status.

Hunter’s paid taxes which was much more higher than civilians. Moreover they could never get pregnant. In case of a pregnancy there were severe punishments.

These policies were like bones clamped in the throats of hunters. This was why most of the hunters didn’t last for long. They either had to rely on personal relationships to apply to be an instructor or senior staff in consortia or get killed outside the giant wall.

Glenn’s eyes flushed as she got up and made a deep bow: “Thank you!” Her words were full of sincerity.

“Master Dean, Thank you!” The youth also said in a grateful tone as he bowed.

Dudian glanced back at them: “I have a high position now. There will be many people who would like to see me dead. Your life will be threatened if you act as my guards. Are you willing to?”

“I’m willing!” Glenn said without hesitation.

“Me too.” The youth also replied in haste.

Dudian smiled: “Sit down.”

Both of them sat down.

Mason, Zach and Sham also saw the excited look in the eyes of both senior hunters. They were puzzled. As scavengers they thought about hunters as an outstanding people. Their aim was to become a hunter one day. However they didn’t think that both senior hunters would be so emotional when Dudian promised to lift away their identities as hunters. It was very difficult to understand.

Dudian looked at the trio: “What are your plans for future?”

Mason smiled: “I’ll go with you as long as I’m not working as a scavenger anymore. It seems the choice of a hunter ain’t good so I also want to be your knight!”

Dudian smiled: “You can die at any time if you want to be my knights.”

“It’s worth to die as your knife.” Mason grinned: “You have saved my life quite a few times back in old days. So I’m ready to die for you.”

Dudian's heart was warm as he looked at Mason.

"I am also willing." Zach replied.

Sham was a bit nervous as he looked at Dudian: "I would also like to but my legs..."

Dudian replied: "I'm still missing a chef. The last one tried to poison me and almost succeeded. I want you to be the chef so that I can eat safely."

Mason and the other two were surprised.

"Assassination? Was Mellon acting so vicious?!" Mason said in anger.

Zach looked at the cup he was holding in his hand. He subconsciously put it back on table.

"Sham, are you willing?" Dudian asked.

Sham stared back at him: "I'm willing but I have run just a tavern. My cooking skills aren't what you would like..."

"I'm a bit picky." Dudian smiled: "The chefs of famous hotels will be invited to teach you so learn."

Sham scratched his head: “Alright.”

Dudian looked at the clock on the wall. He looked at Kroen: “Call Gabriel and Artemis.”

Kroen came back after moments. Gabriel and Artemis followed behind him.

“Introduce yourselves!” Dudian commanded.

Gabriel and Artemis glanced at the crowd. There was a trace of fear in Artemis’s eyes. Gabriel seemed to feel the timidity of her sister. He loudly introduced himself.

He looked at Artemis with encouragement.

“They are orphans of war. I brought them back from outside the golden wall.” Dudian looked at youth besides Glenn: “Denis, I have senior hunter Sergei as my guard for now. He will be accompanying me around. You should teach Gabriel your skills.”

Denis got up: “Yes, young master.”

Glenn smiled: “I’ve heard about Sergei. I think he was imprisoned in Thorn Flower Prison and I last time saw him outside the golden wall. He was fighting violently and furiously. Denis has a more brisk way of combat. He should be much better to tutor the kid rather than Sergei.”

“He still has to practice and stabilize his foundation. It’s too early to talk about that.” Dudian looked at Gabriel: “Practice diligently under uncle’s command.”

Gabriel nodded and came to stop in front of Denis: “Sir, please teach me.”

Denis looked at the timid boy: “Lead the way.”

Gabriel turned and led him upstairs.

Glenn’s eyes fell on Artemis. She looked at her with curiosity: “I have never seen a child with green hair color. Who is she?”

“I think she has the genes of different races.” Dudian casually said as she looked at Artemis: “Would you like to teach your assassination skills to her?”

Glenn looked at him: “Did you have the idea since beginning?”

Dudian laughed.

“I like her a lot.” Glenn looked at Artemis who was in front of her: “Little girl I will teach you real skills. Would you like to beat your brother in the future?”

Artemis replied in a weak tone: “I-I don’t fight with my brother.”

Glenn picked up her from Artemis's little arm: "Can I go anywhere within the castle?"

Dudian drank tea: "Except my study room."

"Alright." Glenn took away Artemis.

Artemis followed behind her but turned to look at Dudian from time to time.

Dudian turned towards Mason and the other two: "I assume you won't blame me as I have taken you guys under my wings."

Mason shook his head: "We would never do that."

Zach and Sham smiled.

Dudian looked at Zach and Sham who smiled. He knew that there was still a bit of disapproval in their eyes although they didn't say anything: "You should be aware of my past by now. I was imprisoned by the Mellon consortium. Later I was sheltered by Ryan family after my escape. I was helpless back at time now its time to crush Mellon consortium after I amass enough power."

"I didn't have enough power to pick you guys before. Mellon consortium is destroyed and I have ability to protect you guys. You should no longer worry about being erased inadvertently."

Trio looked at Dudian with shame in their heart.

“Dean, we know about your!” Mason said.

Zach and Sham nodded in silence.

Dudian was relieved as he saw them comply with himself. He didn’t want to have gap between his three childhood friends.

…

Dudian received the custom made warm armor after the dinner. The armor woven with soft layer of materials that were taken from spiders. It was enough to protect him even in the places where lots of ice and snow accumulated.

Dudian left the castle after the dinner. Gwyneth acted as the driver of the carriage.

They came to a place outside the castle. Dudian let Gwyneth find a place to stay the night in the neighborhood. He quietly passed through the suburbs and reached at golden wall. There were lots of wood frames by the golden wall. It seems the repair was going on. He heard laughter from the dried part of the wall. He listened to the talk of men. Dudian learned that they were the workers who were rebuilding the wall.

Chapter 423

Dudian quietly detoured the place.

Whoosh!

He easily went over the golden wall. The surface of the golden wall wasn't as smooth as the surface of the giant wall. He could easily climb through by relying on the gaps in bricks.

Dudian quietly went through to the other side after he landed. There were some towns outside the golden wall but all of them were desolate. Even the war had finished but there was still a strict military control over the area. They tried to prevent the barbarians from coming over to steal information. The town was silent like the darkness itself.

Dudian crossed the towns and went to the southern fort. As he had expected the fort was empty too. The military didn't intend to station forces in the fort before forcing out the barbarians from the Red Maple mountains.

Dudian ran out of the fort and went straight into the wilderness.

Dudian came to the place where he had hidden the splitty. He directly jumped through the weeds that covered the entrance. He saw the steel cage made out of the tungsten steel. Splitty was curled up into a ball as it laid inside. Splitty's size has decreased.

Dudian’s heart was anxious as he trotted over.

Splitty’s body moved when it heard the movement. It’s body moved as the dark red eyes of it were exposed. Splitty was staring at Dudian.

Dudian was surprised to see the appearance of splitty’s eyes. It wasn’t the eye structure that he had previously seen. Did its eyes degenerate because of malnutrition?

Dudian had hunted a three mete long crocodile along the way. He throw its body inside and took a few steps back.

Splitty was stimulated by the bloody smell. It didn’t immediately rushed at the corpse of the crocodile but stared at Dudian. After it saw Dudian to take four or five steps back it rushed out. It’s scythe like forelimbs pierced through the tough cuticle and torn its body. It began to swallow its flesh.

Dudian was shocked by its lightning fast strikes. It found out that he couldn’t clearly saw the speed at which the scythe like limbs of the splitty stretched. It could be seen that despite starving the splitty’s combat power was close to level 30 monsters.

However the most surprising thing was that the edge of splitty’s limbs had gone massive changes.

He had raised the young splitters to level forty level and he had observed the adult splitter too. Their scythe like limbs were sharp

and thin but splitty's blade was much different. After carefully knowing he saw there were vertical spikes at the edges of the limbs.

It was obvious that once splitty attacked the target the limbs won't just pierce the body of the target but will tore it out.

But he thought that it was both an advantage and a drawback. The time when it would pull out the scythe like limb it would cause a greater wound and much effective bleeding. But the speed of bleeding out would slow down at a reasonable rate. But if splitty grow to an adult stage then its piercing and extraction would reach an extremely fast rate.

Dudian was puzzled. How could the splitty's edge of limbs could be different from the other young splitter?

Is it because he had fed it differently?

Or was the cause because of the starvation?

It didn't take long for splitty to eat up the crocodile. Only the skin was left however it didn't continue to eat.

Dudian pulled out the chain that was stabilizing the cage. He went to loosen the second chain. However the next moment splitty pushed the cage as it rolled towards Dudian.

Dudian's body flash as he moved to another place and pulled out

another diagonal chain.

Bang!

Splitty hit the cage as it tried to move it towards Dudian.

Dudian used the chains to drag the cage.

Dudian pulled the chains and jumped into the basement. He struggled to pulled out the cage.

The cage was moved to the door. The splitty's body hit the cage as it tried to reach Dudian. After few hits the concrete by the door was ruptured.

Dudian dragged the chain as he pulled the cage into the wilderness.

Splitty squeeked in the cage as it seems it was angry at Dudian.

Dudian's arms were sour and tired after running out for ten miles.

Splitty fiercely struggled in the cage as the sounds echoed out.

Dudian shook his head: "I shouldn't have fed you now! You wouldn't have the strength to toss the cage!" Splitty stopped

struggling as its blood red eyes stared at him after Dudian spoke.

Dudian looked at it in silence while he rested. The splitty rushed towards the cage and stabbed its scythe like limbs towards Dudian. It tried to kill him but distance was big so it couldn’t reach him.

Dudian smiled as he got up and patted the dust on his buttocks.

After a few hours they reached the barrier line made by the Holy Church. The weather was very dark as it was night. They were using fires to light the fort.

Dudian looked at the bushes. He saw few red heats within the grasslands. It seems that few monsters were camouflaging with the bushes. The smell that they exuded was almost the same as the bushes. Even the senior hunters wouldn’t be able to detect them.

Dudian rushed through the gap where those monsters were hidden. He found a gap where no troops were stationed. There was a smile on his face as he pulled the cage with splitty.

Splitty occasionally screamed but it gradually stopped. Instead of pleading it just sat in the cage as Dudian dragged it.

Creak!

Dudian saw the splitty attack him.

Whoosh!

Dudian quickly changed his location.

Bang! The location where he was previously on was hit by the scythe.

Dudian ran for a few miles. He heard footsteps echoing from the back. He sighed as he knew that it was the members of the Holy Church that were stationed in the barrier.s

Dudian returned back to the cage. Splitty saw Dudian's mighty momentum towards the cage and it slightly retreated back. Dudian removed the key and unlocked the cage. He looked back at the people that were chasing him. He stayed still for a few seconds then opened the door of the cage and ran!

Squeak!

Splitty was stunned as it saw the door of the cage open. It paused for half a second then rushed out!

Bang!

The moment it went out splitty overturned the cage as it vent its anger on it.

"Stop!"

“Who is that? Stop!”

“It’s the area of Holy Church! Stop!”

The people from the church were riding on horses. They were about two or three hundred meters away from the cage when the splitty had exited it. There were no stars and the visibility was low. Most could see only vague outline. After all dark vision was a precious ability which even the hunters didn’t have.

Chapter 424

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Arrows flew down from the sky and pierced the weeds by the splitty.

Splitty's eyes turned towards the place where the arrows were aimed from. It's body moved as well as it looked at the direction as if it was a devil. The next moment it jumped up like a ferocious tiger and its spider-like body rapidly moved. It's body swayed like a seaweed as it went towards the team.

"What the hell is this?!"

"Ah ah -"

"Monster, it is a monster!"

The screams echoed as the flesh and blood were torn and cut off. Splitty rushed into the team of knights of light. It was like a meat grinder which quickly killed the knights. It's scythes were able to pierce through the armor of the knights easily. At the same time splitty was easily able to avoid the attacks of the knights.

Dudian ran for a few hundred meters and stopped to look back at the tragic massacre. He sighed. He pulled out his dagger and returned close to the cage and watched the battle.

“Do not panic! Shields!” A young knight shouted out as he rode on a white horse. His face was frightened as he anxiously shouted. However the knight saw that splitty was killing the well-trained knights of light killed in matter of seconds. He took into account his lack of confidence as he turned and ran.

The knight pulled his bow and show few arrows.

Arrows flew through the air and hit the sharp edges of splitty’s body. All of them bounced down.

The suddeny attack caught the attention of the splitty. It’s bloody eyes locked on the oung knight. Splitty rushed towards the knight. Its scythe like limbs waved as it cut off the bodies of knights on its way. They couldn’t even scream.

The young knight had never seen such a ferocious monster. He clenched the ropes of the horse as he saw splitty rushing at him.

Ta ta ta!

Splitty quickly caught up with the war horse. The distance between the two was decreased in a moment. Splitty squeaked in anger as its sharp limb pierced through the tail of the horse and tore it apart.

The horse hissed as its forelegs raised high.

Splitty pulled out its scythe as it torn out the wound and brought

out the blood,flesh and intestines of the horse. The horse hell down.

Splitty didn't care much about the horse as it rushed towards the young knight on ground.

There was regret in knight's heart. He didn't expect that such a brutal monster would try to move past. If he knew about its existence he wouldn't even come over.

Whoosh!

He waved his sword to resist but splitty's scythe like limb cut if off. The next moment the young knight's body was embraced by splitty. His shoulders, head, neck and other parts of the body were cut off. He didn't even have time to issue a scream.

Splitty began to eat the knight's body.

The rest of the knights were scared as they saw the scene.

The initial knights who were injured by the splitty tried to crawl towards the bushes to try to hide. Some of the had abdomen cuts, the others had no hands or others limbs removed.

Dudian slightly shook his head as he looked over the battlefield. He picked up few stones from the ground and aimed at the seriously injured knights who tried to avoid splitty.

Puff! Puff! Puff!

The stones flew out and hit the helmets of the knights that tried to crawl into the grass. Their heads were flattened.

Splitty heard the sounds as Dudian killed the several survivors. It looked up and roared. He gave up on eating the young knight's corpse and rushed towards Dudian.

Dudian dragged the cage as he ran away. The splitty wasn't in the cage so he was able to effortlessly pull it away.

Nevertheless, he wasn't able to pull away the distance.

Dudian came to stop after seven or eight hundred meters. His mouth curved out into a smile as he saw the splitty chase in haste. He grabbed the iron frame of the cage as he looked at the rapidly approaching splitty. It was like a train that moved in full speed.

Dudian's fingers clenched around the pillars as the splitty rushed at him. The same moment he wheeled around the cage. He twisted his foots and pulled up the cage with the torque from his waist. He swung the cage and hit the splitty. Bang! The open cage was perfectly aimed at splitty. It's body went into the cage.

Dudian's stop at the moment of the crash but rolled the cage along with his body for seven or eight laps.

Dudian tightly pressed and locked the cage's door while rolling it. As the cage stopped rolling he jumped out of the cage and stepped onto the tungsten steel chain on the ground.

"Squeak!" Splitty was able to stabilize its body. It was angered as cried out loud as it was itself within the damned cage once again.

Dudian checked it but pulled the cage.

Splitty fiercely struggled and squeaked in anger.

Dudian didn't care much about its shouts as he quickly ran and pulled the cage over the grass.

Dudian saw giant wall after ten minutes. He saw that there was a fire next to it. He quickly came close to the place where the fire was on. The fire was burning next to a passage and team of knights of light were stationed outside on duty.

"The Scott consortium..." Dudian's eyes narrowed as he looked at the entrance. It was not the death passage that belonged to New World Consortium but another next to it which belonged to the Scott consortium. It was convenient for him to successfully transport splitty outside the giant wall using the passage of another consortia.

Whoosh!

Dudian covered his face with a black cloth and held onto a dagger

as he ran towards the place.

“Who is there?!”

“Stop!”

“There is an attack from an enemy! ”

The knights of light saw the masked figure running towards them. They were not slow and grouped in a team in haste. They had shields, swords and spears as they stared at Dudian.

It was about seven or eight meters of distance between them when Dudian threw out the dagger. It rushed out like lightning and pierced the forehead of a knight. The knight failed to react in time as he tried to move the shield to cover his head but his lifeless body fell down.

“Kill him!”

Several knights roared as they rushed at him.

Dudian raised his hand and grabbed the rifle aimed at him. He turned his body and used the force to lift the knight who stabbed the spear. He waved the knight and spear to hit the others around.

The knight was shocked and quickly let go of the spear as he didn’t expect the enemy’s power to be so shocking.

Dudian took back the spear and used it to attack the others. He was like a dragon who killed the knight. The spear split the throat of a knife and hit the shield of another one. The knight holding onto the shield fell to the ground because of the sheer force. He was kneeling in front of Dudian.

Dudian swung around the spear as he kicked another knight's shield. Bang! The knight hit the ground and fainted on spot.

The spear was dancing as it quickly killed the others. In the blink of an eye eight knights were on the ground.

Dudian came to stop in front of the knight which he had stabbed with dagger. He pulled out the dagger from the knight's forehead and put it back into its sheath by his leg. However he didn't discard the spear to prevent further investigation in the future. He turned back and pulled the cage in front of the passage. He went into the passage as he dragged the cage. He exited from the other side of the exit and climbed out.

"What?"

Dudian frowned when he heard the shocking sounds from the exit. He saw that a group was sitting behind a campfire. All the people looked at him.

"Hunter? Mr Hunter?" A boy who saw Dudian's dress was startled. There was a trace of excitement in his eyes as he got up and trotted over: "Greetings hunter. I'm scavenger of the

consortium. My name is Lorian.”

“Lorian?” Dudian was startled as the name was…a little familiar.

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“Hunter!”

“Hunter!”

The other two who were sitting by the fire also ran over. One was a girl while the other was a middle-aged man. They bowed down to salute Dudian as they saw the black armor he was wearing.

Dudian didn’t care much about the two but looked at the teenager in front of him. He pondered for a moment then remembered a person. He was startled as he looked at the teenager. Lorian was the name of the guy who had trained with them back in the scavengers’ camp. The guy was also second behind him and tried to compare himself to Dudian a lot.

He vaguely remembered that Lorian was the first person to select a consortia. Moreover he had selected Scott consortium!

Dudian didn’t expect to accidentally meet an acquaintance from back then.

“Hunter, are you out for implementing a task?” Lorian asked as he saw Dudian staring back at him.

The moment his voice faded a ‘squeak’ sound echoed from inside the passage.

Dudian recovered and saw the alarm in the eyes of the three. He sighed as he pulled out the dagger from the sheath and quickly swept over Lorian's throat.

The trio was stunned as they saw Dudian's attack. Lorian felt a pain coming off his throat. He covered his neck and felt the overflowing warm blood. He tightly covered the wound and stepped back as he looked at Dudian in fear.

"Sorry, just blame the bad luck you have." Dudian slowly said.

Lorian's eyes widened as he fell down without a sound.

The girl and middle-aged man were stunned as they were stuck on spot.

Puff! Puff!

Dudian quickly stabbed with the dagger without waiting for them to respond. The blood flowed down their throats.

Dudian put back the dagger and grabbed the chain. He pulled out the cage. Splitty was excited as it saw three corpses on the ground. However Dudian felt complicated. He was used to killing strangers as he didn't feel too much about it. But tonight he had killed someone who he knew from childhood. Although the latter tried to compete with him back then but he had never done anything wrong to him. Now he had killed the man.

Squeak!

Splitty struggled in the cage as it smelled the blood.

Dudian retracted his eyes and dragged the cage.

It was very dark and faint sounds echoed in the silence.

Dudian walked step by step as he pulled the chain.

As the time passed he recovered himself from the death of the teenager.

“I have to bypass the area no 3 of Scott consortium to reach the cave of the splitter. Generally there level 15 to 23 monsters in the area no 3. So they need senior hunters to ensure safety in there.” Dudian’s eyes lit up as he pulled the cage. Soon he came to a broken asphalt road which was covered in weeds.

Both sides of the road were full of ruins. It was quiet while pythons and lizards crawled around once in a while.

Bang! Bang!

The sounds of splitty hitting the cage echoed out.

Whooosh!

A giant cat-like monster jumped out of nowhere. It stood on an object which had the shape of a car. It was covered in moss. The object broke down as the monster stepped on it. The next moment it lightly jumped and stopped on ground as it stared at Dudian.

Dudian recognized that the monster was called a copper clawed cat. It was a level 19 monster and was very flexible. It could annihilate a team of intermediate hunters.

Splitty squeaked as it looked at the cat-like monster.

The copper clawed cat wanted to attack but it hesitated and shrank back as it heard the splitty's cry. It turned away and jumped over the ruins of a building and disappeared.

Dudian was surprised as he didn't imagine that such a bloodthirsty monster would know what fear is.

"Creak!" Splitty scrambled in the cage as it saw the copper clawed cat run away.

"Impressive." Dudian chuckled as he pulled the cage.

Splitty turned its head and roared in Dudian's direction. After a few times of loud roars of anger it stopped as it saw Dudian ignore him. Instead it vent its dissatisfaction and anger at the cage.

Dudian crossed the entire area of Scott consortium and reached the region of New World consortium about two hours later.

He encountered a lot of monsters along the way. Some of them were scared away by splitty's roars while Dudian killed the rest. He was easily able to kill monsters that were level 25 and less.

Dudian came to reach the splitter's cave after an hour.

"I brought you home." Dudian casually said as he looked at splitty in the cage.

Splitty roared as it heard Dudian talk.

Dudian looked at the boulders that covered the entrance to the cave. He was relieved to see that there was nothing wrong. He checked from the gap and saw that an amazing heat was exuded from the inside. Apparently the other young splitter was alive too.

He turned away.

Dudian came back to the death passage by the giant wall. He saw a huge cage standing in the vicinity. He had let Sergei to transport it.

The size of the cage was much larger than the passage. It was connected firmly though.

Dudian was relieved as he took this cage and brought it back to the cage of the adult splitter. He looked at the cage where splitty was: “I’m going to give you a new place to live.”

Squeak! Splitty growled in anger.

Dudian smiled and opened the boulder to create an entrance. The young splitter inside the cave had become enormous. It’s body length was around six or seven meters. It was double the size of splitty.

Pungent and rotten smell exuded form the cave.

Dudian held his breath and jumped into the cave. He seized the body of the splitter and towed it out.

Dudian had smeared lime powder on splitter’s limbs so it couldn’t regenerate them anymore. At the moment it had only bare body. It was like a moth without wings. It’s body color was white. It seems that it was affected by the moisture on the ground and had some kind of deformity.

The young splitter opened its mouth as it saw Dudian approaching it.

Dudian easily subdued it and carried it into the big cage outside the cage.

Bang! Bang!

The young splitter struggled inside the cage as its body hit the steel columns.

Dudian looked at splitty: “It’s your turn now.”

Splitty turned quiet when it saw its brethren. However it squeaked in anger after hearing Dudian’s voice.

Dudian didn’t care much about its roars. He pushed the spear into the little cage and moved the cage close to the big one.

He poked the cage from outside and waved the spear.

Splitty was forced to escape as it rolled from small cage into the big one.

Dudian immediately kicked close the door of the small cage and grabbed onto the door of the big cage.

Splitty saw that it was locked into the big cage. It tried to rush back at the door but it was already half closed. Dudian stabbed with spear to stop splitty. He pushed the door to close it.

“Enough!” Dudian sat down as he was tired.

Bang! Bang!

Splitty hit the cage but it was much heavier than the previous one. Moreover there was another huge young splitter in it. So the cage gently shook.

“Blame your fortune if you can’t survive.” Dudian looked at splitty who was struggling inside the cage.

He brought splitty outside because he wouldn’t have much chance in the future to look after it. Moreover in the near future he wasn’t planning come outside the giant wall to hunt. He was planning to give public lecture first. Afterwards he wanted to check out the inner wall. He was interested in seeing the place and to find out a way to deal with the military and the Holy Church.

Both forces had roots in the inner wall. Even if he was able to destroy them in the outer wall they would send reinforcements from the inner wall.

He knew that the giant wall had isolated them from outside world. So if he wanted to ascent to the apex then he had to overcome and break through the limits of the inside world. Otherwise all the glory he had would become dust!

The cave of the adult splitter was located in the middle of their region. So he could either send Sergei to feed them or they could rely on themselves.

It would be very hard to move within the previous cage. But this new one was big and had enough space for both splitters. They had

to learn to prey on other monsters from the cage or starve to death.

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Dudian relied on his thermal vision to capture monsters lurking in the vicinity of the cave. He brought back a skeleton back to the cage. Dudian cut off its both legs and threw it directly into the cage. The gap was enough for it to pass directly. The skeleton made a low roar as it looked at splitty.

Splitty firstly shrank back in fear. However it was angered as if its dignity was humiliated. Its scythe like limbs pierced the skeleton into many parts.

Dudian looked at it as he threw another corpse of a skeleton a few meters outside the cage. He stood about ten meters away from the cage as he looked at splitty to prey on the skeleton.

Dudian checked splitty once more before leaving the place.

Dudian ran at full speed as he went towards the giant wall. Along the way he met few monsters which tried to kill him. However he ignored them as he was too lazy. These monsters tried to catch up with him but abandoned their prey as they couldn’t come close to Dudian.

Dudian took off the jacket of his armor when he came to stop in front of the giant wall. The transparent wings gently stretched out from his back and slightly trembled. His body slowled floated up. He placed his foot on the surface of the giant wall and pushed his body with the help of the wings. He began to run along the surface of the giant wall. Actually he was running faster than he did on the

ground.

Whoosh!

Dudian reached the top of the giant wall. He felt like his chest was frozen. He gentle stretched back his wings and put on his armor. His body soon warmed up and he began to continue along the wall for half an hour. He reached the corner of the wall. According to the map the giant wall of Silvia was quadrilateral similar to ancient city walls. However it didn't overlook any buildings and didn't have towers to station troops.

Dudian continued to run but suddenly thought of an idea. If he could look directly from above the giant wall then he could see the inner wall area!

The idea was an exciting one but he calmed down the more he thought about it. He was ignorant about the situation within the inner wall. Moreover even if he smuggled into the area he didn't know what he would do there. It just made no sense to go there at this point. Moreover there were people like the Dragon girl inside the inner wall. He assumed that she was just a small character. He couldn't easily save his life if he accidentally provoked an influential one. At the end he would just expose his own identity. It wasn't worth entering the inner wall right now.

He saw a magnificent building as he ran.

You can view all the scenery from the top of the giant wall.

The fortress he saw was like a black dragon that stretched to the distance. There were vast suburbs behind it. But the villages and towns were desolate. There were people who had rough weapons and ran around. Apparently they were low-level soldiers of the barbarian army. The golden wall was behind the suburbs. At the moment the sky was bright so he could see black spots that seemed like ants which moved around the golden wall. All of them were the workers that repaired the golden wall.

There were neatly arranged buildings behind the golden wall. It was the southern part of the commercial district.

Dudian concentrated as he looked away. There was a distant building and a towering giant wall covered in hazy mist. That was the inner wall which was constructed two hundred years ago. The height of the inner wall was more than half the height of the giant wall. According to the information it was more the six hundred sixty two meters. It was said that countless workers had died during the construction of the inner wall and the project was an extremely big one.

Dudian’s heart moved as he saw the inner wall. Although he wasn’t planning to temporarily smuggle into the inner wall but peeping at the place wasn’t a problem. He wouldn’t be ignorant when he entered the inner wall.

He continue to run forward.

After an hour later.

The contours of the huge silhouette finally cleared up. He ran for more than hour at full speed with the help of his wings. He was faster five times than a horse and Dudian's body was sweating heavily. Fortunately his armor could absorb the sweat so his body wasn't wet.

Dudian stopped to rest on the giant wall. At the same time he looked at the inner wall. The inner wall cut off entire outer wall like a huge gate. The width of the inner wall was about forty or fifty meters. The streets were more prosperous and wider than the ones in the commercial district.

There were jungles as far as eyes could see. There were lakes, deserts, mountains and everything. He looked all around but couldn't detect shadow of a village or town in the inner wall.

Dudian was startled.

The inner wall area should be extremely lively place in his impression. Even the noble families such as Mel family craved to enter the inner wall. It was proof that the cream of the elite of the giant wall of Silvia lived in inner wall. However there was nothing but desolate places.

Dudian suppressed the doubts in his heart as he continued to run forward.

The more he run the closer he got and clear he saw.

He saw vast plains that stretched far. At the end there were mountains. At the top of mountains there seemed to be snow. There were lakes in the plains too. But still he couldn't see any villages or towns.

Dudian felt incredible as such a massive area was empty. There wouldn't be such empty land even in the dilapidated slums of the outer wall!

He suddenly thought about the shape of the map. He was shocked as he figured the size of the inner wall. The inner wall occupied nearly eighty percent of the soil of the entire giant wall of Silva. The outer wall and the radiation zone only added up to the other 20 percent. The vast plains outside the outer wall area were nothing in comparison to inner wall.

Dudian decided to continue to move on.

But he came to stop as he saw a huge shadow rapidly moving in the bushes. There was a very small figure in comparison to the shadow running behind it and trying to catch it. Dudian stopped to check the shadows. The shadow was actually dozens of meters long giant monster. It's body had numerous feet by the side like a centipede. It had a tail similar to a scorpion.

Moreover the person trying to catch the monster was a young boy which looked like sixteen or seventeen years old. Almost the same age as Dudian. There was a huge sword in teenagers hand as he caught up with the monster.

“OMG!” Dudian was surprised. It was a highly toxic monster which was a level 22 according to the atlas. Intermediate hunters would die if they met this centipede. Moreover senior hunters would be reluctant to face it as the antidote was difficult to find.

Whoosh!

The teenager throw out a chain which clamped the feet of the monster.

The centipede struggled as it shook it tail and twisted it towards the teenager.

Teenager leaped up as he waved his sword. The centipede’s tail was wounded.

The teenager fought against the beast. It didn’t take long for the teenager to cut open the centipede head. The monster stopped struggling. Its body slightly twisted but stopping moving the next moment.

Dudian was shocked to find that the people from the inner wall were so powerful. It was his first time to see a boy similar to his age to be so powerful.

Teenager pulled out his sword and tied the tail of the centipede with the chain. He began to drag it huge body away.

Dudian followed as he wanted to see the place where the teenager

lived.

Suddenly, boy stopped and turned to look back at the sky.

Dudian was shocked to see the teenager turn his head. He quickly shrank back his body as he hid under the edge of the giant wall. After few moments he pulled out his dagger and slightly raised it. Although the images looked more vague on metal objects especially because of kilometers of the distance but he saw the teenager standing still without any movement.

The boy began to move after few moments which was reflected on his dagger.

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Dudian checked to see that the boy was dragging the monster and going away. He was relieved but at the same time scared. Dudian didn't think that the teenager would be so sensitive. He didn't know what would it lead to if the teenager was able to spot him. Moreover he didn't know with such skills what kind of status the teenager had within the inner wall!

Moreover the dragon girl he met last time. What stage was she at to have such strength?

The most surprising thing was the existence of monsters within the inner wall. It was the same environment as the outside! How could monsters run inside the inner wall when there were people such as the dragon girl who could easily annihilate them?!

He couldn't find answers to anything but only speculate. Fortunately he wasn't tempted to fight against Holy Church and the military. Otherwise he didn't know what kind of trouble he would be facing now.

He was lucky that he wanted to fight the backing of Holy Church and the military within the inner wall before taking them on.

As he thought of everything some doubts appeared in his heart. The commercial district was at stake because of the barbarian attacks. The military should have requested reinforcements from the inner wall but they didn't respond. Does it mean that inner wall doesn't care about the life or death of outer wall?

Was it that the military didn't ask for reinforcements but had another trump card?

In addition to these two points there was another possibility. Barbarians could have affected the reinforcements from the inner wall.

But if that was the case then the barbarians should have great backing to contact and influence the inner wall!

However for barbarians to contact the inner wall.... The radiation zone was separated from the inner wall by outer wall area. So difficultly of directly contacting the inner wall for barbarians was no different from flying into the sky!

Perhaps, there are powers within the inner wall who had actively colluded with the barbarians but this meant that the problem was more complex than he had thought.

Dudian frowned as he knew that the problem was complicated and tricky. He suddenly thought of Ivette who was detained by the military.

Dudian looked up at the teenager. He put away the idea of tracking him. The sun had risen and he should go back before it got late. Moreover he had the ability to climb the giant wall easily so he would have chance in the future to come over to take a look.

…

Gwyneth was waiting by the post office as she leaned against the carriage. She had a straw hat drooping over her face and covering it. The night had passed but Dudian wasn't back yet. Although she had become Dudian's maid but she felt that she couldn't see through him yet. The latter always found a way to hide things from her.

She felt a smell.

Gwyneth took off the straw hat and saw Dudian passing the street. She looked at him: "Are we going back now?"

"We should eat something first." Dudian had a piece of cake in his hand. He took a bite and handed out the rest to Gwyneth: "Eat it."

Gwyneth was startled: "I can't eat so much."

"You are beautiful as you are so don't lose too much weight." Dudian casually said as he stepped into the carriage.

Gwyneth put the piece of cake away as she shook the ropes. The carriage drove away.

Dudian saw that outside the castle was noise as there were lots of newspaper reporters. He suddenly remembered that there were three days left to his teaching. He knew that the nobles of entire

commercial district were concerned about the lecture.

The banner on the carriage fluttered. The people immediately noticed it and jammed over as if an ant colony.

Gwyneth had an indifferent expression on her face as she jittered the rope to rush the carriage. The people hurried to avoid the carriage. Although they liked earning money but life was more important. They didn't think they could get compensation for death or work injury if they were wounded, bruised or killed by the horse.

Neuss immediately opened the gates as he saw the carriage.

Dudian got off and shook his head as he heard the shouts from outside.

"Master, you're back." Kroen greeted.

Denis and Glenn were enjoying breakfast in the hall. They got up to greet him as they saw him back.

Dudian changed his clothing and put on soft warm sweater. He went back to the hall and told to Glenn: "A girl called Ivette is held by the military. She is the royal barbarian which I had captured. The military had agreed to hand her over to me after the investigation. This is my medal. Get her back." He gave her his master medal.

Glenn was surprised to see Dudian had so much influence that he could get a girl from barbarian family to be handed over. However she was relieved when she remembered that he had donated a legendary weapon for free: “I’ll be going now.”

Dudian nodded and sat down. He called Kroen.

The breakfast was served after ten minutes. Dennis was stunned as he saw the breakfast. He didn’t expect Dudian who lived so shabby to eat so extravagant food.

Dudian felt a lot warmer after the breakfast. The cold feeling was also a bit dispersed. He went back to his study room to learn medical knowledge from the super chip. At the same time he exercised his left hand. By noon he remember the teenager from the inner wall. He called Kroen.

“Go to meet old Fulin. Tell him to buy parasitic soul worms from the Temple or black market. The more the better.” Dudian ordered. He didn’t need to personally go outside the giant wall to kill monsters as he had lots of money now. The efficiency was also high this way. Sometimes you had to wait for months to find a rare monster but it didn’t mean that you will necessarily be able to meet one.

“Yes, young master.” Kroen was about to leave.

“And.” Dudian stopped him: “By the way, tell old patriarch that spread out news that if any noble is willing to provide rare level parasitic soul worm then they will get an opportunity to send

someone to be assessed as my student. If they could provide a variation rare level parasitic soul worm then they will directly get the spot."

Kroen promised: "Alright."

In the afternoon.

Denis came back with a tall woman.

The woman was very different from the women of the wall. Her body was much taller than most of the women in the outer wall. Ivette's height was as high as the most regular knights.

In addition to her physique her skin was also very different. Even the most plebs who lived in slums and didn't take a bath ever in their lives didn't have such a color.

Dudian took a look at Ivette. He knew that the barbarian female's pride had been disheveled in the interrogation. Her clothing was tattered. Her bare skin had traces of whip and knife scars. Even her beautiful face had several scars and red marks.

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“Master, we brought her back.” Denis came forward.

Dudian nodded slightly and went upstairs: “Take her to my study room.”

“Yes, young master.” Denis nodded.

It didn’t take long for Denis to bring Ivette into Dudian’s study room: “Master, anything else?”

“You should go back and order others to retreat too. Nobody should stay close to the room and disturb us.” Dudian sat in the sofa and poured tea for two.

Denis nodded and gently closed the door. Ivette and Dudian were only two left in the study room.

Dudian glanced at Ivette. He saw that her face was numb, her eyes full. She was standing still. He smiled and said in English: “Come over, sit.”

Ivette was expressionless like a tree.

Dudian’s eyebrows wrinkled as he got up and walked to stop in front of her. He raised his hands to shook in front of her. Suddenly, Ivette shot at Dudian and tried to lock onto his throat.

Dudian's eyes lit up as his upper body swayed and he caught her with his hand. He grabbed her by shoulders and pushed her body backwards. Her body hit the door and some dust fell off because of the shock to the door.

Ivette's hands rushed over at Dudian. Her fingers were like claws.

Dudian waved with his arms and blocked her. He hit her chest and pushed her back again. Dudian's hand grasped her throat: "Do you want to die?"

Ivette stopped as she looked at him with eyes full of resentment.

"Do you want to continue to attack? Even if you kill me you will be dead!" Dudian coldly continued: "Moreover you won't be able to kill me with your strength."

Ivette bit her lips. Blood oozed out but she was unaware. She still stared back at Dudian as if a beast was looking at a human.

"Do you hate me?" Dudian didn't sympathize with the barbarian girl: "No matter what you think in your hurt if you live in my house then you have to follow my rules. Unless you want to suffer ten times more insult than in the military!"

He slowly loosened his fingers.

However she still stared back at him with eyes full of hate and anger. But there was a bit of faint fear.

Dudian turned back to the sofa and sat down. He pointed to the seat opposite to him: “Come over and sit.”

Ivette’s hands were trembling as if she was a patient in a mental institution. She step by step walked. Her feet seemed to be heavy. She sat opposite to Dudian and stared at him.

“Are you dumb or did they cut off your tongue?” Dudian chuckled as he gave her a cup.

Ivette’s chest went up and down sharply as her fingers clenched into a fist.

Dudian snorted: “You may hate my strength but you better beg me as maybe I will help you get your revenge on the one who rap3d and humiliated you. ”

Ivette’s body slightly trembled as she heard the word ‘rap3.’ There was a trace of anger in her eyes. Her face was pale as she slowly bowed down her head. After a moment she said in a hoarse tone: “It’s all because of you!”

Dudian indifferently replied: “You should stop blaming others because of the setbacks. If you continue to complain at best you will become a good wife. You should be aware of your fate when you were captured by me. You didn’t have courage to commit

suicide so I have you my word to keep your little life. In the end I actually did. You should not hate me but thank me!”

Ivette’s eyes were flushed: “I would have committed suicide long ago if you didn’t promise to protect my life. I would not have gone through the humiliation!”

Dudian replied: “Dead people can’t take revenge.”

Ivette bitterly stared at him: “What do you want? Can you help me? Will you help me?”

“Depending on your attitude.” Dudian took a sip from the cup: “Right now I don’t see you trying to plead…”

Ivette almost spat out mouthful of blood. She bowed her head and bit her lips: “You want to get secrets from me so you have protected my life. I won’t tell you even if I knew…”

Dudian looked at her: “Look at me.”

Ivette looked up at him in anger.

Dudian raised his fingers: “First, your people tried to invade us. It was my duty to capture you! Second, First, as a wall of people, you invade us, I will you under the capture, this is my duty! Second, I said that your life will be spared and you weren’t killed. Third I can impose the torture hundred times more worser than military have done! ”

Dudian smiled: “A small reminder. Even if you commit suicide now, your body is still valuable. I will dissect your body, stript of your skind and check the bones. I will see if it’s the same flesh and blood of the people form the outer wall or there is something different. Later on I’ll send your flesh and blood to barbarian tribes. Let them have a taste of a royal flesh. Oh and your head... You have such delicate facial features. I’m interested what’s in it...”

Ivette wasn’t scared as she said in an angry tone: “Are you threatening me?”

Dudian shook his head: “Why should I threaten you? I’m just standing the fact. I believe your tribe wouldn’t be interested in your corpse and we are free to spoil it. Don’t trouble me too much as I like to solve problems in an efficient way. I hate inefficiency. So don’t force me to do something which I hate. Am I clear?”

“I will tell you everything that I know if you can help me with revenge! I want you to help me to kill that damned dwarf pig!” Ivette replied.

“Its better this way. We are saving time.” Dudian continued: “The man who was responsible for doing what he did to you will stay in here. He can’t get away or run. Now lets talk about me. My name is Dean. I have two main occupations. I’m a master architect from the Temple and a golden knight from the Knight’s Hall. I’m telling this to you so you know that your request is very simple for me.”

Ivette as a part of the royal family of the barbarians was aware of two forces that Dudian had told. The kid had such a high status though his age looked smaller than hers! And why would such a person act personally on the battlefield?

“This if my medal from the Knight’s Hall and this is my medal from the Temple.” Dudian took out two medals and put them on the table: “I won’t know what to say if you don’t even know what these medals mean. ”

Ivette recognized the knight medal from the first sight. She picked it up to carefully check it and confirm that its not face. She looked at Dudian: “Are-are you lying?”

Dudian said: “Why would I?”

Ivette’s eyelids twitched. She found that the boy’s mouth was sharp and insensitive. She took a deep breath: “Alright, I believe you. What do you want to know?”

“Everything you know.” Dudian slowly said: “By the way, I know when people lie. Know that I don’t mind choosing the hard way to take out that knowledge from you. I can assure you that my means are more effective than the military’s. At least I can find thousands to humiliate you.”

Ivette’s face changed.

Dudian lightly said: “One more thing. The barbarians have been

defeated and were expelled from the golden wall. I can let my attendants take you to the golden wall to see the sight if you don't believe me. The barbarians lost because of the weapon created by me!"

Ivette was shocked: "Impossible! We can't lose!"

"I can send you personally to verify the case. I don't need to tell a lie." Dudian indifferently said: "The military is considering to attack your headquarters. I got lots of inventions and can help the military to completely erase the barbarians but I don't want to do so."

"If you are willing to believe then give me few years of time! I can make sure that there will be a place in outer wall for barbarians and noone will expel you out!"

"I hope you will be honest."

Ivette stared at him. She felt that the boy could really achieve the things what he said. However her faith was shaken so she calmed her mind.

Chapter 429

Fragrant smell of the tea curled in the study room.

Dudian stared at Ivette as he asked questions one by one and listened to her answers. He looked at her heart and blood vessels at the same time. Because of his thermal vision he was able to check her heart beating which helped him to know if she lied.

“I’m not aware of that. Even if there is a thing like that I don’t have the right to now.” Ivette replied in an honest tone.

Dudian checked her heartbeat. He saw that the frequency of the beating was stable so he nodded: “Alright, we are finished. Princess, I’ll get your revenge for you.”

A trace of resentment flashed past her eyes: “I hope you will use the most vicious methods to kill them!”

“No problem.” Dudian agreed.

Ivette bowed her head and asked: “How do you know that I was… humiliated?”

Dudian’s eyes softened as he heard her voice full of shame. He replied: “I believe that any senior level hunter can smell that your body is dirtied. Go take a bath now.”

Ivette's face turned pale as she subconsciously reached to cover the place below her abdomen. However she realized that the action was indecent so she bit her lips and said: "I will go now."

Dudian nodded and opened the door to call Kroen.

Kroen quickly ran up the stairs: "Master, anything ..."

"Take her to take a bath." Dudian said.

"Yes." Kroen turned around and showed Ivette the way with gestures.

Dudian looked at Ivette as she went away. According to her the ancestors of the barbarians and the people in the outer wall originated from inner wall area. Because of war all of them were expelled to outer wall. However the barbarians were expelled from outer wall to radiation zone. The inner wall was built two hundred years ago.

"In addition to Mellon consortium, Huasheng, Green and Scott consortium also intervened and provided help to the barbarians... "

Dudian narrowed his eyes as he thought about options. The military should also be aware of this. However the situation was too complex. The military couldn't do much even if the military found evidence regarding their intervention. The problem was that everything was contradictory to the balance of power. Is it

that the inner wall was the architect of this war?

Dudian regretted to know that Ivette was only a princess of the barbarians. Although she had an excellent combat talent but according to the barbarians the women were prohibited from participating in war discussions. Her father was the chief of all barbarian tribes and the kind of the barbarians. But the barbarian king had more than 50 children. Ivette was ranked as 27^{th}. There were five more sisters who were younger than her. The youngest was a toddler who just learned to walk.

If she was a man with the same combat skills then she would have known all the secrets...

...

Two days passed in the blink of an eye.

In the last two days old patriarch had sent parasitic soul worms for Dudian to select. There were 16 of them. However most of them were from ordinary monsters and could only help a human to become an ordinary hunter with tracking abilities. The transformation of the body's constitution would be weak. The increase in strength wouldn't be too powerful.

In addition to ordinary soul worms there were four good rare parasitic soul worms. They could be used to nurture better hunters.

The most surprising part was that there was a top grade parasitic soul worm in addition to four rare ones.

The parasitic soul worm was taken from a monster called swallower! The hunter with the magic marks from a swallower would have strong digestive capacity. That person would be able to digest flesh and blood infected with almost any virus. There would be strong immunity to majority of viruses, bacteria and parasites. In addition that person would be able to digest metal, toxic plants, stone and so on.

However to have such a high-level ability the person had to advance to senior hunter level.

In addition to digestion the hunter with the magic marks of a swallower would have a secret attacking ability. There would be strong acids in their stomach. A hollow tube evolve from the stomach to the tip of their tongue for sudden attacks.

“Neuss take this parasitic soul worm.” Dudian gave the container that sealed the gray parasitic soul worm to Neuss: “Focus on exercising a lot. Practice with Sergei and Gwyneth. Your starting point is better than theirs so don’t waste this chance.”

Neuss was shocked: “Young master.. This is a top grade parasitic soul worm... ”

“I have enough for myself.” Dudian laughed.

Kroen's face turned ugly for a moment but the expression disappeared the next second. He looked at Neuss: "It's master's gift. Go on take it."

Neuss bowed and then reached out: "Master, my life has been yours since you took me out from the prison. I swore the loyalty to you with Scar. No matter what I will follow you in the future. If tell me to die then I will!"

Dudian laughed: "Alright, kill yourself now."

Neuss was stunned.

"I'm going to throw up if you continue." Dudian replied.

Neuss saluted and left.

Dudian looked at Kroen: "Which family gifted the soul worm of the swallower?"

Kroen handed him out the roster.

Dudian glanced at it and put it back on table: "Tomorrow is the time for my public lecture. Get ready!"

"Yes, young master." Kroen glanced at the containers of the rare parasitic soul worms on the table then bowed.

Dudian closed the window and added dry woods into the fireplace. He sat by the fireplace and took off his coat. His skin was white but the upper body was covered with whip marks and scars. They were like spider web which had covered all over his body.

In the middle of these scars at his chest there was the magic mark which was result of deification. It was like a sharp sword in his chest.

Dudian gentle touched it. Then he picked up an ordinary parasitic soul worm and began to absorb its blood. He was already at the bottleneck as an intermediate hunter. Absorption of God's blessings were useless at this point as God's blessings enhanced his body but not the magic mark.

Dudian removed parasitic soul worms from containers one after another as he injected their blood into the magic marks in his chest.

One, two, three ...

"There is a need for only one parasitic soul worm to become a primary hunter. To break into the intermediate level there is a need to inject blood of parasitic soul worms to enhance the magic marks. IF the appetite of the magic marks is special then two or three parasitic soul worms would be need to upgrade. However to reach senior level from intermediate the number of soul worms needed to enhance the magic marks is doubled."

Chapter 430

Dudian injected five parasitic soul worms to his magic marks. The magic marks slightly bulged but it calmed down the next moment.

Dudian picked up his eyebrows. Generally four parasitic soul worms were needed to promote from intermediate to senior hunter. If you had a bad luck then five or six would be needed. Unless you were an unlucky one then you would need seven or eight parasitic soul worms. It meant that the appetite of the magic marks was big.

Right now it seemed that he belonged to the hunters with ‘bad luck.’

After five parasitic soul worms there were no changes as if nothing was consumed.

Dudian continued to inject. Because of his current status and identity getting parasitic soul worms was an easy thing. He didn’t need to go out to hunt for magic marks.

Six, seven, eight, nine …

Dudian felt a slight pulse from the magic marks of the splitter after the ninth parasitic soul worm. It slightly trembled. He continued and used the other two ordinary parasitic soul worms. Afterwards a heat spread through his body.

His cold body felt warm after the heat flow.

“It is not enough … ” Dudian stared at his chest. However there was no movement. It was not a bad luck or being an unlucky person… It was something extraordinary at this point.

Was it because of the deification of the legendary magic marks?

He looked at the four rare parasitic soul worms. He hesitated for a bit but then grabbed the contained which had green parasitic soul worm.

Although it was an extraordinary waste to use a rare parasitic soul worm’s blood to promote the level of the magic marks but there was no other choice. He didn’t have time to wait for others to send ordinary parasitic soul worms. Moreover it was uncertain that he would get any.

In addition, he didn’t like to wait.

Dudian felt his chest boil after the injection. It was like a fire was lit and he felt all the pore in his body open up. His body was producing a lot of sweat.

Dudian took a light breath.

He once again grabbed another container. He removed the rare

parasitic soul worm and injected it. This time the feeling he got was a bit different. He felt like as if an explosion had happened within his body. His consciousness blurred but he felt a faint twist on his chest.

He remembered the originally the parasitic soul worm tried to drill into his brain. He was scared as he recovered his consciousness. The moment he looked down he saw the change on his chest. Previously it was like a small sword but right now it was like a finger long two swords crossing over in the middle of his chest.

The change of magic marks meant successful promotion!

Dudian pulled the towel and dried his body. He felt very light when he grabbed the armor.

“I don’t know which new abilities I have after being promoted to a senior hunter.” There was a trace of expectations in his eyes. He was looking towards the transformation of a new ability rather than the physical growth. He knew that a good ability was much better than brute force.

However, it was real life but not a game. There were no list of attributes to show him what kind of abilities he would have after the promotion. He could slowly explore on his own. Fortunately, after the deification he had learned how to explore his abilities. As usual he had to began from the eyes.

He found a strange thing when he was about to test his eye.

Dudian could actually see...the whole room! He faced the fireplace but he could see the cupboard that was behind him!

Dudian enjoyed the feeling. He turned his head towards the cupboard but he could see the flames in the fireplace behind him!

“The angle of vision has expanded.” Dudian touched his eyelids. He suddenly thought of something and rushed to stand in front of the mirror. He saw that his eyes hadn’t changed and stayed the same. However he noticed that there was a little green inside his pupils.

Dudian blinked and looked at the green in the middle of his pupils.

“There is a change in the structure of my eyes but fortunately... ” Dudian was relieved as he looked at the mirror. The hunters would have subtle changes in their bodies after the enhancement of their magic marks. Almost all senior hunters had some kind of body part that was different from a human. Sergei had scales at his spine which was the result of his ‘dragon steel’s’ magic marks.

There were hunters which had very long teeth that were like ferocious fangs. Some had weird hair colors or others had skin which looked similar to a crocodile’s scales. There were senior hunters whose hands were similar to claws of beasts.

Because of such transformation senior hunters were like monsters in the eyes of nobles. That was why they lived in the dark.

“I have the vision which is similar to an insect’s vision. I’m glad that the eyes didn’t protrude or degenerate… ” Dudian checked his body for any other transformation. He focused his eyes. He saw the flesh and blood within his body. Later on his vision changed and he was able to see his own skeleton!

He was terrified because of the scene and almost fell down.

After he relaxed his eyes the vision changed. It was back to normal.

The infiltration of his vision had gone a step further and he was able to see the bone marrow! Most importantly he was able to control his own vision. Otherwise he would be looking at moving skeletons. It was no different than living in the world of living dead. It would be same as blindness.

“The angle of my vision has reached 270 degrees. He was able to see the bones in the body. Moreover he could freely control…” Dudian was aware about monocular vision. But areas in the sight of the both eyes coincided and the vision decreased to 120 degrees. In most cases a human was able to only see 90 degrees of the field of the vision. The more a human being concentrated the more the field of vision would reduce.

“Although I don’t have a 360 degree vision but its almost so! No wonder the eyes of the splitter’s are hidden deep in their bodies! They can see everything!” Dudian speculated.

Chapter 431

“Splitter is an ultimate attack type of a monster. If I had a big change in vision then my fighting capabilities would have improved too.” Dudian tried to test his sense of smell and hearing.

Dudian found out that the sense of smell was still confused. He pinched his nose to distinguish the hearing of smell. However he couldn’t sense the sound of smell unless he covered his ears. However the range of the sense and hearing had increased twice. He could hear the smell from top to the bottom of the castle. He could hear a mouse hidden in the corner of the kitchen and eating something.

Dudian was disappointed as his perception of the smell didn’t improve much. However he knew that splitter was an attack type monster. It relied on high-speed and keen vision. The sense of smell and hearing didn’t have to be too strong.

Dudian checked his physical strength. His body was twice the strong as before. He could break a hard metal with a strong grip.

“Generally the physical constitution will be doubled in strength when an intermediate hunter is promoted to a senior hunter. According to the dragon girl an intermediate hunter can hunt level 11 to 19 monsters. If there is a very powerful intermediate level hunter then they can hunt early twenty level monsters. According to her senior hunter’s would reach the strength to hunt up to level 30 monster.”

“I was easily able to kill monsters level 20 to 27 when I used to be a intermediate level hunter. My body was able to cope with monsters up to level 30. That was the limit of a senior hunter. Now I assume I can hunt down monsters up to level 40. If I improve my fighting skills then killing a level 45 monster wouldn’t be a problem.”

Dudian’s eyes lit up as he speculated. There were no scales to classify the power of hunters. He had to reference the monsters to assess the constitution of the hunter. But it was a convenient way as the hunters existed to hunt monsters.

“My magic marks are still at senior hunter level stage but my strength should be much more than senior hutners because of the deification. However the dragon girl was able to hunt a mature level 68 splitter! The different between her and me is too big!”

“But I can catch up with her if my magic marks evolve once more. My potential would be much stronger than hers because of the deification...Unless her magic marks is also the rsult of deification of legendary monster...” Dudian calmed down. He looked at his abdomen. His pupils concentrated and his vision adjusted. He saw his bones and internal organs. There was white ice in his abdomen.

Surprisingly, because of his 270 degree vision, he found that in addition to his abdomen there was white ice on his left arm. Even the bones of his left arm were made out of ice.

Dudian was shocked. Perhaps the abnormality in his abdomen was the result of the change in his left arm. The abdomen was

infected with the blood of other monsters' blood... So it should have fused...

Otherwise he couldn't explain why his left arm was made up of ice while his right arm didn't have the slightest trace of ice.

"I used to directly absorb cold crystals from the left hand. It seems the 'ice blood syndrome' has direct relation to the cold crystals... " Dudian speculated.

He slowly recovered himself after a long time. He looked down at his body. Dudian didn't saw it at first but he found out that his bones had undergone a strange change. He had seen the anatomical structure of human body from the super chip. His bones seems to have gone some deformities.

