

## Read Lord of the Mysteries – Chapter 188 – Ball

### Chapter 188: Ball

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Sharp nose, thin eyebrows, slightly droopy cheeks, faint blue eyes... Qilangos examined himself in the mirror. He was certain that he looked no different from the unconscious man.

After he rehearsed a few of the man's gestures, he bent down to drag the man off the ground and shoved him into a wardrobe.

Then, he extended his right hand. With an audible snap, he broke the man's neck.

Qilangos took out his handkerchief and wiped his hands before closing the wardrobe door.

He slowly walked back to the mirror, wore a black double-breasted suit, tied a bowtie, and raised a bottle of amber-colored cologne. He dripped a few drops on his wrist, then dabbed them over himself.

Qilangos tidied his hair in front of the mirror, then walked out of the room. He clasped his hands and told his butler who was waiting outside, "Don't let anyone enter my room; I'm keeping something very important in there."

"Yes, Baron!" The balding butler pressed his hand against his chest and bowed. "Your carriage and personal servant is waiting downstairs. Duke Negan's invitation card is there as well."

Maintaining the baron's mannerisms, Qilangos nodded indiscernibly. He walked towards the stairs in an arrogant manner under the company of his butler.

Heh, a baron who is riddled in debt, to the point of not wanting to hire a normal security guard, has actually maintained his hiring of a butler, personal male servant, two attendants, two first-grade maidservants, four second-grade maidservants, two laundry female workers, one carriage driver, one stablemaster, one gardener, one chef, and one sous chef. To these foolish nobles, dignity really is everything... I even had to waste some of my time to learn the strange pronunciations and so-called "noble slang"... Qilangos thought to himself in disdain.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Backlund. In a particular cramped apartment.

Xio Derecha sat cross-legged on a bed and looked at Fors Wall who was reading a novel with the light from the window.

"This is so disappointing. Qilangos didn't leave any clues behind. We still haven't figured out what he's trying to do in Backlund."

They had acted according to their initial plan and lodged a police report. Then, they secretly sent a letter to the local police station and described the strange situation at the crime scene in detail. They also mentioned that the suspect could be Qilangos.

The police station responded as they had predicted. The policemen were very careful, and they transferred the case directly to the Mandated Punishers.

After a day's time, the news that Rear Admiral Hurricane had sneaked into Backlund was widely spread among all "enforcement teams." Xio and Fors also left the place they originally rented and hid to investigate in secret.

They didn't want to be brought back to the police station to help with the official investigation. The Mandated Punishers, Nighthawks, and Machinery Hivemind were all hostile towards non-official Beyonders. The Churches viewed them as potential criminals.

Hence, not only were Xio and Fors avoiding the possibility of Qilangos's pursuit, but they were also hiding from the "enforcement" authorities.

"If we could discover his purpose so easily, Qilangos would've been buried in a cemetery long ago, and the tombstone would be covered in weeds," Fors replied casually. "We need to wait patiently. As long as the authorities continue to take this much interest in him, Qilangos will definitely make a mistake. I've got to say, I'm quite envious of a mystical item that can allow one to change appearances."

Xio hugged her knees and looked out the window.

"I'm just worried that Qilangos will take action soon and then flee from Backlund before anyone can respond.

"If that happens, I don't know when I'll be able to advance to Sequence 8, let alone Sequence 6 or Sequence 5..."

She paused and muttered as her mind spaced out, "I don't know when I'll be able to take back the things that belonged to our family... It's been almost a year since I last saw my younger brother..."

Fors gave her a comforting smile.

“When you fulfill your wishes, please allow me to write your experiences into a story. It would definitely be an interesting and exciting one.”

“Hmm, I actually find Miss Audrey very generous. Even if Qilangos escapes, I think she’ll still reward us handsomely. We’ve been busying ourselves for so long after all, and we’ve even caused Qilangos to appear.”

“I hope so... Sigh, why can’t I have any fortuitous encounters?” Xio grabbed her shoulder-length blonde hair.