"It's like two small hands... The bones of the fingers are thinner but... " Dudian moved his fingers. He grabbed a metal equipment. The metacarpal bones and the phalanxes had undergone a deformity. He could burst out strong force because of the change.

Dudian was startled.

"Now wonder I can have more strength than a senior hunter. At a genetic level I'm a senior hunter but my body has an abnormal structure. I can burst out with more strength and speed." Dudian checked his body.

There was a different effect if the same material was used but in

different structures. His body structure was “relatively” a human but “sophisticated” in many ways.

“However these changes only have enhanced my physical constitution. There seems to be no other abilities...” Dudian looked at his own body. In addition to the visual changes and physical power there was nothing else. It felt a bit weird.

Other senior hunters could control their blood or something else. Glenn could escape through the ground because of the magic marks of the black weaver. The pores in her body would shrink and she could hide her breath. The magic marks of juranzhi could enhance the immunity and strong sense of smell, had the ability to absorb cold crystals and dark vision. But after deification of the magic marks of a splitter he didn’t have much abilities!

It was less than abilities that he could get from a rare magic marks.

“Is it possible that some abilities have evolved but I can’t notice them? Maybe I can’t stimulate the ability by ordinary inspection!?” Dudian thought in his mind. If it was so then he could find out while fighting an opponent. After all, some abilities may be hidden but instinctively cast out in times of crisis.

...

Temple of Elements.

Mount Church.

The castles were placed one after another by the mountain. At the end there was a forest. In front of the forest there was a magnificent and large castle. It was the castle of Temple's Lord. A large number of the Temple's staff were inside the castle as they took care of strange flowers and trees.

In the depths of the forest stood a small scale solitary castle. It was an ordinary manor. There were common vegetables and fruits within the manor. There were no staff but an old man wearing an ordinary clothing inside the manor. He carried water as he sprinkled the vegetables. He removed the weeds next to the vegetables. He looked like an ordinary old farmer.

"Argh!" A giant black shadow jumped from the back of the manor and rushed towards old farmer.

It was a giant dog which looked like a leopard. It was three meters tall and had robust limbs. There were brown spots all over its body. Its eyes were dark gold and had sharp horns on its head. In the blink of an eye it stood in front of the old man.

It opened its mouth but didn't bite the old farmer. Instead it jumped in front of it like a puppy. The monster turned its head towards the outside of the manor and roared.

Old man paused as he saw the monster act so. He looked towards the direction the monster roared.

“Lord of the Temple is quite gifted as you were able to tame a rare monster!” A tall figure appeared in front of them.

“Argh!” The monster growled to try to intimate the figure.

Old farmer put down the water kettle. He stood straight and spoke in a calm tone: “The war is finished. What do people of inner wall do in here?”

The tall figure had come out from the shadows. He had a handsome face. There was a long stick in his hand. He was wearing a very simple white robe which looked like a huge sheet. The robe covered all of his body as if he was a monk. The youth had golden hair.

“I’m here on behalf of the Monastery. I have to take a person back to the inner wall.” The youth smiled. He didn’t even look at the black monster instead he stared at the old man.

Chapter 432

Roar!

The monster growled as it saw the youth approach them. It took a few steps forward. At the same time the hair on its body got straight as if it was a hedgehog.

The expression on youth's face didn't change. He gentle knocked the ground with the stick in his hand. Boom! The posture of the youth was so that it seemed he was ready to attack anytime.

The monster growled once more and was about to set its foot out when its head turned to look back. The old man touched its hair as he walked out.

"To take a person?" The old man calmly looked at the youth: "Is it the child who recently had produced a legendary item?"

The youth replied: "I only know that his name is Dean!"

The old man touched the ear of the monster. The black giant turned towards the manor and disappeared.

"He is a real genius. Are you willing to kill a person like him?" Old man turned towards the castle and began to slowly walk.

The youth smiled: "This is an order from above! That kid is using

the powers of devil. I will take him to the Monastery for ‘purification’. If there is a change then…”

“You should go out. I don’t welcome outsiders in here.” The old man interrupted him.

The youth startled. He looked at the old man who went into the castle. He slightly bowed and left the place.

…

Temple of Elements.

The rays of sun shined upon the Mount Church to welcome the new day.

There were black spots all over the mountain road which took to the largest church castle. There were numerous architects who were wearing luxury clothing and going towards the location where the public lecture will be held.

It was 9 o’clock in the morning.

Since 7 o’clock the architects were up and rushing towards the St Peter’s cathedral’s square. It was the biggest venue within the Temple which could hold such a big public lecture. It was 185 meters long and 160 meters wide. It could accommodate about 100,000 people at any time.

There were a total of 180 sculptures of angels and goddesses carved at the square by the St Peters.

A lot of people had gathered in the square since the dawn. Naturally, there weren't 100,000 architects in the Temple but about 30,000 of them. However all of them tried to get a better location to hear the lecture clearer. Perhaps there was a chance that Dudian may see them and fancy if they were in front rows.

"There are so many people in here but there are two more hours to go till the lecture. I think there is already more than 10,000 people in here!" Master Eivissa looked at the sight. There was a trace of amazement in his eyes. Usually if 10,000 people attendant a lecture by a master then everyone would regard it as a big accomplishment. Now, every other lecture he had seen looked trivial in front of the one he was looking at.

"Its his first public lecture today so inevitably there will be a lot of people. We have around 30,000 architects in the Temple and he is very famous!" There was a complex expression on the face of the old man who talked. He was master Arsen who was in conflict with Dudian.

Eivissa sighed: "The little kiddo isn't here even though two old guys have come over."

Arsen snorted: "I came to check what he was going to talk about. Him being an inventor doesn't mean that he can explain them so easily too. Accumulation of knowledge is needed for good teaching.

He is as arrogant as always. He has just become a master and dares to hold a public lecture. He may utter something useful if he studied for another two or three years!”

Eivissa slightly shook his head as he saw that Arsen was still angry at Dudian. He slowly whispered: “He is useful…”

Arsen’s face sank.

“Hey!” An old man wearing casual clothes came to stand by them: “Both of you have come over! Do you want to learn from him too? ”

Eivissa looked up and recognized the old man: “Master, you have come too.”

Arsen’s face was still gloomy when he saw the old man. He turned away his head pretending not to notice him.

The old man smiled: “I wouldn’t be able to come over if he hadn’t made a notice ten days ago. Today I came over to bring few of my students.”

Ibiza laughed: “You are way too polite. Kerry and Casper are already independent senior architects. It will take two years for them to become masters. You are one of the most powerful masters who has the ability to teach.”

“Thanks for the compliment. I’m flattered.” The old man

laughed.

“Its useless to become a master at this point. If that Dean wasn’t one then they would have a chance to shine. But now everyone else would have to stay in his shadow.”

The old man’s face slowly turned gloomy as he looked at Arsen: “I have heard that you had a conflict with the new master. Are you trying to pull us into the quarrel with him?”

Arsen’s face changed as he didn’t expect the old man to be so direct. He said in an angry tone: “What nonsense are you talking about?”

Eivissa intervened: “It’s a joke. Why are you so serious?”

The old man said: “That wasn’t a joke. Some people think of themselves superior to the others. But they are jealous of other too. I can understand jealousy and envy but provoking someone else is something that I can’t understand!”

Arsen furiously said: “What did you mean? Do you think that I’m jealous of him? He wasn’t even in his mother’s womb when I became famous!”

The old man laughed: “An old man and a child will fight! Everyone knows that you were famous when he wasn’t burn. But everyone knows that you are in a grave at this point too!”

“You!” Arsen trembled in anger.

The old man snorted and looked at him with a scornful expression.

“Why are you two fighting?” The sound of master Skagen echoed.

Eivissa looked at him: “You should talk to them.”

Skagen smiled: “Today is the big day for master Dean. We can’t make trouble in here! Our bones our old and new seeds are growing. We should be happy that such an outstanding genius master has been nurtured in the Temple! Skillful architects like him will drive and carry forward the Temple! The life in the outer wall area will completely change!”

The old man smiled: “I think so too. But there are some within the Temple who say bad things behind the back of others. Moreover they provoke them too! It’s soo dirty! The only thing they know about is talking to youth about respecting the old ones. They oppress the young generation! Its good to see a young person to invent something so good and close the mouth of this old ones!”

“You!” Arsen stared at him in anger.

Skagen smiled: “Don’t let the youth to see the jokes we make or they may misunderstand us. After all, masters should act like masters.”

The old man glanced at Arsen and then turned his head.

Chapter 433

A carriage approached the foothills of the Mount Church. A girl dressed as a servant was driving the carriage. There was a scar on her neck.

The girl lined the horse ropes and jumped from her seat. She turned over and opened the door: “We are here.”

The cold mountain breeze hit him when Dudian got off the carriage. He tightened his specially built warm master’s gown: “You come over with me. Leave the carriage in here.”

Gwyneth nodded. She inserted a stick to the ground and tied the horse rope so that the horse couldn’t move. She followed behind Dudian.

“Today will be a lively day … ” Dudian whispered after taking a few steps. He couldn’t see over the hill but he could sense the sound of smell coming from the Mount Church.

Most of the castles that they passed by were empty.

Dudian came to the square outside the St Peter’s cathedral. The vast square was filled with architects. He looked at the stone corridor on the side.

“Get away, Edward! Do you think a pleb will be chosen?”

“Roll away! Master Dean won’t choose you as a student even if stood in front of him!”

“Don’t delve into foolish dreams!”

Dudian heard the sounds from the other side of the corridor. He saw four or five architects with golden hair and refined temperament squeezing two people. Both of them had brown hairs. One of them had handsome appearance while the other had mediocre looks. Both of them timidly looked at others but didn’t dare to reply.

Dudian simply glanced and was retracting his eyes when he saw the tightly clenched hands of the handsome youth. His arms were gently shaking.

“Get out! We can’t allow plebs to learn. It’s like robbing the gift from us!”

“Aren’t you convinced?”

Blonde architects looked with disgust at the both of them as they humiliated them.

Whoosh!

Gwyneth suddenly appeared in front of them.

The others were scared because of Gwyneth's appearance. However their eyes were attracted by Dudian who was standing behind Gwyneth.

"Master?"

"Master Dean?"

Dudian didn't care for other as he looked at the handsome teenager with brown hair. He made a hand gesture: "Come."

The teenager was stunned. He suspected that he heard it wrong. He raised his finger and pointed at his nose: "Me, ME?"

"Yes." Dudian smiled: "Are you willing to be my student?"

Everyone was surprised to hear Dudian's words. They looked at Dudian then at the teenager.

The youth felt like his brain exploded. He uttered: "Can I-I-I?"

"Don't you want to be my student?" Dudian smiled.

The teenager replied in haste: "I am willing, I am willing! I'm wiling master Dean!"

"Come on." Dudian waved over.

The teenager ran in hurry but was block by the stone barrier.

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Edward.”

Dudian nodded slightly and left.

Gwyneth raised Edward from his shoulder and jumped over the fence.

“Follow me.” Dudian said but no longer looked at Edward as he walked along the corridor.

Edward felt like he was in a dream. He bit his lips to make sure that it wasn’t one.

The blonde architects looked at each other in loss.

Dudian passed the fence and appeared on the promenade. Crowd noticed his figure. Suddenly loud cheers echoed.

Edward felt nervous as he heard the cheers and saw the gazes. He didn’t want to stay too close to Dudian but couldn’t stay far away from him too.

Dudian was aware that the new received student was embarrassed: “You are my student. Don’t be nervous as you will reach the status that most of them won’t have in the future.”

Edward replied in haste: “Yes, master. Oh no, teacher.”

“Do you know the reason why I took you as a student?” Dudian asked as he walked.

Edward shook his head as he was still in daze. He was just a primary architect. Although his family situation was much better than general civilian population but financially he was at the bottom in the Temple. He was a bit nervous: “Teacher, I don’t know…”

“Do you remember all the humiliation that you’ve suffered? ” Dudian whispered.

Edward’s face slightly changed. He bowed: “I-I won’t hate anyone.”

“You won’t or you wouldn’t dare to.”

“I can’t… ” Edward hesitated to answer.

“Why?”

Edward replied: “We are all part of the Temple. We should be

united. Moreover they are noble. They have noble blood in them. I can't disrespect them."

Dudian turned to look at him: "So is it that you won't or you dare not?"

Edward looked at Dudian's eyes. He saw that his eyes were very deep with a touch of green: "I dare not!"

Dudian slowly said: "As my student you can't have such an attitude. Do you understand me?"

Dudian narrowed his eyes as he turned his face. He knew that he couldn't change the teenager in a day. But he wasn't anxious. Hate was a rebellious seed. The teenager would turn into a big towering tree if he was nurtured well.

He looked beyond the corridor. He was vaguely able to see the vast giant walls of the Silvia.

...

Skagen smiled when he saw Dudian: "You are on time."

The old man next to Skagen saw two people behind Dudian: "Who are these two?"

"She is my attendant and he is my new student that I accepted."

Dudian introduced both of them.

Eivissa was surprised as he looked at Edward: “He is just a primary architect. There are lots of senior architects who want to be your student. Why did you accept a primary architect?”

Dudian laughed: “It would be hard to change the mentality of senior architects. But he is like a empty glass.”

Skagen nodded: “It makes sense.”

Arsen who was next to them snorted: “Master Dean is worried that he wouldn’t be able to teach senior architects. Although he is a talented youth but he would have to rely on mass of knowledge to teach them. Master Dean has enough knowledge to teach these primary architects.”

The atmosphere turned stiff after his words.

Dudian whispered as he looked at him: “Do you mean that they are talent-less?”

Arsen’s face slightly changed: “You are insulting all of the masters. Don’t think that you can act self-righteously just because you produced a legendary invention.”

Dudian whispered: “You are forcing me to pull the strings of hatred! I advise you not to provoke me or I wouldn’t mind to kick you down in front of all the people in here. I assure you that no one

would be able to stop me!”

Arsen looked at Dudian: “Do-do you dare?”

Skagen looked at Dudian: “Today you are here for public lecture. Focus on that.”

Dudian didn’t care about Skagen and Eivissa as he looked at Arsen: “I will naturally give you a reply since you asked me.” He made a hand gesture.

There was a trace of hesitation in Gwyneth’s eyes for a moment. However the next second she moved. Gwyneth appeared at Arsen’s back as if she had teleported. She raised her leg and kicked him in the ass. Bang! Arsen’s body flied out and fell over the platform onto the crowd. The crowd gathered over to catch him.

Skagen and Eivissa’s face changed as they hurried over to support Arsen.

“The man was senseless.” Dudian looked at the others: “It’s time, I will go now.” He set foot on the high platform. Gwyneth followed behind him.

“This man has a temper!” The old master touched his beard as he looked at Dudian’s back.

Skagen glanced at him: “You are the one to gloat.”

The old man laughed: “The wicked are ruled by wicked.”

Edward was stuck on spot. In his mind there was no one above the masters. But his teacher’s servant kicked the master towards the audience because of just a word conflict. The man had a violent temper.

Edward suddenly remember the words Dudian said earlier on. There was an excitement and awe in his heart.

Chapter 434

The people began to cheer when Dudian stepped onto the high platform.

Dudian looked at the crowd. He knew that it was the key moment in the establishment of the ‘steam’ faction. He took a deep breath: “First of all, I will to an introduction. MY name is Dean and I’m 16 years old this year. To be more accurate I’ll be 17 after the black snow season. I know that some people will look at my age and think that it doesn’t make sense. But Mr Smog was only 19 years old when he painted the ‘Mirror Saint’.”

“Mr Eliott was 14 years old when he composed the great ‘Moonlight’.”

“Mr Curtis was only 28 years old when he wrote ‘Art of warfare’.”

The crowd was quiet as Dudian talked.

Skagen and the old man looked at each other. They didn’t expect Dudian to begin with history lesson. He compared himself to the most famous characters from the history. They knew that Dudian was using the momentum to change the perception of the crowd. He had produced the new textile machine when he was just 16 years old. The same year he produced another legendary invention and opened a new concept.

“There will be criticism when a great work is born.” Dudian

slowly said: “But I hope that my age won’t affect your judgment!”

The audience was silent.

Dudian continued: “In fact, today I will just discuss few things related to ‘steam’ faction. I believe that all of you are curious. There were many masters who had mentioned the working of ‘steam’ faction previously. However I will talk about the origin of ‘steam’ and the use of concept.”

Everyone’s eyes lit up as they heard him talk.

Skagen, old master and others also concentrated as they looked at Dudian.

“The faction… The key lies in the word ‘steam’. It’s the same as the word ‘gold’ in gold faction.” Dudian continued: “There are two things that inseparable to us in all the faction. The first is ‘steam’ while the second is ‘water’ faction.”

A commotion arose within the audience.

There were people who belonged to other factions. It was difficult for them to accept such a statement.

Skagen and the old man’s face also slightly changed. Although they are masters but they belong to different factions. No one was willing to think less of their faction.

Dudian calmly said as he felt the relentlessness in the crowd: “The reason is very simple. For example, if we didn’t use the materials of the gold faction… Would we die? The answer is no.”

“If we didn’t use the materials from wood faction, would we die? No.”

“Of course, our lives will worsen. But we won’t die!”

There were some who were still dissatisfied.

“Master Dean, if its as you say then if we didn’t use materials from ‘steam’ and water faction, would we die? How could that happen?” A young man shouted out. He wasn’t here to change the direction of his study but to listen to the lecture of the genius master. He didn’t expect Dudian to say words which would discourage him.

“Yeah! Yeah!”

“I do not believe …”

Dudian slightly raised his hand to silence the crowd: “Its very easy to verify. First of all, the most important material in the ‘steam’ faction is air. Now you may cover your noses and mouths and refuse to breath air. Let’s see how long can you hold on!”

Some primary architects who were in the crowd covered their nose to verify. However most of the intermediate and senior architects didn't do so. They knew that people couldn't continue to live without relying on air.

Dudian continued after a minute: "You should have verified by now. Perhaps some of you would think that what is the role of air? Is it just to help us breathe? Is it comparable to the mystery of the metals? Is it comparable to the mystery of the lightning? Is it comparable to the value created by the wood faction?"

People nodded as they looked at Dudian and wanted to see how he would answer.

Dudian smiled: "Its true that the 'steam' faction can't create inventions such as wood faction. Nor it can create a sword which belongs to metal faction."

Everyone was stunned but felt weird at the same time. Dudian has the most right to speak about both factions as he had created the new textile machine.

Dudian smiled: "The 'steam' is not a physical thing. So its not similar to metal or wood inventions. But its materials are similar to lightning faction. The metal sword doesn't have the destructive power of a steam rifle. You have to understand this point. Maybe some of you would think that the destructive power of the steam rifle is big because of the metal ball."

"The metal ball is the one that kills the enemy."

“But it is useless on its own.”

Dudian looked at the crowd: “Have you ever imagined that you can move a bigger object with the use of steam power? For example, our carriages.”

“Carriage?”

Everyone was stunned.

Skagen and the old man were stunned too. However several people’s eyes lit up within the crowd.

“Don’t hesitate to think about it. Imagine that you have installed two of those at the back of the carriage. There would be no need for a horse to drag it. If there is enough force then the carriage could move on its own. Why can’t we do that? Imagine that a carriage’s speed is faster than the time when a horse pulls it. Can you picture it?”

The audience was silent.

Dudian didn’t give time for everyone to think but continued: “In addition to the carriage.. Is there anyone with bold ideas?”

“Bold?”

They looked at confident expression on Dudian's face. Is there any bolder idea than the carriage to rely on its own to move rather than a horse?

"For example, flying to the sky." Dudian whispered.

Chapter 435

Flight...

The simply word made the audience turn silent instantly.

Skagen, the old man and others had shock on their faces. They felt like they have been pushed out of the window and touched the gate of the vast world. They were aware that architects from all areas studied the ‘steam’ concept to apply it to their areas. It was very clear that the kinetic energy generated by the ‘steam’ concept would change the world of inventions.

Although they were aware that the ‘steam’ would become a faction but they didn’t expect the idea of using the same concept to fly.

It was the ability of the god according to the book of light!

They had always lived in a world enveloped by the giant walls. Flying meant that they could cross over the wall. It was a concept that they have never ever thought about!

Skagen and other masters had an understanding of ‘steam’ concept and knew that it was not ‘absolutely impossible’ if the right idea would be used to realize the notion.

Dudian continued: “All of us know who an archer is! They shoot an arrow and it hits the enemy. But after the arrow passes out from

the bow it flies. Could we make an object hundred times larger than a bow and shoot humans as an arrow? Would it be possible for humans to fly?”

“The strength of the bowstring is directly related to the flight of the arrow. The ‘steam’ concept of the steam rifle is the force that drives metal balls.”

“All of us can walk and jump. We all rely on the strength of our body!”

“If more power is put then a human can run faster or jump higher!”

Dudian slowly said: “If we can come up with a clever use of ‘steam’ generated power then human beings can fly in the sky. This is the charm of the ‘steam’ concept! Imagine a future where we can fly in the air while the enemy is bound to move on the ground. Could barbarians survive against us?”

“We can cross over the giant wall if we can fly! We can travel to the distant world outside the giant wall!”

The minds of architects buzzed as they imagined the new world Dudian was talking about.

Flight!

This was an idea which nobody dared to think about.

But……

What would the future hold if human being could rely on inventions to fly at high attitudes?

The eyes of some architects lit up in excitement. Although Dudian didn't come up with strong evidence to support his theory but as a master he had high credibility. Moreover the idea itself was an extremely advanced one which no one dared to think about.

"Master, can we really fly with the help of inventions?" Some people within the crowd couldn't help but ask.

"Master, we are so heavy. How could we fly in the thin air?"

Dudian smiled: "Have you ever heard about kite?"

Kite?

Dudian continued: "A primary architect came up with this invention about hundred years ago. For some reason it was banned. But those who are interested may go to library and find information regarding the invention. It's not difficult to fly into the sky. It's very simply and don't look down on this seemingly weightless air."

Some of the architects were eager to go and check the ‘kite’ Dudian was talking about.

However Skagen and other masters faces changed instantly. The previous expression full of admiration turned 180 degrees that moment.

“Why did he use that as an example?”

“He is too bold. We don’t talk about banned inventions.”

“Hasn’t anyone told him that its prohibited to talk about banned inventions?”

Several masters looked at Dudian. Some were worried about him while the others thought that he was too bold to talk without limits.

Dudian was about to continue to speak as he wanted to introduce the basics of ‘steam’ concept. However suddenly he felt a figure jump up from the corridor and rush out towards him.

Assassin? An enemy?

Dudian turned his head towards the figure. It was as fast as lightning. Dudian was surprised to see that the figure was faster than Gwyneth.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye the figure passed over 100 meters of distance. It stopped at the high platform. It was as if he was standing there since the beginning of the lecture. The youth was dressed in a simple white robe. There were no extra decorations on the cloth. He was holding a stick in his hand. At the top of the stick there was a large gem as big as a baby fist.

The sudden appearance of the figure attracted the attention of the audience. Everyone was shocked as they didn't see where the stranger had come over from. In the blink of an eye there was just one more person on the stage.

Gwyneth who was standing about three meters away from Dudian appeared on his side. Her pupils shrank as she reached out and pulled the dagger from her waist. She stood in front of Dudian to protect him. Her palms were sweating.

"A Saint! A saint from the inner wall!"

Skagen and other masters shouted in surprised as they saw the figure. They didn't expect a saint to appear in here.

"Bold!" The blonde youth didn't care much about Gwyneth who was standing in front of Dudian. He coldly stared at Dudian: "Using demonic words to induce the people of light! I'll keep your life as you have contributed to the Temple by inventing the new textile machine! Now quickly apologize for representing the evil and come with me!"

Dudian narrowed her eyes: “What nonsense are you talking about?”

Coldness flashed past through the blonde youth’s eyes: “You are courting death!”

Dudian looked up at him: “A lot of people have talked to me like that but all of them are dead now!”

“Saint! Mr Saint!” Dudian turned to see Skagen and other masters run over. They looked at the blonde youth: “Saint, you should have notified us before coming to the outer wall from the inner wall. We would have greeted your earlier on.”

Dudian thought of many things as he heard the phrase ‘inner wall’ coming out of Skagen and other masters mouths.

The blonde youth frowned as he saw Skagen and others: “I have come since yesterday! I have met the Lord of the Temple. This man is influenced by the devil and uttering the words of the demons! I was ordered to bring him back to the Monastery and see him through ‘purification’.”

Skagen and other masters were stunned. Skagen looked at the blonde youth: “Saint this has to be a misunderstanding! Dudian is the newest master of the Temple! He didn’t only invent the new textile machine but other high level inventions. Moreover he recently invented legendary weapon ‘steam rifle’ and donated it to the military. He helped to win the war against the barbarians. How

could he be influenced by the evil powers?”

Dudian was surprised to see Skagen and others try to help him out. There was a trace of warmth in his heart.

Everyone in the audience was stunned and stuck on spot as they didn’t expect an unexpected guest to appear on the stage. However there was a trace of awe in their eyes when they looked at the blonde youth. They had heard Skagen and other masters use the phrase ‘inner wall’.

Chapter 436

The blonde youth looked at Skagen and others: “The higher ups in the inner wall area have decided that the new legendary weapon is also related to the devil. It is classified as a taboo! It’s sad to see a genius to degenerate to such a level to use the power of devil to earn reputation!”

Skagen and others were startled.

Dudian coldly replied: “The power of devil? Do you mean that you can classify my new invention as the power of devil all on yourself? What a joke! What evidence do you have? In my opinion, your words are the greatest blasphemy to the God of the Light!”

“Shut up!” The youth with the blonde hair shouted as he suddenly approached Dudian.

Gwyneth’s face slightly changed as she tried to threw the dagger.

“Get out of my way!” The youth mercilessly waved his stick. Bang! The stick hit Gwyneth’s wrist and the dagger fell away. He took another step and stood in front of Gwyneth. He raised his other hand and shot Gwyneth on the shoulder. Gywneth’s body flied out and hit the ground about ten meters away.

“Get over here!” The youth didn’t pause after hitting Gwyneth. He raised his hand to grab Dudian’s shoulder.

Dudian was angry as he clenched his fists.

Bang!

Dudian's fist hit the blonde youth's palm. A massive force surged out.

The youth's face changed as he felt incredible pain in his palm. He tried to flick his wrist to unload the force but it was too late. He heard a sound and he stepped back. There was shock in his face as he looked at Dudian.

Dudian looked at him: "Are you a saint or a bandit? I have painstakingly studied the way of the God and come up with invention and you want to take it away with just a word? Ridiculous!"

Everything had happened out of Dudian's expectations. All of his future plans were upset as the inner wall had decided to take him away. The most important point was that he had somehow provoked people from the 'inner wall!' They have even mobilized a 'saint' to directly capture a master of Temple. Moreover the latter's strength was significantly higher than a senior hunter's. It was a proof that the power which had sent the 'saint' didn't care much about Holy Church or the Temple!

The youth sucked in cold air as he felt bursts of pain from his arm. He suppressed the pain as he looked at Dudian: "You have sure enough taken refuge with the devil! Otherwise how can a master of the God have such strong power? It is good for you to

come back with me and confess or…”

“I follow the will of the God of the Light in my research! What kind of evidence do you have to seize and investigate me? Does it mean that the people of the inner wall can do whatever they want in the inner wall?” Dudian replied.

Skagen and others didn’t expect the situation to become so stiff. They couldn’t help but blame the youth for the way he have chosen to solve out the problem. IF he had chosen to get Dudian secretly then they didn’t have anything to say. But at the moment he wanted to take Dudian in front of the members of the Temple. He wasn’t giving any face to the Temple.

“Saint, there has to be a misunderstanding! You have to explain things if you want to seize master Dean!” Skagen was the first to speak up.

The old man next to him said: “Yes, Dean is the legendary master of our Temple. You have to explain how he have colluded with the devil! It would be very difficult to convince the public otherwise!”

“Yeah yeah!”

The other masters also joined in. They didn’t want to drip into the muddy water but the blonde youth has chosen the most unacceptable way to do the arrest.

The youth’s face turned gloomy when he heard Skagen and other

masters talk. Although he didn't care about the masters but he knew that he would provoke trouble if he forcefully took Dudian at this point. Actually if Dudian didn't talk about 'flight' and other banned topics then he wouldn't have emerged half-way into the lecture.

Moreover he wanted to directly capture Dudian and then leave. He wasn't planning to stay here for a 'discussion'. The problem was that he didn't think the fragile architect would have such strong power. The master was about one-third powerful than him.

"An architect with such strength! Isn't that enough of an evidence?" The blonde youth asked.

"Saint, master Dean isn't just a master of the Temple but a golden knight of the Knight's Hall! It's not surprising for him to have such skills!" Skagen explained.

"Knight?" Face of the blonde youth changed.

Dudian saw the subtle change on the youth's face. He narrowed his eyes. It seems that the other side feared his identity as a knight. It seems the Knight's Hall had power in the inner wall too!

"Yes, Master Dean is the honorary Golden Knight of the Knight's Hall. He was personally involved in battle to repel the barbarians. He had saved countless civilians! He is a hero." The old man added.

The youth was startled. His face has turned ugly as the

instructions conveyed to him didn't involve any of those information. There was no information about Dudian being part of the Knight's Hall neither about his strength. Moreover the teenager had higher reputation in the outer wall than he imagined.

No one in the audience dared to intervene with the conversation happening between the blonde youth and the masters. However no one was planning to support Dudian. Even the fools could see that the youth had identity which was even higher than the masters. They didn't dare to provoke the powers behind the youth.

The youth was silent as he thought about the situation. Currently it would be very touch to take Dudian back. Apparently the Temple will try to rebound him too. Although he wasn't particularly concerned about the Temple but the strength of Dudian. He wouldn't be able to take Dudian back even if he used force.

Moreover, the master had the identity of a knight.

Arresting a knight by force meant that he had to give a statement and explanation to the knights...

Chapter 437

“No wonder that old fart didn’t react to the issue...” The youth remember the Temple Lord’s reaction from yesterday. Most probably the other side was aware that the matter will be complex so he just let me handle everything. However he should be aware that it would lead to a dissatisfaction of the Temple and Knight’s Hall if I forcefully took away the master.

The youth didn’t know what to say as he couldn’t come up with a reasonable argument.

He was just an executioner. The people from the higher ups have decided that the master Dean has colluded with the devil. He didn’t have anything to with decision. Actually it was in a scope that he shouldn’t be aware of.

Skagen and others looked at the silent youth. They looked at each other and continued to earnestly try to persuade the youth.

The youth slowly said after a long time of silence: “Gentlemen, as architects of the God you are aware the dogma in the book of the light. The sun and the sky are the domains of the God of Light. This person is talking about flying to the sky which is against the divine right! This sin can’t be redeemed. Isn’t his heart rebelling against the God?”

Dudian narrowed his eyes and took a deep breath: “Would saint elaborate on why the flying in the sky is in violation of the God’s way? Isn’t it actually a right given to the mankind by the god of

light? It's a blasphemy that you are arguing so!"

The youth replied in anger: "The sky is the domain of the God. Since ancient times no one has set foot in the sky except devil! You are disrespecting the god of light!"

Dudian snorted: "I don't think the god of light is as selfish as the saint. The god of light has given us the right to invent items and products to make it easier for mankind. He has given me chance to understand the 'steam'! Everything was given to me by the god of light! Why are you still arguing that I have colluded with the devil? You are slandering me!"

"You!" The youth stared in anger.

Skagen and others saw the dispute between the two. They stood in middle to discourage them from continuing the argument. Skagen looked at the blonde youth: "Saint, its as master Dean has said. If we can create an invention which can help us to fly in the sky then we can kill the monster lurking outside the giant wall easily. We can completely eradicate the barbarians. Its all good for us. How it can be related to the devil?"

The blonde replied in a straightforward manner: "You are old and your sight is covered by the devil. It's not about killing the barbarians! Once we set foot in the sky the god will be furious with us! You won't be able to afford the disaster and punishment that will come!

Skagen and others startled. Some of them hesitated to reply.

“Nobody is allowed to trample the domain of the God! If you continue to persuade then it will be understood as harboring the evil! ” The youth continued.

Dudian knew how the crowd feared the God as he saw the expression on their faces. He considered his words before talking: “Saint, I have no objection if you want to arrest me. But you have to give us evidence. You are arguing that I have colluded with the devil. Its very difficult for me to accept it.” Dudian said as he looked at the youth.

The youth replied: “The greatest evidence is that your attempt to touch the domain of the god!”

Dudian smiled: “Do you mean that the ability to master the flight is the violation of the divine right? If so then are archers violating the dogma? They make the arrows fly! I would like to ask you one more question. Is jumping regarded as the infringement too? How many meters is the limit? If you can’t provide answer to my question then I have nothing to say to you!”

The youth wanted to reply but Dudian interrupted him: “Moreover I am a golden knight accepted by the Knight’s Hall! I believe Saint is aware how harsh the assessment of the Knight’s Hall is. If you want to arrest me then set off charges with the Knight’s Hall!”

“Of course, your statement have to be investigated by the particular organization. I would be glad to follow you if the

evidence was found. Otherwise isn't it an injustice for you to slander me so? In the future how architects can do research? If you come over and claim that we have colluded with the devil then who would dare to invent one more thing?"

Skagen and others nodded. They knew that Dudian was deliberately inciting them but he was using the right words. If a saint came over with evidence then they wouldn't retort. However he was trying to take a master without an evidence. It was just bullying!

There was a small riot within the crowd because of Dudian's words.

The youth was angry as he felt the change in the atmosphere. He bitterly looked at Dudian. He knew that the situation had become complicated. Knight's Hall, magistrate and Holy Church wouldn't stand by.

The youth looked at Dudian: "Why do you fear to go back with me if you haven't colluded with the devil?"

Dudian answered: "When did I say that I'm afraid of the investigation? I am innocent. It was you who tried to slander me by saying that I have colluded with the devil. Why shouldn't I respond to this charge? Secondly, there is no evidence in your hands so I'm just a 'suspect' in your eyes. IF its so, then I'm more than happy to cooperate with the investigation. But right now I'm teaching and you came to interrupt my lecture. Moreover you hurt my attendant. In addition you tried to arrest me by force. Isn't this a bit suspicious to you?"

the youth suppress his anger: “Since everything is alright with you then let’s just leave.”

Dudian saw that the youth ignored his words so he laughed: “Saint, you have wounded my attendant and tried to forcibly arrest me! Should you give an explanation? Do you mean that hardworking architects like me are nothing in your eyes?”

The youth almost spat out blood. He showed mercy by not killing Dudian’s attendant on spot! Now his own arm was wounded and the other side wanted an explanation?

“Why would your attendant be hurt if you had cooperated?” The youth continued: “Your attendant dared to offend me. I’m not going to charge you for that. Do you dare to get an explanation now?”

Dudian replied: “My attendant is loyal to me. Who asked you to directly rush out before reporting your name? I though you were an assassin sent by dark church to kill me!”

The youth continued: “Now things are clear! Come with me back to the inner wall. If you are innocent then you will be sent back!”

“First of all, I have yet to see the evidence of your suspicion. According to the laws of the magistrate there has to be either evidence or witnesses to charge him. Do you have evidence? If there is no evidence then why are you wasting my valuable time?”

“You!” The youth almost went crazy. He knew that Dudian didn’t intend to go back with him. The more he talked the greater advantage the other side got.

There was no evidence in his hand.

But since when the inner wall needed evidence to take people?

However, this time he wouldn’t be able to take Dudian by brute force.

The blonde youth didn’t want to waste time by pointless discussion. He coldly stared at Dudian: “I advise you to obediently go back with me to the inner wall. If I bring evidence in the future you won’t be pleased!”

“Is this a threat?” Dudian smiled: “I also want to advise you. Don’t act like a bandit or an assassin when trying to arrest people. Use evidence!”

“Alright.” The blonde youth looked at him: “You will regret it!” He turned and left. In the blink of an eye he disappeared from the sight of everyone.

Skagen and others looked at the direction of his departure.

Dudian narrowed his eyes as he looked at the back of the blonde

youth. He turned to look at Skagen and others: “Masters! Thanks for trying to help me out! I’m grateful!”

Skagen tried to comfort him: “I believe you. I think this matter is nothing but a misunderstanding and it will be solved out.”

Dudian nodded. Although he knew that his reputation was bound to take a damage after this.

Chapter 438

Dudian looked at the crowd: “The knowledge about the basics of the ‘steam’ concept will be published in the Temple’s library. I’m very sorry but I have to end today’s lecture. Interested people can go to library to get information. Additionally I had told that I will select several students so anyone willing to live in my castle?”

Dudian slightly bowed.

Dudian went off the stage straight away without looking at the commotion. He saw Gwyneth. There was a stain of blood on her mouth: “Can you hold?”

“Yes.” Gwyneth replied.

Dudian left through the corridor and Gwyneth followed behind.

Edward hesitated for a bit but trotted over to catch up with them.

Dudian saw that no one was around after leaving the corridor. He turned and picked Gwyneth’s body. He looked at Edward: “Catch up with me.”

Gwyneth instinctively raised her hand to block Dudian as she didn’t expect him to suddenly pick her up. However Dudian softly pushed her back. She whispered: “Master, I can move on my own.”

“Ribs have been broken and there is an internal bleeding. You will make it much worse if you continue to walk.” Dudian coldly said: “There is no need to be shy when the choice is life or death.”

Gwyneth was startled as she didn’t know how Dudian knew that her ribs were injured. However she didn’t say anything as she hold onto Dudian as he run through the slopes. She looked up at Dudian then retracted her eyes.

Whoosh!

In a matter of seconds Dudian was already at the foot of the mountain in front of the carriage.

He put Gwyneth onto the soft chair in the compartment. He turned to see his new students still trotting over the hillside. Edward was sweating and out of breath.

Dudian ran towards Edward and picked his body without any explanation to run back again.

Edward was scared as he saw the scenery change every passing moment. He was scared because of the wind whistling past his ears. The next moment the wind stopped and he saw that he was in front of the carriage.

Dudian put him onto the ground: “Get into the carriage.”

Dudian jumped onto the carriage and drove back it.

Dudian helped Gwyneth get off the carriage as they reached the castle. He looked at Neuss: “Go and call over the best doctor from the military!”

Neuss was frightened when he saw the pale expression on Gwyneth’s face. He took out a horse from the stable and went out.

Dudian came to the hall and put Gwyneth on the couch. He looked at her wounded side. There were no signs of proliferation so he sighed in relief: “Rest in here and don’t tamper with your wound.” He looked at Kroen: “Call everyone for a meeting!”

Kroen was aware that the situation was not good because of the anxious return of Dudian. He went to inform the rest.

“Go to the back of the castle. There is a training field there.” Dudian looked at Edward.

Edward felt that the mood of his teacher who was almost at the same age as him wasn’t good. So he nodded and left.

All the residents were in the hall after a few minutes.

Dudian looked at the crowd: “Something has happened.”

Sergei and Nicholas saw the Gwyneth lying on the sofa. They realized that the situation was not good. Sergei couldn’t help but

ask: “Weren’t you teaching?”

Dudian didn’t answer but slowly said: “The people form the inner wall slander me as if I have colluded with the devil. They want to take me to the inner wall for investigation!”

“what?!”

Sergei, Glenn, Denis, Mason and others had shock all over their faces.

Artemis and Gabriel were at a loss. Ivette looked indifferently at them. She didn’t have any idea about the language of the wall so she couldn’t understand a word what Dudian said. However she was curious as she saw the reaction of Sergei and others.

Dudian continued: “They didn’t have any evidence so I was able to dismiss them. However this is only a temporary solution. I think they will come again soon and at the time I won’t have a chance but follow them into the inner wall.”

Sergei and others looked at each other. No one expected that their quiet life will be upturned at such a pace.

Dudian added: “I think I have offended some powers within the inner wall. They will find a reason to deal with him. You guys will be implicated if you follow me. So if there is anyone who wants to leave then its time! I won’t hold anything against you.”

“I belive in you!” Mason who was next to Sergei said out loud: “They are free to slander good people. Nut who can prove that you have colluded with the devil? You had helped us to repel the barbarians! IS this how they are trying to repay you?”

Dudian shook his head: “There is no need to touch those matters. What I meant was that I don’t want to hurt any of you!”

“I won’t go!” Mason decided on spot.

Dudian looked at him and nodded slightly.

The hall was silent. After a moment Denis said: “Master, I’m very sorry but I don’t want to get involved in this.”

Dudian calmly replied: “I understand.”

Dudian hesitated: “I will be willing to come back if you can pass through this trouble. I hope you can forgive me.”

“No problem.” Dudian said.

Denis sighed and left.

Glenn was hesitant as she looked at Denis’s back.

“Anyone else?” Dudian looked at the crowd: “There won’t be any

chance in the future if you don't quit now!"

Everyone was silent.

Dudian was relieved as he saw no-one had replied to him. He was prepared for Denis to leave. After all there was no friendship between the two. Moreover he didn't want to send him to his death because of the contract.

"De, Dean, I, I am sorry ... " Dudian was about to speak when he heard a weak sound.

Dudian's heart sank down when he saw it was Sham who spoke up.

Mason saw the hesitant expression on Sham's face. He said in an angry tone: "Sham, what are you implying? Do you want to leave?"

Sham's body slightly trembled he bowed his head.

"Sham, you can't." Zach also advised him.

Dudian deeply looked at Sham. He didn't expect that second to leave would be one of his three mates. He wouldn't be surprised even if Nicholas left. But he had lived together with Sham for a long time. Moreover he was one of the few people who Dudian trusted!

Disappointment? Heartache? Anger?

Dudian understood that time can change everything. The pain and hate can heal. So the friendship and love can fade away too. IF there is nothing that is eternal then what is immortality? (I think the author makes fun at xianxia novels in here by making a pun)

“It’s alright.” Dudian whispered: “No need to blame Sham. It’s alright to leave and I don’t want to harm any of you.” He looked at Kroen: “Take ten thousand gold coins from the safe and give it to him.”

Chapter 439

Kroen bowed and went upstairs.

“Dean!” Mason said in hurry: “Sham is just confused. I won’t let him leave!” He grabbed at Sham’s neck and said in anger: “You bastard! Have you forgotten who was the one who saved you in the desert? Who were the ones who helped you in time of crisis? Don’t forget that you owe your life to us or you would be more than a lame!”

Zach tried to stop Mason who was acting on impulse but hesitated.

“Are you really planning to leavE? Are you worthy of Dean? Worthy of us?” Mason’s voice full of anger reverberated in the silent hall.

Dudian frowned. He was about to stop Mason when Sham laughed.

Mason was stunned.

Sham pushed his hands. He broke free out of Mason’s grasp but his body fell to the ground because of imbalance. He relied on crane to stand up. He whispered: “Yes, if it wasn’t because of you and Zach then I would be dead as a result of poisoning!”

“I would be dead if it weren’t for Dean too”

He slowly raised his head. Tears flowed down through his cheeks as he smiled: “But I would rather die than living this shitty life as a lame person!”

Mason was startled: “What the hell are you talking about? What lame? You would be dead if we didn’t help you! Now are you planning to be noise and blame Zach and me?”

Sham looked at Dudian and whispered: “Dean. I am very sorry. In this life I won’t be able to repay you for what I owe. But I don’t want to be involved in a struggle again. I want to live a peaceful life.”

Dudian raised his hand to gesture Mason to leave him alone. He slowly said: “We have been like brothers before. So I won’t blame you. I wish you a happy life!”

Sham lowered his head as he clenched his fists. Tears slid down from his cheek to his chin and fell to the floor. His shoulders trembled a bit. He took a deep breath and bowed once more. He didn’t care about Kroen who was about to deliver gold coins. He turned and left the castle.

Mason and Zach stared in place as they looked at Sham who disappeared from their sight. Their eyes were flushed. They knew that the brotherhood they had for long time would be completely cut off after this.

They supported each other in the special training. They didn’t

the same when they were outside the giant wall. The memories were same but people had changed.

Dudian slowly said: “Who else is going to leave?”

Nicholas sneakily looked at Dudian. He suddenly felt that Dudian was about to glance back at him. He retracted his eyes in haste.

“It’s time to leave now if you want.” Dudian continued.

There was no response as the hall was silent.

Dudian looked at Sergei and Nicholas: “What about you two?”

Sergei shrugged his shoulders: “I don’t have a place to go.”

“You have bailed me out and my life belongs to you. I have sworn to follow you until the end.” Nicholas choose much more beautiful words to express his thoughts. However he perfectly knew that he would be killed on spot if he left.

Nicholas was aware that Dudian allowed Denis to leave because Denis had lived in the castle for a little time and didn’t know much about anything. The other little devil was Dudian’s childhood companion and he wasn’t aware about confidential stuff too. But they were different! They were released from the Thorn Flower Prison and followed Dudian for a long time. Nicholas knew and understood Dudian’s character. If they chose to leave then they would go extinct!

Dudian smiled as he looked at the old fox: “We are on the same boat that being the cast. I hope you have determination to face the death!”

Glenn sighed: “I wouldn’t have agreed to your invitation if I knew about the future. But since I chosen this path I will help you till the end. As a hunter I’m using to face life and death situations. It’s not a big deal. Moreover no one is dead until the battle begins!”

Dudian smiled: “Yes, no one is dead…”

Nicholas asked in a careful tone: “Master, do you have any plans?”

Dudian pondered for a while: “I could force the man back this time. But the next time they will come in large numbers to use force to take me. I’ll have to go to the inner wall. I’m a master of the Temple and Golden Knight of the Knight’s Hall. So they can’t easily hurt me unless they have conclusive evidence.”

Mason added: “What if they don’t want to reason?”

Dudian looked at him: “That’s what I’m worried about. If I don’t come back within a timeframe then you will follow my plan and make a storm. If necessary…we will destroy the giant wall!”

“Destroy the giant wall?” Everyone was shocked.

Dudian continued: “The master of the inner wall is more powerful than you can imagine. They can kill senior hunters easily! You won’t be able to storm into the inner wall on your own. That’s why we will besiege the Wei to save the Zhao!”

“Besiege the Wei to save Zhao?” Everyone was puzzled.

“In short, we will use other things to attract the main force of the inner wall while trying to save me. ” Dudian said: “Of course, this is the worst case scenario. If the charges are dropped by the investigation then I’ll be released soon.”

Glenn nodded slightly: “They won’t hurt you unless they have conclusive evidence. But we have to be ready for the worst case.”

“Yes.”

“Master, how we will know that you are in safety? Wouldn’t we hurt you if we aren’t aware of your condition and storm into the inner wall?” Nicholas asked.

Dudian smiled: “That’s not a problem. After her injury heals I will take Glenn and Gwyneth into the inner wall. I’ll teach them a method to get in. I will be able to pass messages to them this way.”

Chapter 440

“Sneak into the inner wall?” They looked at each other in shock.

It’s been two hundred years since the inner wall has isolated itself. Countless nobles want to bypass the walls but are block. Now Dudian claimed to have a way to sneak into the inner wall! Even the nobles don’t dare to think of this!

Dudian didn’t elaborate on but looked at Kroen: “Give me pen and paper.”

After moments few words appeared on snow white paper. Dudian called Nicholas: “Collects the plants written in the paper. Hire someone to get a field to cultivate them. Remember to do everything in secret. Nothing must be leaked. Otherwise, neither Holy Church nor the magistrate will pass by your body even if you made a suicide!”

Nicholas’s fingers flicked in fear: “Young master, what are those plants?”

“Ordinary plants.” Dudian indifferently replied: “But they will become unusual in the future.”

Nicholas skimmed through the list. Most of them were familiar: “Ling leaf? Isn’t that an ordinary weed?”

“That one is a treasure.” Dudian put the pen into the pen-holder:

“You will be responsible for this matter. Hire the people and take care of them. If a problem arises then you will be the main person to be held responsible. I will let Neuss help you with the management. You can ask Neuss if you can’t come up with solutions. Do I need to teach you how to manage the people and the business?”

A simple grass is a treasure? Nicholas looked at the serious expression on Dudian’s face. He knew that Dudian had a lot of knowledge. But his heart was bitter. He was aware that Dudian arranged Neuss not to help him but to monitor him. Neuss was more trustworthy in Dudian’s eyes rather than Nicholas.

Dudian regarded the task given to Nicholas as the most important part of his plan. Ling leaf was the name used in this world. But in the old era it was called mar1juana!

Dudian wanted people of the outer wall to storm into the inner wall area. But he couldn’t incite people with his own fame! Although people were crazy for wealth but he couldn’t buy all the people of the outer wall. He didn’t have that much of wealth!

But he could do with the plants!

Moreover the fermentation time and the growth period of the poisonous products were extremely alarming!

The most important thing was that the people poisoned by the dr4gs were much more secure! They were crazier than the people with rights, wealth and beliefs! No addict could refuse to the

temptation!

They would be ready to sacrifice their own family and even their own lives because of the temptation!

Everyone was beyond the recognition after the calamity. However plants that were harmless in nature had remained almost the same. Although there was radiation, viruses and other unknown factors but the plants kept their original appearance in comparison to the beasts!

Ling leaf was just one of the raw materials. He had added other plants that were much more harmful than the ling leaf!

“Sergei you will be responsible for teaching Gabriel and Artemis. Moreover help Mason and Zach practice combat skills.” Dudian continued to give orders: “I will nominate you as my squire. As a squire of the Golden Knight you will have the right to recruit your own squad! Its time to establish a mercenary troop!”

There mercenary groups were similar to the adventurer teams of slums and residential district. However mercenary troop was totally different. It was a regular team and a contract had to be signed which would be recorded by the magistrate.

Sergei was a senior hunter but in the end of the he was a man of shadows. He could enjoy small part of privileges because of the consortia. However a Golden Knight’s squire was different. A golden knight’s squire had privileges even if facing nobles! Moreover he could soon change from a squire into a regular

knight!

Glenn looked at Dudian: “Master, can I be your squire too?”

Dudian nodded: “No problem.” He was planning to plant her within the inner wall so he didn’t want her to be defient at this point.

Sergei looked at Dudian: “Master, what should be the name of the group? How many people should I recruit?”

“You are in charge.” Dudian continued: “Although they will be under my name but you will be the depute head of the group. Moreover you decided on the size and quality of the team. Gwyneth and Glenn also would be in the group. You will be captain but they will be responsible for passing my messages. IF Sergei is swaying around then I will give them the right to cancel your orders!”

Glenn was delighted: “Yes.”

Sergei bitterly said: “Master, why would I act so?”

“It’s to prevent the ambitions of human heart.” Dudian replied.

Sergei’s mouth twitched.

Dudian asked for Gabriel and Artemis to come close.

He reached out and touched the Artemis's head. Dudian looked at Gabriel: "Do you know why I took you back?"

Gabriel shook his head: "I don't know."

"Because you are orphans." Dudian slowly said: "If you stayed back in that town you would have become food for the barbarians."

Gabriel had studied in the castle for the last days. He has asked Kroen about many things. He was aware of the situation outside the golden wall and knew that Dudian wasn't lying.

He didn't back down through the harsh sword training because of the gratitude towards Dudian.

"Sergei will teach you sword skills. But you have to study with you heart." Dudian patted Gabriel's shoulder: "I have saved you once. But you have followed me and will face danger in the future. If you aren't strong enough then you will repeat the same mistakes! No one would be able to save you at that time! Do you want to be able to protect your sister?"

Gabriel bit his lips: "Master, I understand."

Dudian turned towards Kroen: "Go outside to greet the guests."

Chapter 441

“Guests?” Kroen was startled but he went out of the hall.

Dudian looked at Sergei: “Don’t delve too much on quality of the members for the troops. We need strong ones for now. You can teach them the skills as time passes.”

“Alright.” Sergei nodded.

Everybody left the hall.

Dudian saw Kroen bring one group after another one into the hall. He didn’t move. Because of his identity he didn’t need to personally meet the others.

Most of the guests were wearing luxury dresses. There were accessories made of jades on their fingers and necks. It wasn’t meant to show off but their lifestyle.

There were few architects in addition to the aristocrats.

Dudian looked at Kroen: “Select nine people from the list of people who had sent parasitic soul worms. Send these people go back. Moreover the ones who had sent the rare parasitic soul worm and the top grade one must be in the list.”

“I know, young master.” Kroen went away to send off the others.

Dudian rubbed his head as he felt tired. He pondered for a while then took the pen to write another letter.

It didn't take long before Neuss came with a carriage that had the banner of the military. There were two doctors that were led by Neuss who came into the hall.

"Greetings Master Dean!"

Dudian asked them to treat Gwyneth.

"Neuss take this letter to the Knight's Hall and personally give it to them." Dudian continued "Wait for their answer."

Neuss picked the letter and hid in his arm pocket.

Doctors bandaged the Gwyneth's body with a layer of gauze after finishing the treatment. They bid farewell and left.

"Are you feeling better?" Dudian asked Gwyneth after the doctors left.

Gwyneth whispered: "Thanks young master. I'm much better."

"Tonight I will take you and Glenn to sneak into the inner wall. Have a good rest. " Dudian handed her a small bottle: "This is ointment made by the Temple. It has good effect so apply cream."

Dudian thought that if he went to the inner wall for the investigation then his eating and drinking would be a big problem. The black snow season wasn't over yet so he had to eat food with high calorie to maintain his body temperature.

He called Kroen over: "Hire few chefs. Remember to select them randomly. In addition to the ingredients for this month let the new chefs to dry bacon. Taste doesn't matter as much as I can save it for long time!"

"Joseph and Barton will attend Holy Church and the military... Their interview time is soon... " Dudian pondered.

At afternoon.

Neuss came back to the castle: "Master, Knight's Hall has sent this letter to you."

Dudian was relieved. The Knight's Hall was reliable. According to the letter they will be involved in the investigation in the inner wall to ensure the fairness of the investigation and in order to preserve Dudian's innocence.

"According to this letter the Monastery in the inner wall is linked with the Holy Church. The saints of the Monastery dare to directly arrest the people of the Temple but Holy Church isn't responding to it. However Knight's Hall came forward... " Dudian's eyes lit up.

There were only two reasons for this.

First reason was that the Monastery was much stronger than the Holy Church.

Second reason was that the Monastery and the Holy Church were one and same organization. So they had kind of a subordinate relationship.

Otherwise, the Holy Church would be offended by such a move!

Dudian was a bit angry. He tended to believe to the second option because of the various factors and names.

“Holy Church … Holy Church!” Dudian narrowed his eyes. He suddenly thought about the Dark Church. Could there be a similar organization to the Dark Church within the inner wall? If so, could he use it his advantage?

However, he didn’t know the current situation within the inner wall. He knew that there was the Monastery and the ‘dragon’ clan.

He remember the promise of the dragon girl. He could join the Dragon clan if he went to the inner wall. But he didn’t want to take refuge with them. Maybe the dragon clan couldn’t shelter him from the Monastery! Unless he exposed the deification to show that he was a valuable asset! However he didn’t know if there was a technology in the inner wall which could transplant the magic marks!

If they had such technology and he exposed his own secret then it was like giving free food to the dragon clan!

Time passed!

Dudian gradually arranged a plan. At the same time the outside forces began to send letters of condolence.

Dudian saw the superficial words written in them. Kroen was preparing to throw them into the trash. Dudian looked at him: “If you don’t have enough money in your hand after I go to the inner wall then ask the people who had sent the letters. Pull them into the muddy waters. These letters are the best evidence of their support!”

Kroen was stunned: “Master, so we will get revenge on those who didn’t help after you come back?”

Dudian looked at him: “As long as I can come up with inventions then we will climb up! Today the problem involves the inner wall... But if I was personally hurt or some other problem happened then the mailbox would be blown with letters. Now we have to see which one of these powers are really our friends!”

Kroen bit his lips.

“If they really want to help then they will naturally help. IF they didn’t mean it then it was just a hypocritical rhetoric! We must

take measure towards such people.” Dudian waved him off.

Kroen went away.

The weather was getting dark.

Dudian ate dinner and went upstairs to see Gwyneth.

“Are you good?”

“Much better.” Gwyneth wanted to get off the bed.

Dudian interrupted her: “We will set off after half an hour.”

Dudian checked the clock hang in the wall. Time was approaching eight o’clock. The curfew time in the residential district was eight o’clock. Only in the commercial area the curfew time was nine o’clock.

“There may be visitors after we leave. Tell them that I’m resting.” Dudian said to Kroen.

Chapter 442

“Yes, young master.”Kroen spoke in a worried tone: “It will be dangerous to sneak into the inner wall.”

“I will be careful.” Dudian smiled and looked at Gwyneth and Glenn who were by his side: “Are you ready?”

“We are.” Glenn replied.

Dudian, Glenn and Gwyneth entered the compartment while Neuss acted as the coachman. They left the castle as the weather got darker.

The carriage went into a remote place in the wilderness. Dudian and two women got off the carriage. Sergei had been waiting by the forest for a long time.

“Master, horses are ready.” Sergei said..

Dudian, Gwyneth and Glenn rode dark horses as they left the place.

They abandoned the horses as they reached the outskirts of the remote place. They began to walk through the hills and woods. It didn’t take long before they saw the outline of the giant wall. They sped up and reached the giant wall in a fast manner.

“Give me the rope.” Dudian said to Glenn.

Glenn untied her backpack and took out a bundle of ropes.

Dudian took a deeb breath and unzipped the armor to take it off from his upper body. The thin and transparent wings stretched out from his spine. They seemed very soft but looked like sharp blades after stretching out.

Glenn and Gwyneth were shocked as they saw the wings behind Dudian. They finally got to know how Dudian planned to sneak into the inner wall. It would be very easy to climb the giant wall with a pair of evolved wings!

“Wait for me.” Dudian clutched the bundle of rope and began to run over the surface of the giant wall. He felt that his wings had become more powerful after he had become a senior hunter. In the blink of an eye he reached the top of the 1kilometer tall giant wall.

He unlocked the bundle of rope and throw it down.

Gwyneth and Glenn woke up from the shock when they felt the snake like rope fall down. They grabbed onto the rope and carefully climbed up.

Neither Glenn nor Gwyneth dared to be as fearless as Dudian. Their heartbeat increased after climbing up three hundred meters high. They feared that the rope would break or the rope would be released from the other end. Although both of them would survive

falling from that height but would have serious injuries and crippled (disabled?) for life.

Both of them reached the top of the giant wall. The fear was replaced by the shock after reaching the top. The top of the giant wall was spacious. They could see the whole of the area within the giant wall.

The giant wall was a sacred symbol in the hearts of many! They never thought that one day they could have climbed the giant wall.

Dudian put away the rope: “You will have to rely on this rope to climb the place in the future. Don’t forget to change the routes frequently so that you couldn’t be tracked!” He turned towards the direction of the inner wall and ran.

Both of them followed after Dudian.

Both women looked to the sides as they run. Their hearts was full of shock and excitement as they saw the geographical landscape in the vicinity.

They reached the inner wall’s barrier after half an hour. Dudian was about to directly go down to inner area’s wall when his eyes narrowed at sight. They were shadows on the high walls of inner wall.

He squatted down in haste.

Gwyneth and Glenn also bent down in fear.

(Patrols!) Dudian made a gesture with his hand while he secretly looked up. There were two silhouettes every few hundred meters who were on top of the barrier walls for inner wall.

Gwyneth and Glenn stayed silent as they saw Dudian's gestures. They were tense. Although both of them had experience life and death battles but the pressure of sneaking into the inner wall area was much more.

"It's strange. The last time there were no one on top of the wall. How come there are people on duty right now? Is it possible that I was exposed last time and they have decided to put line of defense on the inner wall?" Dudian frowned. However the next moment he thought that the last time he had come to this area it was morning but right now it was curfew time.

Perhaps the patrols would withdraw at dawn.

Dudian took out stone powder and smeared it on his body. He waved at Gwyneth and Gwen to do the same.

Dudian was able to see clearer as the distance got closer. The people on the barriers of inner wall were wearing uniforms and had weapons. Their bodies emitted strong heat. All of them seemed to be senior hunters. But Glenn and Gwyneth's body heat seemed slightly more than theirs.

After they passed the barrier of the inner wall he saw steel ladders stapled onto the barrier of the inner wall. There was one nailed onto the wall every ten meters or so. It would be very difficult for an ordinary civilian to climb over them.

“Much better! It seems its not because of my appearance last time that the people were sent to patrol the inner wall’s border. Most probably its not just me but there are other forces who want to secretly get into the inner wall. It would be much more difficult if that many senior hunters were stationed on the border wall!”

Dudian, Gwyneth and Glenn ran away from the border wall of the inner wall.

Patrols on the inner wall didn’t notice their existence on the giant wall. Most probably they didn’t think that someone would be able to climb the giant wall which was a kilometer tall.

All three of them had ‘officially’ entered the inner wall after passing the border. Glenn was more excited as she checked the place. Glenn was much calmer.

Dudian made a sudden hand gesture and all three of them stopped. He carefully looked for a while then he whispered: “There is a patrol on the giant wall!”

Glenn and Gwyneth were surprised. They didn’t think that someone else in addition to Dudian could climb the giant wall. Does it mean that there were others with special abilities?

Dudian got another rope bundle from the Glenn. He pushed it down the desolate bushes. There were no red dots in the bushes. However hundred meters outside the bushes there were several long red dots. He thought that they were beasts that hid themselves.

“Slide down.”

Gwyneth and Glenn climbed down the rope.

Dudian took the rope and directly jumped.

Dudian opened his wings when he was about two or three hundred meters from the ground. They helped him to smoothly land.

“Squat.” Dudian said in a haste.

Both women quickly bent down.

Dudian looked at Glenn: “Dig a hole.”

Glenn put her hands down to the ground. After a careful look sharp edges could be seen next her little fingers. It helped her bend the soil easily and open up path.

Glenn dig out a pit of half a meter in a matter of half a minute.

Dudian and Gwyneth jumped into it and Glenn covered it with surrounding soil. Afterwards she continued to drill a new hole to hide herself. Because of the magic marks of the ‘black weaver’ her nose was transformed too. She could hold her breath for a long time underneath the earth.

Chapter 443

Dudian and Gwyneth shrank their bodies as they squatted in a small pit.

Gwyneth moved her finger to poke the covering soil to create a small passage for Dudian to observe the outside.

Dudian quickly grabbed her hand as he felt her move. In addition he controlled his heartbeat. His heart was beating in a very low frequency. It was almost didn't beat as if he was a stone.

Glenn and Gwyneth's heart turned ugly when they saw Dudian's abnormal move. They were not rookies so they understood that something terrible was over their heads.

Dudian closed his eyes and raised his head. He did so to prevent the sand falling into his eyes. Although his eyes were closed but he still could see everything outside. This was another advantage that he got after advancing to senior hunter level.

Eyelids couldn't block his observation. He could clearly see a humanoid shape that was on top of the giant wall. The figure's speed was not fast. However the intensity of the heat the figure was exuding was way too abnormal. Dudian felt like the figure was a person on fire!

Dudian was shocked as he tried not to think about the strength of the person. He tried to do so as to avoid the slight changes in his body. He felt on instinct as if a high level beast was staring at

them. He had never seen such a strong heat exuded from a human body. It was like comparing sun to the firefly if a comparison of the figure's and Glenn and Gwyneth's heat emission was done!

Although the heat emitted from the body didn't absolutely represent the constitution of the person but in most cases the judgement wasn't wrong. Only few magic marks had abilities which made the person emit a strong heat but the constitution wasn't strong enough.

The figure came to stop exactly above the place where Dudian and others were hiding. The figure stopped on top of the giant wall and looked around. After a few minutes it went to the other part of the giant wall.

The figure came back after more than 10 minutes. It seems that the figure was taking a walk.

This time the person didn't stay above the trio's head but directly went away. Dudian couldn't see the figure anymore as it almost was extinguished. The person was way far away.

Dudian was relieved but he saw the faint heat stop. It didn't move.

Is the person resting? Dudian was about to replace the oxygen inside his lungs when he thought of a possibility and changed his mind.

Another seven or eight minutes passed.

The weak heat suddenly moved. It was as if a meteorite was falling down. It moved rapidly towards the direction of Dudian and others.

Whoosh!

The figure stopped on top of the giant wall as it looked down. It was exactly above Dudian and others. It paused for a moment then went back. After minutes the heat completely disappeared.

Dudian felt dizzy because of the lack of oxygen. He drilled out from the pit and took big breathes. He looked at Gwyneth and Glenn: “Gwyneth you know about inner wall much more than we do. You should lead the way. Glenn make sure that this place looks like the original.”

Glenn looked at him: “I felt a terrible existence over our heads.”

Dudian nodded: “A very strong person! I think the existence was much more powerful than senior hunters!” He looked at Gwyneth: “You have been a disciplinary knight within the inner wall. Do you know what types of people are above the senior hunters?”

Gwyneth whispered: “I have been part of the magistrate so I don’t know much. But I have heart that there are people called ‘limitless’. I have heard that there were some in our disciplinary institute.”

“Limitless?” Dudian and Glenn’s eyes narrowed as they secretly noted the name.

“Come with me.” Gwyneth took the lead.

Dudian and Glenn followed after her.

“There should be beasts within the bushes ahead. I can smell blood.” Glenn whispered.

“I can feel it too.” Gwyneth whispered: “It should be monsters but not beasts. The inner wall is totally different from the outer wall. Although it occupies the 80 percent of the giant wall’s area but its population is only half of the outer wall. Seventy percent of the land mass within the inner wall is wilderness. There are many monsters living inside. The nobles of the inner wall live in the central zone and never go out.”

“Monsters?” Glenn was surprised.

Dudian was startled as he heard Gwyneth’s speech. He thought that the inner wall occupied the vast majority of soil and resources so in his impression it should be a more flourishing place in comparison to the outer wall. At first he speculated that the ancestors of the noble families of the outer wall were expelled because of overcrowding.

He didn’t think that his reasoning would be wrong.

The populat wasn't big but relatively scarce. As a result vast amount of space was abandoned!

No wonder he saw wilderness all around.

"The Monastery is a strong power within the inner wall. It's equivalent to the Holy Church of the outer wall." Gwyneth whispered: "In addition to them there is magistrate, His Majesty, the ruler of the giant wall, and his military, the forces of nobles and the devil families!"

"The disciplinary knights which I was used to be part of was under the command of the magistrate!"

Dudian was relieved to see Gwyneth to come up with information without him asking. At the time of bailing her out the most he valued was her identity as a person from the inner wall. He knew that at one point the information that she has about the inner wall would be useful.

He was planning to use Gwyneth as an intelligence officer back then and now it happened so that she become handy.

He wanted to inquire Gwyneth about the 'saint' but held back. He saw that the girl trust him but hadn't surrendered herself. He was in a difficult situation. It would be useless and counterproductive to use force if the girl didn't take the initiative to help him out.

After all, the girl couldn't be tamed back in the Thorn Flower Prison. She was nailed with spikes all over her body but she didn't give up. It was a proof of her stubborn temper!

Dudian was glade that he had used soft means instead of hard when dealing with the girl.

"In short, there are 5 powers controlling the inner wall!?" Dudian whispered.

Gwyneth nodded: "On the surface yes. But all of those five powers have different factions. Moreover the nobles have a lot many factions in comparison to the others."

"I got it." Dudian wanted to know a bit more. "Is there anything similar to the dark church within the inner wall?"

Gwyneth replied in a cold tone: "No! There is no trace of the dark church within the inner wall. But there are more bad and sinister powers than the dark church in the inner wall."

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Dudian felt the hatred in her tone. He remembered the reason of her imprisonment.

Whoosh!

Gwyneth led the way. They avoided the monsters hidden in the bushes. After about two hour they had passed over a long distance. They had passed by hills, lush forests and dark lakes.

“Giff Valley ...” Gwyneth looked at the steep cliff: “The central zone of the inner wall is after this Giff Valley. The Monastery is also located there. We can’t continue to move forwards as there will be ‘limitless’ on duty. They have variety of abilities to find us. It would be very difficult to past by them.”

Dudian looked at the blurred rock on the cliff. It had a natural blend. However the silhouette of the rock seemed like Buddha. There were moss all over it.

Dudian was shocked so see the statue of the Buddha in here. “Buddhism” never appeared within the giant wall. The Holy Church should have replaced it. Most probably the statue was left from the old era.

He retracted his eyes and looked at Gwyneth: “How do we determine the location to pass the letters if we can’t go to the central zone?”

“Sorry, young master.” Gwyneth bowed: “We can only make contact in here. We will be definitely exposed by the ‘limitless’ patrolling around the central zone if we move forward. Even the rare mature monsters won’t be able to sneak inside let alone us.”

dudian pondered for a little: “Alright! I will find a way to pass information to here.”

Both of the women nodded in confirmation.

“Let’s get familiar with the next terrain and go back.” Dudian said. The task was almost completed.

Gwyneth nodded as she led Glenn and Dudian to wander around the vicinity of the place.

Glenn poured lime powder or sulfur powder from time to time. Dudian knew that she had a special smell perception of the soil and rocks so she was covering their tracks.

They were passing by a lake when Dudian sensed a rotten smell. His pupils shrank as he pulled Gwyneth and Glenn. He turned to look towards the direction where the smell floated from. He saw red spots scattered around as he looked through the countless jungle trees.

He was already very familiar with his thermal vision. Although he could only detect heat but he instantly knew that it was a group

of people behind the forest.

There were hundreds of them!

Dudian concentrated more. It was night and there were hundreds of people lined up in the forest. Why? Are they trying to make an ambush because they had traced Dudian's team?

The next moment Dudian's face turned ugly. Every hair on his body turned up because of the fright!

He saw a huge red heat coming out of the lake. The entire like seemed like a sea of fire. He had never seen such a big heat emission even outside the giant wall.

The most important thing was that the shape of the source of the heat was extremely large. It looked like a giant ball. The diameter was at least forty or fifty meters!

What was this creature?

The biggest monster Dudian had ever seen was the adult splitter. But adult splitter was much smaller in comparison to the giant monster within the lake. Was it another legendary monster?

Mooooo!

A roar echoed from the lake. It seemed like the sound that cattle

would make. However it felt like a low thunder.

Dudian saw hundreds of people rush from the forest into the lake.

Ambushing monster?

Dudian overthrew the idea the next second. It wasn't an ambush. They were jumping into the lake one by one and disappear.

Why would they jump directly as they were facing such a monster?

They weren't ambushing it....

They were its food...

Dudian was startled as he stood still in the same location.

His hand was pulled. He looked up to see Gwyneth looked at him. Sh gestured them to another location. It meant they had to leave.

Gwyneth was the first to leave. Glenn followed after her as she heard the sound of the roar.

Dudian didn't neglect Gwyneth so he quietly caught up with them. After four or five miles they increased their speed.

“What was that?” There was still fear lingering in Dudian’s mind. The size of the creature was unimaginable for him.

Gwyneth turned to look at him: “I’m not sure too. But…But I guess…We have stumbled into…the area of Monster Institute. If we are really close to the Monster Institute then we have to leave as far away as possible.”

“Monster Institute?” Dudian was startled: “What is that? What power do they belong to?”

“I’m not sure… I have heard that they have relationship with the Monastery and with the nobles. Some had said that its directly under the power of His Majesty!” Gwyneth took a break: “In short, it is a power which we must not provoke! They are a group of devils! They study the monsters from outside the giant wall. The monsters that run wild in the inner wall are the ones that have ran out of their research or breeding bases.”

“His Majesty, the rule of the giant wall?” Dudian’s face slightly changed: “Is it the Monster Institute which provides the Monster Atlas and maps for the outside to the outer wall?”

“Yes.” Gwyneth continued: “Everything related to the monsters are designed and produced by them. The original armor and weapons for the hunters are their products. Moreover they manufacture the disgusting ‘life weapons’ too! They can do anything! There was a person who helped the Monster Institute so that they could treat his sick sister. The Monster Institute agreed.”

“But when the man saw the recovered sister after a month he went mad. No one knew the reason. Stuff like that had happened many times in the past!”

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Dudian finally understood the reason why the crowd was near the lake after hearing out Gwyneth.

“They weren’t there for ambush but waiting for the emergence of the monster. They were the bait!” Dudian’s eyes were gloomy: “Monster Institute feeds and breeds the monsters. The heat level of those people were comparable to intermediate level hunters! They had voluntarily became rations for monsters! I could understand that the Monster Institute could blackmail one or two out of them. But feeding hundreds...!”

One hundred people at intermediate hunter level at once!

Dudian understood the terrorizing means of the Monster Institute! He wouldn’t be likely to drive so many people if he used poison to control so many addicts!

“No wonder there are only 9 factions in the Temple! There is no study of the monsters neither the production of the ‘God’s blessings’! Consortia said that the blessings were produced by the Temple! The Temple however takes the blessings from the Monster Institute...” Dudian finally understood few things:” There is a relationship between the Temple and the Monster institute... ”

There is a contact.

It meant that the walls didn’t isolate the organizations!

“So if they can’t climb the giant wall to smuggle then perhaps there is a regular team that sneaks into the inner wall to get ‘God’s blessings’. Maybe this is an unspoken rule within the Temple which some are aware…” Dudian secretly thought of possibilities.

Whoosh!

Trio returned back to the outer wall area.

They went to the giant wall. There was no one on top of it. Dudian helped the other two to climb the giant wall again and they went back to the outer wall.

“There are patrols at night over the barrier walls of the inner wall. You have to find their timings in the next few days.” Dudian looked at the other two. They were riding horses in the wilderness of the outer wall.

Glenn and Gwyneth nodded.

“I will search for another way to sneak into the inner wall. Having access to two paths would be much safer.” Dudian said. IF there was a patrol on the giant wall then the coefficient of the danger would be much to large if Glenn and Gwyneth tried to sneak into the inner wall. Moreover they had to rely on ropes to climb to the giant wall. Once the rope was removed there was no way for them to come back.

Dudian planned to make a small hot air balloon and a glider for ensuring much safer landing.

They had spent about four or five hours in the inner wall. It was still curfew time as they rode back to the outer wall.

Dudian found a suitable place to stop.

Glenn kicked open the door of a hotel. She frightened the boss of the place. They arranged a new carriage and rode it back to Dudian's castle.

Glenn used the banner on the Temple on the carriage. Along the way some patrolling soldiers stopped them but quickly let them away after simply questions.

"Huh?" Dudian was sitting in the carriage and thinking about the situation when he saw five red heats near the castle. The heat emitted from those bodies were massive. In addition to thaat there were several humanoid heats that was exuded too. But they were weak in comparison to those five.

"Ambush?" Dudian thought of an idea as he hurried Glenn to stop the carriage.

Glenn looked back into the compartment: "Yes?"

Dudian was surprised as he looked at the people lurking in the castle. They didn't emit any smell! However the heat exuded from

their bodies were similar to saint that he had met!

The only power who would dare to ambush him in his castle could be from the inner wall!

“U-turn right now.” Dudian said in haste: “There is an ambush at home.”

Neither Gwyneth nor Glenn doubt his words. They had seen that Dudian’s strength was much higher than them when they sneaked into the inner wall.

“Good plan!” Dudian thought. He was estimating that they would come tomorrow but he didn’t imagine the saints to come over the night. Fortunately he wasn’t taken by surprised.

Hiss!

The horse pulling the carriage loudly screamed.

Bang! Bang!

Dudian pulled Gwyneth as both of them jumped out of the carriage. They were about seven or eight meters away from the carriage when Dudian turned to see a black shadow. It had completely broken the compartment!

At the same time a red figure appeared in his broad vision. It was

like an eagle that swept at Dudian.

Dudian pushed Gwyneth to the side as he quickly pulled the dagger and attacked the head of the figure.

Whoosh!

The figure flapped and danced over the Dudian's body. It was a whip!

Dudian pulled another dagger as he blocked the whip. The whip was taken back. He looked at the black whip that was swaying and waving on the air. It was actually a snake!

At the same time it spat out a transparent venom.

Dudian was caught off guard. The venom hit his left harm. He tried to wave his arm but was late.

The snake's head quickly retreated back and rolled into the arm of a person. The person looked at Dudian with an interest.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Few more figures rushed out from the distant castle.

Dudian's face changed as he looked at his opponent. The man

had a sturdy body and bright gold hair. He was wearing a platinum armor. There was a black whip in his hand. The whip was twisting and swaying at the same time. It was clearly a black snake!

Dudian took a deep breath: “The Monastery?”

The blonde man smiled: “Yes, I’m Francis, the captain of the third team of saints from the Monastery! Are you Mr Dean who had wounded our saint?”

Dudian narrowed his eyes: “Are you here to kill me?”

Francis replied: “We are not as bad as you think. We are here to take you back into the inner wall. Please help us with the investigation!”

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“Please?” Dudian knew that it would be very difficult to get away as the other figures came over from the castle: “The people from the inner wall have a very special way to treat others.”

Francis smiled: “Special invitation method for special person! This is our style. Mr. Dean please cooperate with us.”

Dudian looked at him: “Don’t forget that I’m a golden knight of the Knight’s Hall! Show me your identities before I go back with you.”

“It’s too windy in here. Let’s go back to your castle.” Francis laughed: “Mr Dean please don’t think about escaping. I have the antidote for the snake venom. You will be killed if you don’t use it.”

Dudian narrowed his eyes. Although he was looking at Francis but he could see the wound on his left arm. The previous transparent venom spat out by the strange snake hadn’t spread into his shoulder but…was absorbed by the ice!

Sometimes harmful things could benefit a person too!

Dudian thanked the ‘ice blood syndrome’ he had. He quietly said: “The Temple and the Knight’s Hall must know about your forced arrest. Otherwise I will doubt your identity. After all, I’m not sure whether you work for inner wall or the dark church!”

Francis indifferently smiled as he made a gesture for Dudian to get into the castle. He seemed to have expected Dudian's actions.

Dudian followed back to the castle. Glenn and Gwyneth were surrounded by several saints as they returned to the castle.

Dudian saw a youth wearing a platinum armor within the hall. The youth was a saint too and was wearing the same style of armor Francis had.

Sergei, Nicholas, Mason and others were sitting on the sofa next to the youth. Mason stood in hurry when he saw Dudian enter the hall: "Dean, run! They are here to force you back!"

Bang!

The saint who was standing by the sofa kicked Mason. Mason's body flew out and hit the wall. He dropped to the ground and coughed up blood. Mason lost consciousness as he laid there.

Dudian clearly saw that there were four or five ribs on Mason's chest that were broken. This was the result of the saint being sensible. Otherwise Mason's body would be broken into two!

Despite knowing this Dudian felt anger gushing out of his heart. The blood in his body boiled. He burst out in a flash and hit the saint's chest.

The saint's face changed as he tried to block Dudian.

Whoosh!

Dudian's fist was like the hammer that hit the saint's arm that was blocking his attack. It was the first time Dudian had used the full power of the splitter's magic marks after getting them.

Bang! The armor covering the saint's arm deformed the instant Dudian's fist touched it. The saint's face turned ugly as the armor distorted and concaved in. He was about to retreat when pain spread through his arm. Saint's body flied back and hit the stairs. Bang! The wooden stairs crushed and fell down. The dust covered the place.

"Stop!" Francis shouted.

Dudian's eyes were full of anger as he wanted to slaughter the saint on impulse. However he restrained himself. If he killed all the saint in here then he will have to face the Monastery's wrath. He couldn't bear to face them at this point so he had to tolerate the actions of saints!

Whoosh!

A saint standing behind the Francis rushed towards the saint under the broken stairs. He cleaned the blood form the latter's mouth. The neatly combed gold hair was scattered as it was stained with dust. The other saint was full of anger as he went to grab the

hilt of his sword to counterattack Dudian.

"Enough!" Francis shouted once again.

Dudian looked at Glenn: "Check Mason."

Dudian wasn't able to move as Francis and other saints had surrounded him.

"Okay." Glenn rushed out and picked up Mason. She looked at his chest then at Dudian: "Several ribs are broken."

"Stabilize the injury!" Dudian ordered.

Glenn nodded as she undressed Mason who was unconscious.

Dudian looked at Francis: "Is this how saints act? Would you wound innocent civilians?"

Francis wrinkled his brows: "We are being cautious. He took the initiate to cover the crime of a suspect! Don't forget that you are a suspect now who is investigated for the relations with the dark church. He should be grateful that we didn't kill him on spot!"

Dudian said in anger: "IT doesn't matter that I am a suspect or if he tried to cover me! According to the law no one could be treated that way!"

“In general you are right.” Francis indifferently smiled: “But as you said he is just a civilian. You aren’t an aristocrat too! A civilian who dared to harbor a criminal suspect! We have already given face to you by not killing him!”

“The proofs of your identity?!” Dudian changed the topic.

“This is our medal of honor.” Francis took out a medal and handed to Dudian: “This is the medal which proves our identity. As for the warrant!? We never need a warrant to take people from the outer wall.”

Dudian’s face sank as he grabbed the medal. He carefully checked both sides.

Francis and others couldn’t help but laugh as they saw Dudian’s actions. Francis continued: “It’s a real one. By the way, its expensive than gold!”

Dudian handed the medal back to him but remembered all the details of the medal.

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“Mr Dean, its too late. Where were you?” Francis looked at Dodian with interest.

Dudian indifferently replied: “Do I need to report you where I travel to?”

Francis smiled: “I was just curious how you sneaked into the inner wall!”

Dudian was surprised.

Sneaked into!

Dudian turned to look at Sergei and others. Sergei secretly pointed to Kroen who was sitting alone on the sofa next to them.

Dudian looked at Kroen in shock.

Kroen’s face turned pale when he saw Dudian’s eyes: “Dean, I’m sorry. I-I was forced to … ”

Dudian’s body trembled. He was very disappointed when Sham left but he never imagined that Kroen who he brought out of the slums would betray him at the key moment!

Francis smiled as he saw Dudian clench his fists while his body

trembled: “Mr Dean. We were shocked too. We didn’t dare to think that you would be able to get into the inner wall. I’m soo curious about the way you got into the inner wall.”

Dudian stared at Kroen. He didn’t care about what Francis said: “Why?

Kroen’s body shook: “De-Dean. I didn’t do it intentionally. I was told that they will kill me if I don’t talk. You see that they don’t care about civilians. I don’t want to die. I’m sorry. I’m really sorry but I don’t want to die for nothing… I’m sorry…”

Dudian never thought that he would face the same situation that happened years ago again. He remembered Jenny’s eyes piercing through his heart years ago in the prison. Dudian didn’t imagine that he will feel the same heartache once again after years.

He controlled his anger: “Kroen, you can’t! You can’t betray me!”

Kroen looked at Dudian’s eyes which were full of grief: “I didn’t want to! I know that you took me out of the slums. You gave me chance to live a good life. Because of you I felt being respected everywhere. I had much better life… But… But…I don’t want to die! I’m so young! I would rather continue to live in the orphanage than die so early!”

Dudian felt his heart ache: “Are you so afraid of death? They didn’t talk. You were the only one to talk. Why? ”

“Yes, I am afraid of death.” Kroen stared into Dudian’s eyes: “Don’t look at me like that! You took me out of the slums but in your eyes I was a tool! Nothing but a tool! You just used me to do your dirty work. I covered in places where it would be very suspicious for you to get involved. You didn’t dare to use others so you choose me!”

Dudian stared at him: “Do you know why I chose you?”

why? Of course it was because of trust.

Kroen slowly said after a moment of silence: “I know why you trust me! Its because if you leave me I will die!... In your eyes I’m just a useless cripple! I won’t be able to survive in the commercial district if I left! That’s why you can trust me without a worry! I would be loyal to you if you really thought of me as a partner. I am afraid of death but I would be willing to sacrifice myself for a friend. But you are not my friend! You are my master!”

“I have to call you ‘young master’! I’m just a servant! You took me, Barton and Joseph for old man to teach. But what for? It was all for you to use us in the future! Would you say that you weren’t using us?”

“You had so many magic marks! You didn’t even give me one of those! You can get those rare magic marks whenever you wish with your identity and status. But you didn’t even want to give one to me!”

“You never wanted to nurture and cultivate me! You just brought

us out not as friend but as slaves! You have such a black heart! You are vicious, insidious and despicable! You are not the Dudian from the orphanage I remember! You are a monster! I have never seen anyone worse than you! You are the devil! ”

“You will sooner or later abandon me when you get a proper butler. It happened to the adoptive parents! You casually placed them in a house and gave them money. I’m not even sure if you will treat me like that! Maybe I will be worse than that!”

Dudian’s heart got cold as he listened to Kroen’s words. He felt the whole world making a joke with him. The expression on his face turned normal as he took a big breath: “Are you finished?”

Kroen replied: “I’m finished. I’m sorry but I’ll go to inner wall so…”

“To the inner wall?” Dudian smiled: “I didn’t give you magic marks because I didn’t want you to get involved with these things. I think the magic marks aren’t a good thing for the body so I didn’t give them to you. I never intended you to be on the battlefield so giving you a magic mark was useless to being with.”

Kroen’s face turned gloomy: “Do you think I will believe …”

“You do not need to believe.” Dudian indifferently replied: “I’m just trustfully saying my thoughts. It doesn’t matter whether you believe it or not as it has nothing to do with me. As for my adoptive parents… They had adopted a new child and the family was happy. It was Gray’s dream to live in the commercial district.”

“So I helped him with it.”

“MY mother Jura…She is a very good woman. I didn’t want her to be involved in my life and suffer like you who was being held as a hostage now. You could be killed any moment. I didn’t them to live through this.”

“You said that I was vicious and despicable…True. I don’t deny that. But my enemies sent me to prison without a just cause. What do you expect me to do? …”

“Have I been despicable in any way when I have treated you?”

“Have I ever used your life in exchange for mine?”

Kroen was startled.

Sergei and Nicholas were silent as they sat on the sofa.

Dudian turn to look at Francis: “When are we leaving?”

Francis replied: “Don’t be so anxious. You are more powerful than I have imagined though. You were able to sneak into the inner wall. ”

Dudian indifferently said: “I don’t want to talk.”

Francis shrugged his shoulders: “Its possible that you will live in the Monastery for some time so I recommend you to take your daily necessities and valuables.”

Dudian knew that they had already searched all over the castle. Now they wanted to give him the initiate to take out stuff that would be taken away by them.

“Alright.” Dudian went upstairs.

None of the saint followed him.

Dudian didn’t take the chip. He took some clothes and the toothbrush made out of animal hair. He put everything into a backpack and went downstairs.

Francis winked when he saw Dudian come down.

Two saints jumped down from the second floor. They shook their heads as they looked at Francis.

Francis looked at Dudian: “Mr Dean is incorruptible. ”

Dudian indifferently said: “I just have one request. Don’t hurt others. They are my servants and have nothing do to with anything. I hope you will at least put the effort on surface. Monastery is similar to Holy Church, isn’t it?”

Francis smiled: “You are damaging our image with such words and make us look like the villains.”

Dudian was too lazy to continue to wrestle words with him.

“Let’s go.” Francis waved his hand.

Two saints left the hall and went behind the castle. There were six snow lions over there. Each of them was almost two meter tall. They had magnificent appearance. Two white sword like teeth were exposed from their mouths. The horses were screaming constantly in fear.

“Please.” Francis smiled.

Four saints jumped over lions. Dudian also went to towards one snow lion.

The snow lion began to growl as it saw Dudian approach it. Its mouth was open wide and it could directly swallow Dudian. Obviously it was roaring to intimidate him.

Dudian wasn’t feeling well because of the previous situation. He growled back when he saw the beast roar.

The snow lion saw the green in Dudian’s eyes. Its tail went down and droop under its head after it heard Dudian’s growl.

Dudian jumped over its back.

The saints were surprised as they saw the scene. The snow lions were nurtured by the Monastery since birth. Even saints had to go through several months of training to tame them as partners. They didn't expect Dudian to tame it after just a growl.

Francis sat on the back of a lion too. He took out a pill: "This pill should stop the spread of toxins. It won't detoxify it but will help you to hold on until we reach the inner wall."

Dudian stuffed it into his mouth in front of Francis's eyes but didn't swallow the pill. The poison of the snake was frozen and had lost its effect. However if this pill was a poison then he couldn't be saved.

"Mister! Mister!" Kroen ran out.

Francis looked back: "Anything else you want to say?"

"You promised to take me to the inner wall. If I say in here they will certainly kill me!"

Francis shook his head and turned over when he didn't hear any news from Kroen: "Sorry but not everyone can enter the inner wall. Especially people with disabilities."

Kroen’s body slightly trembled: “You-you…Aren’t you from the Monastery? Aren’t you part of the Holy Church? How could you?”

Francis replied: “You are too young.”

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“You!” Kroen’s eyes flushed as his body trembled. He bit his lips as he thought of something to seize the last chance: “Mister, your actions will damage the reputation of Holy Church and the Monastery from the inner wall. Even if I die there will be others who will spread the news of today’s happening.”

Sergei, Nicholas and others face changed as they looked at him in anger.

Dudian shot a cold stare at Kroen.

Francis deliberately crouched his head to think: “This is justified.” He looked at Dudian: “What do you think?”

Dudian turned to look at Francis. He said in a serious tone as he stared into Francis’s eyes: “I advice you not to go with such a stupid decision.”

Francis smiled: “We are saints not devils. We won’t kill unless its necessary. Moreover there will be an investigation so them trying to cover you may be pointless in the future if you are deemed innocent.”

Kroen said in a hurry: “Mister please take me with you. If I’m cumbersome then put me in a small town within the inner wall. Please, I beg you!”

“Town?” Francis snorted as he stroked the hair of snow lion: “You have to make sure that my baby lets you to sit up.”

Kroen’s face turned ugly. He put a smile on his face as he looked at the snow lion: “Can you let me sit on your back?”

Argh! The snow lion growled.

Kroen took few steps back. His face had turned white as he looked at Francis: “Mister, did it agree?”

Francis laughed: “What do you think?”

Another saint laughed out loud: “It is a beast of light! Do you think you have the right to ride it?”

The other saints laughed when they heard his words.

Kroen begged in haste: “Your honor, please! I beg you! I will get a horse to ride after you. You have promised me or the news will spread out which will badly influence your… ”

“What do you mean?” Francis smiled. “Do you think a horse can keep up with our babies?”

“But …” Kroen wanted to continue to plead but Francis waved with his hand. The snow lion shook its head and turned around.

The snow lions began to move on their own. Kroen tried to catch up: “Mister, Mister! Please, I beg you...” He chased for 20 meters. However the snow lions were already 100 meters away from him. Gradually they disappeared from his sight.

...

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Six snow lions left the castle by the river. They rushed through the streets and made a detour of the suburbs. They did their best to avoid the soldiers so not to be delayed. Francis rode in front while two rode on left and the other two on right. Dudian was riding in the middle.

Snow lions were sturdy and very fast. Occasionally they would encounter steep hills or swamps. But they would easily jumped past them.

They were silent all the way.

Dudian, Francis and others came to stop in front of the barrier wall of the inner wall after an hour of ride. Francis took the lead as his snow lion reached a gate. There was another saint on a snow lion waiting for them there. It was the youth who had come to take Dudian while he was giving a public lecture.

The youth’s face sank when he saw Dudian. He subconsciously raised his hand to block the bandaged arm from Dudian’s view. He

didn’t want to let him see his injuries.

“Open the gate.” Francis whispered.

The youth nodded. He began to knock the giant gate in different frequencies. Moments later the gate began to slowly open.

There were two people by the gate who were wearing standard armors. Dudian thought that they were the people who patrolled the top of the barrier wall.

Francis was the first to enter and the others followed after him. The guards who were there came to stop in front of the gate. They twisted a stone valve and the gate began to slowly close.

“Thank you two.” Francis looked at the guards by the gate: “Let’s go!”

They maintained the previous formation as they went into the deeper parts of the inner wall.

The injured youth was riding at the back and blocking the only gap that was left.

Dudian’s face was calm. He had no intention of escaping half the way to the Monastery. He thought that he hadn’t offended any noble from inner wall or any other power from there. So he estimated that they wouldn’t kill him. He knew that there would be a chance to get his life back. Moreover the Knight’s Hall also

promised to make sure that he was safe within the inner wall.

He would screw everything up if he ran away at this point. That way he would have to lurk in the shadows of the outer wall or escape by death!

In addition lurking in the shadows meant that he would be beyond redemption if he was betrayed. After Kroen's betrayal he realized that in the world the only person he could trust was himself. The trust of others would deter if they were offered much more valuable things and benefits than he did!

Dudian's mind drifted away as he thought of these. He felt that there was a lot he had to learn. It was not just about the scientific knowledge and strength! He had to know and see through the humans! He had to gain the knowledge of life!

"The jungle is ruled by its own laws. To be the king of the jungle you have to be more ferocious than the other beasts. But we live in a human society. My strength is only guarantee of my own security. The ancients said that its easy to form a country but hard to keep it! I can't rely on force to keep others by my side."

"Because if a country was controlled by the force then there will inevitable be a violent counterattack. I have to convince them and make it obedient by use of words!"

"If I want to be the ruler of all then I must understand 'humans' and know how to control them."

“Kroen betrayed me by saying that I was despicable and evil… I did all my planning in front of him without any reservation but didn’t take into the account that he would sell me out at some point. He was afraid of me and thought that I have no bottom line and won’t treat him better in the future. That was my failure! However it was a good lesson. Fortunately this lesson didn’t cost me heavily!”

“Mr Dean, what are you thinking about?” Francis who was in front turned his head to ask Dudian.

Dudian restored his focus as he looked around: “Nothing. We have been moving for so long but we are still in the wilderness.”

Francis smiled: “It’s your ‘first’ time in here so the answer will be clear to you after few hours… ”

Dudian lightly said: “Are you trying to urge me to escape? I’m innocent and I’m not afraid of anything.”

“I know that you are not guilty.” Francis laughed.

Dudian wrinkled his eyebrows but kept silent.

After three hours of ride Francis looked at the woman on his left: “You should leave to rest and let the big guy get fed.”

“Alright. My family’s poor cat hasn’t eaten but had to run for the whole night!” The woman(saint) replied.

Dudian looked at the distant horizon in silence.

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It didn't take long before they reached another tall stone fort on top of a barrier wall. The fort was about fifty meters high and was designed like a hedgehog. It had sharp thorns stabbing out. There were few corpses hanging over them.

"The fort seems to be quiet long." Dudian said.

Francis replied: "Its not that long. This fort surrounds entire central zone. It is the line of defense. The strength of this barrier is much better than the barrier wall of the inner wall."

Dudian frowned: "Why inner wall stuffs itself within barriers one after another? Is it to protect itself from the monsters of the wilderness?"

Francis shrugged his shoulders: "Living inside the wall is always safer than living outside it."

"But what's the point of living inside the walls when you can't see the landscape outside the wall?"

Francis laughed: "It's just bushes and grass. What scenery are you talking about? There is nothing worth to look at!"

"You may perceive it as desolate wilderness but I think of it as freedom."

Francis didn’t reply as they came to stop in front of the fort. There were soldiers wearing standard armor and standing in front of the gate. The gates of the fort opened as they were given access to the central zone.

There were several barracks and villages behind the fort.

Dudian asked: “I didn’t expect to see a village in this desolate part of the central zone.”

Francis answered: “Mr Dean there is no concept of ‘villages’ in the inner wall. The people who live there are the families of the soldiers stationed in the fort. These soldiers can’t go back to the home for long so their wives and children have been transported to live in here.”

Dudian’s eyes lit up but he didn’t ask for anything else.

The group passed through the roads over the hills. Half an hour later they came to see a towering mountain. There was a lively town at the foothills of the mountain.

“It’s the St Paul branch of the Monastery. We will be going there.” Francis pointed to the road leading to the top of the mountain.

Dudian quietly observed the place. The buildings within the town were scattered around. Francis didn’t take Dudian into the town but they went along the road to the top of the mountain.

They passed through a gate where two soldiers were at duty.

Both of them respectfully saluted Francis and others: “Greetings Saints.”

Francis nodded as they continued along the road. They reached a square and all of them got off the snow lions.

At the end of the square there was a magnificent abbey. It was similar to western cathedrals that Dudian remembered. There were sculptures of two angels in front of the abbey.

“This is the courtyard. There are seminaries and other structures along the hillside.” Francis introduced the place to Dudian.

Dudian found that the Monastery had the same institutions like the Christianity from the old era. They had seminary, hospital and other structures. Was it that the structures were passed down from the old era?

They walked down the stairs and went into a hall. This part of the abbey was extremely elegant.

“Come with me.” Francis opened a door on the side and went in. There was a long passage behind the wall. They walked for more than ten meters and passed through several forks. Francis choose forks as if following a particular path.

It didn’t take long when the secret corridor finished and a spiral

stairs appeared in front of them. The place was looking like a maze.

“Why its so complex?” Dudian asked.

Francis indifferently smiled: “The Monastery contains the secrets of the universe. Taking you to the main hall of the abbey would be the same as blasphemy towards the god. I’m taking you to the investigation room for the interrogation. The place is called ‘Asura’s Hell’! You will taste it when we get there.”

They walked down the spiral staircase. Dudian heard faint voices echoing from the chamber they were getting close too. The more they got closer the clear the voices were. They were actually screams of humans.

They reached an iron gate. Francis opened the door and they entered a court-like place. But it was much larger than the sentencing room of a prison. There were many instruments such as hooks, whips and etc that were used for torture. There was even a few instruments which had human hair and skin attached on top of them. At the side there was a big glass aquarium. There were human head, tongue, heart and other organs inside it.

There were blood stains spilled all over the walls.

Dudian wrinkled his eyebrows as he entered the room.

Francis saw the calm expression on Dudian’s face: “Mr Dean

seems to have been through some storms."

"There isn't conclusive evidence for you to torture me."

"I thought you were not afraid of it." Francis laughed.

Dudian indifferently said: "I'm not here to fool around."

Francis chuckled: "I hope you can maintain this attitude till the end. By the way I'm not the person who will investigate you but the elders of the St. Paul's Abbey." Francis looked at the guard inside the room: "Open the door."

The man was obese and had a round belly. He had a black mask covering his face. He looked like the butcher in the market. The man moved and removed string of keys from the shelf. He opened the key. There were blood stains and dust on the door.

Dudian looked at the prisoner inside the room. The man was whipped. Half of his scalp was missing while some of the fingers on his hand and toe were missing.

The door opened and led to another passage.

Francis led the way. They came to stop in front of a fork. One of the passage was much more bigger than other passages. The oil lamps on the walls were new too. There was wooden floor on the ground and a layer of carpet on it.

There was a big wooden door at the end of the passage. It was colored in scarlet red.

Francis knocked the door: “Francis is here.”

A voice of an old man echoed: “Come in.”

Francis pushed the door and turned towards the other five saints: “Go back and wait for me.”

The others nodded and left.

Dudian had long detected the existence of two humanoid heats within the room. However he was startled as he saw Francis’s care when stepping into the room. He followed after the captain of the saint team.

“Elders.” Francis respectfully bowed after he entered the room.

The ground was covered with soft cotton carpet. The room was very spacious and the walls were decorated with lots of art work. There were skeletons in the middle of the room. At the end of the room there was a large bed. A man who seemed to be in his seventies was leaning by the bedside. There was a beautiful woman who was in his arms.

Dudian’s face slightly changed.

Was they the elders of the Monastery responsible for the punishments?

“Is this Dean the little genius?” The old man stretched out his hand and took the glasses that were handed to him by the woman in his arms. He looked over at Dudian.

Francis replied: “Yes, elder.”

Dudian was also looking at the old man. Their eyes collided. He felt a pressure from the man. Although the latter seemed like an old man but it seemed as if a giant was looking down at him. Dudian thought that the old man could see all the secrets in his heart just by looking at him.

Dudian was shocked. The main reason was that the heat emitted from the old man’s body was no different from an ordinary person. But the woman in his arms was like a fireball. The heat her body emitted was much more terrifying that the Francis. Moreover such a terrifying woman was sitting on old man’s lap and playing with his beard as if nothing was happening at all.

Chapter 450

“Greetings, Elders of the Punishment division.” Dudian nodded.

The old man looked at him in silence. After a moment he smiled: “I heard that you have hurt a saint of the Monastery.”

Dudian expected to be held accountable for hitting the saint: “It was a misunderstanding. The saint approached in an instant and I thought he was an assassin of the dark church. Therefore I resisted with full force. I didn’t know about his identity as the saint of the Monastery at the time. I have offended the Monastery, I’m sorry and I hope you will forgive me.”

“Sorry isn’t enough to express sincerity.” The old man whispered.

Dudian’s brows wrinkled.

“Elder please instruct me.” he said.

The old man smiled: “Did you observed the place when you came here?”

Dudian quietly answered: “yes.”

The old man looked at Dudian’s expression: “Mr Dean has a hard backbone. I am just curious if you will stay so after experience ‘the

life' in here."

Dudian's face sank: "I don't believe you will listen to the slander of others. If there is no evidence then it's a proof that I'm being wronged. Are you going to believe to the words of others without an evidence?"

Francis scolded him: "Pay attention to the way you speak!"

The old man waved his hand to stop Francis: "You are young but wise. I hope you will continue to be smart. So let's cut the long-winded chat and focus on topic. We called you over to let you join the Monastery."

Dudian was confused.

"Join the monastery?"

The old man smiled: "Yes. The Holy Church is just a 'missionary' division of the Monastery within the outer wall. Pope of the Holy Church is preacher of the Monastery. You are an outstanding master of the Holy Church. We have reviewed your resume and decided that you are eligible to join the Monastery. Are you willing to?"

Dudian was perplexed. It was an unexpected situation.

"Elders." Dudian continued: "I was 'suspected' of colluding with the devil. How am I going to join the Monastery?"

The old man gently smiled: “I am aware of that. Normally, the priests and architects of the Holy Church or the Temple are sent an invitation to be called over. This way all the forces within the outer wall know the situation. But you are a special case so we had to use a special way.”

“special?”

“Yes.” The old man slowly said: “You just mentioned the dark church. Do you know the origins of the dark church?”

Dudian was startled as he could understand what the old man was going to talk about.: “I don’t. What does elder mean?”

“There was no dark church two hundred years ago.” The old man continued: “The first preacher was appointed by the Monastery to the outer wall. He was the missionary that established the Holy Church. Since then the believers of the faith began to appear. However the peace didn’t last for long. There were people who joined the Holy Church who dominated over the missionaries. They wanted to seize the power.”

“A civil war began within the Holy Church and the organization was split into several factions. After some time all of them joined into two big forces. Now they are Holy Church and the Dark Church.”

Dudian was startled.

Although Dudian was aware that the waters of the dark church were deep but he didn't expect it to split out of the Holy Church. No wonder the names were antagonistic to each other.

The old man continued: "The elders and the preachers of the Monastery were furious when they heard the news. They decided to send the saint to the outer wall to destroy the Dark Church for good! But His Majesty ordered to preserve the existence of the Dark Church after he was informed about the situation. As a result the Dark Church became a division of the Holy Church!"

Dudian was frightened: "The Dark Church is part of the Holy Church!?"

"Yes." The old man nodded: "You should be aware that in this world there is light and the darkness. People won't know cherish the light if they are not aware of the darkness."

The old man continued: "You will be one of the deacons of the Monastery in the Dark Church if you the Monastery. Your first appointment will be as the elder of the Dark Church within the outer wall. You will work to preserve the other within the Dark Church and cooperate with the Pope to eradicate unregulated extremists."

Dudian felt like he was in a dream. Everything was too dramatic to hear.

Many hidden mysteries could be understood after the

explanation of the elder. No wonder Nightingale told him that the town they visited was under the rule of the Dark Churc. The town was full of alchemists, potioners and others while there was no one from Holy Church to arrest them.

The hands of the Holy Church were everywhere. Moreover it was impossible to keep the information about the town as secret. Nightingale had told him that the town was under rule of a noble. But now it was obvious that the Holy Church was the big brother!

In addition, even Gwyneth had told him that there was no dark church within the inner wall!

The dark church was a terrifying force that lurked within the outer wall. The Holy Church fought with it for endless years and spent endless number of forces. The alchemists and potion masters were the most frightening ones out of all. But Gwyneth as the member of the disciplinary knights was not aware of the existence of the dark church within the inner wall!

“Why did you linked my arrest with the devil? If you want me to join… ” Dudian bitterly looked at the old man.

The old man faintly smiled: “In this case, you won’t have a leeway…”

Dudian stayed silent while he was relieved in his heart. It seemed that his life wouldn’t be threatened. Although the structure of the Monastery had shocked him but he had a chance to breathe! He got another chance!

Chapter 451

“Your arrest as a suspect was to facilitate your future work.” The elder continued: ” Don’t forget that after you become an elder of the Dark Church you will lose your glorious identity. You will have to live in the shadows. There would be two options left for you in case your identity is exposed. The first one is to be transferred into the inner wall and get another job within the Monastery. The second option is punishment by the Holy Church which is death sentence!”

“Let me remind you that there is no spare posts in the Monastery for the time being. So you have only option two for you in case your identity is revealed.”

Dudian felt a chill as he saw the faint smile on elder’s face. He realized that there was no choice for him. He couldn’t resist. Moreover he had already labeled with the ‘collusion with the devil’. He didn’t have much of a choice.

He would become a member of the dark church if he agreed.

In case he tries to expose the Monastery and the Holy Church in the future the Holy Church will use the charge to discredit him.

However if he agrees to enter the system then he would be arrested by the Holy Church once he loses the ‘value’ to the system.

Dudian took a deep breath: “What if I do not agree?”

The elder indifferently replied: “You will have a new home.”

Dudian smiled: “It seems I don’t have a choice. Is this a deliberate test for me? ”

The old man replied “I don’t need to waste my time to test you. Because of the punishments there is always a spare room in here.”

Dudian knew that the elder wasn’t joking. He asked the question for two reasons. The first was to be cautious. The second reason was to make them think that he was looking at the surface of things and he was a simple man. It was kind of a self-protection measure: “Elder, why did you choose me? There are so many masters in the Temple! Aren’t you just destroying a master of the Temple with a great potential?”

The old man laughed: “You are not humble at all.”

Dudian’s face turned red.

The old man deeply looked at Dudian: “The answer lies within the problem. The reason why picked you is very simple. They are very old and have been living under the influence of the Holy Church for too long. I’m afraid they won’t be able to accept the truth if its revealed at this point.”

“Even if they accept the position under intimidation it would be very hard for them to adapt to the change of identity. ”

“However you are different! You are young! You were in contact with a noble lady but were imprisoned because of her father and influence of other nobles. But you were able to jailbreak from the most solid prison! It shows your abilities. You are able to camouflage, observe, endure…In short everything that we need.

“Although we are not aware of your identity before your acceptance to the orphanage but we think that you were abandoned like the others. You are not someone who believes in God. You are the best fit to be the elder of the dark church.”

“I suspect that you would enter the dark church anyway. After all, that’s the most suitable place for you.”

Dudian’s face slightly changed. It was indeed easy for the Monastery look for his resume. Moreover he felt that he had defects in his alibi. Although he didn’t believe in God but he never pretended to believe in God too.

He never actively participated in the masses! He had helped to defeat the barbarians. But if someone from a high position looked at the situation then they would find out that he did it for his own benefits.

Therefore he was able to confuse the public with the barbarian feat but it would be very difficult to confuse the ones living in the inner wall who overlooked everything within the outer wall.

Old man looked at Dudian who was silent: “Mr Dean lets stop

with the useless chat. It is time to announce your answer."

Dudian sighed: "It seems I don't have a choice."

"As you have consented then I hope that you can fulfill your duties. By the way, don't disappoint us!" The old man smiled.

Dudian nodded: "I will do my best to adapt. However what am I supposed to do as the elder of the dark church? Should I send intelligence about the members of the dark church to the Holy Church?"

The old man stared at him: "That is just one of the responsibilities. Moreover you won't need to do it yourself. "

Dudian asked: "Is there any other elders appointed by the Monastery in addition to me?"

"You don't have the right to know that. Do what you are supposed to do. I advise you to keep your identity confidential. Some of the elders are 'real' members of the dark church. It would be very hard to keep your identity if they know that you were sent by the Monastery."

Dudian smiled: "Am I on my own?"

The elder replied: "The only ally you have is the Holy Church."

“You can keep continue to engage in research. There is alchemy tower and academy in the dark church.” The elder continued: “But try not to catch many eyes. Stay away from taboo subjects that the dark church has set. Its better for you not to touch those topics.”

Dudian pondered a little: “I don’t have any background. Would it cause the doubt of other elders if I’m appointed directly just like this?”

The elder answered: “Every elder is appointed by the Pope of the Dark Church. No one knows the identity of other elders. You will be in shadows unless you take the initiative to expose your own identity.”

Dudian sighed in relief “Is it only Pope that knows the identity of the elders?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you get rid of all the other elders?”

Elder indifferently replied: “That’s a simple minded solution. All the elders are involved with alchemy families and other forces. If we appoint our own people then there can be two results in the long run. Either the dark church would go light or all the elders we sent would be part of the darkness.”

Dudian knew that the elder wasn’t telling the truth. The biggest drawback of such a situation would be the ‘union’ of the elders!

The Monastery was afraid of a joint rebellion!

The Monastery didn’t want to see such a thing. Although the forces of the inner wall could completely suppress the rebellion of the dark church but it would put the Holy Church into a passive role.

“There has been long-term friction and numberous casualties between the dark church and the Holy Church. Many Knights of light with great potential have fallen! Countless amazing alchemists were beheaded by the Holy Church. Wouldn’t it be much better if these people didn’t die?” Dudian asked.

Elder narrowed his eyes as he looked at Dudian: “That’s a very dangerous idea.”

“Dangerous?” Dudian was at a loss. “Isn’t it all about that?”

Chapter 452

Elder looked at the confused expression on Dudian's face: "Do you know why some inventions are classified as taboo?"

Dudian's heartbeat increased but on surface he looked like a lost sheep: "Why?"

"Do you think those bans have something in common?"