Fors frowned and said, “In the Beyond world, fortuitous encounters are usually accompanied with danger. I have yet to figure out what the ravings we hear during the full moon mean, or if they will result in negative changes. Heh heh, fortuitous encounters without dangers may exist, but they are very, very rare. It’s difficult for your wish to be fulfilled, unless... unless we receive the favors from an orthodox deity or the attention of some friendly hidden existence. However, it would be hard for us to tell if it was really an evil god or devil in disguise.”

Xio sat straight and drew a crimson moon on her chest.

“May the Goddess watch over me!”

...

Duke Negan was in his mansion located in Backlund, Empress Borough, where he was hosting a grand ball.

There were two parts of the mansion. One was the dancing hall located on the ground floor, which was covered with glamorous stone slabs carved with complicated patterns. There was the duke’s excellent ensemble playing music in a corner. Up the stairs, there was a winding

corridor that circled the hall located on the second floor. The guests were holding their glasses, leaning against the railing, overlooking the people dancing on the ground floor as though they were enjoying a fencing match from the stands. Occasionally, a gentleman would walk before a lady or his wife to invite them to dance. If the invitation was accepted, both of them would walk down the stairs hand in hand and enter the hall.

On the far side of the corridor, there were doors after doors. They were rooms that had been allocated to the guests as their resting quarters.

But behind a French door was a corridor, and on both sides of the corridor were various gypsum statues. They were all the ancestors of the Negan family.

At the end of the corridor was another hall which could see the ball. Long tables were covered with a variety of delicious food and fine wine, and another ensemble belonging to the duke was playing relaxing melodies for the guests.

In the hall, the guests were gathering in groups. Some were seated and some stood around, chatting about all kinds of matters. Those who wished to get away from the frivolities for a while would go to the attached balconies to overlook the garden and enjoy the crimson moon in the sky.

After participating in the opening dance, Audrey Hall stood on the second floor above the dancing hall and stared at the candles on the huge crystal chandeliers hanging from the rooftop in a daze. However, she noticed that many young men were appearing to pump themselves up to come over and invite her for a dance. So, she wisely left the place and went to the corridor that connected to the dining hall.

How boring, but my attendance is necessary... Sigh, can't they just let me observe in silence? I have to say, some people have rich facial

expressions when they dance. They remind me of animals seeking mates... Audrey lowered her head, looked at the tips of her feet, and walked in a straight line out of boredom.

Just then, the corner of her eyes caught an approaching figure. She slowed down, stood straight, and instantly became the elegant yet quiet Miss Hall.

“Good day, Baron Gramir,” Audrey greeted with a flawless smile and etiquette.

Baron Gramir had thin eyebrows and faint blue eyes. He smiled and bowed.

“Nice to meet you again, Miss Hall. You are the brightest and most dazzling gemstone at this ball.”

After exchanging a few words, Baron Gramir headed for the dancing hall while Audrey continued approaching the dining hall.

After a few steps, she suddenly frowned. There was puzzlement in her green eyes.

Baron Gramir isn't the same as before...

In the past, when he sees a pretty lady or madam of a higher rank than he is, and one that's relatively prettier, he would look to the side without looking at them directly. Then, he would steal glances constantly... But today, he appears very confident...

Also, his cologne smells off. In the numerous parties in the past, his body would emit the final note of the Amber cologne fragrance, musky yet faint, not ostentatious yet elegant. In other words, he would spray the

cologne a few hours earlier to let the front and middle notes disperse before the gathering. But just now, his cologne was Amber in middle note, rich and refined...

Audrey slowed down her footsteps. As a Spectator who had completely digested her potion, her sensitivity towards details wasn't anything other Beyonders could compare to.

Suddenly, she thought of a possibility. Her green crystal-clear eyes froze.

It couldn't be Qilangos in a disguise, right?

The Creeping Hunger has the power to change a person's appearance!

...

The more Audrey thought about it, the more possible it seemed. She felt uptight as she turned nervous and panicky.

If he really was Rear Admiral Hurricane, what is he trying to do? It's a pity that I can't bring Susie to the ball. Otherwise, I could ask her to observe Baron Gramir... No way, I have to warn Father! Amidst her frantic thoughts, Audrey quickened her pace and entered the dining hall. She found Count Hall who was talking to the Chief Cabinet Secretary and others.