"Common points?" Dudian thought for a moment: "I remember that the inflammation technique used by the military is banned because of the destructive power. If its not properly used the it would cause numerous casualties and destruction." At the same time he speculated in his mind. He came to a terrible answer but he didn't dare to show it on his face or tell it.

The old man replied: "True. The main reason for the ban is the destructive power. Such things are great harm for the nobles and the inner wall. That's why they are banned. The priests have studied your steam rifle. It's much more dangerous than the inflammation technique. Even a child could easily kill a noble with the steam rifle!"

"Do you think the nobles would let these weapons run rampant?"

Dudian was silent.

He had expected this possibility long ago. Nevertheless in the

Middle Ages when the gunpowder was born the sword lost its rule in the Western countries. But in this case the gunpowder was suppressed by the inner wall. Moreover they chose to suppress the steam rifle too!

He moved with the production of the steam rifle despite knowing the results. The main reason was to take the opportunity to destroy the Mellon consortium in one sweep. It was a consortium with roots far and wide. It would take him a lot longer to clean it up if he went with the normal solution. That's why he had made a bet!

But it wasn't a blind risk but a calculated move. He knew that it wouldn't threaten his own life because the dark church had banned the inflammation technique of the Inferno family. So at the worst case the same would happen to him.

"The life and wisdom was given to us by the God of the Light." Elder slowly said: "But if the wisdom is not converged then it would lead to a disaster! Your steam rifle was based on the concept of the 'steam'. If you joined the dark church then it would be used for the evil."

"But as the founder of the 'steam' faction you still can do research but can't publish it. The Inferno family from the dark church does the same. They can make research but it has to be audited before publication. If its deemed to be banned then the research wouldn't be public!"

Dudian was silent as he listened to the elder. He knew that he had no room for negotiations or resistance. However there was a

strange question in his mind. If the research is classified as forbidden and can't be made public then why they allow for such research to continue on? Do they want to give some level of freedom to architects and alchemists... Or would these banned inventions will be used in the necessary times? (like the army did)

If its like that then how do they define the necessary time?

Is there a stronger enemy within the inner wall? Or is there a greater threat outside the giant wall?

The elder looked at silent Dudian. He didn't imagine that Dudian was contemplating about the issues. He thought that the boy was young so he didn't dare to speak in front of him. The elder smiled: "You are an elder of the dark church from now on. I hope you will work on behalf of the Monastery and deal with the issues of the dark church. Try to adapt as soon as possible otherwise no on will help to keep your little life."

Elder stopped for a moment then laughed: "But you have survived in the Thorn Flower Prison for three years...so the general scene should be so frightening for you."

"Francis, take him through the formalities." Elder looked at Francis.

Francis respectfully replied "Yes, elders." He looked at Dudian: "Mr Dean, lets go."

Dudian looked at the elders: “Elders, I have never been to the inner wall. Is it alright if he shows me around?”

The old man replied: “Not a problem. Francis take him to see around. Don’t forget to delay the evening trip.”

Francis nodded: “Yes.”

Dudian regretted as he had less than a day for the trip. But he didn’t have right to speak so he followed after Francis as they left the room.

The door was closed. The old man and the woman listened to the footsteps. The woman who was sitting on the old man’s lap smiled. Her fingers were playing on the chest of the old man: “An interesting little fella.”

Old man was surprised: “Do you fancy him?”

“His body smells delicious.” The woman licked her lips.

The old man’s eyes lit up: “He is too young but he was able to achieve a physical limits of the saint within the outer wall. Its really rare occurrence. Its impossible to breakthrough from the senior hunter level by relying on the ‘God’s blessings’ or magic marks. The most important point is that the God’s blessings supplied by the Monster Institute to the outer wall area don’t enhance the physical constitution after senior hunter level... the kid has many secrets.”

The woman looked at the old man: “Should I make a move?”

“He can’t afford you.” The old man gently smiled: “Moreover he is a deacon of the Monastery! Its very hard to find candidates so…”

…

“So I’m a deacon of the Monastery now! Is my position lower or higher than yours?” Dudian asked as he walked by Francis’s side.

Francis smiled: “We haven’t gone through the procedures and you want to control me? ”

“I just want to beat you.” Dudian cracked his fingers: “I guess the other saints aren’t aware of these things. Is it only captains that have access to the information?”

Chapter 453

Francis shrugged his shoulders: “You can think whatever you want to but you have no right to beat me. I belong to another division and only obey the elders of different divisions. Although you are a deacon of the Monastery but your identity and tasks are not for public knowledge. In short you hold no real power.”

“You have to climb to the position of elder to make your dreams come true or ask an elder to get permission to command me.”

Dudian was startled: “Do you mean that the other captains of saint teams can expose my identity if they want to? It would be a great blow!”

Francis laughed: “It would be very dangerous if someone exposed your identity… ”

“Don’t think that you will be exempted if you try to expose my identity.” Dudian threatened. “Are you going to keep it secret?”

Francis replied, “All right.”

Dudian changed the topic: “Do I have to collude with anyone else after I went to work for the dark church?”

“A proper arrangement will be made.” Francis choose a different fork to walk: “The first thing we have to do right now is to brand

you.”

“Brand?” Dudian frowned.

Both of them came to a spacious prison room. There were many tools for torture on the wall and the place was splattered with the blood.

“Greetings Saint.” Two guards were on duty by the door.

Francis nodded as he took a key from the wall and opened a heavy iron gate. He looked at Dudian, “Please…”

Dudian went inside the room.

“It’s a room we use to place criminals but its just a cover. We brand people like you in here.” Francis closed the gate: “Rarely anyone comes into this room but after they go out they have a different identity. So you will have to lay low too. I will tell the other saints that your interrogation is over and your identity as a suspect is temporarily lifted.”

Dudian didn’t speak as he looked at various tools on both sides of the room.

Francis continued: “The first thing for the members of the dark church is to be breanded with the Medal of Darkness. Pick a pattern!”

Dudian was aware what Francis meant by a brand. He had used ink tattoo before to join the dark church. However the one Francis was going to make wouldn't be washed away. It meant that the Monastery and the Holy Church could easily push him out in the future.

"Weak, involuntarily ..."

Dudian looked at a tool and said "Like this."

Francis glanced at him, "Location?"

"Spine." Dudian pondered for a moment and answered. He had used to paint his chest but he was able to wash it off. He no longer had such a privilege so he had to choose a concealed position. Some people would engrave the tattoos under their armpit or cracks of their buttocks because it would be hard to find the location of the tattoo.

However he was going to be an elder of the dark church. He would be talking to the Pope so generally he wouldn't go through a search.

Francis nodded, "Alright, take off your clothes."

Dudian put away the thoughts and took off his coat and jacket. The scars were still visible on his young body.

Francis's pupils shrank but he recovered. He understood why Dudian didn't feel intimidated by the tragic tortures and screams that they saw. Even he was scared and had cold sweat the time when he was promoted to a saint and saw the vulgarities.

"You have gone through a lot of experiences." Francis whispered.

Dudian replied: "It seems its not enough." Dudian thought in his mind that if he had gone through enough then he wouldn't be played around by the Monastery today.

Francis naturally wasn't aware of Dudian's thoughts...

...

Francis handed a mirror to Dudian after half an hour: "Check it."

Dudian's face remained calm as he felt the pain on his back. He checked his back through the mirror. Dudian said, "Good job."

Francis was surprised as he looked at Dudian with interest. He had branded many people and seen them crying but Dudian was tolerant, "Alright. You can't abandon the brand in the future."

"How would I dare!?"

"Good."

Dudian put on his clothes and took the baggage: “The sun is almost going to come out. Let’s go sightseeing.”

“Alright.” Francis whispered: “I’m quite tired as I haven’t slept for whole night.”

“If you want to…”

“I dare not scrutinize as the elders have given the order.”

Both of them left the underground court of the Monastery and returned to the square outside the abbey.

All five saints were waiting in the square.

They were surprised when they saw Francis and Dudian come back. One of them couldn’t help but ask, “Captain, why did he come back?”

Francis smiled, “The elders have interrogated him and the suspicions are temporarily brought down. I’ll take him back. You guys go and rest.”

“Oh damn!” The youth continued: “so boring..”

“I can finally go back and feed my kitten. I’m leaving first.” The woman saint laughed as she left.

Another saint added: “I will go with you.”

They saluted to Francis and left all together.

Francis turned towards Dudian: “Alright, I’ll take you to see the inner wall. But don’t be an idiot and offend someone. There are many figures which I can’t even do nothing but bow in front.”

Chapter 454

Francis walked down the mountain pass with Dudian after warning him.

“This is the area of St. Paul mountain. It is one of the bustling areas of the inner wall. The place is under the control of the Monastery.” Francis talked while the walked.

Dudian asked: “What about other areas?”

Francis laughed: “Buy a map if you want to know the areas of the inner wall. I’m not a conductor.”

Dudian didn’t ask anything else. Both of them reached the foothill. Francis called a carriage which had flag of the Monaster. He commanded the coachman: “To the Edin city.”

“City?” Dudian was surprised “City of Edin?”

Francis laughed: “It’s the largest city under the jurisdiction of the St. Paul’s mountain area. The ‘cities’ are much bigger than the outer wall. The roads are perfects and there is an order. There are no villages or towns in the inner wall. You will get to know after you see.”

Dudian nodded. He didn’t expect to see the similar management within the inner wall with the old era system. There was no concept of ‘city’ in the outer wall.

Francis leaned back and closed his eyes.

Dudian looked at him: “The branding is over. Are you going to give me the detoxification pill?”

Francis opened his eyes, “I thought you didn’t need it.” He pulled out a plastic bag from his pocked and took out a dark red pill.

Francis closed his eyes. Dudian checked him and moved his hand towards his mouth. However he didn’t take the antidote but put back into his pocket. He looked outside the carriage and enjoyed the scenery.

There were lush trees where birds tweeted along the roads.

There were buildings scattered around in distance. The air was fresh and the environment was totally different form the outer wall. The roads were made out of large stones.

There was a feeling of ease as he saw the intensive life of the cities form the old era and the beautiful trees all around the place. He thought that he would be happy if he lived in such a place.

The next moment the idea of ease and laziness disappeared without a trace as he recovered his thoughts.

The carriage came to stop in front of a high wall after half an

hour of ride. The city of Edin was written at the end of the road.

There were guards by the gate. The carriage slowed down as they approached the checkpoints. The coachman took out gold coins and handed to the guards to pass through.

Francis opened his eyes as the carriage slowed down. He looked at Dudian: “This is the city of Edin. There is different entrance taxes to different cities. Its your first time so I’ll pay for you.”

They passed through the walls and traveled for another ten minutes.

“to the Inn.” Francis commanded.

Dudian looked at the city. There were shops on both sides. The surface of the roads were clean and tidy. The bricks were paved without a trace of gap.

“Ah!?” Dudian was shocked the next moment.

He saw a woman wearing an elegant clothing and a black hat. She was holding onto a rope. The other end of the rope was tied to a man who was walking like a dog. The man was wearing a dress and his hair was combed. However he had stretched out his tongue like a dog. He was imitating an animal!

Dudian was frozen as he stared at the man as the carriage passed by. Soon he saw other nobles who were wearing elegant dresses

and holding onto ropes which were chained to men or women. It seemed like they were strolling with their dogs.

Francis noticed the weird expression on Dudian's face. He looked at the same direction as Dudian, "Those are the slaves of the nobles. Some are servants, some are maids and the others are slaves. But don't underestimate those dog slaves. Most of them have used blessings and they are very strong. Would you like to go to the beast slave market? The nobles would often bring their dog slaves and make them fight. It's very interesting..."

Dudian was startled: "Slave ... ... isn't it...? Isn't this contrary to the aristocratic etiquette?"

Francis was surprised as he looked at Dudian in a strange manner. However soon he recovered as he patted his head: "I have totally forgotten. You are from the outer wall...Ah... Slaves have no rights in the inner wall. In the outer wall they may be used to do some hard work but they still keep their dignity because of the rules of the Holy Church. However there are no such rules in the inner wall. Moreover this custom has been here from there very early times. There is nothing strange with that."

Dudian's face changed slightly as he understood that Francis was accustomed to the sight. He looked out of the carriage. From time to time he saw the same scene again and again. The surrounding people turned blind eye to the slaves as if they were already used to it.

Is this why the nobles in the outer wall desire to live in the inner wall?

He thought in his heart that the inner wall would be much more bustling place than the outer wall. The area would be much more elegant and the civilians would have very fair and easy life. Dudian thought that the system would be much better than the outer wall. However the imagination was shattered after he saw the place.

It was incredible to see how the slaves were treated. However according to the Francis the people in the inner wall didn't have the concept of 'human rights'.

Actually even if there was the rights didn't have any effect on the slaves.

Dudian realized that the civilians and the nobles who aspire to live in the inner wall imagined that they would move to heaven but would get to live in the hell!

The carriage stopped in front of an inn.

Francis looked at Dudian, "I'll take you to see the place. If you like something then you can buy. I know that you have money so I'll pay for you and then I'll send someone to get it from you in the outer wall."

Dudian nodded.

Francis walked along the street as Dudian followed, "I'll take you to see the dog slaves fight. I hope we will be lucky to see something

interesting.”

Dudian nodded.

Francis’s eyes lit up as if he was eager to see the place. He walked in big strides.

Dudian checked the shops along the way. Most of them had exquisite jewelry and swords. The scabbards and the hilts of the swords were covered in diamonds. It was anything but a weapon of war.

Dudian walked along the way as he checked the atmosphere. The place was much lively than the commercial district of the outer wall. There were shops selling luxury items. Once in a while he heard laughter of nobles and their conversation which made him shiver because of the topics.

“Francis?” A sound echoed.

Dudian and Francis turned towards the direction of the sound and saw a young man with a golden hair waving his hand in greeting.

Francis was startled: “You..Why are you here today?”

“I got my leave today so came over to play around.” The blonde youth squeezed through the crowd. He noticed Dudian standing next to Francis, : “Is he the new servant you have bought? Good

temperament!”

Francis laughed: “Don’t utter nonsense. He is Mr Dean and he has been appointed as the deacon of the Monastery in the outer wall area. I’ve taking him to see around.”

“Outer wall…” The blonde youth looked up and down at Dudian then recovered his eyes. He said to Francis, “We must go to Red Square today. There is a play and we have to see if we can get a place or two..”

Dudian was about to shake hands with the blonde youth. But he didn’t expect the youth to turn a blind eye. There was contempt and disgust in his eyes. Apparently the youth wasn’t friendly with him because of his hair color and the origin. They didn’t even try to cover the discrimination!

Perhaps the other side doesn’t care about the idea.

Francis laughed: “I can’t accompany you as I have to go with Mr Dean to shop around.”

“Dude Elisa is going to attend. You will regret it later.” The blonde youth insisted.

Francis hesitated for a moment then turned towards Dudian: “I’ll be back in a while don’t go anywhere. ”

Dudian nodded.

Chapter 455

Francis and the youth left. Dudian was carrying his backpack as he waited. He saw a crowd gather around a place across the street. The bursts of laughter echoed from there.

He moved over to observe the place because of the curiousity.

“Kid, look where you walk.” A voice echoed from behind.

Dudian turned to see a blonde youth with an arrogant look. There was a graceful woman with beautiful golden hair in his arms. There were few people wearing black suits and white gloves behind them. Apparently the man was an aristocrat and belonged to an extraordinary family. Dudian’s eyebrows wrinkled but he moved sideways to open the room for them. He didn’t want to provoke anyone inside the inner wall for now.

The youth and the beauty walked pass him without taking a glance at him.

Dudian came to stop behind the crowd. He use his toes to look. There was a table in the middle and few people were showing performance. It looked like an ordinary magic show.

Dudian knew that magic was also one of the favorite hobbies of the aristocrats.

“If a real magician was disguised as a magician then he would be

winning numerous... ” Dudian was thinking when a voice resounded.

“Hey!”

Dudian turned to see the previous blonde youth. He didn’t know when and how he had appeared in front of the crowd. The blonde youth said, “It’s too boring... Show something different! Cut people off!”

“Young master we are just a small group. We don’t have equipment to do such a show live right now.” A middle-aged magician replied.

The blonde youth didn’t expect to be dismissed. He waved and one of his attendants hit the middle-aged magician in chest. The youth pulled out a stack of golden notes and threw them at the man. He said in a cold tone: “I will say it once more. I want to see a show. Do you understand me?”

The people on the stage jumped in hurry to help the middle-aged magician.

Dudian’s brows wrinkled as he saw the scene. He didn’t expect the blonde youth to be aggressive and overbearing. The nobles in the outer wall would love to do something like this but were restricted in the outer wall.

In addition he didn’t want to be a hero and naturally stayed away

and quietly observed the sight.

“I have given you the money! Quick!”

“We are going to see a man cut into parts!”

“Come on!”

The crowd cheered and urged the middle-aged magician and his group.

The middle-aged magician’s face turned ugly as he saw the excited crowd.

He knew that it would be very problematic if he didn’t go on with the show.

“We will.” The middle-aged magician nodded as he looked at the blonde youth: “Please be a bit patient! We will get the equipment.”

The blonde youth looked at him: “Are you deaf? Or are you an idiot? I want to see it now! Do you want to die or do you want to be a dog slave? ... It would be quite nice to have a dog slave who knows magic! Don’t you think so?” The blonde youth looked at the woman in his arms.

“Mister, Mister ...” the middle-aged magician panicked.

The woman looked at the youth and shook her head: “He is soo old. My sisters would pull jokes because of him.”

The youth nodded, “Alright, I will look for a young one.”

“Yes.”

The youth turned towards the middle-aged magician: “Are you still in here?”

The middle-aged magician was relieved as he squeezed a smile and turned towards his assistants. Such a dangerous magic trick was prone to errors even if there were equipment.

“Leader, what should we do?”

“We don’t have the equipment for cutting people. What should we do?”

“Yeah, how to solve this problem?”

The middle-aged magician was troubled as he climbed to the stage. He said to the assistants: “I have a way…” He whispered once more, “Do you remember the show?”

“The leader is smart.”

“We knew that you would come up with a solution.”

“Leader, wouldn’t it be …”

The middle-aged magician interrupted the last assistant: “Don’t be long-winded! Do you have a way?”

The assistant shrank back without giving a reply.

“Everyone, the next show will be about cutting off a man alive!” The middle-aged magician stood on high platform as he loudly said. At the same time his assistants brought a huge wooden box onto the high platform.

“Now, we will pick out one person from the crowd. It will be a random choice!” The middle-aged magician said with a big smile. The crowd was stirred because of his words. He continued, “Rest assured that there is no danger in this performance.”

He raised his hand and looked at the crowd.

Dudian felt bad when their eyes met. He pulled over a person from the side and moved.

Whoosh!

The man who Dudian pulled floated for a moment and stopped in the position where Dudian was moment ago.

The middle-aged magician's finger was pointed at him.

The man saw the middle-aged magician's hand directed at him. His face turned ugly as he shouted, "Do you want to die?"

The middle-aged magician felt embarrassed when he saw the man to be a noble. He felt angry but found Dudian standing next to him: "Little brother, why don't you come up?"

Dudian thought that he had escaped the problem. His face turned gloomy: "You said that you will pick a random person! What are you doing now?"

The middle-aged magician's face turned sullen: "I just chose you! Do you want to make the young master unhappy? Why don't you bless him with your performance?"

Dudian understood that the middle-aged magician was not prepared for the show and knew that the process was dangerous. He didn't pick anyone from his own group but had to select from the crowd. He was the only one with the black hair in the crowd. He was going for the soft persimmon.

"Boy, go on! Do you want us to take you there?" The group of servants standing next to blonde youth rushed over.

"Yes, go on stage!"

“Whose servant is he?”

Dudian looked at the middle-aged magician, “You aren’t prepared for the show! What will you do if there is a danger?”

The middle-aged magician didn’t expect to be questioned by Dudian, “We are professionals. There is nothing dangerous. We made jokes about the equipment to make the atmosphere a bit lively. We can perform even without the technology. Don’t worry about anything!”

Dudian wanted to kill the man, “What technology? If you have any technology then make the people fly!”

“Stop being long-winded!” The man next to Dudian said in an impatient tone.

The middle-aged magician looked at Dudian: “Don’t make people wait any more.”

Dudian looked at the person next to him who said him to go on to the stage. His hair was brownish. However there was an expensive watch on his chest. It seemed that he had a big background too. Dudian said in a cold tone: “If you are so interested in the show why don’t you go?”

“Hey, are you talking back to me?”

“Sooo rude! Why hasn’t his master disciplined him?”

The angry roars echoed.

Dudian narrowed his eyes. He wanted to slaughter all of them but he had to press down the impulse as this was not the outer wall. He said in a cold tone: “Whoever wants may go on to the stage. I won’t!” He turned away to walk.

The crowd pointed at him when they saw Dudian try to leave.

At the same time sounds of hoofs echoed out as a carriage with a black dragon banner on it moved. There were knights gathered around the carriage. The loud shouts resounded: “Open the road! Open the way!”

Chapter 456

“The dragon clan?”

“Quickly escape! It is the dragon clan’s carriage!”

The pedestrians on both of the street went sideways as they saw the black dragon flag on the carriage.

“Dragon clan?” Dudian remembered the dragon girl from the last time. He quickly moved to the roadside to avoid the carriage.

The middle-aged magician and his troupe didn’t respond so quickly. Although they saw the carriage approach the place but the crowd was too chaotic.

“You!”

The knights that rode in front of the carriage tightened the ropes of the horses in front of the crowd.

“Bastards! Get away!” The knight used the whip to hit the people who fell onto the ground.

The people who were on the ground climbed up and carefully apologized to run towards the roadside.

The road was cleaned and the carriage was ready to continue the

voyage but the door of the carriage was kicked open. A figure wearing a green clothing jumped out. It was a girl who looked 15 or 16 years old. She was wearing a green tang suit. Her face was lively and naughty. There was a pair of wretched eyes that looked around. Her eyes focused on the middle-aged magician. She looked over the knight at the side: “I want to see a magic show!”

The knight was perplexed: “Miss, why did you come down?”

“I want to see the magic show!” The girl walked towards the middle-aged magician without answering to the knight.

Knight’s face was anxious as he jumped over the horse, “Miss, we have to hurry.”

“I said I want to see a magic show! If you are in hurry then go on!” The girl replied in a harsh tone.

The knight wryly smiled as he was aware that he couldn’t overcome the Little miss’s order. The middle-aged magician shouted in haste: “Hey! Didn’t you heart? Little miss wants to see a magic show! Get ready for a good show!”

The middle-aged magician’s spine was full of cold sweat as he spoke in a tone full of fear: “Greetings Little miss. What kind of magic show do you want to see?”

The girl touched her chin as she pondered for a moment: “I have heard that the most exciting magic show that magicians can

perform is cutting a person! Hurry! By the way make sure that I don't see through your petty magic tricks! If your play is too clumsy then your heads will fall down!" She raised her hand and made a gesture of slicing the neck. She was staring at the middle-aged man to intimidate him but the tender and beautiful face that made her look cute.

A man being cut!!! The middle-aged magician almost choked out a mouthful of blood. He regretted that he hadn't brought the proper equipment for today. He glanced around at the previous crowd but it had been long that everyone had scattered away. There were only a few blonde nobles. He hesitated for a moment but then saw Dudian behind the girl across the street. He nodded as he looked at the girl: "Miss we are lacking manpower. Is it alright that person to work with us?" He directly pointed at Dudian.

Dudian didn't think that the trouble can find him from so far away. There was killing intent in his eyes as he looked at the magician. He wasn't worried about the previous noble as he was going to leave tonight and there was no way for the noble to find him. Moreover he didn't plan to get revenge on the magician too. But the other side once again was sending him to the foot of death.

"Hurry up! I'm not in favor of waiting for long." The girl replied in impatient tone.

The middle-aged magician was relieved as he knew that the girl had given permission for them to use Dudian. He gestured at his assistants.

Several assistants came to stop in front of Dudian. One of them said in a cold tone: “Please cooperate with us!”

Dudian saw the expression on the assistants eyes. He knew that the middle-aged magician dared to act so because once Dudian resisted it meant offending the little miss!

He took a deep breath and suppressed his anger. He knew that it was not worth to offend such a big force because of a street magician: “Alright.”

One of the assistants continued in a angry tone: “You are not away but this…”

Dudian raised his hand and pushed the guy from his shoulder. He stepped forward in big strides and stood in front of the middle-aged magician; “Are we going to start?”

The middle-aged magician smiled as he said: “Thanks, please come over.” They stepped onto the high platform and the magician opened a wooden box.

The others came over to assist the middle-aged magician in the performance.

“Miss, we are going to begin the show.” The middle-aged magician was going to begin the ceremony.

“Hurry up! Don’t continue with the nonsense.” The girl wrinkled

her little nose.

The magician was embarrassed but he had being in the magic business for many years. He adapted soon and turned to wink at the assistant. He raised the sword: “Today we are going to perform the show with this swords. It is a real sword...Check it...” He pushed the sword and cut a wooden piece.

Dudian who was inside the wooden box was listening to the middle-aged magician’s act.

The middle-aged man finished the opening ceremony and began with the real performance.

Dudian used his thermal vision to detect the middle-aged magician’s movements as he sat inside the wooden box. Although he couldn’t see the sword in magician’s hand but he was able to every move of the magician. That way he could easily determine the position where the sword would pierce through.

Whoosh!

The sword stabbed into the wooden box.

Dudian was ahead of the attack.

The middle-aged magician’s heart was relieved when he didn’t feel the sword to pierce through the flesh of Dudian.

Whooosh!

The second sword stabbed into the wooden box.

Dudian escaped again.

The third, fourth... In the blink of an eye ten swords had pierced the wooden box. All of them were inserted from completely different angles.

Little miss and the knights clapped. The audience also exclaimed. They were standing far away but still watching the show.

“Huh?” The girl was surprised as she looked at the wooden box.

The middle-aged magician was relieved and quite proud as he saw the surprise expressed on the girl’s face: “Miss, its time to open the box.” He waved at his assistants.

Assistants came to stand in front of the box. They pulled out swords one by one. All of them were surprised as there was no bloodstains of the swords.

Moreover it was just a normal wooden box!

They opened the box. Dudian’s body was revealed. There was no injury on his body. There were a few scratches on his clothing. He

took a few steps and the backpack fell down. It was cut and the clothes and other things that he carried fell down.

Dudian frowned.

He turned to pick the things.

“Huh?” The girl issued a cry. Her body was like wind as she moved form the ground to the high platform in a matter of second. She looked at Dudian: “Give that to me.”

Dudian was surprised as he saw the girl talk to him. There was purple handkerchief in his hand: “Do you want this?”

The suspicion in girl’s heart turned into surprise as she looked at the handkerchief. She looked up and down at Dudian. She was going to say something but she changed her mind; “Nope. You look very pleasing to the eye. Come with me.”

Dudian understood that she knew something about the purple handkerchief in his hand. The handkerchief was one of the most treasured items that he had. It was given to him by the girl who had brought him to the front of the Meishan orphanage. He had never used it since then and had kept it like a work of art! Is this the girl which gave the handkerchief to him so many years ago?

Chapter 457

Dudian remembered the little girl who took him to the Meishan orphanage in the rainy night all those years ago. She looked the same age as him and was also wearing a tang suit. She should grow to be the same age as the girl in front of him.

Moreover he had never seen anyone else wear that unique style of tang suit. Most of the nobles wore western-style suits while the girl from the dragon clan who hunted the adult splitter and the one in front of him are the ones wearing that style. Apparently both of them are from the dragon clan. In addition the one who had led him to the Meishan orphanage was from the dragon clan too!

His eyes lit up as he thought about the situation.

“Do you know about this handkerchief?” Dudian asked.

The girl blinked few times: “Come to the carriage with me, we will talk there.”

Dudian was in a good mood. He understood that this wasn’t the right place to talk about the handkerchief’s origin: “I’m a bit curious but…can you help with something?”

“What?” There was interest in Girl’s eyes.

Dudian continued: “I want to take this person’s life.” He raised

his hand and pointed to the middle-aged magician.

The magician was scared as the sweat followed down his spine the moment he heard Dudian's words.

The girl replied in a gently tone: "Its alright. You should be able to kill him with your skill. If you want to kill him then kill him. I'll cover for you." She raised her chest in a proud manner.

Dudian sighed in relief as he saw the girl had no malicious intention toward himself. He didn't know if he would be able to find the middle-aged magician in the future so he made the request to fulfill his desire.

"Little Miss. I didn't offend you...you can't... " The middle-aged magician's legs trembled as he saw the girl promise Dudian. He went forward to beg but was stopped by the knight from the dragon clan: "Bastard! Stay away from our lady!"

"Yes, yess ..." The middle-aged magician begged as he face turned white in fear: "Miss, my magic show was very successful. I didn't do any harm to him and he wants to take my life. Miss, you can't promise it to him. I'm part of Baron Jesse's household. Please forgive me because of him..."

The girl frowned: "Who is Jesse? What is he?"

The middle-aged magician was going to continue to plead when Dudian took a step towards the girl: "So should I go with the...?"

“Of course! What are you afraid of? It ain’t a big deal.” The girl didn’t seem to care about the man.

Dudian thought that the price of life was not expensive than a grass in the inner wall. He took the sword from the ground and stabbed it at the middle-aged magician. The sword pierced through his mouth and went out from the back of his head. There was fear in his eyes but the man didn’t even know when he died.

Dudian pulled out the sword and stabbed at the assistant who was standing behind the magician’s corpse.

It was the assistant who had spoken in a harsh tone with Dudian back in the street. The assistant was shocked as he didn’t expect Dudian to attack him. His eyes widened the moment the sword pierced his chest. The breeze blew and the assistant body fell down from the platform.

Two people were killed in an instant.

Dudian looked at the girl, “Sorry, I had forgotten about the other one.”

“It’s alright. Should we go now?” The girl was only concerned about the handkerchief.

Dudian nodded: “Yes.”

The girl jumped down the platform. She walked towards the carriage as she hummed a song.

Dudian quickly put the things into his backpack and followed after them.

The knight jumped over the horse as Dudian entered the carriage.

The people came to the center of the road after the carriage left. They began to whisper.

“Geez, I didn’t expect to see the little miss of the dragon clan in here.”

“It seems she is one of the two princess of the dragon clan! ”

“She is so beautiful.”

“Be careful! If they hear then your tongue will be cut off! The second princess is known as the little devil!”

“I rely envy the kid! I don’t know his origin but he was able to get a favor from the dragon clan!”

No one looked at two corpses which were around. They only talked about envy and lament.

…

“Where did you get the handkerchief?” The girl asked as her eyes stared at Dudian. She spoke in a cold tone and there was no smile on her face.

Dudian was startled: “A person gave it to me.”

“Gave you?” The girl narrowed her eyes: “It is an item of our Dragon clan! It seems you don’t know but if you lie to me you will get a miserable death! It will be much worse than those two!”

Dudian wrinkled his eyebrows: “It was given to me by a person long time ago. I assume you should be able to check it out as the Dragon clan should have a big intelligence network.”

The girl stared at him: “Who gave it to you? When? Where?”

Dudian replied: “It happened a lot of years ago. Seven or eight I think. I saw the girl only once and never saw her again. I don’t even know her name.”

“Seven or eight years ago?” The girl was perplexed.

“Do you remember that you saw a little boy in slums of the outer wall seven or eight years ago?” Dudian asked.

The girl thought about his words and spoke in a surprised tone:

“You are the little boy from the outer wall! Right?”

Dudian was excited: “Yes, I’m that little boy from then. Do you remember me now?”

The girl whispered: “The original so… seven or eight years ago … Outer wall… No wonder… No wonder … …” She stared at Dudian: “Thinking of it then it is really you. I didn’t expect yo see you in here after so many years.”

Dudian was happy to see her remember the boy she had met overnight. He had big impression of the girl as it was the first time he had come out from the frozen storage and the first person who he had made contact with. He thought that the girl had totally forgotten about him.

He was in joy as the other side remember him.

Dudian took a deep breath: “Thanks for sending me to the door of the orphanage back then. I’m afraid I would have been dead otherwise.” He knew that if he wasn’t accepted as an orphan to the orphanage and sheltered by them then the only choise was that he would be caught and used as a slave in the mines.

Chapter 458

In addition he was aware of the chaotic order in the slums. If he was caught by the other people at the time he wouldn't be able to survive the hard conditions. Even though he was smart but there was language barrier coupled with his frail constitution he will be dead not long after.

Therefore he had regarded the girl as his own saviour as she had helped him to get into the orphanage. He was grateful towards the girl and to Jura couple.

The girl was startled as she heard Dudian's word: "I didn't think you will remember the things back in those times after so many years."

Dudian smiled: "There are things that should never be forgotten!"

The girl added: "My name is Aisha. I belong to the hunter family called Dragon clan. If you have any difficulties in the future you can always find me for help."

Dudian was relieved to see her smile in non-malicious way: "My name is Dean. If there is anything that you need my help with please tell me."

Aisha blinked: "How come you are in the inner wall? As far as I know its very difficult to pass from the outer wall to the inner wall."

Dudian responded: “I was taking here for a reason and will go back tonight.”

“For a reason?” Aisha was perplexed: “Would you be able to come later on?”

Dudian shook his head: “I don’t know but I assume yes.”

There was a trace of loss express in Aisha’s eyes: “Will you…not visit again?”

Dudian felt the reluctance in her tone: “Its hard to say anything about the future. But as long as there is an opportunity then I will come back.”

Aisha pondered for a moment: “What about joining the dragon clan? You can live in the inner wall. What do you think? ”

Dudian pondered for a moment then shook his head: “I have joined the Monastery…I’m afraid…”

“The monastery?” Aisha was surprised: “So, you have been recruited by the Monastery. I have heard that the Holy Church of the outer wall is part of the Monastery. Does it mean that they have brought you here and tasked your with some secret mission?”

Dudian didn’t think that she would be able to infer the details of

the situatino from few sentences: “You are right.”

Aisha’s interest rose: “What is the task about? Is it fun?”

Dudian saw her eyes shine in curiosity. He immediately shook his head: “It’s a secret task. I can’t tell you the details, I hope you will forgive me for this.” Although Dudian was grateful to her but he couldn’t tell her everything at the first meeting.

It wasn’t distrust but a long-term habit of vigilance.

Aisha looked at him: “Stingy!”

“I can give you a high position in the clan and get you a nice place in the inner wall. Do you want to join the Dragon clan? As for the Monastery they will let go of you if I come forward to plead for you.”

Naturally, Dudian was eager to live in the inner wall and get in contact with high level people to know the core secrets of the giant wall. However once he was part of the Dragon clan he had to rely on the protection of the little girl in the future. He was ignorant about the situation of the Dragon clan. The only thing he knew that the dragon girl from the earlier hunt had super combat strength. He assumed that they were a strong hunter family.

“Do you guys have strong standing within the inner wall?” Dudian asked.

Aisha laughed: “Of course, we are one of the three devil families. Moreover we are the strongest one. The Monastery would let go of you if I come forward to help. It is an easy task. ”

“Three devil families?” Dudian was surprised.

“We will give you the most generous resources to cultivate and nurture you if you decide to join us. You will certainly get the best because of me. In short time you will get to be an existence who will be on part with the holy level warriors of the Monastery.” Aisha continued: “No one would dare to bully you.”

Dudian remember the little girl’s silhouette who took him by his arm and brought to the orhpanage. He said in a deep tone: “Thank you!”

Aisha’s eyes lit up: “Do you agree?”

Dudian shook his head: “I can’t agree for the time being.”

“Why?” Aisha was surprised.

“I don’t want to live in the inner wall for the time being.”

“You don’t want to live in the inner wall!?” Aisha was stunned. It was first time she saw someone to deny life in inner wall: “I won’t force you since you don’t want to live in the inner wall. But if you want to come to the inner wall then this should be enough to help you out. ” She handed a medal to Dudian.

It was a black medal which had carving of a dragon.

Dudian reached out and took it. He looked at her: “Thank you! I will definitely come to find you if there is an opportunity.”

Aisha continued: “Unfortunately, I don’t have enough authority to go to outer wall on whim. I want be able to call you from there. Damned wall!”

Dudian was surprised “Why can’t you go to the outer wall?”

Aisha responded: “The last time I sneaked out. We don’t have permission to go the outer wall. In addition, I don’t have the right to call you in unless you are willing to become part of our clan.”

“How did you slip out the last time?” Dudian asked because of curiosity. Perhaps there was a more convenient way to sneak from the barrier wall.

Aisha shrugged her shoulders: “I climbed over the wall when the guards were not looking.”

Dudian was stunned: “Over the wall? You were only a kid…The height of the wall… “

Chapter 459

Aisha said in haste: “It’s not that difficult to climb over the wall as long as there are no guards… ”

Dudian was speechless. The girl was able to climb over the wall when she was around seven or eight years old. What kind of physique she had? The cultivation methods of the devil family should be incredible as a little girl could burst out with such strength. The average person couldn’t be so powerful even if that person was fed with ‘God’s blessings’ since the time in womb.

“Unfortunately, you won’t be able to climb …” Aisha sighed in regret. After a moment she said in a pleasant sound: “I have a way.”

“Yeah?” Dudian was doubtful.

Aisha continued: “We can meet outside the giant wall afterwards. You were summoned by the Monastery so you must have good connections in the outer wall. I see that you have extraordinary physique too. I think you should be hunter too. So if you can go outside the giant wall then we can decide on a place and meet there.”

Dudian reacted quickly: “It’s not a good idea. It’s very dangerous outside the giant wall, if…”

“It’s alright.” Aisha put her hands under her chin as she pondered for a moment: “You just need to stay in a safe location

and I'll come over. So there won't be any dangers."

Dudian's heart stirred when he heard her words. He spoke in a soft tone: "I'm not worried about myself but you. It's very dangerous for you to cross the areas to see me. So its better for you to choose a place and I'll come over to meet you."

Aisha shook her head: "I didn't take that into account before. But the passage to the outside from the inner wall have long distance to the passages to the outer wall. In the middle there will be lots of dangerous monsters. You won't be able to pass."

Dudian hesitated a bit: "I have special skills so I won't face an accident. Don't worry about it."

Aisha flicked her finger: "Don't underestimate me. I'm very strong! There is no danger to me so the matter is set."

In fact, Dudian had already noticed the heat emitted from the girl's body. It was very rich. He had seen the person on top of the giant wall exude such a heat. Even the captain of the saints team Francis isn't on par with Aisha. The woman elder that he saw by the old elder was lacking in comparison to Aisha.

Moreover, its seems she is too powerful as she was able to pass through the barrier wall all those years ago. He thought that Aisha was comparable to the dragon girl he had met. Unfortunately, back then he didn't have thermal vision so he couldn't observe the heat emitted from her body. So he couldn't make a reference at this point.

“Alright, let’s meet at the corner of the giant wall.” Dudian said.

Aisha laughed: “Alright, when are you going to be free?”

Dudian pondered for a moment: “After seven days.”

“Seven days?” Aisha nodded: “Alright, I’ll see you at night seven days later. We will meet at the west side of the wall. Time to pinky promise!” She reached her hand.

Dudian smiled as he reached out to pull the hook with her pinky finger.

“You will be going tonight, won’t you? It’s pretty early now so I’ll take you to see around the place. It should be your first time in the inner wall, isn’t it?” Aisha laughed.

Dudian thought of Francis and then nodded: “Alright, I’ll trouble you then.”

“Good. I was out to play around. We have a proverb in our clan which says the music isn’t fun when listened alone.” Aisha smiled.

Dudian didn’t expect to hear such an old eastern proverb in here. He looked at her tang suit and thought of some things. However he didn’t want to ask such a secret thing at the first meeting.

Aisha saw Dudian checking her out. She blinked: “Do you like my clothes?”

Dudian retracted his eyes: “Pleasant to look at.”

Aisha laughed but didn’t say anything.

…

At dusk.

A carriage with a black dragon banner came into the city of Edin and headed towards the station outside the city.

Aisha said to Dudian: “There are few more places to take you out but we don’t have a time. I’ll take you everywhere after you enter the inner wall.”

Dudian smiled: “There will be a chance later.”

The carriage stopped at the station. Dudian didn’t see Francis’s carriage there. Most probably he had gone back in advance. He turned to Aisha: “Thanks for the hospitality! I’ll see you again!”

“Seven days later!” Aisha smiled.

Aisha pulled the curtain and the carriage left.

Dudian looked at the carriage until it disappeared from his sight. He returned back to the Inn and bought a horse. He had gold coins with himself but didn't brought gold notes. After all the notes were issued by the banks of the outer wall. He didn't know if he would be able to exchange them inside the inner wall.

Dudian spent a gold coin to buy a horse. The prices in the inner wall were ten times more than the outer wall. He rode the horse and left the city of Edin.

Unconsciously, he returned back to the St. Paul mountain. In matter of seconds, he saw young men and women surround him. They were wearing the uniform of saints.

Dudian frowned he was about to open his mouth when he heard a voice: "Slow."

Dudian saw that it was Francis. He looked at Dudian: "Didn't you run away?"

"Why should I escape?"

Francis waved his hand and the saints surrounding Dudian put away their weapons. Francis looked at Dudian: "I said to wait for me. I came back to see you disappear so I thought you took the opportunity to slip away. I was going to issue an arrest order for you. Fortunately, you came back on time otherwise..."

Dudian was speechless: “You should be aware of my identity. Escape means death!”

“This is the result of disobedience.” Francis shrugged his shoulders: “I have to do my job and report. It’s the responsibility of top brass to deal with you.”

Dudian saw that there was no point in arguing with Francis: “Can we go back now?”

“Of course.” Francis whispered few words to the saint beside him and patted the man’s shoulder. He looked at Dudian: “Let’s go.”

Dudian heard Francis tell the man to go back and remove the arrest warrant. He felt angry as he followed after Francis.

Chapter 460

Snow lions went towards the barrier wall along the official road through the wilderness.

“Everything has been handled within the outer wall. We will just get you appointed now.” Francis looked at Dudian: “I’ll give you a mask to cover your face if you don’t want to expose your current identity.”

Dudian was silent as he looked to the path within the wilderness. He knew that there was no chance to enter the inner wall until his identity was exposed. In that case he could be abandoned as a pawn too.

The crowd reached the front of the wall after few hours of ride. They met monsters along the way which were beheaded by Francis. Their corpses were abandoned on the roadside.

Dudian put on the mask given by Francis.

Francis came forward towards the gate. There were two guards at the moment. One of them pulled the valve and opened the gates. Francis ordered the other saints to stay while he led Dudian through the gate. It was late and the time was about ten o-‘clock in the evening. The curfew time applied to the commercial district too.

Francis went through the suburbs as Dudian followed after him.

Dudian breathed the air and felt his whole body relax.

About an hour later they reached a small town at the outskirts of the commercial district. The place was extremely dark. It was a luxury for most of the inhabitants to burn lamps over the night.

Francis put the snow lion beside a tree outside the town: “Let’s go.”

Dudian also tied the snow lion and followed after him into the town.

The residents of the town had long slept. The only thing they heard was the ‘whining’ of the wind. Once in a while blue leaves flew by them.

Francis looked around as they entered the town. He seemed to be looking for something. After moments his eyes locked in a remote house. The design of the house was simple and crude. It didn’t stand out. However Dudian noted that the Francis’s eyes were locked on to the fishes that were hung to dry in front of the house. He checked it too. They were rare blackwater fish.

There are many dark spots on blackwater fish’s body. They feed on small fishes and its very difficult to capture them.

He looked at the house. Because of the thermal vision he was able to identify four figures within the house. Two of them were asleep

while the other two were in the basement.

Francis came to stop in front of the house with the blackwater fish and knocked the door.

Two people who were sleeping raised their heads at the same time. The ones in the basement also look up.

A figure came to stand behind the door. He lit up a faint light and unlocked the door. A gap was revealed and old man looked at Francis: “Who are you?”

Francis whispered: “The darkness is eternal!”

The old man’s pupils shrank as he opened the door. He looked at Francis then saw Dudian behind him who was wearing a mask. He said in a low tone: “Come in.”

Francis was the first to step in and Dudian followed after him.

The old man and the other two checked the place to see if someone was looking at the house. The old man gently closed and locked the door after he couldn’t detect anything.

An old woman came out from the bedroom and said in a respectful tone: “Greetings Holiness!”

Francis nodded: “Where’s Kerry?”

The old man who shut the door said: “Holy one please come with me.” He led them to the basement as he ignited the oil lamp in the basement’s wall.

The basement was very spacious. There were two figures in there. An old man and a young person.

Francis smiled when he saw the old man: “Elder Kerry. ”

The old man checked Francis’s dress: “The medal.”

Francis handed out his saint medal.

The old man checked the medal and nodded. He handed it back and looked at Dudian: “It seems the one who will be replacing the elder is young.”

Francis laughed: “There is no need to worry! Elder Kerry please finish as soon as possible as I will be taking you back tonight.”

Kerry nodded: “Everything is prepared. The new elder has to report his code name. This is Hawkeye my assistant. He will help you understand your duties.”

The elder pointed to the youth next to him.

Dudian saw that the youth wasn’t wearing a mask. He had golden

hair and looked handsome. However there was some kind of evilness in his eyes.

“Hello.” Dudian said as he adjusted his voice. It was easy for him to control his voice.

“Hawkeye greets the elder.” Youth smiled.

Francis said: “Alright. I’ll be waiting for you in here. You must be back before four o’clock.”

Kerry nodded and took out a mask from the robe: “I’ll take you to your future office in the headquarters.”

Dodian nodded.

Kerry, Dudian and the Hawkeye went upstairs to leave. The old man opened the door and trio disappeared in the darkness of the night. The old man closed the door as he smiled.

Chapter 461

They walked out of the town and came to stop in front of a carriage. It had the flag of ‘Sal’ family stuck on top of it. The Sal family was an average level noble family under the command of Scott consortium. Their main business interests were in property sector of the residential district. Dudian didn’t expect the dark church have such deep connections.

Hawkeye acted as coachman.

“I deliberately used the carriage from the Sal family for our meeting.” Kerry smiled: “They have deep connections with our region and you will engage with them a lot in the future.”

Dudian was aware that there were lots of nobles who had deep ties with the dark church but he didn’t expect such an in-depth relationship. He whispered: “Was the former house a temporary stronghold?”

“It was our secret liaison office. Those two old men who you saw were the top brass intelligence officers of the dark church. They have been responsible for gathering intelligence for decades.”

Dudian glanced at the man: “Were you dispatched from the inner wall?”

Kerry faintly smiled as it seemed that he was aware of what Dudian wanted to ask: “I’m about to return so there is no harm to telling it you right now. I was commissioned by the higher ups.

They have deemed my job as a success and now want to bring me back to the inner wall as an elder of the supervision department. According to your voice you are young. I hope you can hold on for good and become my student in the future."

Dudian nodded: "I will work hard."

"Don't trust anyone in the dark church except Hawkeye and don't reveal your identity to anyone! The people are too sinister in this organization. I hope that you will succeed."

Dudian was silent. He wasn't going to trust even the Hawkeye.

The carriage passed through the city and came to stop in front of a remote neighborhood.

"Let's go." Kerry got off the carriage. They came to a luxurious manor. The Hawkeye handed out a medal to the guards at the door. They respectfully saluted the trio and let them inside.

A woman wearing a black suit greeted them inside the manor. She waved at guards gesturing them to leave. She looked at Kerry: "Greetings Elder."

Kerry nodded: "Little Crow, this is the new elder which I mentioned before."

The woman wearing the black suit immediately saluted Dudian: "Greetings new elder."

Dudian slightly nodded as he remembered her appearance, voice and smell.

The little crowd turned to lead them. They passed through a dark passage in the basement. It lead to a place that was about 10 meters under the basement. There was a spacious square that they reached. There was sounds of melodious music floating in the place. There were many members of the dark church gathered in the square. Most of them were wearing masks. Only the few who were the staff of the dark church didn't wear masks. The reason was that they were never going to live in the outside world.

Kerry's arrival caused burst of uproar in the square. The crowd whispered as they saluted Kerry.

Kerry smiled: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to retire. This is the new elder of the ninth region. Please warmly welcome him!"

Many had heard about the new appointment in advance. They looked at Dudian was fear in their eyes.

"Welcome new elder!"

"Welcome!"

Dudian nodded slightly as he listened to applause and cheers.

Kerry waved his hand gesturing everyone to recede. He led Dudian to a towering hall behind the square. There were two black angel sculptures by the door.

Kerry was the first to enter the hall. Dudian followed after him. Everyone was bowing their heads until Kerry and Dudian went into the place.

“It’s the headquarters of the 9th region. Its my office.” Kerry came to the second floor of the castle. The wallpapers of the luxurious place was colored in scarlet red. It looked like the place was smeared in blood. It gave a gloomy and hideous vibe. Hawkeye stepped forward and opened a door which led to a spacious room.

Kerry joined the room: “This is the office. There is file on the desk regarding the things in the recent time. I have finished almost everything. The rest will be up to you. However you shouldn’t be worried as Hawkeye will help you to complete everything.”

Dudian nodded as he looked around. His vision range was wide to he actually didn’t need to look around to see everything.

Kerry saw that Dudian was concentrated on him so he continued: “Usually as elders we do nothing. We just solve some necessary trouble and disobedient people. The rest of the time we are free to do whatever we want. This is called ‘animal glue mask’ which is prepared for you. By kneading it you can change the appearance of the face. You won’t need any masks in the future but can rely on this one.”

He took out a fine box from the drawer and handed it out to Dudian.

Dudian was startled as he didn't expect there would be something like this. He looked at Kerry. He was startled as he understood why Kerry didn't wear any masks! He was using the 'animal glue mask' too!

"This mask is only for the elders. You have to make an application and submit documents in case you lose it. The application process is very troublesome so don't give it to others or lose it. It's not sold outside and only given to the insiders of the dark church." Kerry added.

Dudian asked: "What did you mean by the elder of the 9th region?"

Kerry gentle smiled: "You will get to know about it in future. Since you have asked then I'll give you an introduction. The dark church is divided into 12 regions within the outer wall. There are 12 elders in charge of each region. Hawkeye will give you details about the scope and forces of the 9th region so I won't elaborate on it."

"Is there any conflict between the regions?"

Kerry looked at Dudian's eyes. His heart turned slightly cold but he smiled: "It's inevitable! The small conflicts should be solved by the people on the same level. However you need to intervene to the big conflicts. IF there is a problem between the regions in mass

then the dark church will decide the problem by voting. That's why you need to have good relationship with the elders of the other regions. There are a total of three factions at the moment. I belong to the faction of Night King. You will inherit the 9th region so you may chose to stay in the 'Night faction', choose another faction or don't join any at all. My advice is to continue to follow the Night King."

"Night King?" Dudian narrowed his eyes.

"Yes. That's the code name of the elders who is in charge of the third region. The 3rd region is the biggest and most influential within the 12 regions as they have the most number of alchemists and potion masters under their commands. Moreover they have a great potion master. The man can speak with Chai of Scott consortium and the leader of Huasheng consortium without a care. He is unfathomable."

Kerry continued: "The relationships you have are shallow at this point. So I advice you to make a good connection with the Night King. Our 9th region isn't a strong region and there are handful of 5 star alchemists under our command. You will inevitable suffer big if you get into intense conflict with other regions. Do you understand me?"

Chapter 462

Dudian narrowed his eyes.

“If Rostov family of the Scott consortium has connections to the dark church then there should be forces from the dark church behind the Mellon consortium ...” Dudian’s eyes lit up: “Does it mean that the poisoning of the soup and the assassination attempt at the canyon were related to the forces of the dark church behind the Mellon consortium?

There was a murderous feeling bursting out in his heart.

“Elder, the Night King and Scott consortium have deep relationship. So do other elders of the regions have contact with the other big consortia?” Dudian looked at Kerry.

Kerry nodded: “Basically there is a contact. But its not specifically clear who is sided with whom. I only heard rumors about the contacts. However I’m sure that the elders of the 12th and 7th region are competing for the support of the new consortium. You may wish to try too. If you can get support from the new consortia then the 9th region won’t be so weak.”

“Do you mean the New World consortium?”

“Yea, it’s the one which took the place of Mellon after its destruction.” Kerry continued: “The New World consortium is backed by a master from the Temple called Dean. They were able

to swallow all the industries that Mellon consortium occupied in the past. Soon they will get into growth period. It won't take long before they replace the Mellon's previous position and compared to the other big consortia. Although the master backing them up was arrested by the inner wall but there is a chance that they would come out in the future."

Dudian asked: "I've heard that too. Elder, why do you think the inner wall arrested him?"

"I have heard that the Monastery ordered the saints to arrest him. They charged him by saying that he had colluded with the dark church. It's a very naïve assumption thou. Or maybe he wanted to cover the relationship with the dark church so they didn't use the forces of the dark church to hurt Mellon when they were dealing with them."

Dudian pretended to be surprised: "Why would the Monastery arrest him if there is not much of an evidence?"

Kerry slowly said: "I'm not sure of the specific details but there are lots of motives that the Monaster should have. You should be aware that master Dean invented two legendary items and a new 'steam' concept within a year. It not just impacted the nine factions of the Temple but the way alchemists and potion masters were thinking. The new concept had a strong impact on everyone. If he was given an extra few years of time then you would never know where he would end up with!"

"Because of such a potential danger the inner wall wasn't going to let him continue his growth. So they had to either kill him or

win him over. It would be a disaster if the other forces tried to draw him so the Monastery came up with a casual charge and took him into the inner wall."

Dudian pretended to ponder: "Why didn't they just call him back into the inner wall?"

Kerry smiled: "Actually it is very simple. If they summoned him into the inner wall then the attention of the other forces would be on the master and they would be able to get in contact with him. However by taking him into the inner wall under the assumption of charges they have a justifiable reason to refuse him contact the others!"

"So it is." Dudian nodded.

"I may be able to meet him when I retire back to the inner wall. IF he was recruited by the Monastery then he should have a high status now!" Kerry said in an authentic tone.

Dudian's eyes lit up: "Elder, do you originate from the inner wall?"

Kerry was surprised: "Why do you ask?"

"It's seems to me that you are familiar with the inner wall."

"I am just cooked (it's a damn freaking phrase)." Kerry laughed: "The Monastery is the power behind the Holy Church. Every elder

of the dark church is aware of this. Moreover if I was from the inner wall why would I come to the outer wall?”

Dudian was startled: “So, its going to be your first time in the inner wall?”

“Yes... The Holy one will take me to be part of the dark parliament in the inner wall.” Kerry laughed.

“Dark parliament?”

“Yes. It’s the force in the inner wall which backs the dark church. It has irreconcilable relationship with the Monastery. The relationship between the Dark Parliament and the Dark Church is the same with the Holy Church and the Monastery.” Kerry smiled.

There was a complex feeling in Dudian’s heart. If he didn’t visit the inner wall earlier on and didn’t see the elders of the Punishment division and St. Paul’s Abbey then he would believe elder Kerry. Dudian understood that Kerry wasn’t from the inner wall but ascended up the positions within the dark church.

So the Monastery had come with a fabricated solution to make them believe the existence of Dark Parliament. He didn’t know whether Kerry was not giving him the right information on purpose or the Monastery was going to use Kerry in another place!