She flashed a flawless smile and walked over. She held Count Hall by his arm and told the others, "Gentlemen, do you mind if I borrow Count Hall for a few minutes?"

"Beautiful lady, it's your right," The few gentlemen said in a friendly response.

Audrey held Count Hall by his arm and moved to the nearest balcony. They found a quiet, uninhabited corner, and she said to her middle-aged father who was getting plump, “Father, I have something to tell you.”

Count Hall was smiling fondly at his daughter, but he got serious when he saw her serious facial expression, “What’s the matter?”

“I ran into Baron Gramir earlier, but there are things about him that are different from the past. For instance, his cologne was in the middle note of the Amber fragrance. It used to be the end note. And...” Audrey continued with the things that she found different. It could be explained as being sensitive and meticulous.

After she described what she had noticed, she weighed her words and added, “I heard from Viscount Glaint that Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos has the ability to take on other people’s appearance. Hasn’t he been in Backlund recently?”

Count Hall listened to her carefully, and his face grew abnormally grave.

But he soon flashed a smile and comforted his anxious daughter.

“I’ll take care of this. Go look for your mother and stay with her. She’s at the lounge in this hall.”

“Okay.” Audrey nodded obediently.

On the way back to the lounge, she turned around and looked at her father. She saw that Count Hall was talking to another noble softly, and he wore a rather solemn look.



Audrey couldn't help but feel anxious. She felt that she needed to do something to make sure that her father, mother, and brother didn't get hurt.

She surveyed the area and changed the direction in which she was heading in. She left the dining hall and found Duke Negan's small prayer room.

She pushed the door closed and locked it behind her. She looked at the symbol of the Lord of Storms before her and subconsciously found a remote and dark corner.

Audrey sat down with her body leaning forward. She clasped her hands together into a praying position and supported her forehead.

Then, she recited softly in Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, you are the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; you are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

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## Chapter 189: Prayers and Replies

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

Tingen City, Daffodil Street.

Klein was discussing the latest play with Benson and Melissa and was inviting them to watch it at the theater next weekend.

"I think the newspapers have said enough about it. 'The Return of the Count' is definitely a play that's worth watching. It's already been

performed more than ten times in Backlund, and it sold out each time. I think that we shouldn't miss this opportunity." Klein, who had lacked sources of entertainment, was unwilling to give up. After all, he had been an ardent follower of television shows back on Earth.

Of course, if it wasn't for the maintenance of my image, I'd rather go to a bar and play billiards... Yes, renting a venue for tennis isn't a bad choice. That can be considered as it's a leisure sport for the middle class. With my current fitness, as long as I don't encounter other Beyonders, I should be able to handle most opponents easily... Forget it, it can only be a passing thought for now. I still have to reinvestigate the figures associated with Lanevus in the morning, go for combat training in the afternoon, and search for the house with the red chimney in the evening before returning home...

I sure am a busy man... Klein tried to remain optimistic.

Noticing that Benson was inclined towards his suggestion while Melissa was still a little hesitant, Klein smiled as he added, "I heard that the most popular supporting cast in 'The Return of the Count' is a genius mechanic."

"Alright, we do have to see a play at a large theater once in our lives." Melissa pouted and nodded her head grudgingly, but there was now a sparkle in her eyes.

Klein was about to respond when he heard a buzzing in his ears. He became dizzy for a few seconds.

Someone is praying to me... He supported his back with his right hand and chuckled.

"Then I shall wait patiently for the tickets to go on sale."

“Alright, I’ll be returning to my bedroom to write up a report.”

“We also have to plunge into the sea of knowledge and hope that we don’t drown.” Benson let out a self-deprecating laugh as he returned to the dining room with Melissa.

Klein went to the second floor and locked the door to his room. He sealed the room with a wall of spirituality, then he took four steps counterclockwise as he recited the incantations, returning to the world above the gray fog.

His figure suddenly appeared at the seat of honor in the magnificent palace fit for a giant. A pulsing crimson star reflected in his eyes.

Klein lifted his right hand and extended his spirituality, establishing a connection with the star representing Justice.

With a boom, he saw a blurred, distorted image. He saw Miss Justice in a long beige regal dress sitting on a chair in a dark corner. Her head was bowed, her hands clasped.

At the same time, her still nascent and nervous voice stacked in an illusory manner, reverberating around the space, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era,

“You are the mysterious ruler above the gray fog;

“You are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.

“I pray for your attention.

“I pray for you to listen.”

...

“I’m at a ball held by Duke Negan and encountered someone who’s suspected to be Qilangos.

“He is disguising himself as Baron Gramir, and his motives are unclear.

“I noticed today that some of the details regarding Baron Gramir were a little different than usual. This made me recall the appearance-altering Beyonder power that Qilangos’s mystical item has.”

...

Klein listened seriously and carefully interpreted what was happening. Finally, he understood what Miss Justice was describing.

Qilangos has actually used the special powers of Creeping Hunger to infiltrate Duke Negan’s ball!

But Qilangos probably didn’t expect that one of the ladies at the ball is a Spectator, a Spectator who has committed the mannerisms of Baron Gramir to memory! Hence, he doesn’t realize that he’s been exposed!

What does Qilangos want? And what should I do? I’ve tried conducting the sacrificial ritual without spirituality-infused materials over the past two days and realized that I can create something like the Door of Summoning, but I’m unable to open it. I was going to find some time to purchase some materials with spirituality in the underground market to prepare for my second experiment. Miss Justice definitely wouldn’t have spirituality-infused materials when she’s attending a ball... Klein thought for more than ten seconds before beginning his response to Justice’s prayer.

...

In a small prayer room in Duke Negan’s mansion.

Audrey repeated her prayers a few times before finally stopping. She tidied her clothes and walked quickly to the door.

She knew that she couldn't be gone for too long because her parents would worry about her and thus misjudge the situation. It would cause them to react in the wrong way.

Standing behind the door, Audrey took a deep breath, extended her right hand which was covered in a white veiled glove, and released the lock with a wary heart.

After leaving the small prayer room, she followed the path back to the dining hall. She saw the figures holding wine glasses and plates get closer when her vision suddenly turned blurry. She realized that an illusory fog was spreading into the surroundings.

In the middle of the thick wide fog was an ancient chair, and atop the chair was a mysterious presence, a mysterious presence that seemed to overlook everything.

Mr. Fool! Audrey almost shouted in pleasant surprise.

She then heard a deep, familiar voice: "I'm aware."

The voice reverberated around the space as the fog vanished. Audrey's vision was still filled with images of the long tables of food and wine, as well as the bustling sights of interacting guests.

The worry and unease in her heart vanished as she subconsciously straightened her back and entered the dining hall with light steps. She walked toward the recreation room in the dining hall.

...

In the magnificent palace in the world of fog.

Klein started to think about how to convey the message to The Hanged Man after finishing his reply to Miss Justice.

I cannot just repeat the description to him since it undermines my authority... After all, what mysterious existence would personally take on the role of a messenger!? He deliberated for nearly a minute before an idea came to him. He conjured the scene of Miss Justice praying and transformed it into something akin to a movie scene with the faces mosaicked and censored.

He then extended his hand and tapped, launching the scene into the crimson star representing The Hanged Man.

...

Backlund, Cherwood Backlund. At the Holy Wind Cathedral.

The Hanged Man, Alger Wilson, was going through the investigation reports in a simple room, trying to find traces of Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

Near his right hand was a stack of paper filled with many contorted symbols.

Just as Alger was leaning back in his chair and rubbing his eyes, he saw his field of vision turn blurry. His line of sight was filled with thick, gray fog.

There was an ancient chair which seemed to exist eternally, deep within the endless fog. Atop the chair was a faint human figure.

Mr. Fool... Just as this thought came to Alger, he saw that another hazy figure in a regal dress within the grayish-white fog.

She was in a praying position, repeating, “I’m at a ball held by Duke Negan and encountered someone who’s suspected to be Qilangos.

“He is disguising himself as Baron Gramir, and his motives are unclear.

“I noticed today that some of the details regarding Baron Gramir were a little different than usual. This made me recall the appearance-altering Beyonder power that Qilangos’s mystical item has.”

...

Alger was shocked at first, then let out a look of pleasant surprise. He pressed his palm against his chest and lowered his head, “Praise you, Mr. Fool!”