He didn’t continue to ponder about the issue. There were way too many possibilities. Moreover Kerry could be misleading him on

purpose too.

"You have Hawkeye in here. He is my trusted confidant." Kerry patted Dudian's shoulder: "I'm giving the 9th region to you. If there is an opportunity in the future to come back I hope to see much more powerful 9th region."

Dudian nodded as he whispered in his heart: "I'm afraid you won't have a chance!"

"Elder, how do I deal with the situation if other elders collude with the Holy Church to frame us?" Dudian asked.

Kerry shook his head: "That's way too risky. Everyone will boycott the elder or alchemist who colludes with the Holy Church. No one would dare to violate such a rule! Don't do such a thing!"

"I know." Dudian narrowed his eyes. Since the jailbreak he hasn't followed any rules.

Kerry nodded: "I'll go if there is nothing else for me to help you out with."

Dudian bid him farewell. Hawkeye sent him off.

"I'll use the animal glue mask so go out for a moment." Dudian commanded.

Hawkeye exited the room.

Dudian opened the box and saw an exquisite and think mask. It was as transparent as water and didn't emit any smell.

He called Hawkeye.

"Inform me about the situation in the 9th region." Dudian sat by the desk.

Hawkeye looked at him: "Sire, you are not serving as the elder. So we can't use your previous code name because your origin can be detected. I hope you can give me a code name that I can register for your future use."

Dudian pondered for a moment: "Nighthawk... Let's go with it."

"Nighthawk?" Hawkeye was startled.

"What?"

"It's a coincidence but there is a four-star alchemist in the 9th region with this code name." Hawkeye continued: "Elder we can only change the code names of members below two stars."

Dudian wrinkled his eyebrows "Then I shall be called the devil."

“The devil?” Hawkeye reacted: “I’ll check it and see if there is anyone who uses this nickname.”

“Alright.” Dudian nodded: “Before that report the situation.”

Hawkeye looked at him: “The territory of the 9th region goes from the West Street to Puxi street of the commercial district… Our staff is concentrated in the residential district as the rule of Holy Church is loose there. We can facilitate our actions much easier. The headquarters of the other elders also concentrate in the residential district.”

“However, our five-star alchemists and potion masters mostly are active in the commercial district.”

“We have 4 five-star alchemists and two great potion master and one diviner…”

Hawkeye made an introduction then took a file from the bookcase and handed it to Dudian. There were everything in details in the file.

Chapter 463

Dudian checked the information that Hawkeye handed to him.

“Hawkeye, do you have animal glue mask?” Dudian casually asked.

Hawkeye replied: “Elder is joking. The animal glue mask is too rare and I’m not qualified to use it. I show my real face because I was born in an alchemist family. I was destined to chose this path since birst.”

“You were born in the alchemist family?” Dudian was surprised. No wonder the previous elder dared to trust him...It was because of his background: “Which family do you belong to?”

“Randy family.” Hawkeye respectfully answered.

“The Randy family... Aren’t you guys which made the ‘human glue mask’ 80 years ago?” Dudian asked. The time when he heard about the Inferno family Dudian researched about the other big families of the dark church. The people preferred to call them behind their backs as the humanskin family.

Hawkeye responded: “It was my great-grandfather who created the human skin bonding method.”

Dudian didn’t think that the Hawkeye would have such an extraordinary origin.

“I heard that the technique can help to bind the skin of others to the person. You can change your face and smell of the body.” Dudian said.

Hawkeye smiled: “Elder, its been many years that my family doesn’t dare to study this technique. It’s a taboo method so I don’t know much about it.”

Dudian no longer asked for information after he saw Hawkeye was reluctant to answer him.

“Three primary dark knights, six intermediate level... ” Dudian was surprised when he saw a piece of information. The senior level dark knights were equal to senior hunters. He had a total of nine senior hunters under his command!

It was four times more than what Mellon consortium had!

Of course, it doesn’t include the forces that Mellon consortium secretly nurtured.

“Which regions are stronger than ours?” Dudian asked.

Hawkeye replied: “Only, 6^{th}, 8^{th} and 11^{th} region are weaker than us.”

“Alright.” Dudian secretly speculated about the strength of the

regions. They had 9 senior hunters then the other regions had more than them. IF he made an estimate then the dark church had around hundreds of senior hunter level knights!

It meant that they had a lot of power!

“The strength of the Monastery is unpredictable if I count the saints. However the devil families such as the Dragon clan have terrifying forces. The Monastery should have hidden strength too! I have to rely on my own strength if I want to be the master of the giant wall!”

Dudian’s eyes lit up as he looked at the information in his hands. The deification had an infinite potential. He had to enhance his strength as soon as possible!

The sounds of pages flipping echoed in the huge office. Another two hours passed as Dudian checked the information.

“Elder, messengers from the 3rd region have come over to meet you.” Hawkeye reported.

Dudian frowned as he was checking the information. He pondered for a little and said: “Let them in.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye left the room.

Dudian muttered as he cracked his fingers: “Quite anxious …”

Hawkeye returned to the office with two people after few moments. One of them was a middle-aged man who was wearing a gray cloak. The other was a youth who seemed to be a knight.

Dudian checked the knight. The youth was comparable to Gwyneth in strength.

“Greetings elder. How should I address you?” The middle-aged man said in a respectful tone.

Hawkeye quickly said before Dudian opened his mouth to reply: “The code name of our new elder is ‘devil.’”

There was a weird expression on the middle-aged man’s face which disappeared without a trace after a second. He smiled: “Elder Devil, our master ‘Night King’ has heard that you took the office so sent you a small gift. I hope it would be to your liking.” He unlocked a package. There was a square box cast with gold.

Hawkeye quickly took the box. It was to prevent anything toxic infecting Dudian.

Dudian had to be careful as the dark church was the lawless place.

Hawkeye’s eyes lit up as he opened the box.

There was a vial in a green porcelain bottle. The bottle was very thin and looked almost ransparent. You could vaguely see the light red liquid flowing within the bottle.

The middle-aged man continued: “Elder this is the gift of my master ‘Night King’. It’s the spring water made from the dragon earthworm. It has incredible effects in regeneration of limbs. As long as person has a breath left then he could be saved. It’s not excessive to call it a second chance in life.”

Dudian was shocked. He had heard about it in the Temple. It was one of the most valuable items in the Temple. The dragon worm was an extremely rare monster that lived outside the giant wall. A young dragon worm was about level 20. A dragon worm in maturing period reached level 35 to 40. Mature dragon worm was a terrifying existence comparable to adult splitter!

The dragon worm didn’t have magic marks but it was in no way inferior to other famous monsters.

“Night King can get the things which the Temple doesn’t even sell...” Dudian was shocked. He recovered the next moment. Dudian was aware of the intention of the other party. There were few message underlying in this gift. The first one was that the Night King was highlighting the huge intelligence network of his region. Second one was the show of strength. Dudian had let to have a firm foothold in the 9^{th} region so the Night King was pressuring him.

Dudian put back the vial into the box: “Relay my thanks to Night King for the gift.”

The middle-aged man's smile turned wide: "I'll retire then."

Dudian nodded: "Hawkeye, see off the visitors."

Hawkeye looked at the golden box in Dudian's hands in envy. He recovered his eyes as he sent away the middle-aged man and the young knight.

Dudian opened the box and took the vial after the trio left. He looked at the small bottle then narrowed his eyes: "It's a pity to send such a valuable thing to me…"

Dudian's lips curled up as he put away the vial. He looked at the information in his hand. He had to master everything about the 9th region in short time.

…

The 3rd region.

"Elder Night King, he received your gift." The middle-aged man knelt on the ground.

There was a throne above the main hall. A man wearing a black robe and a black hat was sitting on the iron cold throne. Night King looked at the middle-aged man: "Did you just say that the new elder's code name is 'devil'?"

“Yes, Night King.”

“Hm…”

Chapter 464

The middle-aged man wearing the gray cloak was startled as he looked at the stalwart figure shrouded in darkness that sat on the throne: “Night King although the spring was expensive but it shouldn’t be too much to get him under our wings. Isn’t it?”

“The Holy Church has branded us as minions of the devil. The new elder has chosen the code name ‘devil’. Such an ambition. Do you think he would be willing to work under anyone? His foundation is too thin as he has just taken over the position of elder. He didn’t have the ability to refuse at this point but in the future he will rebel!”

The middle-aged man’s face slightly changed: “Night King if its so then should we cut off his wings before they are opened wide? He could be only a commander of the 9th region in the future.”

“It’s impossible to do that but we can’t give the opportunity for the 9th region to grow. Otherwise the checks and balances of the three kings will be in dismay and caught in chaos.”

“Yes.”

…

Dawn of the next day.

Dudian was still in the office as he read the information about the

9th region. He had a general understanding of 9th region's situation after a night of reading. The 9th region was in lower mid-level within the 12 regions. The number of followers, wealth and forces were quite far from the other regions. Especially the Night King of the 3rd region had massive powers."

"Unexpectedly, the gap between the regions is too big. I don't know if the Monastery appointed the Night King or he is someone who has increased his power from the beginning." Dudian pondered: "The identity of the other party doesn't matter. According to the words of Punishment Division's elder once the identity is exposed then you either get back to the inner wall or get an extreme punishment. I shouldn't care about his identity. He is not a friend but an enemy."

"Elder, did you call me?" Hawkeye joined the room.

Dudian nodded: "Call all five-star alchemists, great potion master, great diviner and the commander of the dark knights. I'll have a meeting."

"Meeting?" Hawkeye nodded: "I'll notify everyone."

Dudian continued to read information after Hawkeye left. These information were the collected data by the previous elders about the other 11 regions.

"There are three kings in the 12 regions. The Night King of the 3rd region, the Sword King of the 1st region and Underworld King

of the 5th region. The other elders are attached to these three men. In addition, the 2nd region, the 10th region and the 12th region are not affiliated with any of these factions. There seems to be four factions in total. However those unaffiliated ones should help each other but only to a certain degree."

Dudian's eyes lit up as he went through the information.

After a long time.

Hawkeye joined the room and reported: "Elder, Stuart and Corina, two five-star alchemists have come and are waiting for you in the chamber."

Dudian frowned as he looked at the hourglass: "What about others?"

Hawkeye bowed: "They are on the way."

"Are they usually so slow?" Dodian frowned.

Hawkeye bowed: "Elder, they are far away from here. Some of them have matters in their hands so it is inevitable slow for them to reach the hq."

Dudian looked at him: "How long is the slowest time for all of them to reach?"

There was tension in Hawkeye's eyes: "The slowest was when the others had reached here in two and half hours."

"It's been an hour now so we will wait for another 1.5 hours." Dudian waved his hand: "Tell them to wait."

"Alright." Hawkeye responded in hesitation.

1.5 hours passed.

Hawkeye knocked the door.

"Come in."

Hawkeye pushed the door and went into the room. He saw Dudian sitting by the desk and concentrating on the information in front of him. He bowed his head: "Elder, the time is up."

Dudian looked up at Hawkeye: "Is everyone in here?"

Hawkeye hesitated a bit: "Elder, seven people aren't attending."

"Seven?" Dudian wrinkled his eyebrows.

The total number of people to attend the meeting supposed to be 16. At the moment nearly half of them weren't in the hq.

“Alright.” Dudian got up from his desk: “Write down the names of the people who haven’t come and wait for my instructions.”

Hawkeye looked at Dudian as if he sensed what Dudian wanted to do: “Elder, you just took over the region. If they move to reinforce other regions then our 9th region will be greatly impacted. I hope you won’t act on impulse…”

Dudian stopped when he heard Hawkeye’s words. He said in an indifferent tone: “Don’t forget it. In my house everyone follows my rules!”

Dudian walked in big strides as he went out of the room.

Hawkeye caught up with him. He secretly looked at Dudian’s eyes which weren’t covered by the mask. He saw that there was no anger in them but calmness.

They reached the spacious room on the second floor. Dudian saw eleven figures sitting in the room. Five of them exuded senior hunter level heat from their bodies. The remaining six were bleak but slightly higher than average civilians. But those six were weird. The head was unevenly distributed in their bodies. For example there was one who had both of his arms exuding a great heat while the other had his chest exuding great heat.

“Elder, please.” Hawkeye showed the way.

The room was a very luxurious conference hall. It was decorated

with resplendent tables and chairs which were made from expensive materials.

The laughter and chatter within the room stopped when Dudian entered it. All the eyes were focused on Dudian's body. Some of the frowned as they watched Dudian.

Dudian wasn't tense because of their gazes. He was aware that the people sitting in the room weren't angels but people who are identified as 'devils' in the current era. However he was not a young child that he was years ago. He was master of the Temple and had been in contact with other high status people and knew how to calmly deal with these occasions.

He sat by the table: "I'm the new elder of the 9th region. My code name is 'devil'. I have called you over to casually talk about few things."

"Devil?" All of them were stunned as they heard the overbearing nickname.

An enchanting woman sitting in a nearby chair said: "Devil? Elder, in addition to three kings within the dark church no one dares to use word 'king' let alone devil. We would come under harsh suppression if the other three kings misunderstood your code name."

"Yes!"

“Elder, you are heavily provoking them. Change the code name!”

Two more people joined her.

Dudian narrowed his eyes as he quietly waited for them to finish. He saw that no one else was going to speak so he said: “Today, is the first day that we meet and you want me to change my code name. Is this how you welcome me?”

The enchanting woman said: “Elder, you misunderstood us. We have no other meaning behind our proposition. It’s just your name is too overbearing and our 9th region is only at moderate level. The consequences will be unimaginable if you cause the unhappiness of the kings.”

Dudian stared at her. He roughly judged that the woman was a great potion master. He smiled: “Unimaginable like what?”

The woman’s face turned ugly: “Elder, I just kind of..,”

“I know.” Dudian interrupted her. The smile in his face disappeared as he coldly glanced at everyone: “The main reason that I called you over was to talk about the future development and position of the 9th region. I only have one goal and that is to be the strongest!”

The hall turned silent after his words echoed.

Everyone looked at him in astonishment.

“The strongest” A middle-aged man who was frozen for a long time said as he smiled: “Elder, you just took the office so you may not have good understanding of the situation. The 9th region… ”

“I know.” Dudian interrupted him: “I know the situation of 9th region. I have checked the intelligence on 3 kings. I am also aware of our current ability. We can compete with three kings. However we can develop and catch up. You have been watching three kings plunder and swallow the resources. Don’t you dare to do anything?”

Everyone looked at each other. They knew that Dudian had done his homework after he said the last sentence.

“We want to but catching up with three kings is very difficult. Even if they stagnate at the same place we will need more than ten years to catch up with the.” An old man said in a helpless tone.

“Well.” The enchanting woman nodded: “Elder, what is the plan? Its not wonderful if you only talk about it. It will only cause the anger of three kings which is not something that our 9th region can afford.”

Dudian lightly said: “The plan is very simple. We will enhance the training curriculum of the academy, cultivate new five-star alchemists and great potion masters while we train dark knights on the side.”

The woman was stunned however she reacted after a while: “Elder, are you joking?”

Dudian replied in a serious tone: “Do I sound like that?”

The woman was dumbfounded: “You are right about the plan. But its very difficult to nurture a five-star alchemist, great potion master or a great diviner. Even if we are lucky to find talented students, we will need seven to eight years to achieve success. To nurture a new five-star alchemist we will need at least ten years of time.”

“It’s not that difficult.” Dudian said in indifferent manner: “I have my own methods about that. In the future when I give you tasks I hope you will take them seriously. If any tasks fails because of the personal reasons then you won’t imagine what the consequences will be.”

“Hmpf!” A loud sound echoed. A middle-aged man wearing a black cloak who sat at the end of the conference table rugged his face which was full of ridicule. He coldly looked at Dudian: “Ignorant! It’s ridiculous to see someone like you being appointed as an elder. What kind of a profession do you think a five-star alchemist or a great potion master is? Do you think that everyone can become a dark knight as long as the ‘god’s blessing’ is used? Ignorant!”

Dudian’s eyes narrowed as he looked at him in silence.

“What? Aren’t you convinced?” The middle-aged man’s eyes were full of arrogance as he looked at Dudian without the slightest fear.

Dudian knew that the man was the commander of the dark knights. They had high status within the organization. Even the elders need to be polite towards them. They could defect to other regions any time. Although it would cause impact on their fame and reputation but there was room for the free action.

Moreover they had strength and influence as well as the commanded the teams of dark knights. It would be very difficult to arrest them even if the elder made the order.

“Anything else?” Dudian said.

The middle-aged man continued: “Your feet aren’t firm but you already dare to challenge the three kings. Nothing but rhetoric! If I had known that it will be so then I would have slept at home!”

Dudian looked at him in silence.

The middle-aged man’s face looked good as he saw Dudian didn’t speak: “Don’t you have anything to say?”

“I’ll begin since you have finished.” Dudian slowly said: “You just argued that the cultivation of alchemists and dark knights is very difficult. Indeed, for you it is difficult. Otherwise the 9^{th} region wouldn’t be in the position that it is for so many years. From today

the 9th region is under my control. You only need to the tasks that are given to you! In 6 months the 9th region will be in top five regions and I'll become the new king!"

"You can choose not to believe it but I don't care! I will say it once! After the task is given if its not completed because of personal reasons or collusion with the other regions then don't expect a light punishment!"

Everyone's face changed. Neither the woman or the middle-aged man thought that Dudian would speak in such a harsh tone.

The middle-aged man frowned as there was dissatisfaction in his heart. But he held back as he saw Dudian's assured look. Half a year was not much of a time. If the new elder couldn't realize such big words then he would lose all his prestige.

The middle-aged man believed that Dudian knew about it. No matter what the character of the elder was at least they had a brain to think.

"Elders, do you have any plans?" Old man asked in curious tone.

Dudian said: "Naturally."

"We will believe you since you have come up with such a big goal." The enchant woman glanced at the audience.

Dudian looked at Hawkeye: “Did you write the names of the people into the list.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye handed out the list.

Dudian didn’t pick up the list: “I don’t need it. Cancel their positions.”

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Hawkeye was stunned: “Cancel their posts?”

The member in the conference hall were shocked as they looked at Dudian.

Dudian wrinkled his eyebrows: “Did not hear it?”

Hawkeye understood that he hadn’t misheard. He said in hurry: “Elder, they are the members of the council. Canceling the position of six council members at once, I’m afraid…I’m afraid…”

Dudian indifferently continued: “You have misunderstood me. I said to cancel their positions! It includes the titles they held regardless whether they were five-star alchemist, great potion master or a dark knight. All of that should be cancelled! If they want to get their positions back then they have to re-apply from scratch!”

The crowd was stunned. The previous middle-aged man was the first to react. He came over and hit the table with his palm as he said in an angry tone: “Are you kidding? Do you want to cancel their posts and identities because they couldn’t attend? Do you even know what you are doing? Do you want to destroy the 9th region?”

Dudian narrowed his eyes as he looked at the man: “First, adjust the volume of your voice when you talk to him. You don’t know

my rules so I will forgive you for this. The second, elder Kerry must have notified about his retirement to everyone. They haven't come over to greet their new elder!"

"In addition, if they had temporary tasks then they should have sent people to apologize in advance. None of them acted so!"

The middle-aged man continued in an angry tone: "I don't care! You can't cancel their positions even if they didn't come! You are forcing them to betray the 9th region and you are self-destructing! "

Dudian shook his head and raised his hand: "Come over."

The middle-aged man rushed at Dudian and said in an angry tone: "What do you want?

"Look at this." Dudian raised his right and and clenched his fingers into a fist. The middle-aged man's eyes fell onto his right fist. He was about the speak when he instinctively raised his hand to block the punch. However he was slow!

Bang!

The pain burst out from his abdomen and his body bowed like a shrimp. His feet gently went up the ground as he couldn't help but choke blood out of his mouth. His body slowly fell down like a snow. The violent pain spread all over his body. It was like all the bones in his body were cracked. It was hard for him to stand.

Dudian pulled out a white handkerchief and gently wiped the invisible filth on his right hand. Then he threw the handkerchief on the middle-aged man's face. Dudian indifferently said: "Don't think that you can be unscrupulous because your are the commander of the dark knights. Kerry needed you for protection but I don't. This is the first time but the second one won't end up with just a simple 'pain'."

The hall was silent.

The eyes of council members almost protruded out as they watched the scene in shock.

The middle-aged man's palm tightly pressed onto the desktop to support his body. He clenched his teeth to restrain screaming but his body was covered in sweat. He adapted to the pain and reluctantly looked at Dudian. There was fear and anger in his eyes. Perhaps he would be dead if Dudian had a dagger.

"They didn't join the meetings and I assume their purpose was to test the new elder who took the office. Unfortunately, I don't like arrogant people. In my house everyone follows my rules! I kick out the one who doesn't comply with those rules!"

The attendees barely maintained their calmness but there was trace of alarm in their eyes.

Obviously no one thought that the newly appointed elder would be so strong. The strength had scared everyone. However there

were few who thought that the middle-aged man co-operated with Dudian to stage this play.

"Anyone who betrays me while I'm in charge of the 9th region will face death! I'll use all the resources of the 9th region to hunt them down!" Dudian coldly looked at the crowd. After finishing the talk he turned away and left the hall.

Hawkeye was stunned but recovered and followed after Dudian.

The tight and cold atmosphere lingering in the hall relaxed after Dudian's departure. Everyone felt that the newly appointed elder was much more oppressive than the previous Kerry.

"Tom, are you alright?" The enchanting woman asked.

The middle-aged man took deep breathes. The abdominal pain gradually subsidized and he was able to tolerate it: "I'm alright." At the same time he looked at Dudian who went out. There was fear in his eyes. He knew that no matter how much power was used such a strong pain wouldn't be caused unless a special meridian was hit. It alone was proof that the elder was much powerful than him.

However there were less than people who numbered in less than fingers of two hands in the entire outer wall who could beat him!

"I didn't expect the new elder to be so strong." An old man whose face was full of beard said. There was diagonal scars on his face

which made him look more hideous: “He deliberately used power to deterr us! I think he is comparable to high level warriors of the Holy Church.”

“It’s really strange that we haven’t heard about such a monster that lurked in the dark church.” Another old man frowned.

The enchanting woman whispered: “Every elder has amazing background and strength. I think our new elder is not simple either. He has chosen the self-styled ‘devil’ code name not to show off but to deliberately provoke three kings.”

“Yes.”

“Perhaps the 9th region can really be one of the top five regions under his leadership.”

“We can produce the philosophers stone if the resources are sufficient!”

“Don’t be so happy! The strength is the most worthless power in the dark church!”

…

Hawkeye said as he saw Dudian sit by his desk: “Elder, those six positions… There are two five-star alchemists, two senior knights, an intermediate dark knight, a great potion master… Some of them

belong to families while the others rely on nobles. We will lose strength and the loss will be too great if we do it as you say."

Dudian looked at him: "They tried to use strong force to rebound but I will use the force to suppress them. The basic of the system is that the subordinates have to follow the superiors.. Not visa-versa!"

Hawkeye wryly smiled: "We can use more gentle means to suppress them..."

"Violence is the most effective wave." Dudian waved: "Go out."

Hawkeye was dumbfounded. He turned and left.

...

Inner wall.

"Funny...Did he really say that?" The elder of the Punishment division said with a smile: " Half a year to reach a top five... He is a funny one..."

A shadow next to him whispered: "Should I remind him not to stand out?"

"No need." The elder shook his head: "He is already low-key. He could subjugate all the areas with his strength. He knows that we

are checking him so he didn't go for a quick success. He wants to be a king so he is telling us that he will follow our will and do part of the work he has to do. Its enough that he hasn't drawn trouble."

The mouth of the shadow twitched under his cloak. Dudian had named himself as future king! Moreover he was going to take 9th region into top five. Is it being low-key?

"Go back." The elder continued: "The outer wall will be very lively for the next six months. If he sincerely makes an allegiance to us then he will be the next pope."

"Pope?" Shadow's eyes narrowed. However he bowed his head as if he had heard nothing. "Subordinate will go back." The shadow disappeared.

Elder turned to looked at the door which opened and closed. There was a smile on his face.

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“Did he cancel all my positions? “Angelika looked at her servant. They were in an extraordinary castle of aristocratic origin. The room was cool.

“In addition to you, 5 other members of the council who didn’t attend the meeting were deprived of their statuses and positions.” The young man said as he knelt on ground: “To get back the status and identity you have to re-pass the exams and get your new medal. The people were sent from the headquarters to collect your five-star alchemist badge. They are still on the road.”

“Others have been removed too!?” Angelika was shocked. Did the new elder wanted to force them to rebel by depriving them of their identity and statuses?

Angelika took a deep breath: “Elaborate about the identity of the new elder. How come he is so rampant?”

The young man bowed his head: “The code name of the new elder is ‘devil’. His origin is unknown. According to the information from the meeting he was able to hit and mess Tom the commander of the dark knights with a single punch! He has extraordinary strength. Although there are some who speculate that he may have colluded with Tom to act out. But Carlos and Lemon who are friends and students of the Tom, were removed from their positions too. It means that there is a small chance that there was a private collusion. ”

“He beat Tom with a punch!?” Angelika narrowed her eyes: “Does he want to go against the three kings like this? But the thing is if he can beat Tom then his physique has gone over the limits of human body. He must have relationship with the inner wall or else its impossible to reach such a state by relying on ‘God’s blessings’!”

The young man was silent.

Angelika’s eyes lit up as she calmed down: “All the elders are carefully chosen for their position. The new elder should have some trump cards to have such a confidence.”

The anger in her heart disappeared as she looked at the youth: “Prepare a gift. I’ll make a trip to the headquarters.”

Youth was startled. He didn’t expect someone as proud as her bow in front of anyone: “Yes.”

…

“He wants to recover my medal? Is he crazy?” A woman who looked like a 16 year old girl looked at her confident. The shock in her eyes turned into anger. She clenched her fingers into a fist: “It’s amazing that he can beat Tom but no one can resist my potions!”

The main bowed her head to show the respect towards Amy: “Miss is right. Even a god can’t resist the erosion of your potions.”

“Yes.” A trace of hatred flashed in Amy’s eyes: “I wanted to show him the authority that I hold but he dared to directly cancel status, identity and duties! Does he think that there is no place than 9th region where we can go!? Since he wants to use force then I will present his head as a gift to Underworld King.”

The maid said in a respectful tone: “Underworld King should appreciate the talents and attainments of the miss in potion making!”

“Of course! I gave face to elder Kerry or else I would have left long ago!” Amy replied.

…

The news spread quickly after the meeting.

Dudian received a report from the Hawkeye: “Elder, Sword king and Underworld king have sent gifts to you. The messengers are waiting for you.”

Dudian was reading information. This was not related to 9th region but as an elder of the dark church he had access to some confidential files. He had read intelligence on 9th and other regions last night. Because of his current constitution it was very easy and fast for him to go through books. He looked at Hawkeye: “Learn what they have sent. If it is not expensive then directly send back.”

Hawkeye wryly smiled. He had understood the way new elder made business.

“Senior hunter is the bottleneck. Certain potions can simulate the body... But that’s it... The god’s blessings are limited to only hunter. To get past this level I need ‘God’s marrows’. The problem is you can’t get those in the outer wall. The only are with them is the inner wall!” Dudian wrinkled his eyebrows as he read the information. He wanted to enhance his constitution as soon as possible but now it seemed not realistic.

It was no wonder that there were no people with saint level strength in the outer wall.

The inner wall held vast majority of resources and the monopoly on everything. This was the main reason why the inner wall could easily suppress the outer wall and even enslave them!

“In order to enhance my constitution I have to find passage into the inner wall and get ‘God’s marrows’.” Dudian’s eyes lit up. He knew that if he relied on the passages of the dark church the Monastery would be aware. He had to find another way but the inner wall was blocked! There is only one legal passage and that was to rely on Monster Institute. According to Francis, Monster Institute was the organisation that supplied ‘god’s blessings’ to the outer wall.

“I have to see if I can obliterate their supply team. If not then I have to rely on good old way! Smuggle!” Dudian decided.

Hawkeye returned: “Elder, the first gift is an alchemy item called whirling stone. It is an unusually rare and very difficult item to be refined by five-star alchemists. There is a small chance to extract it. It has a high price as a collectible item. It’s loved by the aristocracy!”

“The gift sent by the Underworld King is called ‘beauty wine’. It was created by the great potion master Sober! A drop of this wine can be used to poison tens of thousands of people. If a person directly drinks it then they will immediate die. The only flaw is that it has the flavor of the red wine. So a red wine has to be used or people will get the whif of it.”

Dudian listened to him: “All of them are third-rate items. Send them back. We can buy this in outside too. Go and buy this wine and let our alchemists analysis and see if they can decrypt the formula.”

Hawkeye shook his head: “Elder Kerry have tried this in the past. Several five-star alchemists and outstanding potion masters tried to analyze the composition but could not get any results. We have half of the bottle in the warehouse if elder wants it.”

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“Alright.” Dudian spoke in a casual manner: ” Find few outstanding potion masters and set up a research group. Give them the rest of the wine. I’ll write the formula later on. They should find it out afterwards…”

“Analytic formula?” Hawkeye was stunned: “Elder, do you understand potions?”

Dudian waved him to go out as he didn’t want to waste time.

Dudian took a piece of white paper and wrote down the distillation process and chromatography. He threw aside. It was more than enough to analyze the poison and he didn’t intent to delve into this aspect of the process. In fact, he didn’t even care about learning how to operate the 9^{th} region.

“After all 12 regions of the dark church are just pawns in the hands of the Monastery. Even if the performance is outstanding they will be nothing more than a piece on the board to be controlled by the Monastery. It’s stupid to be immersed into such a thing!”

“However I have to cut off the fingers of the chess player if I want to get rid of the manipulator.”

Dudian’s eye lip up.

The Monastery will repent for this sin in the future. They will repent for letting him return to the outer wall!

This time he was planning to get good grasp of the time and resources. He wanted to have enough strength to compete with the inner wall the next time he faced the risk!

However he couldn't rely neither on strength of the dark church or Holy Church. After all the strength of the entire outer wall was nothing but a dust in front of inner wall! He must use the strength from outside the chess board to overturn the game!

He called Hawkeye.

"Yes elder." Hawkeye was holding onto a list of master potioners who he was going to contact. He was surprised to see Dudian to call out to him. It seems the elder was going to give him new instructions. Actually he was a bit frightened. The new master was totally different from elder Kelly. The new one was always doing something while Elder Kerry was a low-key and cautious person by nature. It was difficult to adapt to the new conditions.

Dudian asked: "How many 'god's blessings' do we have in our warehouse?"

Hawkeye shook his head: "We don't have recent statistics. But the last time I made a count there were enough to promote seven intermediate knights into senior level. Do you want some?"

“I want all of them.” Dudian glanced at him. “Do not ask another question right now.”

Hawkeye bowed: “Yes.”

“Bring them as soon as possible.” Dudian said: “In addition buy from the market too. The price doesn’t matter. If you are short on money then let me know.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye was surprised. He knew that the new elder was going to make a big move so he didn’t neglect.

After a while.

Several dark knights followed after Hawkeye as they entered Dudian’s room. They were carrying huge black boxes. Hawkeye said: “Elder, these are the blessings in the warehouse. We left some to satisfy the basic daily needs of the 9^{th} region. Do you need more?”

“Temporarily no.” Dudian opened one of the boxes and looked at the old-fashioned syringes which had pink liquid inside them.

Hawkeye waved at the dark knights to leave after they transported all the boxes.

Hawkeye asked after everyone left: “Elder, any other orders?”

“No, you go out.” Dudian gentle stroked the box.

Hawkeye exited the room and closed the door. He saw Dudian put back the syringe into the box as he closed the door.

Dudian picked out the god’s blessing that he put into the box moments ago. He lifted the sleeve of his right arm and stabbed the needle into his arm. He slowly injected the liquid into his body.

According to the information and knowledge from the old era he knew the serious consequences of genetic manipulation. He had felt the chill the first time when as a scavenger he had used the god’s blessing. He always felt that the god’s blessing was imperfect. Something very horrible was hidden in the secret formula of the god’s blessing. Or there was a conspiracy. He couldn’t believe that the backward world of the giant wall could solve something that couldn’t be solved back in the old era.

However after these years he knew that god’s blessing was the only way to become strong. The final price would be destruction.

Because of juranzhi’s magic marks he could take shortcuts and directly absorb the cold crystals to enhance his strength. As a result his left arm was left unconscious and now he suffered from ‘ice blood syndrome’. Now, he didn’t have the magic marks of the juranzhi so he had to rely on creations of the Monster Institute.

“I don’t know what kind of secrets this Monster Institute... ” Dudian secretly pondered as he injected the god’s blessing.

After the injection he felt cold spread from his arm into his body. But soon this cold feeling turned into hotness.

In a blink of an eye he restored to usual.

Dudian continued to inject the second God's blessing. He felt the same sensations again.

He had a senior hunter level constitution so the cell's in his body could still desire for god's blessings.

Dudian didn't stop but kept injecting and absorbing 18 god's blessings. There was a slight pain in his arm so he stopped the process. According to the instructions this was a sign of short-term saturation. If he continued with the injection of the god's blessings then the capillaries in his body would rupture. He may even cause damage to his internal organs.

"I can absorb 20 blessings or so in one go ..." Dudian felt that his strength was significantly enhanced. But it was relative to his overall strength. An average senior hunter need to absorb thousands of god's blessings to reach the physical limit of senior hunter.

"Because of short-term saturation on average I can absorb three times a day. According to basic calculation then I need more than five months if I continue to absorb 18 blessings, three times a day." Dudian's eyes lit up. Six months were needed to reach the limit of senior hunter. However with the deification of his magic marks he would be much more stronger than the captains of the saint teams.

It was inefficient because of the slow speed of increase in strength.

But this was the limit of everyone within the outer or even inner wall. It was impossible to go over the limits as the results would be terrifying. Otherwise the big consortia would have a lot of strong people by their side.

Dudian picked up another syringe and carefully observed it: “Cold crystals can also enhance the constitution but the consequences will be harsh. It’s a proof that the god’s blessings are extracted from the cold crystals. The problem is the cold crystals will turn the body into ice and they have transparent color. The god’s blessings is colored pink. What have they added into it? Where do they extract this pink thing?”

“Aisha said that she was able to climb over the barrier wall between the outer and inner wall at the age of eight or nine. Dragon clan must have a special way to make people quickly enhance their strength. A new born child would die if they are injected by god’s blessing every day. She couldn’t have that must of strength even if they injected a blessing a day.”

“Unless she had wings... But it seems she doesn’t have wings as I clearly looked at her stature...

“The devil families... the hunter families ...”

Dudian knew that if he got the secrets of any devil family or the

Monster Institute then he could speed up his growth. But there was a barrier wall. He wouldn't be able to sneak into the Monster Institute and steal their secrets even if he was able to sneak into the inner wall...

He thought of the meeting he had agreed with Aisha after seven days...

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“Elder, five-star alchemist Angelika have come to visit you.” Hawkeye’s voice echoed from outside the room.

Dudian put back the syringe into the box and returned to his seat: “Let her in.”

The door was pushed open after a moment. Hawkeye lead a woman dressed in black clothing and white cotton gloves. Dudian glanced at Angelika. According to the information the woman was over sixty years old but she looked half her age.

Dudian’s surprised calmed after he thought about her identity as an alchemist.

“Greetings elder.” Angelika bowed her head and raised her skirt from the sides. Her eyes swept through Dudian and quietly recorded his appearance in her mind. She was surprised as she had keen sense of smell. The new elder exuded very rich vitality even though he seemed very young.

Dudian indifferently replied: “If you are here for an apology then I accept. Go back and follow the rules in the future.”

Angelika didn’t expect Dudian to be so direct: “Elder is straightforward. Thanks. I hope elder will accept my humble gift.” She took out a fine gift box and put on Dudian’s table.

Dudian glanced at it but didn't touch: "Alright, you can go. "

Angelika looked at him: "Elder, I heard that you want 9th region to become one of the top five regions within six months!?"

"Do you have any objections?" Dudian looked at her.

Angelika replied: "No, no... I admire the elder's courage. Please give me commands if you need my cooperation in the future."

Dudian waved her to leave..

Hawkeye asked Dudian after sending off Angelika: "Elder, should we recover her position because of her apology?"

Dudian glanced at him: "I'm not the god of light! The only role of apology is to cause mercy and compassion of the other side. I don't forgive!"

Hawkeye turned pale: "Elder, I was wrong."

"Go on." Dudian waved.

Time passed.

After Angelika one senior dark knight and one intermediate level dark knight came to apologize. They pleaded to Dudian to help

them resume their identities and statuses but Dudian's refused.

In reality, it wasn't difficult to pass the exam. The difficulty lied in recovering the lost face.

A girl came after the two left.

"Greetings elder." Amy stood before Dudian's desk.

Dudian's were dull as he looked at alluring Amy. According to the information this girl's age was even higher than Angelika's. She was more than seventy years old. She had taken a lot of medicine and with the help of life alchemists maintained the posture and appearance of a girl. But it didn't mean that here life span was extended.

"I'm listening." Dudian glanced at her.

Amy took out a small porcelain bottle from her sleeve and handed out: "This is the latest medicine that I have developed. It can make an ordinary person as strong as a bull! They won't feel any pain. I'm ready to present the formula of this medicine to the headquarters."

Dudian was about to reach out his hand when he saw Amy's eye lit up. It seemed there was a hint of joy in them. He put down his hand and looked at the great potion master which looked like a girl.

Amy was stunned as she didn't expect Dudian to stop. She panicked as she had many years of experience and know what the results will be: "Elder, what's the problem?" Her cheeks flushed and she bent her head as if a shy young girl was looking at her crush.

Dudian was going to vomit because of the sight. He looked at Hawkeye: "I don't need it so I'll gift it to you."

Hawkeye had followed Kerry for a long time. He was aware from Dudian and Amy's expression that something was wrong: "Thank you elder!" He took out a specially made handkerchief: "It's a precious gift and I would be ashamed to dirty it."

Amy put away the bottle: "Since elder doesn't like my gift then I will take it back and bring another one."

Dudian confirmed his feelings. He spoke in a cold tone: "No need for that. Surrender."

Amy's face slightly changed. She bit her lips as she spoke in an angry tone: "Elder, why are you bullying your underlings?"

Dudian indifferently said: "Do you want to leave the bottle or your hand?"

"You!" Amy's face turned ugly. She knew that Dudian had seen through her plan. She was frightened: "Elder, you can't do this to me... I had some other things that's why I couldn't attend..."

“Hawkeye, get her!” Dudian shouted.

Hawkeye was feeling bitter. He was most reluctant to provoke a potion master. They were like snakes and covered in poison! But due to Dudian’s orders he had to act: “Master Amy, please take you the bottle.”

Amy bit her lower lip: “Do you dare to touch me?”

Hawkeye smiled: “I have heard that your body is toxic. Even the dress that you were are made out of spider silk which was soaked in venom. I don’t have an antidote so I don’t dare.”

“It’s good that you know!” Amy looked at Dudian: “What do you want from me?

Dudian indifferently said: “Are you still holding onto the last trace of hope? Did you want to take my head as a gift to seek refuge with the new owder? I will give you a final chance. If you say something of value that I don’t know then I can leave your old life.”

Amy’s face changed and anger burst out in her heart when she heard Dudian say ‘old life’: “Damn bastard! You were just lucky. I’ll let you taste the poison directly. Do you even dare to kill me?”

Dudian snorted as he grabbed a pen from the table and threw it out.

Puff! The pen hit the porcelain and pierced her wrist.

Amy screamed in pain as the porcelain dropped to the ground and broke. The powder spread out as she held onto her hand and screamed like a pig.

“She couldn’t change her voice… ” Dudian looked at Hawkeye.

Hawkeye was stunned as he wryly smiled.

There was fear in Amy’s eyes as she looked at Dudian: “No,no… Not my hands… I will talk… I know a big secret.”

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“Listening to lies is the same as delaying and wasting my time.” Dudian looked at her: “I don’t like listening to lies.”

Amy bit her lips as she endured the pain from her wrist: “I know a bishop of the Holy Church who is member of the dark church. He has a high status and identity within the dark church. If we expose his identity then the Holy Church will make an investigation and it will be a loss to them. Moreover you will damage a pawn of other region.”

She sincerely stared at Dudian.

Dudian shook his head as the last race of hope in his heart was lost. He was in contact with the Monastery so he was aware of the inner works of the system. He didn’t care about bishops, pope or even the Speaker of the dark church. Pope should know about the identity of the bishop more than anyone. He would get rid of him the moment bishop loses the value.

Pope should be overseeing every little move.

The only pity was that the faithful believers of the god of light and the members of the dark church fought each other and bleed for their ‘god’. They didn’t know that the faith they hold was nothing but a phantom created by the Monastery to enslave them.

“Really?” Dudian rubbed his fingertips onto the pencil.

Amy was looking at Dudian's eyes but found that Dudian didn't respond to her news. It seems that he was disappointed. She spoke out: "Elder, did you…know about it?"

Dodian glanced at her and said: "I don't know about truthfulness or reliability of the information. If its true then I'll be having a problem with another elder. The next move that you will make would be take refuge with another elder. You will let them think that you have found an evidence of me colluding with the Holy Church. Afterwards there will be a conflict but you will get merits by that elder. Is it kind of a retaliation?"

Amy's face slightly changed: "How could I? Elder, I have conclusive evidence…"

"This topic ends here. Anything else?" Dudian put the pencil gently onto the table. The sound was very light but Amy's heart stopped for a moment.

Amy was angry: "Elder, if you punish me then the 9th region will lose a great potion master. We don't have many potion masters in the 9th region to begin with. You just took over the position and the other parties are eyeing you. You can't weaken your own strength. I can make up for it. I'll develop a new high class potion within a month and will give the formula to you at the lowest price."

"You just don't understand me." Dudian gestured at Hawkeye: "She has attacked an elder. Take her down to prison and get her

equipment for her research."

Hawkeye stared at Dudian. He didn't think that Dudian was so ruthless.

Amy uttered in panic: "You can't imprison me. You don't have the right to do so! Do you even know about my connections?"

"I don't have a right?" Dudian lightly said: "Before the 9th region was ruled by elder and council members. However I'm the sole ruler now. I'm the dictator, tyrant or whatever you feel like calling me. Actually it will be a good test to see how the families and the consortia that have good relationship with you will act. Would they act against me because of a great potion master? Is your worth really that high?"

Amy's face turned pale as her body trembled. She stared at Dudian: "Don't do this to me. I can promise you other things but you can't imprison and limit my freedom! The potion production of the 9th region will be greatly reduced if you imprison me. The union which I head and my students will strike and stop the supply of potions! The influence of the 9th region will fall once again and become the worst region out of all!"

Dudian indifferently replied: "We are nothing but a group of cold-blooded monsters. It's dark church not Holy Church! Do you really think that you students will go against me because I had imprisoned you? Although I'm not aware of the specifics but I can assure you that your students are looking forward to your death. No one likes to be suppressed by someone else. I just have to add a

bit of sweetness for them to sway."

Amy's lips twitched. Dudian's words were like sword which pierced through her heart. Deep in her heart she certainly knew that in addition to few students no one else would be willing to follow her till the end. She was vulnerable and as week as a paper in front of monster like Dudian.

She didn't expect Dudian to be so overbearing, crazy and have tough attitude.

"You will definitely lose if you imprison me!" Amy took a deep breath: "I would rather die than make potions for you if you restrain my freedom!"

Dudian gently picked up the pencil: "Did you expect do you so easily? The most painful is barely surviving... I advise you to obey otherwise you won't be able to keep your delicate face. What do you think if I sew a dry mummy's face onto your face?"

Amy's eyes widened as her chest violently went up and down. Her voice was trembling: "No..No! Don't!"

"It would be nice to sew an ugly male face onto yours." Dudian continued: "I don't know what kind of an image would appear..."

Amy shook her head. It seemed that she had forgotten the pain on her wrist: "I will obey... I will obey..."

“It’s a bit late…” Dudian shrugged his shoulders: “but unless I’m satisfied with your performance…”

Dudian looked at hawkeye: “Handle this matter. In addition prepare two large mirrors and put them into the prison cell so that our great potion master can appreciate her own beauty.”

The scalp of Hawkeye tingled. He had served elder Kerry for many years but he hadn’t seen such a punishment ever. He swallowed the saliva in his mouth : “Y-yes.” He didn’t even dare to persuade elder. The new elder wasn’t just a devil on code name but a real one!

“No, no!” Amy was scared as she saw that Dudian was serious. She knew that he wasn’t trying to intimidate her: “I beg you… I am willing to do anything…”

“You have to pay the price for the wrongdoing.” Dudian indifferently said: “Do you think that trying to poison an elder is just a small matter? By the way, give up struggling. You won’t be able to escape. There are primary dark knights outside the manor and intermediate level ones inside. You won’t be able to get out of here. And the author of this idea was a madman who I had met years ago. You should thank him.”

“No!” Amy cried in despair.

Dudian looked at Hawkeye. “What are you waiting for?”

Hawkeye moved. It was as if he teleported.

Bang!

Amy wanted to react but her body fell down unconscious.

Hawkeye took out a handkerchief as he looked at the unconscious Amy: “Elder, I’ll call over people to move her and change the carpet.”

Hawkeye was really worthy of being Kerry’s confidant. He both served as a secretary and a bodyguard. He should be the strongest within the 9^{th} region according to Dudian’s thermal vision. Hawkeye’s physique should have reached the top senior hunter level and he should have additional abilities because of the magic marks.

Hawkeye once again came to see Dudian after moving Amy.

“Elder, messenger of the Speaker has come.” (speaker is the ‘pope’ of the dark church)

“Speaker?” Dudian narrowed his eyes. The Pope was quick to find him.

“Bring him in.”

“Yes.”

A man wearing a black robe, black hood and black mask joined the room. The heat exuded from his body was superior to Hawkeye.

“Is he on the same level as the normal saints?” Dudian narrowed his eyes and looked at Hawkeye: “Go out for now.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye left the room.

“Greetings elder ‘Devil’. This is the letter from the Speaker.” The man spoke in an awkward tone. It seems that he was deliberately trying to control his voice. He took out a letter and put it on Dudian’s table. He was wearing a black glove. It seems he was afraid to leave the traces of his fingerprints on the letter.

Dudian didn’t picked up but glanced at letter. There was a black scythe logo on top of the envelope which was the seal of the speaker.

The man bowed and left without a word.

After he left Dudian took out a handkerchief and opened the envelope.

“Task?”

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Dudian didn't think that the 'speaker' would give him a task before the seat under his buttocks is heated: "Kill 'Marley' at 7 o'clock tonight. A three star alchemist have to be used for assassination."

"Target location, Falkland Street 12 ..."

There were no superfluous words in addition to the task within the content.

"The task to kill the 'Marley' seems an easy one but the identity and the number of assassins... " Dudian narrowed his eyes: "I would like to know who this 'Marley' is..."

Dudian lit up and burned the letter. He didn't want to expose the identity of the speaker. Although the writing wouldn't be Pope's own handwriting but one of his henchmen but still being a bit cautious won't hurt.

"Hawkeye." Dudian called Hawkeye after the ashes were extinguished.

Hawkeye came in: "Elder, do you have any order?"

"Investigate someone called 'Marley' who lives on Falkland street." Dudian commanded.

It didn't take long for Hawkeye return: "Elder we have checked out. Marley is a history professor and 58 years old this year. He was born in a declining knight family. His grandfather was a silver knight and the family owns twenty acres of land. His father has passed away and his mother lived in his hometown. He temporarily resides in Falkland street 12..."

Hawkeye paused at this point and looked at Dudian: "It seems that he is a believer of nature."

Dudian didn't think that they could get such clear information about a person in such a short time. He was surprised by dark church's intelligence network: "Nature? Does it means that he doesn't believe in god?"

"Yes." Hawkeye nodded: "They don't believe in neither the god of light or our great gods. They always utter blasphemous words such as 'material'. They were quite low-key until two years ago. But they have been more active recently. We had several frictions with believers of nature but didn't have any fierce conflict."

"Why?"

"According to Elder Kerry the Holy Church would be more interested in dealing with them than us. So we left them to Holy Church." Hawkeye responded.

Dudian nodded. It meant that Kerry wasn't a person sent by the Monastery but someone who had moved the stairs from the bottom. The Monastery used this move to place him inside the

dark church and eradicated a real believer of the dark church.

“Is there any three star alchemist who is free?” Dudian asked.

Hawkeye pondered for a moment: “There are few.”

“Get one and let him take nine people. We will go to kill this Marley at six o’clock this evening.” Dudian ordered.

Hawkeye was surprised: “Do you want to personally kill him?”

“At the same time I’ll get to know what this teachings about nature is…” Dudian casually said.

Dudian was pondering about something when he remembered the animal glue mask. He took it from the box. He couldn’t always use proper masks as there could be someone who could imitate his body language and voice to convey fake commands. The consequences would be unpredictable.

The Night King had sent him the vial with regenerative powers so he wasn’t worried about anything. He removed his mask and put on the animal glue mask.

IT was like a soft layer of skin that was attached to his face. It seemed to penetrate the pores on his face. He looked at the mirror. His appearance has actually change into the face of another person. The opposite side had to concentrate to see that the pores were different than on usual human face.

Dudian began to knead his face. He saw that his appearance was changing.

“It’s amazing that the Monastery have designed something like this.” Dudian saw that his face had totally changed. It was an artifact for any criminal!

However once the disciplinary knights got involved the situation would change. You couldn’t escape from the tracing and tracking abilities that they held just by changing the face.”

“I can’t change my face to an old man’s as my voice will spill out that it’s a mask.” Dudian looked at the mirror.

Time passed.

Six o’clock.

Trunn was outside the manor beside a carriage with nine of his friends. He took out the pocket watch to check the time once in a while. He was excited and tense since afternoon. He didn’t think that he could travel with an elder to do a task. It was like a dream. The task wasn’t difficult too!

He knew that if he could have the backing of an elder then it was possible to get promoted once again.

His friends rushed to beg him to choose them. They offered him gifts to get a place in the squad. However he didn't pick any people who were three star alchemists like him but acquaintances from the bottom level.

Two people came out of the manor as Trunn nervously waited. His eyes lit up as he recognized Hawkeye. He was secretary of the previous elder too. Even five-star alchemists couldn't neglect him and give him face because of his identity.

Trunn's eyes fell onto the body of a young man who looked 20 years old. The man had black hair and moist eyes. He had unique temperament.

"Elder!" Trunn whispered in a respectful tone as he saluted Dudian.

Dudian wrinkled his brows.

Hawkeye looked at Trunn: "Don't you have brains?! We are outside!"

Trunn looked at Dudian: "I'm sorry...I couldn't help..."

Dudian was lazy to listen to Trunn: "Is everyone ready?"

"Yes." Trunn replied.

Dudian nodded and sat into the compartment.

Hawkeye said in a tone full of worry: “Shouldn’t I accompany you?”

“No need, go back.” Dudian closed the door.

Trunn sat at coachman’s place and winked at his friends. All of them sat on the carriage. Trunn whispered: “Should we go now?”

“Yes.”

Trunn drove the carriage.

The carriage deliberately went through few streets before reaching Falkland street.

It stopped at the corner of Falkland Street 12. Trunn jumped off the carriage and went towards the compartment: “Should we begin now?” He didn’t want to make any mistakes so he speak as low as he could.

Dudian opened the door and looked at the tall building. There seemed to be two people in the building. One of them was walking around and it seemed that the person was a servant. The other was sitting and that one was their target – “Marley.”

“Clean up the scene so that Holy Church can’t find traces.”

Dudian continued: “I’ll come out soon. No one is allowed inside without my permission.”

“Yes.” Trunn laughed.

Dudian strode to the door and gentle knocked the door.

An ordinary middle-aged woman wearing servant’s clothing opened the door and looked at Dudian in puzzled manner: “Who are you?”

“I’m looking for Mr Marley.” Dudian replied.

“Come in then. Mr. Marley is in study room on second floor. I’ll call him for you.” The middle-aged woman handed slippers to Dudian.

Dudian put on slippers and entered the living room. He was surprised to see that the living room was full of bookshelves.

“Mr. Marley will be here in five minutes.” The middle-aged woman came down and poured tea for Dudian.

Dudian thanked her as he quietly waited.

Middle-aged woman wiped the place while she looked at Dudian from time to time.

Dudian felt that making his face too handsome had brought some problems onto him.

Footsteps echoed after few minutes. A man with mixed white and black hair came down. He looked at Dudian who was sitting on the sofa. He couldn't get who Dudian was so he put on the glass to check him out: "Who are you?"

Dudian smiled: "Mr Marley. Hello, its our first meeting. I'm an elder of the Dark Church!"

Marley was startled and frozen at the same time.

It was the first time he was meeting a member of the dark church in open. Moreover the other side wasn't just any member but an elder.

"Ah." The middle-aged woman was stunned too. It was very difficult to believe that the handsome young man on the sofa had such a shady background.

However she wasn't able to utter a word before the cracking sound of her neck bones echoed. Her lifeless body fell down as blood splashed out.

Dudian moved his arm. It seemed that he was holding onto something but it was gone.

The plates that were beside the middle-aged woman were dyed in

red.

Dudian turned back to sit on sofa. Marley couldn't utter a word for a while.

"You-you!" Marley's face turned pale as he looked at the corpse of the woman on the ground. He clenched his fists but there was fear in his tone: "What the hell are you doing?"

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Dudian smiled: “don’t be nervous, I’m here for a casual chat.”

Marley’s face turned ugly: “She was innocent. An ordinary civilian. Don’t you feel shame by killing her?”

“Every corpse is innocent… No need to get into those topics.” Dudian indifferently said: “I’ve come to visit you to talk about teachings of nature.”

Marley’s pupils shrank when he heard ‘teachings of nature’. He took a deep breath and no longer care about Dudian who sat on sofa. He quietly walked and sat on a chair by the sofa. He said in a calm manner: “I knew that sooner or later someone will knock my door.”

“That’s why you had only 1 servant.”

“Yes.”

“Did you expect a visit from the Holy Church?”

Marley stared at Dudian: “What’s the difference?”

“There isn’t.” Dudian looked at the elder man with the scholar temperament: ” Since you were aware that such a day would come why do you live alone? Isn’t it more dangerous?”

Marley questioned: “Do you think I should live in a turtle shell?”

“Everyone seems to live in a turtle shell.”

There was a trace of mockery in Marley’s eyes: “But our thoughts can’t be imprisoned! You just believe in those fake gods. All things in this world are composed of materials. That’s what constitutes the life. There is no god of light or other holy gods. You just ignore the truth…It’s ridiculous and sad!”

Dudian smiled as he looked at the bookshelves: “If I’m not mistaken those should be the books that you have written. Didn’t you know that you will be exposed once you go out into public?”

“I volunteered.” Marley continued: “I wanted to question the existence of these ridiculous claims. I expected that there will be a revenge!”

“Do you want to die? Don’t you want to live?”

“I would love to live in a world in which the minds of public is liberated.”

Dudian looked at him: “Unfortunately you can’t do anything. Your books are banned and sealed by the Holy Church. No one will listen to you. Actually your presence is meaningless at this point. The only meaning that it will have would be death in my hands.”

Marley's mouth twitched: "Nothing can stop the people from pursuing the truth even if my book is sealed... My life would be meaningful if just one person checked my book."

"Yeah... Unfortunately people never knows where to pursue the truth." Dudian got up and came to stop in front of a bookshelf. All the books were signed by 'Marley'.

"... ..." Dudian randomly picked a book: "Are all believers of the nature same like you? Do you want to overcome religion by the word of mouth?"

Marley looked at him: "What do you want?"

"I just want to know if you have any capital that can be used against the Holy Church."

"Do you want to use our teachings to attach the Holy Church? You are daydreaming!"

"Why?" Dudian smiled: "We can naturally use your teachings to attack Holy Church. As for the dark church... No one cares about what we believe, including ourselves."

Marley was perplexed.

Dudian sat back on the sofa: "This book seems good. Can I take it?"

“To read that book you must believe in materialism.”

“Of course I believe.” Dudian shrugged his shoulders.

Marley was stunned: “Indeed a member of the dark church. You can abandon your gods and faith to achieve your unscrupulous purposes and goals! I won’t tell your about the headquarters no matter what you do!”

Dudian faintly smiled: “I really believe in materialism…”

Marley frowned.

“There are no gods in this world. If there were any then they wouldn’t let us live within the giant wall.” Dudian continued: “The people would know that the gods are nothing but shit if they stepped out of the giant wall.”

Marley narrowed his eye: “How can you become an elder of the dark church without believing in your gods or devils?”

Dudian smiled: “Do you have to believe in god to become a pope? Do you have to believe in justice to get justice? Do you have to believe in love to get lose?”

Marley was startled as he sat in silence.

Dudian checked the time. It was almost seven o'clock. He retracted his eyes and said: "I'm interested in your teaching methods... You know you guys have two enemies, the dark church and the holy church. As the saying goes the enemy of my enemy is my friend. I hope we can become good friends."

Marley looked at the vase next to the bookshelf. There were several roses inside the vase. He murmured: "What you said was right."

Dudian raised his eyebrows as he didn't know what Marley was referring to.

"Read the book and you will know how to join the believers of the nature... "

Dudian looked at the book in his hand: "All the secrets are hidden in the book?"

"Yes."

Dudian got up and shook his head: "Thanks! I'll make sure that they will move to the point. "

Marley was silent as he looked at the vase full of roses.

Dudian left the room and came to the door. He put on his shoes and opened the door. He looked like a student who had come to visit his teacher.

Trunn who was hiding outside came to him: “Elder.”

“Make sure that his death isn’t painful.”

“Yes.” Trunn waved and two more people rushed into the house with him.

Bang!

Dudian heard them brutally kick the door that he softly closed. He closed his eyes and opened them again. Suddenly he saw large number of heat in the neighborhood.

Whoosh! His body disappeared like a smoke.

The sounds of armored people moving in the street echoed as Dudian vanished. They came from all over and surrounded the house.

A teenager leisurely walked along the path by the river. He looked at the castle reflected on the river because of the moonlight. He shook his head: “It’s been few days…”

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“Bastards!” A teenager punched his palm on table and said in an angry tone: “What the hell is with Knight’s Hall? They didn’t help out but instead even took away the honor medal of Dean! Damn it!”

Nicholas who was sitting on sofa next to him, gentle sipped from tea and spoke in an indifferent tone: “The more you prune the more refined things come out. Everything will look perfect if you cut out discomfort and ugly parts. Why are you being so annoying?”

Mason looked at him: “It’s been almost three days that Dean was taken away and there is no news about him. Aren’t you worried?”

Sergei who was sitting opposite to them snapped: “What’s the use of panicking? Gwyneth and Glenn have already sneaked into the inner wall. What’s the meaning of getting angry? We have to wait for news from both of them.”

Mason’s face was ugly but he knew that he had to face the reality.

Nicholas took out a scissor to cut off his nails: “You are like a stone. Old Fulin said that the military has given them a decree that they can’t publish any news about Dean. It’s intended to make him slowly fade out of public’s memories. Overtime, he will eventually be forgotten. By the way, even the Holy Church stood still so what do you expect us to do?”

Zach who was sitting close to them said: “We can’t give up even the resistance is futile! Who will help him if not us?”

“I don’t care! Tomorrow, I’ll go to magistrate to get justice!” Mason said in a bitter tone.

Nicholas glanced at him but didn’t respond.

Sergei was about to talk when he sensed something: “Who is there?!”

Everyone looked around in surprise.

“Haha …” A gentle laugh echoed from the second floor. They were stunned when they turned towards that direction.

Dean was sitting on stairs as he watched the crowd in the hall.

Dean had already kneaded his face back to the original. He came down as he smiled: “It seems that there have been lots of things in the last two days that I was gone.”

Nicholas was like the cat whose tail was stepped on. He jumped from the sofa and stuttered: “Young master. How come you are back?”

Dean went over and patted his shoulder: “Don’t be so angry.”

Nicholas was stiffened: “Yes, young master.”

Mason exclaimed in surprise: “Dean, you are back!”

“Dean!” Zach also said in a pleasant tone.

Dean sat on the sofa: “When Gwyneth and Glenn comes back tell them not to smuggle into the inner wall so that an accident doesn’t happen.”

Sergei was amazed: “Did you sneak back? Do people in the inner wall know about it?”

“It’s alright…You guys don’t have to worry about me. Follow my instructions after both of them come back. Borrow from Old Fulin if you lack money. ”

Sergei’s face changed: “There were people outside…”

“Don’t worry, I avoid them.” Dean’s eye narrowed: “There are eight people outside the castle. They are in different locations and have locked the path. Do you know which force they belong to?”

“We didn’t dare to get close to them but Glenn was able to secretly approach them. She said that they were dressed like members of the dark church. ”

“Dark Church?” Dean’s eyes lit up: “They are too cute. These

people are here to observe you but instead got their identities revealed to Glenn."

Everyone laughed as they looked at each other.

Nicholas said in a respectful tone: "Young master, Glenn and Gwyneth drilled under the ground when they went out so these people aren't aware of it."

Dudian nodded. Glenn was a top assassin and there weren't any in the outer wall who could trace her.

"These should belong to the ground who have poisoned me." Dudian pondered for a moment. He looked at Nicholas: "What's the recent information about the Mel family?"

"We don't care much about them." Nicholas bowed.

Dean didn't blame them: "I'll solve out this matter. You guys don't get involved with this. Focus on completing my instructions. Especially Nicholas the matter that I have given to you ise very important. Sergei in addition to recruiting knights you have to establish a stronghold outside the giant wall. It will be the last place where we can escape to in case of emergency!"

"I'll personally come to check the place so try to dismember the materials of the previous monster too." (he is referring to adult splitter)

Sergei knew which monster Dean was referring to: “I will.”

Dean looked around: “Where is Neuss?”

Nicholas replied: “Master, Neuss went to old Fulin to get information about you. He will soon come back.”

Dean nodded.

At the same time the sounds of footsteps echoed from upstairs. It was Ivette who was holding the hands of Gabriel and Artemis.

Gabriel and Artemis were aware of the situation too. They were surprised to see Dean return safely. They immediately ran over.

Dean stroken Artemis’s head: “Did you listen to your brother when I was away?”

“Yes.” She replied.

Gabriel smiled: “Young master you are finally back!”

“I’ll always returned.” Dean patted his shoulder. He turned to look at Mason and Zach: “In the future you guys should practice with Gabriel too. Ask Old Fulin to give you batch of god’s blessings to improve your constitution. You have to be able to have enough strength to protect yourselves.”

“Alright!” Mason grinned.

“Nicholas Glenn will work with you to manage the affairs when she comes back. Sergei, you and Gwyneth will be responsible for the hunting outside the giant wall and the group.” Dean looked at Sergei: “Teach them when you have free time.

“Yes.” Sergei replied.

Dean smiled: “I’ll talk to Ivette so leave us alone for a while.”

Ivette saw Dean wave at her: “What?”

Dean spoke in English: “Do you want to go back?”

Ivette was stunned: “Are you willing to let go of me?” Her voice was trembling.

She was brought by Dean and thought that she would never be able to escape from the hands of the devil. Moreover she never expected the other side to show mercy and let go of her.

Dean smiled: “It’s useless for you to stay in here. I don’t need hostages. Of course, there is a condition to your freedom.”

Ivette suddenly woke up from her dreams. She knew that the devil wasn’t so kind to let her go out of blue: “What conditions?”

Dean smiled: “It’s very simple. I want you to be the king of your people!”

Ivette pondered for a long time as she understood his aim: “You are daydreaming! First of all a woman can’t become a chief within our hierarchy. At best woman can become a witch! I carry the royal blood so I can never be a with! Moreover I won’t help you even if I become the chief of all tribes.”

Dean replied in a calm manner: “Do you think I need your help?”

“The age-long goal of barbarian tribes is nothing more than entering the golden wall. You just want clean soil and nice place to live.” Dean indifferently said: “Your goal is only outer wall while mine is inner wall! IT’s not me who needs your help but your people who needs mine!”

Ivette stared at him: “Are you going for a rebellion?”

“I would betray myself if I don’t rebel against others.” Dean smiled.

Chapter 473

Ivette stared back at him: “I can’t do anything even if I’m willing to help you. First and foremost I’m daughter of the chief. Moreover there are brothers who are much more talented than me.”

“There is nothing that you can’t accomplish as long as you are willing to do it and ready to pay the price.” Dean continued in a indifferent matter: “IT won’t be hard to be the chief of all tribes if I support you… As for those brothers of your… they will be removed if they hinder you.”

Ivett’s face changed: “Do you want me to kill my brothers?”

“Aren’t you willing to pay this small price to be the chief of all tribes?” Dean stared deep into her eyes.

Ivette’s face turned ugly: “What’s the meaning of getting the throne full of blood?”

Dean looked at her: “You will know meaning when you reap the harvest. You will get the rights and glory of being the chief. Moreover you will lead your people into the golden wall! Your name will be remember for generations. Doesn’t it stimulate you?”

Ivette bit her lips: “I don’t need to be remembered by future generations and I don’t need the rights of being a chief! I only hope that we can live on the land we deserve…Not like the savages!”

“but!”

“What’s the point of getting something that I want if I’ll be killing my brothers? Isn’t it ironic?”

Dean wrinkled his brows.

He didn’t think that the female barbarian would have such family relations. He thought that the barbarian chief had dozens of heirs so they shouldn’t be united. They should be even fighting for the resources but it seems the opposite was true. Did they cherish each other because of the harsh environments where they lived?

“You may think so but it doesn’t meant that your brothers share your ideals.” Dean continued: “They will get rid of you if they know that you have cards that can affect them! Moreover, how can I help you if you refuse? There isn’t a hope for your tribe to enter the golden wall without my help. Do you want so many people live in the radiation zone for an eternity?”

There was a complex expression on Ivette’s face: “I have to think about this.”

Dean pondered for a moment: “Alright. I’ll command Glenn to take you back. I hope you can give me satisfying answer after a week. We will meet below the 8^{th} fort by the Red Maple Mountains.”

Ivette nodded: “I’ll give you a reply.”

Dean waved: “Go and pack your luggage.”

Ivette went upstairs.

The sounds of hoofs echoed from outside the castle as Ivette went upstairs. Soon a figure entered the castle and saw Dean sitting on the sofa.

“You came back.” Dean smiled.

Neuss recovered from shock: “What did you come back? Did they send you back?”

“I sneaked back.” Dean looked at him: “What did the Ryan family said?”

Neuss was a bit worried because of Dean’s reply: “Master, wouldn’t they look for you? Isn’t it dangerous to be in here?”

“Don’t worry.” Dean said: “Talk to me about the Ryan family. I heard that you went to look for their help.”

Neuss responded: “Old Fulin said he would think of a way. He has contacted other nobles and they are ready to contact the magistrate. It’s just the magistrate isn’t willing to give an answer... ”

Dean nodded: “Old Fulin is still loyal to us.”

“Yes he is but…” Neuss added: “His children aren’t so. We covered for them when they owed a huge sum of money… But this time when I went to visit their house they bluntly said that I will get them into trouble! Ungrateful pricks!”

Dean said in an indifferent manner: “Don’t be surprised… People are so. Are you willing to follow me? ”

Neuss responded: “Of course. You took me out of that dark prison and I swore that I will follow you to any place as much as this worthless body of mine has a trace of life!”

Dean narrowed his eyes: “However we will go to a bitter place this time. We may need to peel off your face and change it to a new one.”

Neuss trembled on instinct as the picture of ‘peeling’ flashed through his mind. However he suppressed the feeling as he looked at Dean’s gentle eyes. He took a deep breath: “I will.”

Dean suddenly smiled: “You should have thought about it a bit more. It will be bitter…”

Neuss replied: “I’ll follow you even if its worse than the prison… ”

Dean patted both of his palms. Sergei and others who were on second floor came down as they heard the sound. Ivette also was in the hall.

“Tell Glenn to take her back after she comes.”

Sergei asked in astonishment: “Why are we letting her go? Isn’t she a hostage?”

“Her value may be high but there is no point in continuing to act so if she doesn’t speak our language.” Dean stood up: “It’s getting late. I can’t be outside way too more as I found an opportunity to slip out and may cause doubt. I’ll come to find you so don’t look for me.”

“Are you going back to the inner wall?” Mason was surprised.

Dean patted Mason’s shoulder but didn’t answer him. He looked at Neuss: “Are you ready to go with me?”

Neuss nodded and went upstairs.

“Do you want to take Neuss?” Sergei continued: “Isn’t Gwyneth or Glenn more appropriate as you helper?”

Dean laughed: “Neuss isn’t worse than them.”

Neuss heard Dean’s voice as he reached upstairs. His mouth

curled into a smile as he quickly walked...

Chapter 474

Dean bid farewell to the crowd and went to the back of the castle with Neuss to quietly dive out from the castle.

Dean stopped by the river which reflected his face through the moonlight. He began to knead his face and changed it to the previous one.

“Young master, your …” Neuss was completely stunned as he saw Dean’s appearance change.

Dean didn’t hide the information from him: “I didn’t sneak out but was sent from the inner wall as the elder of the dark church. This is called animal glue mask which can change my face. It’s too precious and I only have one of this. That’s why we have to change your face so that other won’t know your identity and guess mine.”

Neuss stared at him in shock.

Neuss slowly digested the shocking news: “Do you want my to join the dark church?”

“Yes. I know that you were knight of light under the Holy Church and there will be a bit of conflict in your heart…” Dean patted his shoulder. “But you will get used to it as you know more…”

Neuss took a deep breath as his body slightly shook: “There is nothing to contradict. I have lost my faith in god long ago when I

was captured by the Holy Church! How can we talk about the god of light if there is no justice? You gave me another chance and I'll be loyal to you until the end. That's the justice!"

"It seems that I wasn't wrong in my choice." Dean smiled: "The process will be a bit painful because of peeling off your face and replacing it with a new one. I hope you will be able to tolerate."

Neuss slightly shook his head: "Nothing is unbearable as much as I'm alive."

"It should be alright." Dean continued: "We will use anesthetics so you will sleep and wake up to find your face changed. The only thing that will be real is that the Neuss will be dead!"

"Neuss died long ago." Neuss replied.

Dean looked at the town in front of them: "There is a small nest of 8th region of the dark church in this town. This is the place where the materials we need are. Wait for me in here."

"Yes!" Neuss nodded.

Dean took off his coat and sneaked into the town. A manor of a respected squire in the town was the den of the 8th region. He went into a farmer's house and took a set off work clothes worn by the farmer during the day. It was stained with thick sweat and taste of animal feces. He put on the clothes and went straight to the manor.

Ten minutes later.

A figure rushed through the town and appeared near the river like a ghost.

Neuss was frightened when he saw Dean appear holding onto a jacket. The next instant he sensed thick bloody smell. He couldn't help but ask: "Did you hurt him?"

"Nope." Dean took of the farmer's bloody coat and threw it into the river. He put a bag by his side and squatted by the river to wash his hands. The blood spread from his palms downstream the river as he washed his hands.

Neuss noticed the bag: "Is this the material?"

"Yes, its to help you change and few other items." Dean replied.

Dean got up and grabbed the bag: "Come on.."

Neuss touched his cheek and rubbed his face with his hands. He followed behind Dean.

...

9th region headquarters of the Dark Church.

Hawkeye was wearing a luxurious black suit as he stood on the balcony of the castle and looked at the distance. The sun was setting and the horizon looked gray. He frowned as he looked at the attendant next to him: “You haven’t found information about the elder even though a night passed?”

Attendant spoke in a trembling voice: “We have investigated. The members of the Holy Church encircled the people inside. However elder wasn’t there. Trunn and the rest of the members were caught or killed. Elder should have escaped. We have contacted other divisions for search but there isn’t any news yet.”

Hawkeye indifferently said: “Did you found out the reason why so many knights of light appeared on Falkland street?”

“The servant is still checking.” The attitude answered in a cautious manner.

Hawkeye narrowed his eyes: “It would be best if you find out by the sun rise or it will be your sunset!”

Attendant’s face turned white: “I’ll go.”

Hawkeye turned his head as he looked down the manor. He saw two figures approach from the corner. Both of them were wearing black robes. He was startled when he saw one of the figures make hand gestures. He had strong vision so he was able to see clearly.

Hawkeye jumped over the balcony to meet the figure because of the hand gesture.

“Greetings elder.” Hawkeye respectfully said to the figure.

Dean gently lifted his hood and revealed the handsome young face: “Let’s go in.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye nodded and looked at the figure next to Dean: “Who is this?”

“His code name is golden wolf. He is my personal attendant. ” Dean replied.

Hawkeye quietly looked at the golden wolf: “Elder, please.”

They went to the basement below the manor where the headquarters was located. There was no one around the fountain within the square. At the moment everyone had gone back to their houses and residences to begin their daytime life.

The staff behind the counter yawned because they were tired after the work over the night.

Dean sat on his chair in the office and looked at Hawkeye: “Any news for me?”

Hawkeye knew what Dean was referring to. He whispered:

“Elder, it was our negligence. We still don’t know who leaked your whereabouts. It’s good that you weren’t injured. I sent someone over the night to find your trail thinking that you were secretly arrested by the Holy Church.”

Dean indifferently said: “It’s been more than 10 hours and you haven’t found the traitor?”

Hawkeye replied: “Elder, we used everyone to find your traces so we didn’t have time to investigate our people. Please give me an hour and I’ll give a proper reply.”

“Half an hour.” Dean indifferently said.

“Yes.” Hawkeye knew that there was no room for bargain.

Dean said in a cold tone: “Golden Wolf will be my personal attendant while you will be my secretary. I know that you worked for elder Kerry for long time but he has gone to inner wall. I believe that you should know who to give your allegiance. I won’t treat you badly as long as you are loyal to me.”

Hawkeye knelt on one knee in hurry: “Elder, I have pledged…”

“Stand up.”

Hawkeye slowly stood up.

“I want to know who dared to betray me.” Dean ordered.

“Yes.” Hawkeye left the office.

Chapter 475

Neuss whispered after Hawkeye left: “Master, what do I need to do?”

“Firstly, change the way you address me. I’m not master but elder.” Dean leaned against the chair: “You don’t need to do anything. I’ll make sure that you reach the constitution of senior hunter as soon as possible. You have used the magic marks of the ‘swallower’ so you will test my meals and drinks in the future. Don’t forget not to expose your magic marks in front of others or they will think of more vicious ways to poison me.”

Neuss replied: “I know, elder.”

Dean nodded. The main reason for him to bring Neuss was his magic marks. After all, he was confident that he wouldn’t lose to anyone in the outer wall in terms of strength. However no one would be silly enough to fight him face to face. Many strong people often die in the hands of the villains...

Half an hour passed.

Hawkeye carried a youth whose body was full of scars into Dean’s office. He threw the youth onto the carpet and reported to Dean: “Elder, this messenger is the traitor!”

Dean raised his eyebrows as he looked at the youth. He had gone through brutal torture. It seemed that his hands were smeared with something and the skin was brownish. Dean couldn’t see the

teeth in his mouth.

"You have found the ghost." Dean glanced at Hawkeye.

Hawkeye's heart jumped when his eyes connected with Dean's. He thought that all the secrets in his heart were seen through.

Dean was letting Hawkeye know that he wasn't fooled by him. However he wasn't intending to break down the show: "Why did you betray me?"

The youth's body trembled but he couldn't speak. He said few vague words: "I-I... wrong...elder...life."

Dean looked at HAwkeye: "You have made so that I can't get reply to anything. What should I do?"

Hawkeye's face turned pale: "Elder, please punish me."

Dean waved: "Who is this man? Who he used to be?"

Hawkeye said in haste: "Elder, he is just a messenger we use as a courier. He has no patrons. His father was a knight of our dark church but died in battle with the Holy Church. His mother died long time ago. He has no father, mother or relatives."

Dean sneered: "No patrons, no relatives... How can he become a messenger?"

Hawkeye couldn’t answer.

“Is it that you don’t want to say or you couldn’t find out?” Dean narrowed his eyes.

Hawkeye replied: “Please give us a little time and we will find the person who was in contact with this messenger!”

“Time…Time is life.” Dean looked at the youth: “Do you know what kind of sin you have done by colluding with Holy Church to frame an elder? I’ll peel your skin, cut off your tendons and will put the eggs of an insect in your mouth, ears and nostrils. I’ll put you into a pig cage and sink you in water until the eggs hatch!”

The youth was frightened: “Elder… Please show mercy. I-I am innocent. I didn’t betray you… ”

Dean indifferently said: “Give me the names of people who instructed you.”

The youth was at a loss. As Hawkeye said earlier on he had no relations to anyone. Moreover he only became a messenger after Hawkeye appreciated his job. But Hawkeye didn’t promote him later on. He was waiting for the day of promotion. However he didn’t expect to be beaten and forced into such a move.

“I can guess the truth even if you don’t say anything.” Dean continued: “Did you betray me with the division of the great

potion master Amy?”

Hawkeye looked at the youth in excitement: “Be frank and lenient!”

The youth heard Hawkeye’s words. He saw the last straw of life he could attach to: “Yes, yes…”

“Surely it was her people.” Dean narrowed his eyes as he looked at HAwkeye: “Amy was just imprisoned. What was your intention when you let her to pass my whereabouts?”

Hawkeye knelt down: “Elder, I’m not aware of anything. I didn’t know when great potion master bought him! Please believe in me!”

Dean coldly stared at him.

Hawkeye anxiously looked at Dean. He hoped that Dean would see the frankness and sincerity in his heart. The coldness in Dean’s eyes gradually faded away.

“I believe that you won’t do anything stupid like that.” Dean indifferently said: “However because of the negligence my life was at risk! This crime is inevitable!”

Hawkeye bowed: “I’m guilty elder. Please give the appropriate punishment.”

“I’ll think about it.” Dean said in a cold tone: “I hope you can live up to my expectations in the future.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye was relieved.

“Take him out.” Dean continued: “Call the members of the council.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye stood up and pulled out the youth from the office.

Neuss saw how sinister the methods of the members of the dark church were from the scars on the youth’s body. He was also aware that Dean couldn’t trust the people around him.

“Let’s go to the meeting room.” Dean got up.

This time Dean was the first to enter the conference hall. He quietly sat there as he thought about random things.

Chapter 476

The first council member arrived after moments. It was Angelika who was penalized by Dean.

Angelika frozen for a moment when she saw Dean sitting alone in the conference hall. She gently moved towards the table: “Greetings elder.”

Dean looked at the oil painting but didn’t reply.

Angelika casually grabbed a chair and sat down.

The other members came one after another. In half an hour there were fourteen figures in the hall. There was supposed to be sixteen members. One of them was Amy who was imprisoned and the other person didn’t come on purpose.

That council member had defected to Sword King’s side.

Dean retracted his eyes and said: “You must have heard about the situation from yesterday.”

Tom was the first to talk: “Elder, its good that you haven’t been hurt. Otherwise we would have to give a big blow to Holy Church.”

Dean replied: “I’m afraid there isn’t such a person in the outer wall who can hurt me.”

Tom smiled as he remembered Dean's extraordinary strength: "True."

"The action itself was very confidential so very few people knew about it." Dean glanced around.

An old man sitting next to him said: "Elder, do you suspect that someone betrayed you?"

"Betrayed the elder?"

"Who would do that? Who is so bold?"

There were few who asked.

Dean slightly raised his hand to stop the chit-chat: "The person who leaked the message has been found." He gentle tapped the bell.

The door to the conference hall was opened. Hawkeye came into the hall as he carried the previous youth.

Dean looked at the youth and asked: "Who was the one to instigate you to sell my location?"

The youth trembled: "Elder, it was Amy. Amy instructed..."

An uproar echoed after council members heard the youth.

“How could Amy?!!”

“She isn’t being …”

Everyone looked at each other.

“I heard that Amy was dissatisfied with the punishment of the elder. Moreover she had tried to kill you in the office. Most probably she instructed this youth to sell your position because of the hate.” The previous old man said.

Dean waved and Hawkeye dragged away the youth. He looked around: “I would take care of Amy if she didn’t try to kill me and give my head as a gift to Underworld King. However since today all the rights and wealth of Amy will be confiscated and given to the treasury of the 9^{th} region for use.”

“In the future, anyone who will act like Amy will have the same punishment!”

“Do you have any objections?”

Dean silently looked around.

“I agree with the elder!” Tom took the lead.

“I also agree!”

“She dared to kill the elder! Her sins can’t be redeemed!”

All the members raised their hands. Only four stayed silent.

Dean remembered the four as he announced the end of the meeting.

Dean told Hawkeye to get rid of the youth after returning to the office.

Sky lit at the dawn. Dean asked for breakfast and morning newspapers.

“Golden Wolf try them out.” Dean handed the milk and bread to Neuss.

Neuss drank a bit of milk and ate a piece of bread: “Elder, its not poisoned.”

Dean nodded as he picked up the newspapers.

“At 7:20 evening yesterday members of a cult committed violence against the history professor Marley of the Rewey Institute. He was

killed. The Knights of Light who were patrolling in the vicinity rushed to the scene but were a step late. They couldn't save Mr Marley's life... "

"Ten members of the cult were arrested including a three star alchemist. All of them will be purified by flames in the Oak Square at 9 o'clock this morning!"

"The captain of the knight's team Melk was active as he personally captured the evil alchemist. He was awarded with a Grand Knight Medal..."

Dean wrinkled his brows when he read the name 'Melk'. The name was familiar. He pondered for a bit and remembered where he heard the name. The first time he heard Melk's name was when Melk killed the captured alchemist in the scavenger trial! Later on Dean got to know this man's identity. He was Mark's son and elder brother of Sarah Mel!

"Mel family ..." Dean narrowed his eyes. He didn't expect to see the sight of this family as they should have disappeared. Pope was the man who designed this task to him and others. He was supporting the remnants of the Mel family!

"Pope knows my identity and he is aware of the hatred that's between me and the Mel family. So what is he trying to tell me by giving such a task to me? Is he trying to say that I should forget the past hatreds or simply... he will beat me?" Dean pondered. After coming back from the inner wall he wasn't going to play around with Mel family. He knew that the Monastery was his main enemy! However he didn't think that the descendants of the Mel family

will be used as pawns by the Pope!

They will be the stepping stone for him!

“The Monastery concealed my identity and its known to you (Pope)! If you want to play around...Hmpf! Good!” Dean’s eyes narrowed as an intent to kill flashed in them. After a moment his expression restored back to normal.

He turned the pages as he checked other news.

It was same as Sergei had told him. There were no news and reports about him in the newspapers. It was as if he had completely disappeared from this world. He felt that if the whole world joined to deny the presence or existence of someone then that person wouldn’t exist.

Who can fight against the whole world?

“Oh ... ” Dean gently smiled as he slowly put down the newspaper. However a news on the corner of the newspaper caught his eyes. His breathing went up and his eyes opened wide as he picked the paper.

Chapter 477

Whoosh!

Dean grabbed the newspaper. His eyes concentrated on the column on the corner of the newspaper: “Ivy Street No. 72... owners...suicide... suspected to commit because of problems with neighbors...”

He read word by word over and over again.

His hands trembled as his breathing got rough!

Ha!

Dean suddenly got up as he caught and crushed all the newspapers including the one in his hand.

Neuss who was next to Dean was frightened because of Dean’s angry action. He had been with Dean for so long but he had never seen him act so angry. He was not angry even when he was insulted in the prison!

“Stay here!” Dean coldly said as he left the office.

Hawkeye was returning and happened to see Dean in the corridor. He wanted to greet the elder but saw that the atmosphere wasn’t right. He carefully said: “Elder, that youth has been

finished...Are you worried about that?"

"I'll go out for a trip." Dean passed by Hawkeye as he walked step by step. His eyes concentrated on Hawkeye's face for a moment. The man felt chill because of Dean's glance. Dean said: "If anyone follows me then there won't be a return trip for them!"

He was like a ghost that passed through the corridor after the speech.

Hawkeye was startled. He turned to check the elder but saw that Dean already was nowhere to be found except his robe that was on the ground.

...

Dean took a horse as he left the manor. This was a red brown horse which was bred by the Talin family. He didn't need to show proof of identity and could go to anywhere within the outer wall as long as he rode the horse.

The horse flew like a lightning through the streets.

Dean came to the heart of the commercial district after an hour. The place was bustling and overcrowded.

He reached an inn and dismounted. Dean threw the rope at the attendant and said: "Take care of it." He turned towards the street and mixed into the crowd.

He joined the adjacent street and quickly knead his face to change it. He grabbed a passerby and joined an alley. He stripped the clothes of that person and replaced with his own clothing. He quickly left the place to the other side of the central area.

Dean came to Ivy Street No. 72 after a few minutes. He saw a spacious manor. There was a carriage of the magistrate parked in front of the manor. The carriage was reinforced with steel. A knight of the magistrate was leaning to the side of the carriage as he held onto a piece of bread. He was chewing it in a depressed mood.

There was a heat of a figure inside the manor who seemed to be busy with something.

Dean sensed the thick pungent smell in the air. Even an ordinary person would be able to to sense this taste of rot.

Dean’s heart sank as if the cold snowflakes fell onto the frosty lake.

Whoosh!

Dean disappeared from the street.

Dean’s figure appeared on the third floor of the manor the next moment. He gently pushed the curtains as he slowly walked inside. Luster of dust floated on air.

He was silent for a moment. Afterwards he slowly went to the second floor. He was like a ghost as there was no sound when moved.

He saw chaos in the second floor. The pillow on the sofa had fallen to the ground as if a robbery has happened. There was a new textile machine on the corner of the living room which was full of dust.

The figure emitting the heat was busy on the first floor. A sound was issued.

Dean bit his lips as he quietly went downstairs. He saw a knight of the magistrate wearing few layers of gloves and masks. However it seems that the masks weren't enough to block the bad air. The knight squatted on the ground as he dragged a seriously rotten corpse.

There were scars all over the body. The ears seemed to have been cut off and was full of blood. The body was stripped of clothes and there were whip marks all over the body. It wasn't difficult to imagine how much the owner of the body had suffered before death.

Dean's mind buzzed and went blank as he saw the face of the owner of the corpse.

It was his adopted mother Jura!

He felt like he fell into a cold abyss…

He had bought this manor for Jura, Gray and their newly adopted kid to settle. The rights to the house was transferred to them so when he saw the address on the news his heart had sunk.

Chaos run amok in his mind as he stared.

The knight of the magistrate dragged Jura's body along the smooth wooden floor. There was panic and anger in Jura's eyes that were still open. The knight dragged the body along the corridor until it was taken outside.

Dean stood still. He thought of the conclusion written in the newspaper: "suicide…suicide?"

He grinned but he couldn't laugh…

"suicide……"

"There are so many scars on the body but the magistrate decided that they have committed suicide!"

Tears flew down across his cheeks…

The grin was still on his face. He looked like a madman.

He thought that he would never be emotional again... He would never cry...

But life and reality were ruthless!

Chapter 478

The knight who dragged the Jura's body returned to the living room. He walked straight below the stairs. If he turned to looked at the stairs above him he would see a twisted face which was smiling.

The knight bent down and pulled out another corpse. It belonged to a middle-aged male. The legs were broken and there were many scars on the body. His eyes were wide open too.

The knight felt suffocated because of the smell emitted from the corpse. As he was near the stairs he felt uncomfortable as he dropped the body and turned to look at the stairs. It was empty but it felt as if there was someone there. Dust floated on air.

He sighed in relief. He thought that he saw someone for a moment.

The knight didn't dare to delay the situation as he grabbed the corpse of the male and dragged it away. Even though he was a believer of the Holy Church but he still felt that some hidden invisible spirit was staring at himself.

Soon, he removed the second corpse and quickly ran back. He bent down to grab the corpse. This time he didn't need to drag the body because it belonged to a child who was eight or nine years old. The eyes of the child were gouged out. The kid had gone through a miserable death.

He left the place. Dean appeared at the stairs again.

“Captain, I’ve moved all of them.” A voice echoed from outside.

“Oh... I’m here.” Another voice echoed from outside: “Damn it! Too smelly! ”

“Yes! Ah! God knows how many days it has been that they were killed.” The knight who previously carried the bodies said.

Captain replied: “Don’t be worried about the smell. Put them inside the bags!”

“Captain, why only two of us are working on this case?”

“Your mother! You are asking way too many questions.”

Dean slowly went down the stairs to listen to both of them to speak. Dean’s body was shrouded in the darkness so his face wasn’t seen. He didn’t make the slightest voice as he walked down the stairs. He turned his head and looked at room from where the previous knight who was draggin the bodies.

The room was messy. Blood was splattered all around. The furniture were knocked over.

Dean’s eyes had turned dark. It seemed that even if your burned flames in front of him their reflection would be swallowed by the

darkness in his eyes. He watched the room in silence. He had rich hunting experience so his mind automatically visualized the scene.

He saw three of them struggle...

Even a blind person would see that this wasn't a suicide but an brutal killing!

He smelled the air. The killings didn't happen two days ago but at least half a month before...

The temperatures were very low because they were in the middle of the black snow season. That's why the bodies rotted late.

Who killed them?

Dean's eyes were dark and empty.

"Damn it! I lost my appetite because of the smell!" The captain's voice echoed.

Dean slowly turned his head as he looked through the gap in the window towards the two. The previous knight carried the corpses into the back of the carriage stood in front of the captain: "Captain, they were killed so miserably. It seems like a revenge so why did they say that it was a suicide?"

"Shut up you idiot!" Captain snapped: "It's decided by the people

from above! If they say that it's a suicide then it's a suicide! Are you some kind of saint or priest? We are just executing the orders and nothing more. You need to learn a lot of things. Don't forget sometimes you have to open one of your eyes while to close the other one. Otherwise you will end up like one of these that you carried!"

"Open one and close the other? Captain, but isn't it an injustice?"

"Are you still asking questions?"

"Yes... yes... No questions..."

They left the place as the carriage moved.

Dean looked at them then his body disappeared from the living room.

The next moment he appeared on manor at street no 73. He knocked the door.

The door opened as brawny man looked at Dean: "Who are you?"

"I heard that an accident happened in the next house. Did you see anything?" Dean asked in a hoarse voice.

Brawny man's face sank: "Screw off!" He tried to close the door but failed.

Dean raised his left hand and held the door. The man's body shivered as he felt the door cool down.

"Tell me everything that you know." Dean said.

The man swallowed saliva as he felt that the grim reaper was pointing its scythe at his neck: "I-I don't know. I know that half a month ago when it was raining a group of people came to the manor. I heard screams all over the night. I haven't seen the family since then. The passerby people had sensed the smell and reported to the magistrate. The people from the magistrate came over yesterday and that's how I learned that the family had committed suicide..."

"Half a month ago ... " Dean pondered. He remembered that half a month ago Jura had come to check himself.

He looked at the man: "Don't tell anyone that I asked for anything. Otherwise your family will make a suicide too!"

The man's legs trembled. He could see that Dean wasn't making a joke: "I-I won't talk..."

Dean looked at the direction where the carriage had left. His body flashed and he disappeared like a ghost.

The man was scared and almost shouted out loud. However he raised his hand to cover his mouth. He didn't dare to make a sound

as he closed the door in hurry. He decided to move from this unlucky and dangerous neighborhood.

It didn't take long for Dean to trace the carriage.

Perhaps because of the probable smell problem the carriage didn't enter the main streets but went through the remote suburbs. At the moment black snow was gradually falling from the sky. The carriage went along a desolate and quite trail. A squeky voice echoed from the carriage as it moved.

Dean was far behind but he understood the destination the carriage was heading too.

The carriage came to stop in front of snow-capped mountains after 10 minutes. The black snow covered the mountainside.

This place was the location of the three volcanoes that were in the outer wall area. It was a natural crematorium.

The land prices were very expensive in the commercial district. That's why vast majority of people couldn't afford to bury their relatives in the cemeteries. As a result the corpses of the dead were cremated in the Xiwage volcano. According to the rumors the phrase 'Xi wa ge' meant 'heaven' in the language of the ancient ones.

Both knights carried the bags as they walked towards the volcano.

Both of them seemed tired. The captain looked at the knight who was panting: “We will bury them in the first magma pool that we find.”

The knight looked around and found a magma pool that was close to him.

There were few tombstones by the pool which were crooked.

Captain commanded: “Throw them.”

The knight threw the bags.

Dean clenched his fingers into a fist but he didn’t move. He would be able to effortlessly kill both of them but an investigation would be opened and his identity was bound to be exposed this way.

His heart trembled because of anger but he had to tolerate.

all three corpses were thrown into the slowly flowing magma pool in a blink of an eye. However they didn’t sink. It seemed that the pool was very shallow.

“Let’s go.” Captain gestured as he turned away.

Knight looked once more at the slowly sinking bags then turned

to leave.

A figure teleported by the magma pool after both of them left. Dean quickly shot inside the pool and stood by the bags. The bags were burning.

Dean slowly opened the bags. Three faces were revealed. They were staring at the distant sky as if asking for an answer.

Dean’s face was stiff. The nails of his fingers had ripped into palms. The temperature was extremely high but he ignored it. Many pictures emerged in his mind as he remembered the time when his adoptive mother selected him.

In this cold world the only one who smiled at him with warmth was her.

He wanted to cry out but he couldn’t shed tears.

Everything streamed in front of his eyes as if it happened moments ago.

But his heart was frozen... He couldn’t make a sad expression to react to the sight in front of his eyes.

What is this sadness?

He gentle touched the woman’s face.

Dean thought that he would be able to pay them back for their affection if he brought them into the commercial district and gave them a house. He wanted them to stay away from him so that they wouldn't be affected by his business. However they were still implicated because of him.

He slowly stood up, took the three bags and left the place.

Dean came to stop near a small forest near the Xiwage volcano. He broke of branches and set up fire to cremate the three corpses. After the cremation he took his clothes and wrapped the ashes with them.

"You won't die just like this."

"They will pay hundreds of thousands of times more!"

"They will kowtow before being buried!"

Dean walked through the forest as the black snow fell on his shoulders. His eyes were darker than the black snow.

Chapter 479

Holy Mountain.

The Holy Mountain was the most famous mountain in the commercial district. It was even the most famous mountain in the entire outer wall as the headquarters of the Holy Church was located in here. The mountain was 580 meters tall with full of steep cliffs. It was covered in white flowers. The thick black snow couldn't freeze the white flowers but would make it bloom more brilliant and beautiful. That's why the name of these white flowers was Sun Flower.

Because of sunflower's proud, unyielding and tenacious qualities it had got the appreciation of the first Pope. Since then the sunflowers were called as holy flowers too. They were engraved all over the mountain as a holy emblem. It symbolized the pursuit of Light God's will.

Sunflowers couldn't be spoiled or taken out. The people responsible for the flowers would be punished if anything happened to them.

St. Mark's Square on mountaintop. An old man was quietly sitting in here. He was wearing a gorgeous gown and holding onto a scepter which had a fist big white gem on top of it.

"Boyce!"

"Boyce!"

The silence of the square was broken by the anxious cries of a woman.

The old man slowly turned to see a boy who was around 8 or 9 years old running towards him as he carried a wooden sword. A graceful woman dressed as a nun was chasing the kid.

“Grandpa Pope, I wanna fight you!” The little boy rushed to stop in front of the old man and said in an angry tone.

“Boyce!” The nun reached and pulled the kid in hurry. She bowed in front of the old man: “Pope, its because of my discipline wasn’t strict that Boyce disturbed you.” She pulled the boy’s hand as hard as she could but because of disparity in strength she couldn’t take him away.

Pope smiled as he raised his hand to stop her. He looked at the little boy: “Do you want to duel?”

“Yes!” Boyce replied.

“Pope, your highness, please don’t take his words to heart. He is just playing around.” Nun looked at Boyce: “You are being rude! Apologize to the Pope right now! You don’t understand what you are doing!”

Pope asked in a tone with full of interest: “Why?”

“Because I’m angry!”

The little boy thought that his answer was reasonable.

“Boyce!” Nun was frightened: “Stop uttering nonsense! Apologize… ”

Pope raised his hand to interrupt her: “No need to suppress and hold back the anger. I would like to listen to your reasoning. Boyce, why are you angry?”

Nun wryly smiled as she let go of the little boy. She winked at the kid but the latter ignored her.

“I’m going to fight you!” Boyce continued: “Grandpa Pope you said that if I can beat the instructor then I can go down the mountain to play! Nobody is listening to me! Why? I want to beat you so that everyone will listen to me!”

Nun’s face turned pale and her body trembled as she heard the kid’s words. She almost fainted because of fear.

Pope smiled: “Remember my original words. I said that you are allowed to go down the mountain if you can beat the instructor on a head on fight. You cheated by using a medicine for diarrhea. Is that right? It’s not the right way!” Pope smile as he spoke.

Boyce’s neck shrank a bit and a trace of embarrassment flashed in his eyes. However he brought back his head: “I didn’t use medicine

for diarrhea.. I relied on strength to beat him! Hmpf!”

“You are going to be the most outstanding knight of light. You shouldn’t lie.” Pope said in a serious tone.

Boyce was not willing to bow his head so he stubbornly said: “I didn’t lie and I also disdain lies. I gave him a medicine for abdominal pain not for diarrhea!” The kid whispered: “How could a mere medicine for diarrhea make his stomach…”

Pope shook his head as he smiled: “Anyway, you should beat him face to face.”

Boyce pouted: “Grandpa Pope, why others can go down but I can’t? It’s unfair!”

Pope gently touched his head: “Silly kid, you aren’t same like others. You will become the most powerful person in the Holy Church in the future… Actually you will be the strongest person in the outer wall!”

Boyce replied: “I’ll die because of boredom by that time!”

Pope laughed.

Nun took the opportunity as she saw that Pope was angered: “Your highness, Boyce is not sensible. Please forgive his rude…”

Pope held Boyce's shoulder: "Would you quickly grow up if you are angry?"

The kid saw the serious look on Pope's face. He thought for a moment and nodded: "I'll grow up as soon as possible! I'll whip that instructor day and night... Hmpf! He will ask for mercy from me every day!"

Pope couldn't help but smile. It seems that the kid had decided on it.

"Grandpa Pope, why are you always sitting here?" Boyce asked in a curious tone.

Pope smiled as he turned to face the vast St. Mark's square. There were numerous buildings at the end of the square. He whispered: "Because it has the best scenery..."

...

Hawkeye was pacing back and forth on the balcony of the manor. He saw a figure came closely. It was Dean.

Hawkeye's eyes lit up as he rushed to greet Dean: "Elder, you finally came back. One of our sub-regions is being swallowed by the eighth region..."

Dean raised his hand before Hawkeye could finish.

Hawkeye turned silent.

Dean went into the manor without a word. He walked along the underground passage to the headquarters. A woman almost hit him on the way. She apologized in hurry as she recognized Dean.

Hawkeye shouted: “Bastard, do you want to die?”

Dean had gone far by that time.

“Elder, you are back.” Neuss stood upright when he saw Dean come back.

Hawkeye joined the room too. He wanted to continue to report but Dean said in a cold tone: “From now on the 9^{th} region will be controlling by you and fourteen council members. You will decide by voting.”

Hawkeye was stunned.

“Prepare an alchemy room for me.” Dean sat down on chair. He put the ashes aside and lifted a pencil to write bunch of materials: “No one would come in without my permission. Do you understand me?”

Hawkeye was at a loss: “Elder, are you…?”

“Did you understand?”

“Yes, Elder.” Hawkeye scratched his head:” Elder but you were the one to control the 9th region. Didn’t you say that we will be one of the top five regions within six months? Then… ”

“If there is someone who wants to say something then let them come personally.” Dean said in an indifferent tone: “The previous commitment won’t change. You don’t have to worry about as the 9th region will become one of the top five areas within 6 months.”

Hawkeye looked at him: “Elder, what about the 8th region …”

“I said you will deal with everything with the council members. There will be a total of 15 people so there won’t be any deadlocks.” Dean handed out the paper to Hawkeye: “Prepare these materials and send them to my alchemy room.”

Hawkeye quickly glanced. Most of them were metal materials. He couldn’t help but wonder what Dean had in mind. But this was a quite clear message to him. Elder was an alchemist!

Neuss who was by Dean knew that something was wrong with Dean. However he remembered the shark spear and two legendary items that Dean had produced… His heart turned cold as he knew that Dean was up to something else!

Chapter 480

“Check about the institutional structure of the barbarians and get me all the information about the members of the barbarian royal family including the personal preferences.”

“Barbarians?” Hawkeye was slightly startled. He didn’t expect Dean to inquire about barbarians. Although he didn’t know what elder wanted to do but it was obviously a grand matter. He didn’t inquire much: “Yes, elder.”

“Go.”

Hawkeye left the office.

Dean took a piece of paper and began to draw with a pencil. Outline of two sketches emerged which were two different faces.

Dean handed out the paper to Neuss after drawing was done: “Personally look after these two men.”

Neuss took a look to remember them but was puzzled: “Elder, who are they?”

“They are knights belonging to magistrate at Caesar avenue.” Dean indifferently said: “Don’t forget to make sure that they find you. In case they are killed keep up with the killers to find the people behind their deaths.”

Neuss was confused but didn't ask for more as it seemed Dean wasn't going to tell anything else for now.

Dean was silent for a moment before giving the ashes to Neuss: "Find a cemetery and bury it."

Neuss asked: "Elder, what's this?"

"Ashes."

Neuss's face slightly changed: "Whose?"

"My foster parents." Dean took a deep breath: "Someone wanted to inquire information about me from their mouth. Find a good place and bury their ashes. Don't write their names on the tombstone."

Neuss was at a loss: "Them? How could … " He clearly remembered the faces of Jura couple. Dean had commissioned him to personally bring them to the commercial district. Neuss didn't imagine that innocent couple to be killed. No wonder Dean was like a volcano which was about to burst and explode when he came back.

"Were these two the culprits?" Neuss was angry as he looked at the pictures one more time.

"They are just minions and wouldn't be used for such a thing." Dean continued: "The people who got the money to rule out the

outcome may know about the situation. But I think they wouldn't know much too."

"I will assassinate them!" Neuss said in an angry tone.

Dean slightly shook his head: "We can't scare the snake now! They are just nobodies... I want to catch the people who killed them!"

Neuss suddenly thought of something: "Is it the Mel family?"

"I don't think so..." Dean narrowed his eyes: "The people responsible for this should have no hatred or resentment towards me. It seems that they wanted to control me by finding my weakness... They wanted to control a master! So that they could threaten me in the future when necessary...It seems they didn't let go of their aim..."

Dean once again remembered the tragic scene which looked like hell. There was a trace of extreme hatred and anger in his eyes. His face expression turned ferocious for a moment but the next instant it faded away.

Neuss instinctively wanted to retreat when he saw the killing intent on Dean's face. He knew that Dean won't hurt him but he couldn't help but panic. Neuss pondered for a moment: "Elder, how do you know that they didn't let go of their goal? If the enemy knew your weakness..."

Dean interrupted Neuss's words: "I wouldn't be sitting in here then..." He would be isolated by the Holy Church in case Jura said that he had 'ice blood syndrome.' He was sure that Jura didn't disclose his illness.

That's why the pain in his heart was much heavier.

"Go!"

Dean was tired as he closed his eyes.

Neuss picked up the ashes and lightly went away.

Dean slowly opened his eyes after a while. The previous exhaustion was no longer there. He took a pencil and a paper. It was time to draw the new invention.

...

Conference hall.

"Where's he?"

"Are we going to decide by voting?"

"He actually want us to decide the matters when the others are at our doors! IT's the first time I see an elder like him!"

“Stop quarreling! Isn’t it the same?”

“I believe elder has his own reasons.”

14 members of the council debated. Several of them sided with Dean. Angelika who was punished earlier by Dean was one of them.

Hawkeye slightly smiled as he had expected the situation. He slightly raised his hand: “Ladies and gentlemen! The 8th region wants to swallow our 13th sub-region. Although it’s a remote place with no resources but it is our boundary! Once a hole is torn there bound to be more trouble in the future. Other regions would get the courage to treat us same way too.”

“Nonsense! Of course, we can’t let them act the way they want!” Tom said in anger.

“8th region is deliberately provoking us. Hmpf! They have been staring at our region for long.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have to protect everything that is ours.”

“Of course!”

Most of the agreed to keep the 13th sub-region. Only four or five people didn't agree. There was a person who wanted to abandon the sub-region.

"Hawkeye, the elder said that we will become one of the top 5 regions within six months! Did he abandon the idea?" The enchanting woman said: "It seems that he is retreating now. What do you say?"

Hawkeye didn't expect the topic to be brought up again: "Elder said that he will certainly accomplish that task. It's too early and you are being impatient. Today we will talk about the problem that we are facing right now!"

No one replied when they heard this. They continued to discuss the plan to recapture the 13th sub-region.

Chapter 481

Two days passed.

The outer wall as always was calm on the surface and waves splashed in the darkness.

The 9th region eventually chose to fight back the 8th region after the vote. They recaptured the 13th sub-region and Tom personally led the force to reconstruct the guarding posts. Conflicts on this magnitude occurred often. Afterwards the sub-regions would be ruled jointly or a friction would be inevitable.

Dean was working in the alchemy room in the headquarters of the 9th region. He was researching his own new invention. He decided not to deal with the affairs of the 9th region before completing the product. It didn't matter to him whether the 9th region lost or gained anything.

He didn't want to take over the business of the 9th region so as not to waste his own energy. After all, he wasn't doing anything good for himself but the dirty work of the Monastery. However the new invention was totally different. I would be used for his own interests. Moreover this would be the strongest weapon in his hand. He would be able to get revenge for the Jura and Gray! Moreover he could overthrow the inner wall and become the king of the outer wall!

Since there had to be a king then he would be the one!

…

In an underground hall.

“They haven’t moved even thought it has been two days…” A man whose face was covered with a mask said.

A graceful figure wearing black goggles knelt in front of the man and whispered: “In addition to normal colleagues no one else contacted with them.”

The man looked up: “It seems that the newly appointed elder isn’t the genius master who had disappeared… Hmpf! The old guys in the Monastery should have taken this rare talent for themselves.”

Graceful figure looked down without a word.

“Go and clean up. Make sure that you don’t leave any traces.” The man said in an indifferent tone.

Graceful figure indifferently replied: “Yes.”

…

Knock~ Knock~~

The door to the alchemy room was knocked as Dean was engraved in drawing a part.

He wrinkled his brows as he turned his head. He saw the heat emitted from the person standing behind the door. According to the emission of heat it should be Neuss. He put down the pen and moved to open the door.

“Elder.” Neuss was slightly startled when he saw Dean’s messy hair: “The knights that I was tracking were killed today!”

Dean narrowed his eyes: “Did you track the killers?”

“They were two people and were wearing masks. I tracked them all the way to a manor in Simpson town. They didn’t come out for a long time so I guess they are people of the dark church too.” Neuss said in hurry.

“Simpson town …” Dean’s chest went up and down: “The underworld king!”

Dean said in a cold tone: “Don’t follow them anymore so that we don’t scare the snake… Attend all meetings of the 9^{th} region with Hawkeye and record the content of the meetings. Report to me immediately if any of the operations implicate Sergei or the New World Consortium.”

“Yes.” Neuss nodded.

Dean closed the door.

Same night.

There was a trace of weariness in his eyes as Dean came out of the alchemy room. He joined the office and drank two bottles of red wine form Kerry's collection.

He had replaced the previous need for high-calorie food with the wines. The results were good as this special wine could easy his hunger and coldness in his body. The only bad part was that it was easily intoxicating him.

"I have to order Hawkeye to brew some wine to warm my body ..." Dean looked at the wine shelf.

He wore a suit, black robe and tied a dagger to his legs. He opened the drawer and glanced at an information. He confirmed the address and left the office.

"Elder." Hawkeye was surprised to see Dean: "Elder, are you leaving?"

"I'm going out for a feast." Dean adjusted his tie: "Something wrong?"

Hawkeye wryly smiled: "Nothing."

Dean nodded and left the manor.

Normally, at least one intermediate level knight would follow an elder for protection.

Fortunately, the elder's strength was extraordinary and there was no need for additional protection.

Dean went out of the manor and sneaked into a dark street. He went around a dozen streets before taking the suit and tie off. He threw them into a trash cane and covered them with leftovers to cover the smell. No one would be able to trace him this way.

Whoosh!

Dean quickly left the commercial district and came to the golden wall. At the moment the golden wall was being repaired by workers. Most of it had been restored.

The patrolling soldiers went back and forth along the golden wall. The barbarians were still occupying the Red Maple Mountains. That's why the military didn't dare to slightly relax in defence of the golden wall.

Dean went towards the part of the golden wall which faced the giant wall. Those areas were mainly wastelands and the people avoided to live in those areas because of intense radiation.

Dean took of his coat. The transparent wings stretched out from his skin and quickly became thin and hard. The flapped as his body went upwards.

He flied over the golden wall and came back to the area where people lived some time ago. The towns were desolate. The villages and towns had become ghost towns. The houses looked gloomy in the darkness of the night.

Dean passed through the abandoned villages and towns straight to the Red Maple Mountains.

...

Waterfall.

Ivette was sitting on the edge of the cliff. The sound of the waterfall roared beside her ear. She was in trance as she looked at the faint starlight.

She sneaked back with the help of Glenn. However her tribesmen looked at her strangely because of her return. Especially several brothers and sisters of her which she was close with in the past tried to avoid her as much as they could. It felt as if she was infected with a plague that would spread out any time.

She felt lonely.

Ivette was aware that what the people were worried about. It

simply didn’t make sense that she could safely come back after being arrested!

She felt that even her father didn’t believe her after she explain the reason to him.

“I’m not a spy! I’m clear about it even though they may choose not to believe me.” Ivette whispered: “They will naturally believe that I’m not a spy as long as I’m not involved in any intelligence leaks…”

She secretly made up her mind. However she didn’t notice that a black figure swept from behind the waterfall. The shadow didn’t issue a sound it gently walked towards her.