Everything he saw or heard vanished before he finished his sentence as if nothing had happened.

Staring at the desk strewn with Emperor Roselle’s diary pages and his investigation reports, Alger’s pupils constricted as he realized how powerful The Fool was once again.

This was the Holy Wind Cathedral—once the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms. Even though that was history from more than a thousand years ago, many believers still viewed this place as sacred. But Mr. Fool could still descend upon this space without warning and give a reply...

After nearly twenty seconds of silence, Alger gathered his stuff and exited the room.

He was going to look for one of the Cardinals of the Church of the Lord of Storms, the Archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Spellsinger of God, Ace Snake!

For Alger Wilson, being able to kill Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos personally was the best course of action, but if he was unable to do that, guaranteeing that he was really dead was also acceptable in his book!

...

After forwarding Miss Justice's description to The Hanged Man, Klein left the mysterious world above the gray fog and returned to his bedroom.

While he was in no hurry to dispel the wall of spirituality, he sat before his desk and took out a piece of paper. He picked up a pen and began his letter.

"According to an urgent indication from a source, Qilangos has used the abilities of a Shepherd to take on the appearance of Baron Gramir and has infiltrated Duke Negan's ball. His motives are unclear as of this moment."

Klein wasn't worried that Mr. Azik would be suspicious of him or doubt why someone in Tingen would be so quick to know something that just happened in Backlund, for the telegraph existed in this world.

"I don't know if you would be interested in this, but I thought that I should let you know." Klein quickly ended the letter and folded the piece of paper.

He then found the ancient copper whistle, brought it to his mouth, and gave it a hard blow.



The gigantic, terrifying, and illusory skeleton messenger appeared once again, still standing at its original spot, not minding that its head was going through the ceiling.

Klein fought back the urge to use the abilities of the Clown to turn the letter into a flying dagger. He tossed the letter towards the messenger without a fuss.

He then blew on the copper whistle once again to end the summoning. Klein collected himself and went through the events in his head once again.

This was all he could do for the time being!

Although Klein could also make use of the summoning ritual and bring the Flaring Sun Charm directly to Backlund, it was too dangerous for him to do so. First, Qilangos was a Sequence 6 Wind-blessed and had with him the Creeping Hunger. Second, it was too troublesome. He had to first bring the Flaring Sun Charm to the world above the gray fog. Third, his image would be affected. Thus, he wisely gave up on this idea.

To be honest, the problem is not too serious. Duke Negan is the most influential noble outside of the royal family, a key member behind the Conservative Party. There will be many high ranking nobles attending the ball today. I have no doubt that there are Beyonders guarding the area. If not for this consideration, there would have been no need for him to infiltrate the place under a disguise... Since Miss Justice noticed him early, the nobles should be prepared. This incident shouldn't blow out of control...

I wonder how fast Mr. Azik's messenger is? If it travels through the spirit world, Mr. Azik could still likely make it in time for the "main course," but if it's as slow as Madam Daly's messenger, then he might only read about the incident in tomorrow's paper...

Klein nodded indiscernibly and tossed this incident to the back of his head. After all, there was nothing more that he could do.

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## Chapter 190: The Assortment of Abilities

**Translator:** AtlasStudios **Editor:** AtlasStudios

In Duke Negan's mansion, in the dancing hall.

Disguised as Baron Gramir, Qilangos held a glass of blood-red Aurmir grape wine and casually stood behind the railing on the winding corridor on the second floor. He overlooked the people on the dance floor and enjoyed the view of the glamorously dressed ladies.

However, there was no lust in his eyes; they were as calm as a frozen lake. From the corner of his eyes, he stole glances at the hanging chandelier and the nearby Duke Negan who was looking at the beautiful figures passing by.

The Duke was wearing a well-ironed navy uniform with red ribbons attached to the medals on his shoulders. He preferred to wear his military uniform on formal occasions, in remembrance of his decades of illustrious service while in the military.

However, he had put on much weight since then. His once-sharp gray eyes had been left turbid and filled with desire. However, he took good care of himself, as the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, lips, and forehead were faint, and his black hair was still thick and luxuriant.

That was Pallas Negan, the current Duke Negan, the main supporter of the Conservative Party, the brother of Prime Minister Aguesid, one of the richest and most powerful men in the Loen Kingdom.

At the same time, he was also the reason why Qilangos had sneaked into Backlund!

The thought of assassinating such an important figure makes me shiver in excitement... Qilangos retracted his gaze and closed his eyes.

He was willing to accept the commission because he had been offered a sufficiently attractive price, and it was also because Qilangos loved adventure and enjoyed taking on difficult challenges.

If this assassination is successful, my fame will spread across the Northern and Southern Continents, placing me above the Four Kings. And I'll receive a card, a card which contains the mystery of God that the Emperor Roselle created! Qilangos suppressed his excitement and lowered his head to examine his left hand.

Creeping Hunger had become transparent. It was impossible to tell that "Baron Gramir" was wearing a glove via the naked eye or through contact.

This is such a magical item... If it wasn't for this, a Sequence 6 like me wouldn't have achieved the rank of Pirate Admiral... Thoughts flashed through his mind as bouts of regret surged within Qilangos.

In his years as a pirate, he had seen and interacted with many Beyonders. Among them were members of the Aurora Order who enjoyed adventuring at the ends of the Sonia Sea.

So, he knew that Creeping Hunger was still rather different from a real Shepherd.

Firstly, the speed of switching states was too slow. It required at least a second, but a real Shepherd could switch instantly. Secondly, the controlled soul could only use one to three abilities before the person died. As for what abilities could be used and how powerful they were, that all depended on luck. On the other hand, a real Shepherd could decide on the three abilities. They didn't have to gamble like they were at a casino. Lastly, Creeping Hunger could only have five souls at the same time, while a real Shepherd could have seven.

Of course, both had the same restriction, which was that they could only control one soul at a time, and they could only use the soul's corresponding Beyonder powers and their own Beyonder powers. If they wanted to replace one of the souls with a new soul, the procedure would be irreversible.

Qilangos went through seven or eight years of adjustment and finally settled with five souls. Their abilities complemented one another and made their owner very terrifying.

Because of the constant adjustments and experimentation that he did over the years, there were rumors among the pirates that claimed that Rear Admiral Hurricane was omnipotent.

During the ardent dance music, Qilangos rehearsed the subsequent actions he would take in his mind. He sighed with regret in his heart.

It's a pity that I didn't find the Traveler over the past few days.

Otherwise, I wouldn't have to worry about anything tonight.

If he had captured the woman that was most likely a Traveler, Qilangos wouldn't have hesitated to feed one of the five souls that he was grazing to the Creeping Hunger.

To him, a Traveler's ability would be invaluable!

Qilangos stole a glance at the huge crystal chandelier hanging from the rooftop and decided to wait no longer.

The soul that he controlled currently had only one ability, which was to change his appearance. But it didn't possess any power to fight against other Beyonders. However, the transformation ability was still very useful, and Qilangos hadn't been willing to replace it with something else all this time.

The good thing was that no matter which soul he controlled, Qilangos could use his Wind-blessed Beyerder powers at the same time.

Finally, he acted as though his gaze was locking onto the curvy figure of a noble's wife before he swept it towards Duke Negan and all the gentlemen around him.

Duke Negan is a staunch follower of the Lord of Storms, and he is a key figure in the influence the Church of the Lord of Storms has on politics. There must be a Beyerder from the Church of the Lord of Storms beside him who's protecting him. Although the Negan family isn't an ancient thousand-year-old family, he's one of the wealthiest and powerful men in the kingdom. He's definitely searched for Sequence potion formulas in secret or hired Beyonders... Qilangos's thoughts surged. He mentally eliminated gentlemen who were nobles and officers before locking his eyes on the man who was constantly beside Duke Negan.

The man was brown-haired, blue-eyed, and wearing a black tuxedo. He was almost expressionless while he remained vigilant of his surroundings constantly.

Qilangos nodded indiscernibly and pressed his right hand forward slightly.

Whoosh!

A sudden gust of wind swept in the area above the dance floor, extinguishing the chandelier's candles.

At the moment between light and darkness, while everyone's attention was drawn away, a few wind blades slashed at the same spot on a metal chain supporting the crystal chandelier guised among the gusts of wind.

Creak!