Chapter 482

Dean's eyes lit up as he looked at the familiar figure sitting on the cliff. He walked around the whole Red Maple Mountains for about two hours to find her. Fortunately he had thermal vision to detect the problems in advance.

Dean saw that she still hadn't responded when he was about two or three meters away from her. He was no longer polite as he quickly reached out as he used the dagger.

"Ah?" Ivette was perplexed when she heard the sound of movement. The first thing that came to her mind was the bodyguards sent by her father. However the next moment that idea shattered as she felt the strong killing intent from behind her. Sh wanted to pull out the dagger from her legging but she felt the cold dagger on her neck.

Her body frozen as she didn't dare to act rashly. However she knew that whoever the person was didn't want to kill her.

Dagger didn't cut off her neck but stopped.

Ivette was relieved. However she didn't feel well because of the throat being under the gasp of the dagger: "Who are you? Do you know who am I? MY father will send troops after you if you dare to assassinate me."

Dean said in hoarse low tone: "Tell me honestly. Who helped you come back? What is your purpose?"

Ivette's heart sank down: "Who are you? Who is your master?"

"Stop being long-winded!" Dean continued, "If you are not honest then say good by to your head!" The dagger moved a big and sliced a bit off her neck. The blood oozed along the dagger.

Ivette's face turned ugly: "A man who has a high position in the wall helped me to come back. I have no purpose!"

"Do you mean that you were sent as a spy?" Dean said. It was time of war so he had to speak accordingly.

"No, no." There was a trace of anger in Ivette's eyes. If not for the dagger tingling by her neck she would have vented all the anger on the man: "I will never ever work as a spy and betray my people! The man just helped me get back! Why no one believes me?!"

"Alright." Dean snorted. At the same time few figures came from the other places. He had deliberately left traces so that other could reach them. He no longer delayed: "Since you don't want to talk then no point in staying alive!" He raised the dagger.

Cold sweat poured down Ivette's body. She saw that the enemy had lifted the dagger so she seized the gap to lift her own dagger to block.

Bang! Sparks burst out because of the friction.

Ivette almost fell over the cliff because of the giant force of the enemy.

“Who!” The patrolling barbarians shouted as they approached.

Dean turned around and ran.

Ivette turned around to see Dean’s appearance. Although it was dark but the vision of barbarians was always excellent. Dean had raised his hand to block his face but Ivette was able to see his looks through the glimpse.

Whoosh!

Dean disappeared in the darkness.

Several barbarians guards who were on patrol came to see Ivette on the edge of the cliff.

“Princess, are you …”

Ivette waved: “I’m alright.”

“It seemed that someone run away.” The guards suspiciously looked at her.

Ivette didn't hide anything: "He tried to assassinate me but fortunately you came in time!"

The guards were shocked: "who is so bold who wants to assassinate you? Princess, did you see how he looked like?"

Ivette would never forget the face: "Nope, I did not."

One of the guards said: "Princess, its too late so you should go back to rest. We will inform the posts to find the person."

Ivette nodded.

The guards separated as they left.

"How could you find him ..." Ivette looked at the guards and bit her lips: "I don't want to rebel! Why are you not giving the chance to prove my innocence? WHY?"

...

Whoosh!

The Red Maple Mountains were dangerous because of steep terrain. There were many tall cliffs. Even a veteran senior hunter would find it difficult to climb such dangerous terrains. That was the main reason why Red Maple Mountains was easy to defend but hard to attack.

Dean flapped his wings as he disappeared.

About ten minutes later.

He slowly landed in the wilderness after he flew out of the Red Maple Mountains. He raised his hand and kneaded his face. The previous one was a fabricated face. He had ordered Hawkeye to investigate the members of the barbarian royal family. He had chosen Ivette's older brother's face which had high status and big rights.

"Ivette don't blame me. I can't allow you to fail. You have to become the king of barbarians and my pawn... " Dean clenched his fists.

He looked back at the direction of the Red Maple Mountains. He recovered his eyes after a moment and erased the blood from the dagger. He put them back into his legging.

He knew that he need a weapon for close combat as the dagger wasn't enough. He was planning to use sharp scythes of the adult splitter. It was undoubtedly best natural weapon.

"I didn't think there would be terrible monsters within the barbarian base ..." Dean checked the Red Maple Mountains while he was looking for Ivette. He found out a place on top of the hill. There were huge tens there. It seemed that they belonged to the chiefs of the tribes. He saw one which was much larger than the others. He wanted to directly go inside to face the king of

barbarians.

It would be much easier than planning with Ivette.

Fortunately because of the thermal vision he was able to see the strong red heat within the tent. It was like a surging flame was exuded from the body. The person was comparable to Aisha from the inner wall!

Aisha was definitely one of the strongest people he had seen so far. Perhaps the girl wearing the Tang suit was comparable to Aisha. Moreover the figure patrolling the giant wall when he sneaked in with Glenn and Gwyneth was in that same power level too.

It was proof of how terrifying the power of the barbarian king was.

According to Dean the man was several times stronger than Francis!

He was aware that if he battled with Francis for 10 times he would win 7 while Francis would win three times.

But he knew that there was no chance of winning if he went against Aisha or the man who patrolled the giant wall.

“Francis belongs to the limitless... Tang suit girl and Aisha should be top level limitless too. Generally senior hunters can hunt

monster up to level 30. Saints should be less than level 40. Francis could hunt monsters level 40 to 45…”

“I can barely cope with monsters with level less than 50. ”

“It means that Aisha and the person who was patrolling the giant wall could fight with monsters above level 50… Tang suit girl is the same level too…” Dean pondered. Although he didn’t have thermal vision back then but he had directly observed Tang suit girl’s combat prowess. Because of his observation he knew that at least for now he hadn’t met anyone with stronger presence than them.

Chapter 483

Dean came to the barrier wall set up by Holy Church. He relied on his thermal vision to escape all the patrols and came to stop in front of the giant wall. Dean used his wings to climb the giant wall.

There was thick dust and black snow on top of the giant wall. Apparently no one had set foot in here.

“There was a patrol on the giant wall by the side of inner wall. However there isn’t slightest residue of human interaction on the outer wall part. They may think that no one can climb the kilometer high wall from the outer wall...” Dean pondered for a moment: “If I reverse the reasoning then it means that there are people who could climb the giant wall in the inner wall. So they are trying to make sure that those people don’t sneak in or out.”

He found the ‘death passage’ after moment. He overlooked from the top and saw that there was a red dot in the wilderness outside the giant wall.

Dean focused to see that there was a simple shack and a person lay inside. It had to be Sergei.

Whoosh!

Dean flew away.

In the blink of an eye he reached the grasses outside the shack.

Sergei moved as he heard the movement. He grasped his weapon from the side and secretly looked through the door.

“Young master?” Sergei was stunned to see Dean.

Dean asked: “Did you get the monster’s body parts?

Sergei didn’t expect Dean to come out of the giant wall as he didn’t dare to expose himself in the outer wall. He quickly replied: “I haven’t moved them as I didn’t think you will come up so fast.”

Dean frowned.

Sergei rushed in front to lead when he saw Dean unhappy: “We can get them now…” He didn’t wait for Dean’s answer.

Dean didn’t say anything. He knew about bad habits of Sergei and didn’t want to easily blame him for everything. Soon they reached the remnants of adult splitter’s body.

A rancid smell exuded from the body of the adult splitter after so many days. Fortunately the temperatures were very low because of the black snow season. The ground was frosty so the body was frozen. As a result it wasn’t completely frozen.

Dean jumped down. He picked the forelimbs of the adult splitter as they were the sharpest scythes. He looked back at Sergei: “Cut

off the parts as soon as possible. Find a place to restore it and make sure that it doesn't rot."

Sergei scratched his head: "All of it?"

"All." Dean replied: "including flesh and blood."

Sergei wryly smiled: "Why do we need it's flesh and blood? We can't eat them anyway. There are many parasites and bacteria in it by now."

Dean glanced back at him: "People may not be able to eat but monsters can. Do you get me?"

Sergei wanted to kill himself. He was also a senior hunter but had totally forgotten about the use of monster meat. The time in prison had rusted him. He said: "I know.. But we can't retain its corpse for long. It will rot anyway after the black snow season."

"Don't worry about that. I have a way to keep them frozen." Dean indifferently said. He held onto long scythes that were almost ten meters long. Both limbs seemed thin but they weren't light. Each of them weighted about thousand pounds. Fortunately this weight was nothing to him because of his current constitution.

They came back to the giant wall. Dean asked: "Do you have ropes?"

"Yes." Sergei took out a bundle of ropes from the shack.

Dean took them over and opened his wings. He went straight to the giant wall.

Sergei was stunned at the scene. He finally understood how Dean was able to sneak out from the inner wall. He had a pair of wings!

Dean instantly flew to the giant wall. Sergei knew that flight was the ability of gods! He didn't think that as a mortal he would have such a great magic marks!

"Such an ability... It's impossible with rare magic marks.. He certainly has legendary magic marks!" Sergei enviously looked at him.

Dean unlocked the rope and tied it to the edge of the giant wall. He flew down and stopped in front of Sergei: "Temporarily live outside the giant wall. Sneak back using the rope in case of an urgency."

"After you get to the top of the giant wall then go down to the corner. The radiation is too large in the corners so there is no patrols stationed by the Holy Church. It will be up to you to pass the golden wall..."

Sergei's eyes lit up as he looked at the rope. There was excitement in his heart as he never expected to board onto the giant wall one day.

“It’s good. At least I won’t have to stay in the detention center for a week.” Sergei grinned.

Dean nodded. Although there were people from the 9th region who had infiltrated detention center and the Holy Church and he could use his privileges as elder to let Sergei go back directly but it would easily expose his own identity.

“I’ll go back now.” Dean said. He bent over and grabbed the scythes from the edges. Dean unfolded his wings and leapt up. The weight of scythes didn’t affect his flight. Moreover those scythes would be very usable in close combat to behead the enemy.

Whoosh!

Dean began to run after landing on giant wall.

Dean quietly entered the commercial district after an hour. He hid the scythes in a common house which was owned by a family of three. The couple had a 16 year old daughter. All of them were asleep as he hid the scythes in the cellar of the house.

Dean returned back to the headquarters of the 9th region afterwards.

It was 2 o’clock in the morning but the headquarters was very busy and bustling. The elite of the 9th region was buying and selling high-end items. Most of the people who were attending were at least three star alchemists. Of course, some high status

alchemists would bring their students to open their eyes to the ‘world.’

Dean walked through the square.

Dean felt a familiar smell that floated in the air.

He stopped to looked at a middle-aged man who was wearing a black robe. He was selecting materials from a stall. There was a slim girl wearing an owl mask behind him. The familiar smell scattered from her body.

“Nightingale?” Dean was startled as he didn’t imagine to see the old acquaintance in here.

“Greetings elder!”

“Greetings elder!”

The passerby people respectfully saluted him. They didn’t mind Dean who didn’t respond to them.

Dean pondered for a moment before he went towards Nightingale.

The stall owner who was showing the materials to the middle-aged alchemists felt someone came up. He was frightened as he looked up: “Subordinate greets elder!”

The black robed middle-aged man quickly bowed too: “Greetings elder.”

Nightingale was also reacted when she saw her teacher act to respectfully. However she was surprised as she didn’t expect the elder of the 9th region to look so young.

Dean was silent as he observed her. She was smart as always. He looked at the middle-aged alchemist: “You seem to have a good student.”

The man was stunned.

Nightingale was shocked but then she was in joy. She didn’t imagine that she would get the favor of the elder in the first meeting with him. It was a sign that she would get a lot of benefits in the future. Moreover she was going to be famous in their own circle!

Dean turned and left without a word.

The trio reacted after Dean left. Nightingale looked at her teacher: “Teacher, he just praised me!”

The middle-aged man looked at her: “Not he but elder!”

Nightingale smiled: “Teacher the elder of our 9th region seem so

young!”

“Don’t talk nonsense.” The middle-aged man said.

Nightingale didn’t dare to talk more as she saw her teacher take a harsh stance.

The stall owner smiled: “Little girl you may not now but members of the council and elder have their own ways to keep themselves young. They may look in their 20th but in reality they can be older than your grandfather.”

Nightingale uttered: “Really?”

The middle-aged man frowned.

“Ask your teacher.” Stall owner smiled: “Elders have extraordinary knowledge which a 20 year old man couldn’t know. You are too young…”

Nightingale replied in a well behaved manner: “Thanks for telling me.”

“It’s alright.” The stall owner smiled: “But you will have a promising future if you got the appreciation of the elder. You might be stronger than your teacher in the future. So take care of my business if you get promoted.”

Nightingale smiled: “My teacher is very powerful. I could never learn all his knowledge in this lifetime.”

The middle-aged man’s eased a bit as he revealed a pleased smiled.

…

Dean looked at Hawkeye the moment he arrived in the headquarters: “Come over.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye kept up with him.

Dean wrote down an address: “Go to this address. There will be two body parts of a monster. Each of them are about ten meters long. Be sure to bring them back here in safety.”

Hawkeye nodded: “Yes.” He took the note and left.

Dean put on the clothes of a five-star alchemist after Hawkeye left. The clothing could block the radiation from the vast majority of materials. It was even resistant to the radiation in the radiation zone. It was an extremely expensive clothing.

He went into the alchemy room to continue working on the production of the new item.

The new product was totally different from the ones in the past.

It was a vast project and he had to rely on himself to finish it. Although the other alchemists could complete the item because the technical content wasn't high but that way the information might leak to the ears of pope and the Monastery. That's why he had to rely on himself to do it. The time required to finish it would be much longer too. He estimated that it would take a few months for himself to finish the project. However it meant that there would be confidentiality and security.

The new item would be his gift to the public of the whole wall!

Therefore he couldn't afford to lose.

Dean went out of alchemy room in exhaustion. He returned to the office to see Neuss had already brought the breakfast.

Dean ate breakfast and called Hawkeye: "Did you bring the materials from the yesterday?"

"Yes." Hawkeye asked: "Elder, do you want them now?"

Dean waved his hand: "I don't need them. Hire few masters to transform those scythes. I need handles above them. Don't forget that there is no need to modify its characteristics as they are already sharp enough."

"Yes." Hawkeye respectfully replied. He had seen the two scythes. He guessed Dean's purpose. It meant that elder was making a weapon for himself. Moreover he saw the terrifying

sharpness of the scythes when they carried it back. In addition they were very heavy! The scythes could slice the iron as if cutting through butter.

Dean took out a paper and pen. He had good idea about what kind of a weapon he wanted. He painted it on paper and handed it to Neuss: “Make sure that they follow this style.”

“Yes.” Neuss left.

Chapter 484

Depths of the St. Paul's Abbey in the inner wall.

"I have heard that he is buried in his own alchemy room for day and night. He had let go of the management of the 9th region." The elder of the Punishment division leniently leaned against the sofa.

A repulsive groan echoed from a sturdy young man who was in front of him. The youth's body was hanging and there were scars all over it. There were stab wounds, whiplashes and so on. Even the skin of the abdomen was cut open. The flesh and blood was revealed. The internal organs would fall out if the cut was a bit deeper.

Francis looked down at his feet as he replied: "According to the news from the shadow he had let the secretary of the former elder 'Hawkeye' and the fourteen members of the council to control the region by popular vote."

"The kid just took over the office and claimed to be the 'devil.' Why did he lay low so suddenly?" The elder glanced at Francis.

Francis still bowed his head: "I have inquired about the details. It it likely that he changed his mind after an incident."

"Oh?"

“It was a small event. Pope gave him a task. He commanded him to send someone to assassinate a member of naturists. However he personally went to the task. According to my understanding this small even made him change. There are likely two reasons. First is that his ideas changed after being in touch with the member of naturists. The second is that Pope took this opportunity to nurture a knight of light. This knight was the member of a family which was his enemy. Most probably he was dissatisfied with it and stopped.”

The elder slightly wrinkled his eyebrows: “So it seems this old guy Miller had made a move. He has also realized that we have send the kid to be nurtured as an elder to replace him in the future. So he had deliberately used his former enemy to anger the kid. Miller wanted to kill Dean’s will and get rid of him. A good play…”

Francis was startled: “Elder, do you mean that Pope isn’t willing to retire?”

“He has been in ultimate power for 20 years and accustomed to the identity… ” Elder indifferently smiled: “He knew that the kid has potential and we will do our best to cultivate and nurture him. Miller is aware that the kid will replace him sooner or later… Ha ha ha.. Really funny!”

Francis pondered for a moment: “I’ll send someone to notify him then.” (He refers Dean)

“Nope.” Elder continued: ” It’s a small problem. How can he serve as a Pope if he can’t overcome it? He is still too young..We gave him rights and powers to be in charge of others but he isn’t

accustomed yet. We have to wait a bit. We have to wait until he wakes up and wants to be strong... It's kind of a life experience too."

"Yes." Francis responded.

"But old Miller isn't obedient. He will think that we are blind if we don't beat him..." The elder looked at Francis: "Do you know what to do?"

Francis whispered: "I understand."

"Go." Elder waved.

Francis left in hurry without neglecting for a second.

Elder gently smiled as he looked at the youth who was hanging in front of him: "You have rested for half a day. Have you considered my proposal?"

The youth closed his eyes He was barely breathing but he still kept his silence.

"Why are you being so stubborn?" The elder said in a soft tone: "The pain will disappear and there will be money and beauties for you to enjoy as long as you are willing to write down that recipe. You will live so until the end of your life. What's the meaning of being stubborn? Monster Institute won't be able to take you out from this situation!"

The youth slowly opened his eyes and said: “Monotheistic dogs who want to get their hands of the formula of the abyss! Why don’t you go to kingdom of god (die) to inquire the formula? I bet you can’t even make half a step!”

Elder shook his head: “I like stubborn people like you... I like challenges!”

...

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

Dean came out of the alchemy room. Neuss was familiar with Dean’s timetable so he had prepared the breakfast in advanced. He personally tried everything to confirm that none of them were toxic.

Dean checked the newspapers while making the breakfast. He wanted to understand the recent changes from the perspectives of the newspapers. The military had restored its strength and was ready to expel the barbarians.

Dean’s eyes lit up. He called Neuss after the breakfast and asked: “When the weapon will be ready?”

“The masters said that materials are too hard. Its very difficult to insert the handle. It will take a few more days. ” Neuss responded.

Everything was within Dean's expectations: "Try to urge them but ensure that the quality is good. "

"Yes."

Dean kneaded an ordinary face and wore a mask. He left the office.

Hawkeye quickly stepped forward when he saw Dean: "Elder, are you leaving?"

"A small trip." Dean left the 9^{th} region.

A few hours later.

Dean appeared by the giant wall. He flew to the top of the giant wall and went to the western corner of the giant wall. He flew down and hid his wings.

He swept around the place and didn't see Aisha. It seems he was earlier than her.

Dean found a clean rock and sat on top of it.

"There are lots of monsters in the region." Dean checked the place. He wouldn't be able to find a place if he didn't have his abilities. He saw some huge red heats scattered few miles around his location. The monsters weren't inferior to Sergei or other

senior hunters in terms of ‘heat’ emission. He estimated them to be around level 30.

Chapter 485

“Unfortunately, there isn’t a passage by this side of the giant wall or I could think of ways to lease it. We could create large number of high-end equipment if we could hunt all these monsters… ” Dean pondered. In his eyes these bloodthirsty monsters were materials. However his time was limited so he couldn’t personally come over to hunt them.

He shook his head as he smiled: “But even if we create an equipment from the parts of a legendary monster it will be useless in hands of a scavenger. It’s not just about the equipment but the strength of a user too… If the genetic technology of today’s world wasn’t so advanced I could just build few bombs and easily overthrow the rule of the inner wall…”

Dean sighed…

Imagination was lustful while reality was ruthless…

“Are you sighing because you waited me for long?” A sweet voice echoed.

Dean was startled. He looked up and saw Aisha. She was wearing a green tang suit and high heel shoes. There was a blue necklace made out of gems hanging on her neck. There was two bracelets on her wrist made out of strings of crystals. She looked delicate and beautiful.

Dean was startled to see her dressed like that: “Why like this?”

Aisha laughed: “We are at a date!”

Dean’s heart jumped as he froze on spot.

“I was hoking.” Aisha smiled. There was a touch of red on her cheek too: “But its first time that I’m meeting with a boy alone. Excluding that time in childhood.” Her eyes blinked.

Dean couldn’t help but think about two of them going to the orphanage. He looked at her and sincerely said: “Thanks for that time!”

Aisha laughed: “Which one?”

“Childhood.”

Aisha laughed: “I thought you were talking about last time.”

Dean smiled: “Thanks for that too.”

“Its one and same!” Aisha looked at him: “We have rare time alone. Let’s walk around.”

Dean saw her casual appearance and was stunned. It was as if she was walking in a garden. Actually he was aware of her strength so this region could be considered as a garden for her as there was no threat to her in here: “Alright. But it won’t be convenient for you

to fight against the monsters if we meet any…”

Aisha gentle said: “You have to protect me. Let’s go!”

Dean’s heart was already calm but there were traces of waves. He couldn’t help but glance at her once more.

Aisha grabbed her skirt as she jumped around the rugged grass and rocks. She was about ten meters away when she turned: “Come on!”

Dean quickly kept up with her.

He was wearing an armor so he wasn’t afraid of anything for now.

“Aren’t you afraid of radiation so that you are wearing thin clothes?” Dean asked when he caught up with her.

“It’s a meteorite stone which can disperse the radiation around the body. So I’m not worried about that. Moreover this area has only shallow radiation. It’s not like outside… ” Aisha replied.

Dean looked at the meteorite stones in her wrist. They were similar to crystals but were different from diamonds. After a careful look he saw white filaments flowing around the stones.

“Do they sell it in the inner wall?” Dean asked because of

curiosity: “By the way, what is shallow radiation zone?”

From his perspective even the radiation zone where the barbarians lived would have certain impact on him. He couldn’t live and survive there for long time. Because of the radiation his body would deform. But Aisha said that they were still in shallow radiation zone!

“Te meteorite stone is not for sale.” Aisha continued: “Only powers such as our Dragon clan can obtain it. You can’t buy it for money in the market. As for the shallow radiation zone, its far from here. You gotta run until wasteland to get out of this zone. You will need almost half a day without counting the time delayed by the monsters on the way.”

Dean was more curious: “Do you mean that the monsters in the wasteland are stronger?”

“Of course.” Aisha said without hesitation: “It’s not just stronger but much much stronger! I wouldn’t want to be there alone as its just too dangerous.”

Dean’s eye lit up. Aisha’s strength was inconceivable for him at this point so there were places which even she didn’t want to go…

“What are you thinking about?” Aisha saw the solemn expression on Dean’s face.

Dean pondered for a moment and slowly said: “I was thinking

about the strength of these monsters. I would be difficult to kill all of them and clean the world."

Aisha laughed: "That's impossible! Do you want to kill all the monsters? I wouldn't even dare to think about that! Do you know what kind of terrifying monsters there are? I would be their food if I met a legendary monster. Even our giant wall can't resist such monsters!"

Dean looked back the towering giant wall and whispered: "It would be worth destroying this giant wall."

"What?" Aisha asked.

Dean shook his head: "Nothing."

A strange look flashed through Aisha's eyes but the next moment she turned back to her previous sweet express: "Don't say that.. We are here to stroll around. I heard that these ruins were places where the humans lived three hundred years ago. I have heard that humans were very strong and ruled all over the world.. It wasn't like the humans were stuck within the giant wall. What do you think the cities were like three hundred years ago?"

Chapter 486

“300 years ago?” There was a complex expression on Dean’s face when he heard her words. He slowly said: “In fact, there is not much of a difference from 300 years ago.”

“No difference!?” Aisha was surprised because she noticed that Dean’s tone didn’t belong to someone who speculated but made a statement. It was as if he had seen it. She felt a bit funny: “How do you know?”

Dean looked at the ruins which were covered in grass. He was vaguely able to see asphalt road and debris of high-rises. He was silent as he didn’t answer Aisha’s question. He didn’t want to lie.

Aisha was considerate as she didn’t continue to ask when she saw him not answer her. She had met a lot of suitors since small ago and experience lots of strange ways used by her pursuers. Some pretended to have profoundness like Dean as to life her interest.

She didn’t disgust those people but felt prideful. Dean was using this method to get her interest. It meant that the dress she wore wasn’t in vain.

“Are you willing to join the Dragon clan?” She changed the subject and asked a straightforward question. She was too lazy to continue to go through useless topics since she felt that Dean was interested in her. Moreover her time was very valuable.

She turned to look at Dean with soft eyes. No man could resist

her look.

Dean was startled as he didn't expect her to make the invitation. His mind was swaying towards the easy life but suddenly the tragic appearance of Jura couple emerged. His feelings cooled down as he whispered: "Sorry but I don't want to join other forces for time being."

Aisha was perplexed as she didn't expect Dean to refuse her invitation. She thought that Dean was intentionally using the 'escape' trick. She decided that Dean was too cunning so she didn't continue to force the choice upon him as not to lose face. She clapped: "Let's go."

Dean nodded.

Aisha jumped towards a block of boulders in a lively manner.

Dean was startled as he noticed that Aisha couldn't detect the presence of monsters even though her physique was top notch.

Did it mean that her perception was poor?

However he didn't utter a word as it would expose his own abilities. He was vigilant despite the kindness he had seen from her.

Dean walked after her when a figure jumped out from the grasses. It was wolf lizard which was a level 32 monster. Its body

was covered with hard cuticle. It opened its mouth to swallow Aisha.

Dean said in hurry: “Be careful!”

Aisha rapidly responded. She leaped high up and the wolf lizard couldn’t bite her. Instead her legs touched the wolf lizard’s head.

Bang! Aisha’s body fell on monster’s head and its head was trampled down. The stones underneath were crushed. The wolf lizard’s jaw was knocked open as it was killed on spot.

Dean’s pupils shrank as he looked at the sight. The monster was a level 32 monster. Moreover it was a natural predator of this terrain. Two senior hunters who had reached the top of their class wouldn’t be its opponent in a combat. But Aisha easily killed it!

Aisha leaped up once more and dropped down on the monster’s back. She lifted her foot to chech her shoes. She was relieved to see that the high heels hadn’t broken.

“Scared me.” Aisha patted her chest. Although she was 16 years old but her peaks had matured long ago. They flapped which were very attractive.

Dean rushed towards her: “Are you alright?

“I’m alright. It’s good that I didn’t have to put much of an effort.” Aisha smiled.

Dean's mouth slightly twitched. Did she called it effortless?

"Let's go. The other monsters will come over because of the smell of blood. I don't want our date to be interrupted by those things." Aisha grinned.

Dean saw her mention the word 'date' once more. However he didn't say anything and followed after her.

It didn't take long for 6 monsters to come towards the corpse of the wolf lizard. Dean and Aisha had left the place and were standing in front of a crumbling high-rise that was covered by moss.

Aisha was like a green butterfly that floated towards the top of the high-rise.

Dean stepped on the wall and climbed quickly.

"Let's take a break." Aisha grabbed a large leaf and padded it at the edge of the high-rise to sit down. Her slender legs swayed back and forth.

Dean sat down next to her but didn't pay much attention.

"The structure of houses today are totally different from the 300 years ago." Aisha grinned.

Dean was silent.

Aisha turned to look at him: “Did your parents abandon you?”

Dean thought of the frozen storage capsule. He remembered his father, mother and sister. There was faint pain in his heart: “Yes.”

Aisha looked at him: “Do you hate them? They are so bad to leave you.”

Dean slightly shook his head.

“Why?” Aisha was puzzled.

Dean slowly said: “If giving me chance to live is by abandoning me, how can I hate them?”

Aisha curiously asked: “How do you know that they gave you the chance?”

Dean shook his head as he was reluctant to give answer.

Aisha turned to look at the distance: “In fact, you are like me.”

Dean was surprised for a moment: “Are … you an orphan?”

Aisha shook her head: “I’m the second princess of the Dragon clan. My mother has died but my father is alive.” A trace of gloominess flashed by her eyes but she quickly converged.

Dean’s heart moved. However intuition told him that there was a hidden secret that Aisha didn’t tell him. But he knew that he should ask for more: “You are not an orphan since your father is alive. It’s not like no one wants you.”

“You don’t understand.” Aisha shook heard head: “I’m the second princess. I have an elder sister who as the princess of the dragon is my father’s successor! She awakened the blood power since birth and became the genius of the dragon clan. She enjoyed the love and respect of the clan since birth while I was obscure and foil by standing next to her.”

Dean was curious about ‘blood power’ Aisha talked about. However seeing the sad look on her face she didn’t intend to ask about that: “Your sister bears a lot of responsibility.. There is a saying that with power comes greater responsibility. There are two explanations to this. The first is that the people with greater power and capacity should bear more responsibility.”

“The second is that people with great responsibilities get bigger capacity and power. Although the meaning seems the same, the order is totally different. So looking from this perspective your sister who had awakened the ‘blood power’ was forced to get the identity she has. It can be inferred that this identity and status didn’t just bring her love but hardships too.”

Aisha bit her lips: “Are you siding with her?”

“I’m not helping or siding with her. I just want to say that there is no point in envy.”

Aisha pouted: “If that was only the case... But you don’t know. My sister was a troublemaker since childhood. No one could control her and she is also very jealous of others. She likes to forcefully grab the favorite things of others!”

Dean was startled and pondered for a moment: “That’s not a good attitude. She should have everything what she wants. Why would she be jealous of others?”

Aisha said: “That’s why I said she is hateful and greedy!”

Dean nodded: “There is no stop to human wants...”

Aisha pouted: “Since childhood she felt that she should get all the love of the father. That’s why she would say bad thing about me in front of father. Isn’t she bad?”

Dean nodded: “Very bad.”

Aisha was more energetic as she got his approval: “All the best resources of the dragon clan were used in her body because she is the goddess of the dragon. However she would smear the name of our clan in front of others!”

Dean frowned: “That’s very bad.”

“This is not the end.” Aisha continued: “She relied on father’s favor to deduct my resources and to suppress my constitution. She wanted me to be only a limitless and stationed within the giant wall. Fortunately I met some good people who helped me. Otherwise my future would be uncertain.”

Dean was surprised: “Why would she harm you? It’s not right as you are sisters from the same parents.”

“She used to hurt me many times.” Aisha sighed: “She relied on her strength to hit me many times in the childhood. That’s why once I secretly slipped out from the inner wall and met you.”

Dean understood the reason of their meeting: “No wonder you secretly came out… ” At the same time he was surprised. She was able to sneak from the inner wall at that age. How strong her sister was to oppress her?

Aisha looked at Dean: “But I’m thankful for that. Fortunately she forced me out and I was able to meet you.”

Dean thought that her words could be considered as a confession.

He pretended not to understand her. After all, he was grateful to her because virtually she save his life. But gratitude didn’t mean love. They had been in contact for too short and didn’t completely understand each other.

But there was a question in his mind. He thought that they were unfamiliar with each other but she thought that they are considered very close? Is it that she is too lonely? It is because of her father's coldness and her sisters suppression she trusted him?

However he still couldn't remain indifferent.

Aisha looked at Dean. She saw that Dean turned his head. Her lips curled up into a smile.

Although Dean wasn't 'looking' at her but he was 'seeing' the expression on her face. He didn't understand why she smiled but he felt relieved.

Dean turned his head and changed the topic: "What's the name of your sister?"

"She is called Hailey." Aisha whispered.

Dean noted down the name. He thought that he would make sure that this person feels the bitter taste after he overthrows the inner wall. This way he can return Aisha's kindness.

"Are you willing to go to inner wall with me?" Aisha looked at Dean.

Dean looked at her lonely and lovely eyes. It was difficult to

refuse her. He clenched his fists: “Sorry, but temporarily I can’t go to inner wall.”

“Why?” There was a trace of anger on her eyes: “Isn’t it the dream of people from the outer wall to enter the inner wall?”

Dean smiled: “I don’t want for the time being but I’ll come in the future.”

Aisha bit her lips: “I grew up without friends because of my sister. She destroyed everything that I loved. She got rid of them including my favorite pet that was killed by her. You can rest assured that now I have the power and strength to protect my friends! So don’t be worried about that!”

Dean’s feelings were tangled as he looked at her. He wouldn’t have a safe environment in the inner wall unless he came up with the new product. According to Aisha the situation within the dragon clan was complex and he didn’t want to get involved for now. At least until his new item was produced. He wanted to go into the inner wall when he felt that he had the strength protect himself.

“I’m very sorry but I don’t want to go. Give me a year... Oh no. Give me six month of time. I promise to personally come over to meet you inside the inner wall in six months.” Dean refused.

Aisha looked at him: “Why half a year?”

Dean smiled “I have my own reasons.”

Aisha didn’t force him: “Alright, I’ll wait for you.”

Dean was relieved because of her answer but he felt embarrassed. After all, she had saved him and invited few times but he refused all the offers.

But he had experienced many things and wasn’t the ignorant teenager. He clearly knew that he needed unmatched strength to get indestructible feelings.

Chapter 487

“I don’t want to talk about unhappy things.” Aisha looked at Dean: “If you need my help in the outer wall then tell me. Although I don’t have much of a network but it is very easy to intervene in the politics of outer wall.”

Dean was ashamed once more. She was ready to help him any time but he couldn’t even accept her invitation which was very rude. He hesitated: “There is a thing that I want to know.”

“Oh, what’s the matter.” Aisha was delighted: “As long as I can help you then no problem.”

Dean asked: “How strong is your dragon clan in comparison with the Monastery?”

“This?” Aisha laughed: “Our clan is very strong. Actually we are the strongest out of the three devil families. The Monastery won’t have a chance against us in a head on fight. I alone can sweep a branch of the Monastery. My sister can kill all of the masters of the Monastery single-handedly.”

Dean was curious: “Is she that strong?”

“Of course.” She replied: “Although my sister is a bad girl with bad temper but her strength is first-class. In the entire giant wall you can count people with fingers of one hand who can match her!”

“In top five?” Dean was surprised. He didn’t think that Aisha’s sister would be in top ranks of the giant wall. He couldn’t help but ask: “Is she a top level limitless? Which level monsters she can handle?”

He stared at Aisha. It was a very crucial and critical information for him. The answer to this question meant that he will understand the people on top of the inner wall. He could plan his future actions accordingly and win in a swift war.

“Limitless?” Aisha smiled as she thought about Dean’s identity: “You are from the outer wall so its very hard for you to know about it. But my sister and I are ‘pioneers’. We are above limitless.”

“The hunters are divided into 3 level or stages. The limitless have 2 stages which are primary and advanced. An advanced limitless with a rare magic mark can hunt monsters level 50 or so. If they learn some advanced combat technique then they can cope up with monsters which are up to level 60.”

“The pioneer are above the limitless!”

Aisha softly said: “The origin of the word ‘pioneer’ lies in the existence of the wasteland. Only the people who have reached the power of pioneer can fight in the wasteland. Otherwise there is no result but death. Even pioneers don’t dare to go deep into the wasteland. There are some terrifying monsters that you would never want to encounter!”

“In general, the limitless are stationed within the giant wall. They are blocking the monsters that try to invade the giant wall. That’s why another name of the limitless is boundary!”

“Pioneers are the ones who pioneered in conquering the wasteland. We kill the powerful monsters outside the giant wall and clear the area for the further development. We use the powder to paint the lines so the more powerful monster don’t close in.”

“As for the ‘small’ monsters in these pioneering areas… they are left for hunters to clean up as we are too lazy to deal with these little guys.”

Dean didn’t expect that there was such a distribution. There were monsters that even the pioneers were afraid of! What kind of creatures were they!?

“Up to which level can you hunt?” Dean asked.

Aisha pondered for a moment: “I can hunt monsters up level 70 while my sister can kill monsters up to level 100.”

Dean was stunned.

He understood that pioneers were people above everyone else but hunting level 70 or 100 monsters…

He had met the splitter who was only a level 68 monster! It was very scary existence!

In other words the soft and delicate girl in front of him could fight and beat such a monster in a fight!

He couldn't help but look up and down at Aisha. How could such a weak looking body could hold such terrifying strength? According to his knowledge the strength of human body relied on size of bones and muscle fibers. That's how the muscle exploded with strength.

However as he thought about his own transformation and changes. If he analyzed himself according to 'human' standard then he should be regarded as a monster.

Actually all the senior hunters were monsters.

The change in physique and magic marks were inseparable part of the evolution. The more magic marks evolved the more body had animal characteristics. He had a pair of wings which was non-human at all!

Perhaps the simple muscle and bone structure within the body had undergone through many changes too. It wouldn't be normal 'human' bones and muscle anymore.

There were creatures called mollusks which had no muscles but could explode with terrifying strength!

"Accordingly...They couldn't be considered as 'humans' even

though they maintained the human appearance, brain and emotions. The more they continued to evolve the extreme the changes would be!" Dean pondered as he deeply thought about the issue: "At extreme the hand changes to claws. The body itself will no longer be a human body but of a monsters! Would we be even humans at the extreme evolution?"

"Will the brain change if the body is of animal's? "

"If the brain change then will the human emotion ... disappear?"

He was a bit absent-minded.

All we do is focus on making our magic marks become stronger. But it seems that when we focus our attention on getting strong we forget about the things we lose.

"Are you alright?" Aisha thought that she told too much for Dean to grasp.

Dean shook his head as his mood got a bit sullen: "Nothing. It's just I was surprised that we as humans can get so strong!"

Aisha felt a bit weird. She thought that the words of Dean had a sense of self-deprecating.

"What is that powder?" Dean continued to ask. As for the evolution he put it at the bottom of his heart and didn't want to think about it. He knew that it was futile because in this world he

would die without the strength that the magic marks had brought.

It seemed that there was no room for choice.

Aisha smiled: “That powder is taken from the insect god. The first time I heard it I thought that its made by grinding. Then I learned that it wasn’t. Guess what it was made of? ”

Dean thought for a moment: “Excrement of the insect?”

“How did you know?” Aisha looked at him in amazement.

Dean was dumbfounded: “The name is a bit confusing…”

Aisha giggled: “Yes.”

“What is the insect?” Dean continued.

Aisha laughed: “Its king of a worm. It’s manure makes the other monsters get disgusted, dislike and avoid.”

“So.” Dean continued: “Such insects are held by the most powerful forces of the inner wall.” He changed the topic: “You said that your sister can kill all the masters of the Monastery by herself. Does it mean that the Monastery is afraid of your dragon clan?”

Aisha shook her head: “It’s the contrary. We are no willing to

provoke the Monastery. They are not strong but their heritage is deep. Moreover they are independent while we are under the command of His Majesty. There is a non-aggression pact between us. We won't mess with them unless they take the initiative."

Dean couldn't help but ask: "If they are not that strong then why aren't they controlled by His Majesty?"

Aisha shook her head: "It's a long story. We will talk about it some other time. Moreover some of that information isn't told to the outsiders. I can't talk about that. I hope you will forgive me. After all, I learned some of those information even after I was promoted to be a pioneer."

Dean replied: "Nothing, I asked too much." It seems the Monastery was much 'deeper' than he had imagined.

"You are not angry." Aisha was relieved to see that.

"How could I be angry with you? You have your own difficulties." Dean asked: "You said that there are three devil families. In addition to dragon clan which are the other two families? "

"There is feather and rock clan!" Aisha smiled: "Three families are under the command of His Majesty. The dragon clan is in charge of law and order of the land. Feather clan protects the skies. The Rock family is responsible for the potential risks from underground. They kill the monsters that would drill into the giant wall."

“Ok.” Dean understood why the monsters couldn’t sneak into the giant wall. It seems most of the were killed by the rock clan.

“What was that blood power about?” Dean continued.

Aisha seemed a bit troubled: “This … I can only say that this power is unique to our dragon clan. Each person from three families have that blood power. But some can awaken it while its dormant for others! However only few people out of thousands can awaken it!”

“Are chances so low?” Dean was surprised.

Aisha continued: “But once you awaken the blood power… ” Her face turned sad.

Dean changed the topic: “Are there stronger people than pioneers?”

Aisha pondered for a moment: “Maybe… I have never seen such people. Perhaps they exist only in legends.”

Aisha continued: “The strongest person I have seen is my sister and she is only a pioneer.”

Dean thought that his new product will be able to deal with the inner wall.

Aisha asked: “Are you still a hunter?”

Dean nodded.

“You will certainly need God’s marrow.” Aisha’s eye lit up: “If you want to pass the limit of hunter then you must use God’s marrow or else you will be stuck at the same level.”

Dean was puzzled “Do you want to …”

“I will give you!” Aisha said: “I will help you with God’s marrow. Your constitution is week or else I would have given you the ‘nucleus’ to become an advanced limitless!”

“Give me?” Dean was shocked.

Aisha blinked: “Don’t you want it?”

“Of course.” Dean was planning to take the initiate to mention the matter to her. It was good that she was the first to propose it.

Aisha smiled: “I knew you will reply so..” She pondered for a moment: “I didn’t bring any with me today so I’ll give them to you the next time.”

Dean felt both grateful and ashamed: “How much it will cost?”

Aisha laughed: “Do you want to give me money? You shouldn’t think about that.”

Chapter 488

Dean said: “Thanks for everything.”

Aisha looked at him: “Let’s meet the next week!”

“Next week?” Dean pondered for a moment and nodded: “Alright!”

Aisha smiled as she looked at distance. Her legs gently shook as the breeze passed by: “Are we friends?”

Dean was silent for a moment before whispering: “We can be friends if you wish.”

“Of course I want to be friends.” Aisha grinned.

Dean was silent.

Dean realized that it was pretty awkward because of the silence. He wanted to find a topic to talk to ease up but found out that he couldn’t talk to her about anything. He had a lot to stay but it was for the world.

Aisha slowly stood up after a few minutes of silence: “It’s getting late. Let’s go back. I’ll bring you God’s marrow the next time we meet.”

Dean also got up: “I’ll send you off.”

“Alright.” She replied.

Dean nodded.

Both of them jumped from the tall building.

The difference was that Aisha directly floated down while Dean stepped onto the concrete and ran down. He made few somersaults to unload force. Although because of his constitution he wouldn’t be injured if he directly jumped down. The ground had become muddy and wouldn’t hurt his legs.

But this would expose his abnormal physique.

Aisha would easily understand that his magic marks were extraordinary. Although he has positive feelings towards Aisha but it was the first time he was meeting with her. So he didn’t dare to relax.

Aisha said in a firm tone: “We should slowly walk back.”

“Alright.” Dean nodded.

They walked side by side in silence.

There was a bus stop sign and car covered in moss by the roadside. There were bones of dead monsters. There was even a human skeleton. Insects and poisonous snakes had bitten down the skeleton. There was one snake in the skeleton looking at the passing creatures from the eyes of the skeleton.

Once upon a time a bustling city had turned into a ghost town.

Argh!

A roar echoed from the ruins of a building.

Dean had noted the existence of the undead long ago. It looked like an ordinary undead. It was stuck under a stone. Half of its face seemed to be chewed off by something. It tried to use its claws but couldn't move the boulder.

Whoosh!

Aisha gently kicked a stone which flied accurately. It hit the head of the undead as if it was a bullet. It's head was cracked and died on spot.

Dean saw the scene. He looked at Aisha: "Do you know what cold crystals are used for?"

"I'm not clear about the details but Monster Institute has been collecting it since forever. It is said that cold crystals are somehow related to the disaster that happened 300 years ago." She replied.

“Cold crystal is related to the disaster?” Dean narrowed his eyes.

“I was told that the world wasn’t like this 300 years ago. These undeads were human beings but they lost their minds and consciousness after the disaster. I heard that Monster Institute had secretly collected different types of undeads for research in an attempt to let these undeads restore their human memories and find the root cause of the disaster that happened 300 years ago.”

“But there seems to be no progress.”

Dean’s eye lit up. He could speculate about the roots of the disaster but couldn’t give out exact information.

The thing was that his knowledge had no details about this weird virus. He was in frozen storage capsule when the disaster occurred. Its possible that the viruses were biochemical weapons that were manufactured too!

Argh!

A mantis like monster jumped out when they were passing by a corner. It’s body was green and its color was the same with the grasses. It lurked in bushes and it was difficult to detect its presence.

Aisha stride out the moment it appeared. She somersaulted few times and hit the monster’s head with her high heel. The monster

was trampled down to the ground.

Aisha lifted her foot and threw the blood stain out of the high hell as if nothing had happened.

Dean noticed that her boots were not simple shoes but made out of metal.

Dean and Aisha returned back to the corner of the giant wall after killing few monster.

“Do you want me to send you back?”Aisha asked: “There are various monsters close by that could be a problem to you.”

Dean shook his head: “Don’t worry I have few tricks under my sleeve.”

Aisha sighed: “Alright, see you next week!”

“Um.” Dean nodded.

Aisha waved to Dean and turned to leave. She disappeared behind the ruins.

Dean watched her leave before turned around to the other side of the giant wall.

He walked within the bushes for a long time. There were no monster neither he could detect the presence of Aisha who had departed. He unfolded his wings and flew up.

Dean returned back to the headquarters of the 9th region in the commercial district.

Dean called Hawkeye as soon as he arrived at the headquarters: “I need some parasitic soul worms. Rare ones would be the best.”

Hawkeye was stunned at his words: “Some rare level parasitic soul worms?”

“Can you get them?” Dean asked.

Hawkeye recovered: “We can but its impossible to breed parasitic soul worms. So we have to buy them at market.”

“Try to collect as much as you can.” Dean said.

Hawkeye was a bit hesitant: “Elder, because of 8th region’s attack and we had to spend a lot of money to snatch back the 13th sub-division. We don’t have much to spend in addition to keeping up the normal operations.”

Dean picked his eyebrows: “Barter with materials.. Ask the few five-star alchemists and great potion masters to create some stuff or to directly exchange with soul worms.”

Hawkeye carefully said: “elder, it take long time for them to make things. It would be much difficult if they don’t intend to help out…”

Dean frowned but suddenly thought of one person: “Leave it to Amy. Tell her that if she can manufacture good enough potions then we will deduct time from her imprisonment.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye left.

Dean went into the alchemy room.

Another two days passed.

Dean once again left the 9^{th} region and passed the golden wall. He came to the location where he had agreed to meet with Ivette.

At the moment the sky was dark and there were no stars. He noticed four heat figures. One of them was Ivette while the other three were in quite a distance. However they didn’t emit any smell.

Dean understood that Ivette was worried about her welfare so she had come with bodyguards.

Whoosh!

He quietly appeared behind Ivette.

Ivette was relieved to see Dean when she turned over. However she was tense.

“It’s been a long time.” Dean asked: “What’s your answer?”

Ivette answered: “I agree.”

Dean nodded: “You will be dormant from now on and wait for the opportunity. I will inform you if some circumstances rise. But you will relay a message to your father today. The military will attack the Red Maple Mountains in five days!”

Ivette was surprised: “Do they really want to attack in five days?”

Dean whispered: “You will sure lose this time so you have to retire! They will use the steam rifles that I have produced so if you want to stick to your position then the casualties will be big!”

Ivette had an ugly look on her face.

Dean guessed what she was thinking: “I understand that you barbarians have finally conquered a fort. All of you don’t want to leave. Neither your father nor your brother and sisters don’t want to go back! So it’s a chance for you. You have to tell your father that you have to retreat!”

Ivette blankly looked at him.

Dean saw that she was a bit ‘slow’ so he carefully said: “Your brother and sister will be against your recommendation! So this time you have to carefully put the exact words for your advantage. Barbarian tribes will fight but at the end they will pay a heavy price. But your status will improve after the end of this campaign. You will get your father’s attention! It will be the first step!”

Ivette looked at the teenager in front of her. She had heard that the people form the wall were cunning and clever. Now it seemed to her that those words have been under-emphasized.

Dean continued: “You have to persuade before the start of battle. However don’t expose the reasons for the failure. I have written exact words that you have to use…Its all from the military perspective. Now its time for you to act.” He passed the paper to her.
Ivette checked the paper with the beautiful handwriting.

“Remember don’t go to far.” Dean stared at her: “Expelling the barbarians is the first step of the military action. This time the military is really angered by your invasion so they may not only want to expel you from the Red Maple Mountains but want to finish you all for good!”

Ivette subconsciously asked: “What should we do?”

“I have written few escape routes and methods.” Dean continued: “You can lead your father and your people out of military

encirclement if you follow my recommendations. However there will be losses…”

Ivette stared at him in silence.

“The lives of your people depend on your performance.” Dean looked at her: “I’ll go back if you don’t have questions.”

Ivette looked at Dean: “Can I really believe you?”

Dean whispered: “If you want to live!”

Ivette was stunned.

“My goal is to take you guys into the outer wall. Afterwards you will be helping me to declare war to the inner wall! So don’t worry I will make sure that many of your people stays alive.” Dean said.

“It’s getting late so you should go back.” Dean looked at her: “In addition, don’t bring people with you the next time. I won’t harm you. Moreover if I wanted to harm you no one would be able to keep you safe.”

He leaped up and disappeared in the darkness of the night.

There was a trace of horror in Ivette’s eyes.

She brought three of her most powerful confidants with her. They had strong hiding abilities but Dean was able to see through them.

“Princess!”

“Princess!”

Three people appeared by Ivette’s side after Dean left.

“The speed of that man is too fast. Is he the one who knows our language?” A youth wearing a wolf’s head looked at the direction Dean left.

Ivette put away the note: “Let ‘s go back.”

…

Dean returned back to the 9^{th} region and continued to work in the alchemy room.

After a few days.

He finally received a message about the completion of the weapon made with scythes.

“Elder, the weapon is modified according to the style that you

have drawn.” Neuss handed the black cloth to Dean.
Dean’s eyes lit up after he tore the black cloth.

Chapter 489

It was a giant weapon which looked like a shield. It was about four meters long. It's body was dark and it was heavy.

The veins on Neuss's arms had popper up. He saw Dean show a satisfactory expression. He was a bit puzzled: "Elder, several weapons could be cast out of the material. Why did you chose a shield?"

"It is not a shield." Dean smiled as he correct Neuss's words. He grabbed the weapon with his one hand from the handle. He whispered: "Let's start."

Neus was shocked to see Dean grab and lift the giant black shield with single hand. He went backwards.

"A bit more." Dean added.

Neuss was startled as he stepped back more. His spine touched the wall.

Dean's eye fell on the giant weapon. He tightly clenched it and stabbed forward!

Zheng! Zheng! Zheng!

Sounds of metal echoed as a huge shadow passed and set off a

‘hurricane’. The vases full of flowers decorating the office dropped down.

A cold object was by Neuss’ nose.

It was a sharp tip of the weapon.

Neuss’ pupils shrank.

He saw that the giant black shield had turned into a ten meter long black razor. It was covering almost half of the office!

There were three joints. The middle and the third joint had barbs and hooks. The joints had steel pipes embedded in them. It made this sword like weapon be able to fold. It was like three sticks that could be folded in and out.

Dean was very satisfied as he looked at the weapon. Hawkeye has done a great job.

Neuss recovered as he swallowed a mouthful of saliva: “Elder, isn’t it a bit too... long?”

He couldn’t imagine fighting with a weapon which was almost a dozen meters long!

“It’s just right.” Dean indifferently said. This weapon could be used in two ways. The first is the combat on land. He could shrink

the weapon to look like a shield. It could be used in close combat. Although the weapon looked like a giant shield but the sharp edges were excellent to kill and wound the enemy. Moreover it was just a four meter long giant heavy sword.

He could fold it out in case he was combating a group of people. Moreover he could easily wield this weapon while he flied in the air.

What's the point of flying if your weapon is too short? Inevitable he had to get close to the enemy in that case and the enemy will easily be able to counterattack. In that case having the air advantage would be lost. But a sword which is longer than ten meters was different. He could attack the other side while the enemy couldn't hurt him.

Neuss asked after a while: "Elder, you provided two materials so why is there just one weapon? "

"There are two pieces." Dean smiled. His other hand turned a round hole on the handle. It looked like a decorative hall but as he rolled the hole the ten meters long sword split into two.
Neuss was stunned at sight.

The weapon looked like a scissor. It could be combined into one and split back again!

He felt that the weight of the weapon was appropriate. He held down the handle and swung back the dark valve. The other sword retracted back and the weapon restored to its previous shield look.

The edges of the shield were very sharp.

“Order them to build strong chains for me.” Dean looked at Neuss.

Neuss was stupefied: “Aren’t we going to build a sheath?”

Dean slightly shook his head: “The weapon that is for murder does not need a sheath!”

Time passed.

Dean was immersed in the alchemy room every day. He would go out to eat breakfast and read the morning newspapers to get to know the recent developments within the giant wall.

Because of the warmth of the wine his demand for high calorie food was much lessened. That’s why he didn’t need to collect those valuable ingredients. After all, as a master everybody knew that he was into ‘pricey’ foods. It wold be easy to find who needs that much of expensive food if he wanted to collect the ingredients.

“News is all about the war. No one remembers me.” Dean indifferently check the reports on the newspapers. Although he didn’t care about being a celebrity but it seams that the news were much more controlled than he thought. The military had received the steam rifle without paying a cent but they didn’t intend to thank him at the time when he needed their support the most.

Perhaps, from the military's perspective it was a good thing for them if a master of the Temple went down.

Knock~~

Dean knew that it was Hawkeye: "Come in."

Hawkeye pushed the door and looked at Dean: "Elder, there is an invitation for you. You have to attend the meeting of elders and discuss the situation about the military, war and barbarians."

"Elders meeting?" Dean wrinkled his eyebrows: "I don't have time so I won't attend."

Hawkeye said in haste: "Elder, you have to attend. All the elders will attend. Even the Night King and the Underworld King won't be absent."

Dean looked at him: "What if I am absent?"

Hawkeye was stunned.

"Are all of the elders going to attack the 9^{th} region together?" Dean indifferently said.

Hawkeye hesitated: "I don't know about that... But elder Kerry never missed a meeting. You haven't attended meeting of elders so the other would want to know about you. It's good to make

relationships to.. If you are absent then I'm afraid...they will think that you are too arrogant."

Hawkeye was a bit nervous before saying the end of the sentence.

His family lived in the 9th region and he had been the secretary of elder Kerry for long time. He didn't want the 9th region to be destroyed in the hands of Dean.

Dean chuckled as if he hadn't heard Hawkeye's words: "Elder Kerry always attended because he didn't dare not to miss a meeting. He didn't dare doesn't mean that I wont! Whoever wants to attend should attend. Tell them that I can't participate because of my health."

Chapter 490

“Elder, this is … Isn’t it wrong?” Hawkeye said with a difficulty.

“Nope.” Dean didn’t want to talk more. Participation in the meeting of elders was delay of time for him. Instead of watching the infighting between the elders he might as well do something productive in the alchemy room.

Hawkeye hesitantly looked at him but finally decided to held back. He left the office.

Dean took a stack of papers and ink and joined his alchemy room.

The next day.

Dean called Neuss to bring the military newspaper. The news regarding the battle with the barbarians was published. Although the barbarians occupied the geographical advantage but because of steam rifles and artillery the army made sure that barbarians were left with heavy casualties.