With a harsh, shattering noise, the huge crystal chandelier plummeted straight to the dance floor. It made a loud crash, and people screamed in surprise. Shards of debris flew, cutting guests and leaving them screaming in pain and fear.

The darkened hall was suddenly full of opportunities. Qilangos's glove squirmed and changed, condensing into a golden surface.

His expression was imposing and his eyes saw through the darkness as he fixed his gaze onto the man next to Duke Negan.

Suddenly, Qilangos's eyes shone like lightning.

The Beyonder who was in charge of protecting Duke Negan suddenly let out a tragic scream and fell on the ground holding his head. He rolled around and struggled.

With a swoosh, Qilangos's figure dashed through the darkness and charged at Duke Negan.

However, in the deep recesses of his eyes, it reflected his target who didn't show any signs of panic. It was of utmost confidence.

Duke Negan's plump figure stood erect on the spot and observed the incoming assassin as if he were looking down on him.

He lifted his right hand and pushed forward. He murmured in ancient Hermes, "Imprison!"

In silence, Qilangos suddenly stopped. He was suddenly surrounded by a transparent wall, something that wrapped around him like a sticky liquid.

It made him seem like an insect in amber, or a prisoner in prison.

The leader of the Conservative Party nobles, the hereditary Duke Pallas Negan was a Beyonder himself—a very strong Beyonder!

Duke Negan spoke in a low voice again and waved his right hand.

"Flog!"

Pa! Pa!

Qilangos seemed to be whipped by a shapeless whip. His clothing tore from the whipping as his skin was lacerated, revealing white bone.

Then, Duke Negan leaned forward and held his right fist. He declared in an imposing manner, "Death!"

Pa! His arm waved as his entire body slammed into Qilangos's head with numerous afterimages. His fist had struck his target's head in an unavoidable manner.

Kacha! Qilangos's head shattered, but the surroundings shattered as well. Duke Negan remained standing at his original spot. It was just a dream.

It was unknown when the pirate admiral had already switched his ability and entered the Nightmare state.

Unlike an ordinary Nightmare, he could still move his body after he dragged people into a dream!

Qilangos stealthily appeared behind Duke Negan, and his cold gaze locked onto the Duke.

Wrapped with high-speed spiraling winds, his right fist stabbed into the target's vest like a sharp blade.

Whoosh!

Amidst the howling of the wind, Qilangos's right fist punched straight through Duke Negan's body and through his heart. But Duke Negan's figure rapidly turned transparent, just like a soul that was summoned.

After the nearly formless figure dissipated, Duke Negan appeared before the French door on the other side of the winding corridor. He wore a scrutinizing smile.

Another Beyonder... They prepared ahead of time? To lay an ambush for me?

How is that possible?!

Although Qilangos was unwilling to accept this fact, he dealt with it calmly.

The glove on his left hand squirmed and took on the form of dark golden scales. His irises grew pale and became vertical.



Then, a shapeless wave swept from every direction. Ladies and gentlemen were thrown into a state of uncontrollable fear at the same time. They left their hiding places and ran around aimlessly. The scene became chaotic.

The Beyonders didn't dare to act recklessly as they were worried they might hurt their relatives and friends.

Seizing the opportunity, Qilangos ran quickly as hurricanes whirled around him. He smashed through one of the resting room doors before smashing through an oriel window.

Amidst the shattering sound, he leaped outside and flew a distance away from Duke Negan's mansion with the aid of the wind.

The moment he landed, Qilangos immediately ran towards a forest ahead of him. It was a municipal garden—an escape route he had scouted out a while ago.

Once he shook off his pursuers, he could change his appearance and blend into the massive population of Backlund of more than five million people.

That was also the reason why he dared to accept such a difficult mission!

After a while, there was gale blowing towards Duke Negan's mansion. The Cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms, the Archbishop of Backlund, Spellsinger of God, Ace Snake brought a few Mandated Punishers and flew towards the mansion.

He couldn't inform the other Beyonders in time.

Alger was one of the members that arrived with Archbishop Ace. However, he was in a bad mood because he saw the broken windows and the other Beyonders running out of the mansion.

It meant that Rear Admiral Hurricane Qilangos had escaped.

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