Because of the last war there were countless casualties from the military’s side. However they had enough time to nurture the reserve troops and make sure that they know how to properly use steam rifles. Each soldiers with a steam rifle was comparable to combat effectiveness of an intermediate hunter. Only the senior hunters would be able to escape the bullets of the steam rifles.

Of course, it didn't mean that senior hunters could exceed the speed of the bullets that were driven by steam shots. The point was that senior hunters could react much before an average soldier would make a shoot. Although it was easy to operate the steam rifle but it still took time to buckle the valve to make the shoot. That gap of seconds was enough for a senior hunter to react.

"Barbarians have no intention to react. Ivette your star is going to rise." Dean's eyes li up. He returned back to the alchemy room after the breakfast.

He called Hawkeye when he faced lack of materials.

9th region wasn't the powerhouse of the dark church but it had a very wide and deep network. Hawkeye could easily get even some very rare materials. The believers of the dark church were represented in all walks of life.

Another day passed and it was time to meet with Aisha.

Dean once again left the commercial district. But he wasn't carrying the weapon made out of splitter's scythes. He ran along the giant wall. He came to the west side of the giant wall by the sun rise.

Dean went down to outside and found a den of monsters. He began to exercise his combat abilities.

The level of monsters in the vicinity of the western corner of the

giant wall were about 30. Most of them were ordinary monsters which meant that they were weaker than the rare or legendary monsters. Dean felt that his combat abilities were very weak so he had to rely on superior strength and speed to kill them.

Dean fought continuously against seven or eight monsters. Gradually he saw that some highly toxic monsters were coming up. He didn't have the magic marks of the juranzhi so he left the place. Even limitless would avoid touching them because body strength was one thing but toxins were another.

Dean returned back to the western corner by 9 o'clock. He quietly waited as he restored his physical strength and thought about his future plans.

Dean saw Aisha's figure appear after about an hour of wait.

But he avoided looking up at her direction. He didn't want to expose his perceptive abilities. He pretended to look down.

"Hello!"

A sweet voice choed.

Dean looked up and smiled: "You are here."

Aisha was grinning as she held her hands behind her back. She was still wearing a green clothing but the style was different: "Did you wait for long?

“I have just arrived.” Dean smiled.

Aisha laughed as she swiftly brought up her hands: “Da-da-da-da-da! Look!”

Dean had noticed the thin in her hand early on. It was a delicate small purse. It looked like a miniature girl with rabbit ears: “What’s that?”

“God’s marrow!” Aisha gentle opened the purse and took out a small bottle which was as big as a finger. It was full with dark red liquid: “This is all I could bring this time. It should be enough for half a month!

Dean replied in a grateful tone: “Thank you!”

“It’s alright.” Aisha handed the purse to Dean:” Take it. ”

Dean nodded as he took the small purse. He pulled out weeds from the ground and ‘sewed’ them into a straw pad. He put the bottle inside the bad and gave back the purse to Aisha: “This is yours.”

Aisha was surprised: “Can you weave things?”

Dean laughed: “My adoptive father is a tailor so I have learned a trick or two.”

“That’s it!” Aisha exclaimed: “Really nice!”

Dean smiled: “It’s just basics.”

“No, I feel you are very powerful.” Aisha shook her head: “For example I only know how to fight monsters but nothing else.”

Dean smiled but didn’t reply.

Indeed, the time and energy of any person was limited. Moreover Aisha was almost the same age as him. She had to focus on combat skills so inevitable she had to ignore other things. An ordinary person would have to pay extraordinary energy and time in order to be proficient in number of areas.

“Do you want to try now?” Aisha pointed to bottle in the straw mate.

Dean curiously asked: “Do I directly drink it?”

Aisha tapped her head: “I have forgotten to bring a syringe! These are injected into the blood vessels like god’s blessings! You can’t drink it.”

Dean smiled: “I’ll use it when I go back.”

“That’s the only way.” Aisha pouted and puffed.

Dean put the god's marrow into his pocket. He said: "Should we go?"

"Where?" Aisha's eyes lit up.

Dean looked around. Everywhere were covered in grasses, moss and ruins: "Vicinity?"

Aisha nodded: "Alright."

They began to wander around. Occasionally a monster would appear and Aisha would take the initiate to kill it.

Both of them chatted while they walked.

Time passed.

By noon Aisha checked the sun: "It's late, gotta go back."

"Alright." Dean didn't want to stay back. He had to rush to check the God's marrow and work on his new invention.

They returned back to the western corner of the giant wall. Aisha waved at Dean and disappeared by the corner.

Dean watched her figure go away.

Aisha felt him watch her so she looked back with a smile: “You go back too!”

“Um.” Dean smiled and nodded.

Aisha waved again as her figure disappeared from Dean’s sight. He could only see a red dot with the thermal vision. He recovered his eyes and turned to the other side of the giant wall.

He was ready to take of his coat and fly on to the giant wall after ten minutes. However he suddenly felt a danger.

Aisha who had previously departed had appeared above his head on top of the giant wall!

Although he couldn’t see her figure but because of the thermal vision he could see a fuzzy red figure at the edge of the giant wall.

Chapter 491

“Is she tracking me?” An idea popped up in his mind.

Although he was surprised but he didn’t pause as he maintained the previous speed. Dean’s head was down as he moved forward.

He was convinced that the red spot was Aisha who had previously departed.

Moreover it would be only her with the ability to climb the giant wall and appear in here in short period of time.

Why would she follow him?

Many ideas passed through his mind as he secretly contemplated. “Is she worried that the road is unsafe and wants to protect me?”

He felt strange. The answer doesn’t seem to be that as she didn’t follow him the last time.

“If she isn’t worried about my safety then does she have another purpose?” Dean’s eyes lit up. He was excited and grateful towards her because he thought that the little girl which had helped him back in the childhood was like a pure dream. He didn’t want to dirty that dream with dirty thoughts.

At the moment he was much sober as he recovered from the

dream. He understood that childhood was childhood. 8 years had passed and the environment could change anyone. The character of a person is made up by the ideas that they take from the environment. It's like physical materialization of the environment.

He didn't see much in the inner wall. But that 1 day trip in the city of Edin was clearly printed in his mind. Inner wall had a dirty and distorted atmosphere which he disgusted.

Aisha lived in the inner wall for long time. Would the environment change her in these years?

"I always to try to look from the good side to the things and people that I encounter. But this is just my own wishful thinking." Dean remembered many stories that he had heard in the prison. Some were born evil while some were framed. There were people who were betrayed by their brothers and relatives...

"Goodwill is the 'shield' that make love so beautiful." Dean remembered the word of a prisoner he had heard long time ago. An alarm was sounded in his mind.

So what if she holds some other purpose? What will be her purpose in contacting me?

Get something from me?

Use me?

Frame me?

If the purpose of her tracking him wasn't protecting Dean then he could only think of three options. However Aisha was simply way too powerful in comparison to him. So framing him wasn't an option. It was a means used by the weak and poor. She could kill him any time she wanted.

But at face value he didn't have anything that she could use.

"I seem to have nothing that would interest her. Does she know my identity? Does she want to use dark church to deal with some thing? Does she want to use me against the Monastery?" Dean thought of many things.

The next moment his eyes lit up.

"I won't be able to know whether she wants to protect me or have any other ulterior motive if I don't try out... " He still maintained the previous speed. He looked around and found bushes. He stopped by the bushed and squatted to grab the grass.

These grasses weren't common grass but tough weeds. The edges had saw like outlines.

Dean pulled out them. He used one of them to cut a little wound underneath his fingernail. The next moment he still continued to pull grasses. He wove two straw mats and rope. He put the

previous bottle inside them.

He continued to move forward. It's just he increased his speed.

After seven or eight minutes he stopped to breathe and walked at a faster pace.

At the same time he saw red dots all around and felt the smell of feces of monsters in the air.

"Come on ..." Dean cried in his heart.

He clenched his finger as he continued to move so that blood would drop.

He walked while the smell of blood drifted away. He slowed down as if he was tired.

Dean noted that there was a oval-shaped red figure four or five meters in diameter. He didn't know what kind of monster it was but it shouldn't be any low level one because of the heat that it emitted.

The oval shaped monster was slowly moving towards Dean.

"Come on." Dean thought.

Suddenly a figure jumped out of the bushes. It opened its mouth as it tried to bite Dean.

Dean was horrified!

He was really scared!

He had noted the oval monster but hadn't noticed this one which was very close to him.

This monster's body didn't emit any heat. The body was colored in dark green and it could camouflage with the surrounding grass seamlessly. Dean was caught off guard.

Fortunately he was able to react on time. He went back on instinct.

Bang!

The giant snake like monster hit Dean's shoulder.

Dean hurried to dodge as he saw the monster was going to jump at him once more. At the same time he checked the figure that was on top of the giant wall.

It was a golden opportunity.

He checked the dark green serpent and instantly recognized it. It was called golden python which was a level 33 monster. It's bite contained venom which could paralyze a body in short period of time.

Dean made up his mind in the nick of time. Although there was panic on his face but he raised his hand as he punched towards the serpent's jaw. The head that was opened to bite him closed.

He quickly clung to its head as to make sure that it doesn't bit him. Even if he was physically more stronger than the monster but the venom it had was very dangerous.

Bang! Bang!

The golden python couldn't open its mouth so it began to violently twist its body. It's tail smashed onto the ground.

It's body began to coil and tightly wrap Dean. It was constantly shrinking.

Chapter 492

Dean's heart sank.

The golden python was in pain as it shook its head around. But it couldn't get rid of Dean. So it tried to squeeze into a pit.

Dean took the opportunity and jumped back. He turned and ran.

Although he was planning to use this small crisis to test Aisha'a intention but he couldn't let golden python to wrap around himself. It could easily make a senior hunter faint and bleed. Sergei who had powerful defensive ability from the dragon steel's magic marks was afraid of it too.

Dean wasn't afraid to be wrapped and strangled by the golden python because of his constitution. However once wrapped around then the situation would turn into a stalemate. This way he would be like a lamb to be slaughtered any moment to an outside force.

Also he was planning to test Aisha but he wasn't going risk his own life. He was worried about his safety.

Therefore he had to control the crisis so that it didn't turned into life-death situation! Moreover he was trying to give the image of a senior hunter. Although some senior level hunters could kill it but the outcome was different each and every time. He wasn't aware of Aisha's intent. Was she going to get involved or just stay dormant and observe the situation?

If she was worried about his safety then she would attack when the situation wasn't critical too!

Whoosh!

Dean ran while he kept checking Aisha who was on top of the giant wall. The next moment she saw her crawling down the giant wall while her hands were attached to the surface of the giant wall like a gecko.

"Is this her ability?!" Dean's pupils narrowed. He thought that no one could climb up the steep and smooth giant wall. The material used to make the giant wall wasn't simple rocks but mix of different materials. As a result its surface had a complex structure.

Aisha descended very fast.

A warmth burst out in Dean's heart as he felt ashamed and guilty about his previous thoughts.

Whoosh!

He ran while the golden python followed after him. The body of the monster twisted rapidly to catch up with him.

Aisha arrived at a surprising fast pace.

Puff!

Dean noticed Aisha threw something cold from her fingertips when she was around two hundred meters or so away from them.

The thing accurately hit the golden python's head. It reflected the accuracy and prediction of Aisha's shot. The degree of shot and the route and twisting of python had to be calculated into small details for such a successful shot.

The golden python's head hit the ground. There was blood spraying out while its enormous body twisted crazily in pain.

Dean paused to look back, He saw that the thing that Aisha had thrown flew back. The golden python stopped twisting while she stretched out her hand to grab it tail. She used force to swing up the golden python's body!

Bang!

The magic python's head fiercely hit the boulder after a few laps of throwing around by Aisha. IT's head was crooked open as blood splashed around. It was dead.

Despite everything its body was still twitching.

Aisha loosened her grips and ignored the monster. She leaped up to land in front of Dean. There was concern in her facial expressions: "Are you alright?"

Dean shook his head: “I’m good.”

Aisha sighed as she gently patten his chest: “Fortunately, I caught up on time. This is a golden python.”

Dean smiled: “Yeah, or else I would go through little trouble.”

Aisha couldn’t help but smile when she heard the phrase ‘little trouble.’ She thought of Dean’s previous look. However she was a smart girl and wasn’t going to reveal the lie of the boy in front of her. She grinned: “What were you thinking about when you walked straight with your head down? Were you thinking about me?”

Dean looked at her crystal eyes. He nodded and said: “Were you following me?”

Aisha casually answered: “Yes... I was gone half the way when I remembered that this road was too dangerous. You wouldn’t be able to cope with a relatively strong monster so I secretly tracked you to be sure that you are alright.”

Dean’s eyes lit up: “I saw you climb and crawl from the top of the giant wall. Is that your ability?”

“It’s one of them.” Aisha grinned.

Dean stared at her then whispered: “You save me once again.”

“How can you say so?” Aisha waved her hand: “You should be able to get rid of it by running even if I didn’t appear. This thin won’t leave its territory very easily so it would be fine as long as you ran out. Normally it wouldn’t chase you but it seems that it was angered by your attack. Moreover you wouldn’t face such a situation if you didn’t come over to meet me.”

Dean smiled: “Anyway, thanks.”

“Alright.” She continued: “Don’t be in haste. I won’t follow you but you have to be careful so that you don’t meet anymore danger. We have to meet next time!”

Dean nodded.

Aisha turned and jumped up. After a few jumped which were twenty or thirty meters high she fell on giant wall. Her palms stuck to the surface of the giant wall.

She quickly climbed to the top of the giant wall. She looked at Dean, waved and turned to leave.

Dean also smiled as he waited for her departure. His eyes turned gloomy as she clenched his fists.

Chapter 493

Aisha turned her head to looked beneath the giant wall after few hundred meters. She saw Dean running forward. It seemed that he wanted to leave the land where the smell of blood was spread.

Aisha sighed as she slightly shook her head and left.

Whoosh!

Dean didn't scratch the wound on his finger to it soon healed. Along the way he maintained the speed of a senior hunter while he made sure that he opened the distance with Aisha.

His face had turned gloomy as he felt sad and lonely.

He stopped when he was close to the passage of the giant wall. He looked back to check and be convinced that Aisha wasn't following him. He took of his upper armor and flew to the top of the giant wall.

A few hours later he was in the commercial district.

Dean put the God's marrow in the drawer as soon as he reached his office in the 9^{th} region. He asked Neuss to call Hawkeye. He looked at Hawkeye: "Have you even seen God's marrow?"

Hawkeye was startled as he quickly replied: "Elder, I had the

chance once…”

“Check it.” Dean interrupted his words as he put the bottle on the table: “Check this bottle and see if its god’s marrow.”

Hawkeye’s pupils shrank as he made few steps forward. He stretched out his hand to grab but realized something. He looked at Dean: “Elder, can I pick it up?”

“Yes.”

Hawkeye nodded as he grabbed the bottle. He tilted it right and left. He nodded: “Elder, it looks like god’s marrow!”

“It looks like?” Dean looked up at him.

Hawkeye was a bit nervous but he still nodded: “It looks like. If you want to further confirm it then we can check it by smell or by injection.”

Dean nodded: “Smell it first. Then find someone and inject it.”

Hawkeye thought for a moment. He unscrew the cap of the bottle. A moment later his eyes lit up: “Elder, this should be god’s marrow. Where did you get it? It’s the original.”

Dean glanced at him but didn’t reply.

Hawkeye was surprised to see the indifferent look at Dean's face. The next moment he understood that he was wrong by trying to inquire about the source of the god's marrow. Why would Dean easily tell him the secret behind such a high-level thing?

"Damn it!" Hawkeye quickly closed the cap of the bottle.

Dean indifferently said: "Now find a trusted person to inject it. We have to check whether it the original or fake."

Hawkeye was a bit embarrassed: "Elder, we can test it on livestock to verify it. I have heard that its possible to inject God's blessings and God's marrows on livestock. They change very fast!"

Dean indifferently said: "How can the structure of animal's body be compared with a human?"

Hawkeye hesitated but couldn't raise the courage to speak to Dean. He turned and left.

He understood that Dean suspected that there was a problem with the marrow. If there was a poison then someone had to be found to inject the marrow.

However it was taboo in the dark church to experiment on believers of the dark church. A very heavy punishment was for the people who were found of doing so.

Apparently the elders who were standing at top could easily

ignore this rule.

Hawkeye led a handsome youth into the office after moments. He looked at Dean: “Elder, this is the person.”

The youth bowed: “Subordinate’s name is ‘Talbert Randy’. My codename is ‘feather’. Greetings elder.”

Dean listened to the youth’s introduction and looked at Hawkeye. He said: “Start.”

Hawkeye replied: “Yes.”

He approached and took the syringe and marrow bottle. Hawkeye took a deep breath: “Feather its called God’s marrow. Elder has chosen to give this chance to you.”

There was a trace of excitement in youth’s eyes. He bowed once more: “Thanks Elder. Feather swears lifetime allegiance to the Elder.”

Hawkeye looked at the marrow liquid that was sucked into the syringe. He lifted Feather’s sleeve and injected it into his blood vein.

There was a bit of pain on Feather’s face as the marrow was injected. Cold sweat poured down from his forehead. His body turned red and hot. He clenched his teeth to endure the pain as he didn’t want to show his embarrassed face in front of the elder and

leave a bad impression.

Dean stared at Feather. Because of his thermal vision he could clearly saw everything. The marrow was different in color as it was injected to Feather's body. It was like insects that moved through the blood vessels.

After moments, the marrow reached Feather's heart. The blood in his body flowed back and spread again. This time the marrow was integrated with his blood as it flowed around his whole body.

The heat emitted from his body increased at an alarming rate as the marrow spread through Feather's body. It got more and more intense!

There was a trace of shock in Dean's eyes. The effect was too amazing!

Hawkeye looked at Feather with a smile but there was a trace of faint worry in his eyes.

Ten minutes passed.

The red skin color gradually faded down. The pain on his face faded down. Feather opened his eyes and saw Dean and Hawkeye stare at him. He was a bit tense: "Elder."

Dean looked deeply at him. His pupils returned to normal size: "How do you feel?"

There was excitement in his eyes: “Elder, I feel surge of strength from my body. It seems to have endless strength!”

Hawkeye was aware of Dean’s intention: “Spar with me.”

Feather looked at Dean.

Dean nodded.

Feather was relieved as he punched at Hawkeye.

Hawkeye pinched Feather’s fist to redirect the power. There was a trace of fear in his eyes. He nodded: “Very good. There is a lot of enhancement.”

Dean was aware what Hawkeye wanted to say: “Leave for now.”

Feather was excited: “Yes, elder.”

Hawkeye looked at Dean after Feather left: “Elder, it is not fake.”

Dean looked at the two-third of the marrow which remained. He nodded: “Give it to me.”

“Yes.” Hawkeye nodded.

Dean took the syringe. He pondered for a while. If Aisha wanted to hurt him then she wouldn't use such a method. But he didn't know if there was any 'chronic' toxin mixed with the marrow.

He was aware of cannabis and other drugs that were chronic and that's where his concern lay for now.

Aisha wouldn't need to hurt him if there was a toxin within the marrow. In that case he would be bound to be pawn of Aisha or someone else.

Moreover he still couldn't guess why Aisha needed someone like him in the outer wall area.

He was silent for a moment. Dean shook his head as he gave up on injecting the god's marrow. He didn't want any uncertain factors interfere with his plans. Additionally, after today's meeting with Aisha he knew that he could rely only on his own strength! He needed new product to be up and ready to take the step!

Chapter 494

Soon the day for the 2nd meeting between Dean and Aisha would come.

The commercial district was in good mood as all the inhabitants had moved back to their ancestral land outside the golden wall. The real estate prices had soared up and consortium were getting large incomes from the property business.

The war to drive out the barbarians that lasted more than a month had finally ended.

The military was victorious.

Barbarians could hold the Red Maple Mountains for one week after the bombardment by artillery and steam rifles. They couldn't afford the losses so they had turned to the radiation zone outside the fort.

The military didn't finish the war at this point as they were still in pursuit of victory as they went after the barbarians.

The heated news had made the people forget about the genius master.

"So you were able to stick there for seven days ..." Dean drank milk and read the newspapers: "Nine members of the barbarian royalty were killed while 11 of them have been captured. Ivette, I

have to see your abilities if you can stand out from the rest of your siblings."

Dean closed the newspaper as he pondered for a while. He called Hawkeye: "Check the details about the information regarding the military's pursuit of barbarians."

"Yes." Hawkeye responded in haste. But he couldn't help but feel weird. The last time Dean had asked him to check information about the attack of the military and now he wanted information about the pursuit! Did the elder was in contact with the barbarians?

His heart turned cold as he left the office.

"It will be very snowy ..." Dean patted his fingers on the table. The temperature was very low because of the black snow season. He wasn't aware how good the Nicholas was taking care of the poisonous plants. The sang leaf wasn't the only addictive toxin Nicholas had to grow. The shortest cycle was 2 months while the longer was 6 month for sang leaf. There were other poisonous plants which could take two or three years for growth.

He couldn't wait for two or three years because the pattern of power balance could change after that much time.

Dean slowly got up and returned back to his alchemy room to continue on working on the invention.

The time to meet with Aisha had come over in the blink of an eye.

Dean put on his armor and daggers in the leggings as he quietly went out of the commercial district. He came to the agreed location outside the giant wall.

He didn't hunt the monsters in the vicinity to avoid physical exhaustion.

Aisha came over not long after.

Her tang suit was still green colored. The high heels she was wearing still had metal texture. She seemed like a lady who was about to participate in the banquet. However the rotten stench floated in the air which made the atmosphere not suitable.

However there was alert in his heart because of the last time.

He had attracted the monster's attack to test Aisha's intention. Although Aisha caught up on time and his heart was warm but afterwards he had suddenly realized something! The smell!

He had observed her with the thermal vision but not with the smell!

The smell of Aisha's body had completely disappeared when she came to help him. She deliberately hid the smell of her body while tracking him!

This point brought up doubts in his heart. Why would she hide the smell if she was worried about Dean's safety? Did she want him not be aware of her existence?

Dean was sensitive to many things after his short but various life experiences. After producing the next invention he could apologize to her if he was wrong. However if his intuition was right then Aisha was more complicated that he thought.
Dean didn't dare to relax as he had no one to rely on.

"You are quite early." Aisha's body floated down. She smiled as she looked at Dean. Her body exuded a different perfume which gave the fragrance of a nature green grass.

Dean sensed the fragrance which smelled very good. He thought about the habits of some noble ladies. They liked to prepare several perfumes for different occasions. Some were much more picky as they would use different perfumes for different banquets. It was obvious that Aisha had such a hobby.

However he still was on alert because of Aisha covering up her smell the last time: "It's alright. I got nothing but time."

"You're so lucky." Aisha smiled.

Dean responded: "You are the first person to say that."

Aisha grinned: "Do you usually have a bad temper?"

“Nope.” Dean looked at the bag in her hand: “Did you bring god’s marrow?”

Aisha handed out the bag: “How was the effect of the marrow that you absorbed the last time?”

Dean thought of Feather and smiled: “The effect was very good. I saw the fruit of injection on spot.”

“Of course.” Aisha continued: “The god’s marrow is several times more effective to the senior hunters than god’s blessings. You should reach the limits of senior hunter level so you need to prepare rare parasitic soul worms to go through the third evolution. Ordinary parasitic soul worms won’t have much of an effect so you must prepare rare parasitic soul worms!”
Dean was aware of this condition because of his past experience. The effect of rare parasitic soul worms was much more effective than ordinary parasitic soul worms after the injection. He took the opportunity to ask as if he was surprised: “Why is there so much difference?”

Aisha replied: “Although all of them are parasitic soul worms but they are different on their own. The difference isn’t based on magic marks but their own system. For example we humans have distinction between the nobles and slaves. The temperament and appearance of a noble is totally different in comparison to a slave. The same system applies to soul worms. An ordinary parasitic soul worm would be scared to move if it face a rare parasitic soul worm.”

“Is there such a thing?” Dean was surprised. It was the first time he heard that parasitic soul worms had their own social system. Actually their social system was very similar to the ‘pyramid system’ of human society!

Aisha saw the surprise on Dean’s face: “Of course. Take monsters. When an ordinary monster meets the lord of the region then they surrender to them. We humans are the same too. The people make allegiance to the nobles. The same thing applies to the parasitic soul worms. The ordinary parasitic soul worms fear rare ones. Rare ones fear top grade ones and top grade ones are in awe of legendary soul worms!”

Dean thought that all the living beings in the universe seems to have some kind of hierarchical pyramid system. There was no ‘equality’ and ‘peace’.

“This time I got something else.” Aisha took out another reel like object and gave it Dean: “This is the combat skills of the Dragon clan for hunters. My great-grandfather, grandfather and all the ancestors have added their knowledge into this. It could be regarded as one of the most perfect combat skill set for the hunters and warriors.”

Chapter 495

“Dragon clan’s … combat skills?” Dean looked at the black scroll in her hands.

Dean didn’t expect her to present such a precious thing to him. The value of this scroll was god knows how many times expensive than the god’s marrow. Actually he wouldn’t be able to get it even with money.

For Dragon clan, the military or other consortia the nurturing of hunters was very easy. They had rich background so they could pile up god’s blessings and enhance the strength of the hunters. However the combat skills and techniques was another matter. It had to be exercised and learned on daily basis. It wasn’t something that could be improved by external help.

The key to strength lied in the skills of combat.

“Some veteran hunters could come up with combat skills when they have life and death battles with monsters. They are like treasures!” Dean’s heart pounded hard: “Dragon clan as a devil family had much numerous set of combat skills because of their extensive experience. Moreover this set of skills should be continuously improved through time. Their price was simply… immeasurable!”

“Are you … giving it to me?” Dean looked up at Aisha’s crystal clear eyes. They were like a deep lake which could reflect the depths of his soul.

“Yes!” Aisha smiled.

Dean whispered: “Why do you want to give me such a precious thing? I can’t give back to you anything and I have nothing to give you in return!”

“Your presence is the biggest gift!” Aisha bowed her head a bit.

Dean was silent for a moment: “Thank you!”

Aisha grinned: “You have to practice hard. If there is anything that you don’t understand then you can ask me anytime. You could easily kill the snake that you met last time if you learned few skills from this scroll.”

Dean felt that she was helping him out because of his last encounter with the golden python.

He took a deep breath and opened his mouth to talk. However he didn’t know what to say so he just uttered another ‘thank you’. He thought of Aisha tracking him last time and the ideas that passed through his mind. He wanted to directly ask her so that he solved out the blind accusations that he had in his mind.

He was about to ask when Aisha handed out the scroll: “Go back and check. Begin from the easy ones. If you see something that you can’t grasp then don’t waste time studying it as I will teach you the details the next time we meet.”

Dean nodded as he looked at the black scroll in her hands.

He couldn't refuse such a gift.

He could maybe somehow get the god's marrow from the Monster Institute by relying on different people. However getting such a top combat skills was almost impossible for him as nobody would share it.

"Take the god's marrow." Aisha gave him the other bag.

Dean sighed as he said: "I owe you a lot."

Aisha blinked: "Repay me well in the future!"

Dean softly said: "I must!"

Aisha smiled as she didn't put his answer to her heart: "These days I have been going out a lot. I have to go back early so as not to cause suspicion. I'll see you next time!"

Dean nodded: "Alright, till the next time! Pay attention to your safety when you go back."

"I will, you too." Aisha smiled.

Aisha looked at him: “When should we meet?”

Dean pondered for a moment: “Let’s meet after a month. Half a month is too often and could cause the doubts of others. I’m busy these days too.” He didn’t want to intensively meet with her until he finished with the project.

Aisha froze for a moment: “Alright, see you the next month.”

“Un!” Dean nodded.

Aisha waved as she turned around to walk. She turned her head while she walked: “I look a bit ugly when I climb the wall... You can’t watch!”

Dean smiled: “I won’t.”

Aisha walked to the corner of the wall and began to climb.

Although Dean wasn’t looking at her but because of his broad vision he could see her figure rapidly climb up the giant wall.

Dean took the reel and the baggage as he walked along the giant wall.

He observed the place after ten minutes of walk. Aisha wasn’t around so he took out his wings and flew up.

He couldn’t help but think along the way. Did he really misunderstood her?

He shook his head and didn’t think about it as he couldn’t come up with a proper answer. After he finished the project then he could personally ask her as there would be no one who could threaten him!

But he has to enhance his own strength too! If he couldn’t keep up with the reaction of the enemy then everything was useless.

9th region of the dark church.

Dean looked at Hawkeye: “Ask Feather to come.”

Hawkeye respectfully replied: “Yes.” He left and came back with the Feather moments later.

Both Feather and Hawkeye belonged to Randy family. Since the injection of the god’s marrow Feather’s status in the family had rapidly risen. He was a deacon in the 9th region and captain of a dark knights team.

“Greetings elder.” Feather said.

Dean indifferently asked: “How’s your physical condition in the recent days?”

Feather replied: “Thanks for the god’s marrow Elder. I feel very good. There is an extensive change in my strength and I’ve reached the upper limit of my constitution. I’ve applied to the family for magic marks.”

Dean nodded: “How’s your appetite?”

“Appetite?” Feather was puzzled: “It has been always very good. I eat almost everything!”

Dean indifferently said: “You had an intermediate level constitution the last time we injected the marrow. The god’s marrow is meant for the people within the inner wall so tell me about any discomforts that you have in case of a hidden danger.”

Feather was a bit frightened: “Elder, I don’t feel any discomfort. It’s just I can sleep properly at nights. It feels like my body is burning with strength.”

“It’s normal to have insomnia in case of rapid change in the physique. ” Dean waved: “You may leave.”

“Yes.” Feather left.

Dean pondered as Feather left the room. It seems there were no problems with the god’s marrow that Aisha had given him. Feather’s body somehow would have responded if there were chronic toxins mixed in the liquid.

“Elder.” Hawkeye looked at Dean as if waiting for an order.

“You can leave too.”

“Yes.”

Dean pulled out the drawer and took the syringe. He gave it to Neuss: “There should be no problems with this marrow. You have recently broken into the senior hunter level. Use this to reach the bottleneck and ask Hawkeye for the parasitic soul worms that he has collected.”

“Yes.” Neuss agreed but there were doubts in his heart. He saw that Dean wasn’t going to use it on himself so he was using Neuss as a lab rat.

Dean injected half of the syringe into Neuss’s arm: “Take this bottle too. Tell me if you feel any discomfort. Moreover if you feel anything strange then don’t resist but tell me.”

Neuss felt stiffened: “Yes.”

He felt feverish.

Dean took out the black scroll and slowly spread it after Neuss’s departure. He saw finely drawn figures on the scroll. There were various postures and next to them there was description written in a neat handwriting.
“Combat skills ...” Dean’s eyes lit up. He didn’t hurry to practice

the skills. Instead he began to read from first to last.

Chapter 496

“Dragon clan’s combat skills... one-on-one, group, assassination... ”

Dean was shocked as he read from top to bottom. The set of dragon combat skills was like set of arts for hunting and fights. It included all aspects of battle.

“Generations of members of the clan had modified, reproduced, added and removed the skills making them simply perfect! It would take two or three decades to perfectly learn all of these skills!”

Dean’s blood surged and heart beat increased as he checked the skills. The systematical way in which they had described the skills was in no way inferior to the scientific system of the old era.

Normally, an ordinary person would spend 11-12 years for the compulsory education and barely pass the threshold. Afterwards they had to focus on a field of expertise for years in university to barely understand the field but couldn’t completely comprehend it!

An ordinary stroke, fist fights and other types were divided and explained into the extreme. The main weapon used by the Dragon clan seems to be spears from the skill book but knives, swords, blades, sticks and other weapons could be applied to this skill sets.

The most important point was that the techniques differed for

various types of monsters. There were techniques to fight against pythons, tigers and other monsters that liked to ambush and attack.

"It's way too complicated ..." Dean was shocked. He assumed that the efficiency in which he can learn this skills would be fast. However it would never be unless he integrated all these skill sets into one type. However that was impossible as he had to remove excessive and details moves and carefully craft a new fighting style.

The dragon clan had put the wisdom of three hundred years into art system. This skill set was similar to an empire which had foundation of 300 years.

"The geniuses, fighters, warriors and all other members of the dragon clan had put their insights into this skill sets ..." Dean stared at the scrolls. He thought that Dragon clan was created by a genius fighter and the later generations have expanded and systematized the man's skills keeping the essence.

The future generations could learn from this very easily in comparison to other skill sets and techniques.

The fatal moves weren't much. However to make those fatal hits there had to be battle process that lead to that specific condition to make the deadly punch, kick or stab.

"A systematic combat art which is rich enough to comprehend all areas of the battle..." Dean's eyes lit up. It was undeniable that all

of the techniques had great roles in different environments. But he would need a long time to learn all of them.

Twenty years wouldn't be enough if he wanted to be proficient in all of them.

"I have to find the most needed technique or skill set to learn in the shortest possible time!" Dean wasn't from the Dragon clan so he didn't need to learn all the techniques and skill sets. He needed to think about possible dangers that he would face in the future and choose the appropriate combat art.

In the future, he wasn't going to meet monsters but humans!

The monsters were outside the giant wall but humans were not!

If he wanted to stand on top then he would fight with people! Afterwards he could drive others to fight the monsters outside the giant wall!

What was efficiency?

Efficiency meant that he had to choose the best route to reach the peak!

"I can manage the monsters by using my mind." Dean's eyes lit up. He wanted to be at the peak within the giant wall so he was bound to fight against countless people. It was not an easy feat and it would be much more difficult than fighting against the

monsters.

The information about the monsters were recorded in the atlas so he could use that information, knowledge and his brain to make traps to kill them.

However humans were different. Each person had different and hidden magic mark abilities. That's why each enemy would be different than other which was precisely why the humans were difficult to deal with.

Dean frowned as he looked once more at the scroll. He didn't study it but pondered: "The most suitable weapon for the dragon clan's combat style is the spear. But using another weapon means a bit of change. I don't want to delay my time with small things..."

"One on one, group, assassination... I will have to challenge the major forces of the inner wall in the future. I will inevitable face enemies in different situation. I may learn fighting against a group, one on one... Assassination is suitable for physical attacks where the strength of the enemy is greater than mine... "

He frowned as he focused on these three skill sets. He felt that all three of them were indispensable. However it would take him two or three years to master all three of them.

"Efficiency ..." Dean bowed his head as he pondered. His eyes lit up: "I can delay the assassination skill set for future. I can use the new item to make up for the 'assassination' skill set..."

“One on one could be delayed too!”

“I have to focus on one against a group... I would be inferior in case I fight against a single enemy but with the help of the new invention I can kill them!”

His eyes lit up as he found the short-term solution. He rolled the scroll to the section where dragon clan’s one against a group skill set was displayed. He carefully looked at the postures and the explanations.

Time passed as Dean was completely immersed in the skill set.

The skill set wasn’t just limited to one or two posture. Theoretical summary and explanation of the skill set was extremely detailed. For example, in case you were against a pair of enemies then you had to choose the most efficient posture against the enemy while taking into account their style too. That’s why the more the enemies the possibilities and ways to counterattack increased.

“One against two, one against three, one against four ...” Dean slowly went through the details. He didn’t rush to practice but read it back and forth to deeply understand and memorize the battle postures.

After repeated reader he faintly caught some insight into the battle art.

“That’s the thing … ” Dean smiled as he gradually realized the problem that he couldn’t understand. No matter how many people you were against, the postures and styles changed but the core of the skill set was always the same.

The core was the essence of the battle against the group!

“In short there is not much of a different between fighting against a group or a single enemy. In a one-on-one battle you fight against a person while theoretically in a battle against the group you can fight against…the heavens! ”

“The wind, air and other variables have to be taken into the account in fight against all the enemies. Excluding yourself everything has to be exterminated!”

Dean was kind of enlightened. The art style was similar to a scientific research. It was like looking at a solution of problem through several chemical formulas. He felt that combat and science were no different in some ways.

You had to find the core essence and the common ground. Afterwards all the formulas, postures and everything else was just an eye-catching moves!

It was true that the extra moves were very practical as they were refined for the last three hundred years. But it didn’t mean that you must use them in the battle!

But as a result of culmination of the knowledge after hundreds of years the extra moves seemed to have practical value. That's why they thought that all these extra moves were part of the core essence and couldn't give up on them.

That's why the art had become too complex and needed a lot of time to be grasped and learned.

Chapter 497

Dean rolled up the scroll and came to the alchemy room. He put the scroll aside as he picked up materials and threw them into the stove to smelt. He picked his own weapon and began to practice the moves of the dragon clan.

“Dragon stabs the bright moon …”

Dean turned his weapon in a slow manner to practice the first move.

Aisha would be surprised if she saw Dean’s practice. The problem was that Dean’s practice order wasn’t accordance with the one against a group skill set of dragon clan neither it was in reverse order.

The fire was reflected in Dean’s cheek while the materials slowly smelted in the stove. The speed of his practice was still slow. Moreover the moves that he displayed became increasingly chaotic!

Time passed…

The barbarians were forced to return to radiation zone, to their original place of residence, after the continuous campaign of the military. The forces of the military pursued them but they failed to finished them for good. Even though the military had steam rifle and the artillery but their were in an unfamiliar terrain. In addition cruel weather and erosive properties of the radiation

made sure the military to lose large number of soldiers.

The soldiers were slightly stronger than ordinary people. The military didn't have enough resources to provide god's blessing to each soldier.

However the soldiers who were given 'blessings' came out with outstanding meritorious services.

Dean read on the newspapers that the fish were forced back to the sea. However the military's intention to kill the barbarians for good was a bit greedy from their side.

Moreover, Dean had seen the barbarian king's tent and observed the strong heat exuded from the king's body. It was an utter nonsense to try to destroy the barbarians with just the army unless they invited strong people from the inner wall.

Dean had more information at hand because of being an elder of the 9^{th} region. Barbarians seemed to be the hidden danger in the radiation zone. The problem was that if the inner wall intervened then this hidden danger could go extinct for once and all. However they didn't because of many reasons. The most important reason out of all was the control of population!

The giant wall would be overcrowded sooner or later because of reproduction.

But a war would naturally and effectively delay the trend!

The speed of human reproduction wasn't low in the Earth's biological ecosystem. Even if the natural deaths were included, the giant wall would be stuffed with humans.

Dean was making a speculation and he didn't have the slightest evidence regarding the theory. However he didn't doubt his own intuition. There were many cases in the history which would back up his theory. Even if diseases, plagues and other things were included the inner wall couldn't be so empty after three hundred years!

The main reason why inner wall didn't intervene was because the barbarians were the trump card in balancing the population.

"All the walls of this world will be broken one day!" Dean whispered.

A month passed in the blink of an eye.

Dean quietly went out of the commercial district and reached the western corner of the giant wall.

He was ahead of Aisha once again.

However he didn't care much about it as he sat down on a boulder and waited for her. He visualized the skill set while he waited for her. In addition there were some things that he couldn't comprehend.

“I’ll ask her after Aisha comes.” Dean muttered. Aisha was a pioneer and she should have learned the Dragon clan’s combat skills. Moreover some times it was much better to learn from someone rather than reading from the scrolls. After all the size of the scroll was limited and many things weren’t described in it.

Dean slightly opened his eyes as he looked at the green grass that swayed because of the breeze. It was like waves of the green sea accompanied by the wind.

He felt a chill from behind.

Danger!

His pupils shrank as he felt a hint of bad feeling from behind. His eyes widened as the pupils contracted into a small circle. He noticed many red dots!

They were coming from all sides. There were some approaching from behind the giant wall while some from the wilderness. All of those red heats were in humanoid shape!

Someone was coming over!

Dean realized that the situation was against him. His intuition was very accurate so he turned and ran!

Buzz~~

A sound which was similar to buzzing of bees echoed. It seemed like something was about to cut (slice through) the world!

Dean looked up in haste as he saw the incredible scene!

A sharp spear came down from the sky. It seemed to carry infinite power. A blonde youth was holding onto it. His eyes were golden. The youth had jumped down from the giant wall!

He wasn't afraid of death!

The idea popped up in his mind. However the next moment he put it aside. IF the youth jumped from such a height then it meant that he wasn't worried about death! He quickly turned to ran as he was at a loss.

The heat exuded from the blonde youth's body was as strong as a sun! Although it wasn't on Aisha's level but was several times stronger than Francis!

He couldn't face such an enemy!

Moreover the another seven heat figures follower the blonde youth. All of them were at the same level with Francis!

It meant that they were limitless!

“Who are they? Why they want to chase me? Is it…that my meetings with Aisha have been exposed?” Dean felt the murderous intent form the spear. He turned to look at the blonde youth. The badge on his shoulder… The patterns on it…

He had seen the same pattern on the carriage the first time he had met Aisha!

They were from the dragon clan!

Dean rushed out. His blood was boiling while coldness burst in his heart.

“No! no! Absolutely not!” Dean’s eyes were red.

“Haha…” A gentle laughter echoed from the sky. A giant spear smashed to the ground in front of Dean. He looked at the slender jade like legs standing on top of the spear. He concentrated on the person who was laughing. Dean was frozen on spot as earthquake burst in his heart.

Chapter 498

“Ai … sha?” Dean felt like he was struck by lightning as he stared at the figure that fell from the sky.

Whoosh!

The blonde youth’s foot kicked the giant wall as his body was reaching the ground. He took the leverage from the kick and rolled few times on the air before landing. There two small pits where he landed down. However the youth didn’t stop there but used his spear as he rushed towards Dean.

“Alive!” Aisha narrowed her eyes as she talked.

The spear stopped few centimeters away from Dean’s spine. The blonde youth’s wrist flicked and the tip of the spear lifted to Dean’s neck. He could take Dean’s life with a small move.

Dean didn’t dodge as it seemed that he wasn’t aware of danger from behind. He deeply looked at Aisha and lowered his head.

The doubt that was in his heart was confirmed.

Aisha was surprised that Dean was calm. She was expecting him to be angry and throw a tantrum by asking questions. She whispered: “Search him! He has sneaked into our region so he must have something on him!”

“Yes.” The youth recovered his spear. He knew that Aisha was responsible for guarding this part of the giant wall. He looked at Dean: “Kiddo, take off your clothes.”

Dean was silent for a moment. Afterwards he slowly raised his head and looked at Aisha: “Can you tell me the reason?”

Aisha wrinkled her eyebrows: “What are you talking about?

Dean looked at her eyes: “What is your purpose?”

“Shut up!” The blonde youth exclaimed: “Stop talking nonsense! How dare you…”

“It’s nothing!” Aisha interrupted the blonde youth and indifferently said: “Search the boy and take him back for interrogation.”

The blonde youth pushed around Dean as he checked his clothing. His eyes fell on parcel in Dean’s hands. He snatched it.

Dean didn’t do anything as he let the blonde youth take it away. He was just staring at Aisha.

Aisha smiled and blinked. He once again saw the playful appearance of Aisha.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Seven figures approached them in haste: “Greetings, second princess!”

The blonde youth unlocked the parcel that he had taken from Dean. He looked at the thing inside it as he was stupefied: “What… is this?”

Aisha looked at the thing that was taken out from the parcel. She was stunned as the scrolls weren’t there but a wreath woven out of rare green flowers. The smiled on her face faded away as she stared at Dean.

Dean also stared back at her. His eyes lit up when he saw the change of expression on her face. He slightly clenched the sides of his sleeves.

Aisha’s eyes were full of anger. She pondered about something: “Search vicinity. The thing has to be hidden somewhere around!”

Dean was still staring at her.

The blonde youth gestured at other seven people and they dispersed to look around.

“Boy, be honest with us. Where have you hidden the scrolls?” The blonde youth grabbed Dean by the collar of his shirt.

Dean look at him with indifference at his eyes as if he was looking at a worthless commodity: “I don’t understand what you are talking about.”

“Stop acting!” The youth pushed him out of anger: “Do you mean that you were just taking a stroll outside the giant wall?”

Dean took back few steps. He held back his emotions as he coldly said: “There is freedom outside the giant wall! I will go wherever I want to go! Do I need to report you where should I go and what should I do?”

“You!” The blonde youth grabbed the green wreath: “What is this?” He threw the wreath onto ground and mercilessly smashed it with his foot.

Dean silently looked at the wreath that was kicked by the blonde youth.

Aisha’s eyebrows wrinkled as she looked at the wreath. The green flowers that were used to weave wreath. She remembered that she had mentioned to that those flowers were her favorite when she had met Dean the first time....

“Found it!”

A shout echoed.

Aisha and blonde youth reacted as they looked towards the

source of the voice.

Dean's heart sank. He didn't need to look back as his vision enabled him to see one of the seven people bringing back the scroll.

It was the scroll from the Dragon clan that he had hidden under a stone.

The man quickly arrived and handed the scroll to the blonde youth.

The blonde youth shook and opened the scroll. His face slightly changed as he read the content: "Second princess, it is the secret arts of our Dragon clan!"

Aisha coldly said: "Take him back for investigation!"

"Yes!"

The blonde youth grabbed Dean's arm: "Kiddo, you better be honest..."

Dean was silent as he let the youth grab himself by arm. He knew that he didn't have room for a leeway. He wouldn't be able to escape from Aisha and blonde youth let alone the other seven limitless.

"Let's go!" Aisha jumped off from the giant spear. She used her

hand to pull it out from the soil.

The blonde youth and the other seven didn't climb the wall but escorted Dean along a passage under the giant wall.

Aisha was walking on the edge of the giant wall but were paying attention to Dean and others. She knew that they had about ten seconds before catching up with Dean. But the boy had used that time frame to hid the scroll. It meant that he had doubts about her!

But when she remembered the wreath she understood that it was not about doubting her! Dean had tried to hid the scroll so that he didn't harm her!

There were many number of ideas that passed through her mind! However she didn't ever think that the teenager would be so sensitive towards a crisis.

Chapter 499

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Aisha walked on top of the giant wall with a giant spear on her hand. The size of the spear was completely inconsistent with her body.A road passing between the jungle, and occasionally from the boulder or fell on t

She had ran half the way when she turned around and looked at front. A figure flashed past.

Her eyes narrowed as her lips curled up.

Dean quietly followed the blonde youth and seven others. The chaos in his heart gradually calmed down. He understood that his days with Aisha were all about lies and traps! The purpose of gifts such as god's marrow and the combat arts of the dragon clan were to pave the foundation for this moment!

"It means that she doesn't want to kill me!" Dean murmured. Actually taking into account Aisha's strength there was no need to go through such a trouble to kill him. There were likely two reasons behind the trap. First one should be that she had investigated his identity and knew that he was a deacon of the monastery. She may use him to deal with the monastery.

A deacon of monastery stealing the combat arts of the dragon clan... It is a good excuse for an attack.

The second reason was to imprison him for their own use. They may force him to produce inventions for the Dragon clan.

“This is good too …” Dean smiled: “Everything is paid off now.”

The blonde youth turned towards Dean: “Stop muttering nonsense and hurry up!” Youth sped up.

Dean ignored the youth as he kept his pace a bit higher than the speed of a senior hunter. He could escape if he went through some tricks but the others were primary level limitless. There was no point even if he could escape. They would find his nest.

Two hours passed in the blink of an eye.

Their speed slowed down after they came to a wide open place.

Dean noted that there was a place similar to the passages of the giant wall.

Whoosh!

The blonde youth took the lead as he went into the entrance.

The remaining seven rushed in as they surrounded Dean.

The structure of the place was similar to the passages of the giant wall from the outer wall area. There were murals of the goddesses on both sides of the wall.

They passed through the passage and went out from the other side of the wall.

Dean looked up to see eighy mounts with saddles. They seemed like a mix of cow and lizard. There were steel armor on their heads and knees. His eyes lit up. He had seen these monsters in the Atlas. They were called rock dragon. It was said that there were similarities between the appearance of rock dragons and the legendary dragon. According to the legends the rock dragon had 1/1000th of blood trait from the original dragon.

In any case, few would confuse the rock dragon with the legendary dragon. After all, the rock dragon was only a monster which was classified as a rare monster in the atlas.

“Let’s go!” The blonde youth shouted at Dean.

Dean followed him as they sat on top of the rock dragon. The moment his left hand touched the back of the rock dragon’s head the monster began to hoof disorderly and make a commotion.

Dean quickly raised his left hand. The blonde youth turned to look at Dean who was sitting behind him. He raised his hand and the rock dragon quieted down.

“Second princess, we will go back now.” The blonde youth said as he looked at the giant wall.

Aisha who was on the edge of the giant wall nodded but didn’t say anything. Her eyes paused on Dean’s body for a moment then she turned her head.

The blonde youth pulled the ropes and the rock dragon began to sprint.

Dean silently sat on the back of the rock dragon.

It was useless to escape. He had to wait to see how things will turn out. There was a glimmer of hope for him even if the dragon clan made him produce inventions for them.

Whoosh!

Eight rock dragons sped away. The ground was rumbling as they moved. They were approaching the fort protecting the central zone.

The soldiers stationed on the fort saw approaching rock dragons from afar. They opened the gates of the fort in advance so that not to slow down their passage.

They reached mountains full of greenery and lush after half an hour. The rock dragons climbed through the steep peaks. It didn’t take long for them to reach the top of the mountain.

There was a huge square in front of them. At the end of the square there was a tall building which reminded Dean of cathedrals. There were sharp cones on top of the building. It was meant to transmit the lightning.

It seemed that the inner wall has used the principle behind the lightning rods for long.

Some of the castles of the nobles in the outer wall had spiral tops which reminded Dean of the medieval architecture of the old era. However now he knew that they were just trying to imitate the buildings from the inner wall.

“I’ll go in to report. Look after him.” The blonde youth said in a cold tone.

Seven people surrounded Dean.

The blonde youth walked along the steps and reached the front of the building. He entered through the door.

The blonde youth returned after moments: “Come with me.”

Dean followed after him.

They entered the building. The hall was covered with soft carpet and it was very spacious. There were rows of chairs on both sides

of the hall.

There were three figures. All of them seemed to be over 50 years old. There was white hair mixed in their heads. They were wearing gowns which looked similar to the ancient eastern dresses. However they had mixed elements from the ‘modern’(he means the current one) world too.

“Scrolls.” The old woman in the middle of the trio looked down at Dean.

The blonde youth who stood by Dean’s side came forward in haste. He bent over and handed the scroll: “Elder, this is the scroll that was lost.”

The old woman took the scroll with one of her hands while the other was leaning on a pestle stick. She looked at Dean with coldness in her eyes: “how did you get this?”

Chapter 500

Dean had already noticed the scroll in old woman's hand when he had entered the hall. He wanted to say out Aisha's name when he heard the question. However he changed his mind. He knew that Aisha had carefully thought over and calculated everything. She should have expected this interrogation too. Why didn't she prevent him from confession?

The answer seemed obvious. Aisha may not have expected such a sight. But the problem was that his confession may not be as effective as he thought as Aisha should have arranged something!

Maybe the confession was part of her plan too!

He decided that Aisha should be prepared even could use him once more in this trial.

"Hmpf!" The old woman snorted as she saw Dean was late. She coldly stared at Dean: "I know that it was Aisha, wasn't it?"

Dean was stunned.

The old woman knew?

The old woman and two old men on her right and left understood that their guesses weren't wrong as they saw Dean's reaction.

“Imprison him right now!” The old woman said in a cold tone: “This matter can’t fall into ears of outsiders!”

The blonde youth said in a respectful tone: “Yes.” He looked at Dean: “Move!”

Dean didn’t resist but his heart was full of doubts.

All three of the interrogators knew that he had collided with Aisha. What was Aisha’s purpose?

Is it that he had overestimated her planning? Was scroll a flaw in her plan that was going to expose her?

Dean and the blonde youth disappeared from the hall. The old woman slowly clenched the roll in her hand: “Aisha has done something outrageous! This time she has passed the secret combat arts of the Dragon clan to the outsiders! It is a taboo and we can’t tolerate it!”

“Yes!” The old man in her right side said: “We are already used to her ridiculousness. However this time she has gone overboard and must be severely published. If it was done by someone else then that person would have been imprison and fed to dragon worms! How can we uphold the dignity of the clan if we don’t punish her?”

The other blonde old man frowned: “Although Aisha had made occasional mistakes over so many years but she has general knowledge of the family rules and secret combat arts. There should

be another cause and reason for this matter to happen. In any case, the problem has to be thoroughly investigated. Firstly, we have to learn how this little devil from the outer wall has caught Aisha's attention and confused her!"

Old woman nodded: "Yes, we have to clear out things before judging! I'll immediately send someone to get information about the kid's background. I saw that the energy in his body was stronger than a primary limitless level. It's impossible to get such power in the outer wall by using god's blessings. Aisha should have given him God's marrows...maybe even more!"

"Yes, I'll send someone for background check!" The other old man said.

The blonde old man looked at the old woman: "Do you want to call and question her?"

"Of course." Old woman continued: "Not just her but Hailey too!"

"Yes!" The old man replied.

...

There was a steep peak standing alone as it was surrounded by the numerous mountains. There were no trace of attendants and servants on the mountain peak. There was a building at the top of the hill. A slender figure wearing a purple tang suit stood there.

She had a sword in her hand which was wider than the distance between her shoulders. The blade of the sword was covered by white cloth.

The girl was holding onto the handle of the sword. She waved it forward.

The air whirred as result of the wave.

She was practicing her sword skills.

It was a routine movement that she did 20,000 times every day!

The black sword wasn't made out of ordinary material. It was cast by mixing osmium and lead. The edge of the sword wasn't sharp but a bit blunt. This sword wasn't meant for battle but for her to practice.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Each move was a step closer to perfection! She was practicing to hit the target with the most straightforward and quickest way.

The girl's eyes slightly moved as she glanced towards left.

Another girl landed on the edge of the square. There was a four or five meter long arm thick black spear in her hand. Her toes was about to land when they twisted and she moved towards the girl

wearing purple tang suit. She stopped about five meters away from her.

“Elder sister, are you practicing sword skills?” Aisha smiled as she looked at the girl wearing the purple tang suit. Her eyes were full of concern.

But there was feeling that there was an invisible confrontation between them.

The girl wearing the purple tang suit stopped waving the sword and looked at Aisha: “Something wrong?”

Aisha shook her head: “Sister, you didn’t believe me but I found! You see I didn’t lie to you. I found someone who had stolen the secret combat arts of the dragon clan!”

“Good, congratulations.” The girl wearing the purple tang suit replied in an indifferent manner.

Aisha smiled as she turned to look at the building in front of the square. There was no smell of life within the perimeter: “This place is so big but you are living alone in here. Don’t you feel lonely? Do you want me to send few servants?”

Aisha’s tone was full of concern and sincerity.

The girl wearing the purple tang suit replied indifferently: “Are you here to provoke me? Aren’t you clear why I don’t have

servants?”

Aisha’s eyes turned wide: “Sister, please don’t say so. How could I provoke the saint of our Dragon clan? Besides, how should I know why you don’t have servants in here?”

The girl wearing the purple tang suit looked at Aisha: “Life in solidarity is a good and quiet life. It’s not something…you will ever experience.”