

BLACK PLAIN 930

Chapter 930 The Story Of The Storyteller

After most of the people in the surroundings of that establishment began to disperse, Minos finally got a better look at that storyteller.

And while carrying a plate with some meat skewers in his hand, this young man made his way towards that person's table, interested in what he had just heard.

"Can I sit here?" He asked that individual as he waved one of his hands in the direction of one of the three free chairs around that table.

That man then looked at the young man who wore a golden mask on his face and consented with a nod of his head.

"What is your name?" Minos asked after he settled down and lifted part of his mask so that he could eat the smelling meat.

"You're not from around here, huh..." The man murmured before finally looking curiously at the person in front of him and answering. "My name is Grant."

"Hmm..."

Minos continued to savor his food and then introduced himself to that individual. "Nice to meet you, Grant. You can call me Albert."

"Oh? So, Albert, what do you want by coming to me? Are you curious about my stories too?"

"You could say that..."

"But I'm more interested in the story behind a crippled Spiritual Saint telling stories in some random place and less in the things you were talking about earlier." Minos said this with his lips arched, forming a smile that was hard for that person to ignore. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

"You..." That man's eyes widened in shock as he understood that Minos had realized the truth behind him.

Not even the regional kings had been able to notice the remnants of this man's spiritual cultivation. Still, this strange young man mysteriously had just spoken about the stage of cultivation he was in before he was crippled!

It was not for nothing that he was startled, having almost fallen backward in surprise.

"How did you figure it out? You're from the empire..." He was about to say something but was soon interrupted by Minos.

"I am not from any empire. But since I have met other Spiritual Saints, it was not difficult to realize that your physical strength is far beyond that of the peak Spiritual Kings of this region."

"That means you were at least level 70 when you were crippled... Am I right?" Minos asked in a confident tone.

"Tsk!"

"I was at level 70 when that tragedy happened." He said in a low voice, regretting that fateful day.

Minos then looked more seriously at that person and asked. "Why do you live like this? Why didn't you return to your home? Why do you humiliate yourself by telling stories to earn a living?"

There was nothing wrong with making a living by telling stories. But for an expert who had once been at level 70, which was considered strong in most of the Spiritual World, doing something so humble could be considered inappropriate. PANDA NOVEL

That was why Minos had questioned him about it, curious to know about the history of someone so powerful.

This man could be considered the third of the most significant cultivation the young Stuart had met. The first was, of course, Herincus Longus, and then the patriarch of the Gray Cloud Sect. And precisely because this man had such impressive cultivation and was now, shall we say, more accessible, Minos could not help but ask those questions.

That man with half-grey and black hair then looked at Minos' golden mask, which was completely smooth, without any holes in the eyes or nose. Then he said. "I can't leave..."

He then beckoned to Minos to look under the table, something that the young man promptly did and saw that person's situation.

He had neither of his two legs!

"Or at least I wouldn't have the ability to make it safely to my empire." The man said in dismay, feeling the unhappiness of his tragic life once again flooding his heart.

That was an influential expert from the Western Empire, one of the strongest states in the Central Continent, the dominating place struggling to regain its former glory lost with the separation of the Ancient Empire into two states.

One of them was the Western Empire itself. The other was the Eastern Empire, the home of the strongest person in the Central Continent, Vico Travisani!

Anyway, a few centuries ago, while making a trip to Elves Island to fetch the imperial princess, Grant and the crew of the ship that had left the east coast of the Kingdom of the End had been tossed by a storm directly into the North Sea.

After that, they experienced the violent fury of the North Sea, where effects that seemed not at all natural had almost completely wiped out that crew. ρ??J??????

The only survivor was he, who had had his spiritual cultivation destroyed and lost many parts of his body.

After this, he and his ship had been shipwrecked on the west coast of this state, where he had lived all the rest of the time that had passed since then.

He then said to Minos. "What you are seeing was done by a single bolt of lightning which hit me while my crew and I were suffering through a storm in the North Sea."

"That day, 40 Spiritual Emperors died, and the leader of our group, Edric Fuller, level 76, died defending us..."

"To this day, I am grateful to him, for, without him, I would not have survived." He said with watery eyes, remembering that heroic figure who had ensured that at least he lived to pass on the information of what had happened.

"North Sea, huh?" Minos muttered this after hearing those words, once again remembering how strange that part of the Spiritual World had become compared to the time of Henricus Longus.

"Is there something in that place?"

That man's eyes opened even wider. He finally encountered someone capable of thinking differently from the fools he had faced in the past centuries.

"Yes!"

"The same individuals responsible for the disappearances around the Kingdom of the End that frequently happened in this state centuries ago are the ones responsible for this."

"I know this because both myself and Chief Edric felt the similarity of the spiritual fluctuations during that incident and a specific case we witnessed almost 400 years ago here in this kingdom."

"Others on the mainland and in this region may think that the North Sea has always been like this and that this madness is normal, but I know that nothing about this is natural!"

"There are spiritual beings behind all that!" He said this with vibrant eyes, spitting as he spoke.

Seeing this, Minos almost wanted to laugh. Still, he had heard something similar before, so he did not doubt that man's mental situation. 'It seems that this is related to old Joey's story.' He thought of that soldier in his army, an individual who had been tormented during his childhood after being abducted by strange creatures.

But after thinking about it, Minos put that story aside and asked something else, "But why do you keep telling these stories?"

"That, of course, is in hopes that some good soul will help me notify the empire about all this!" He said in an animated tone while his eyes sparkled as he looked at Minos.

And Minos understood what this man meant. "Even if I manage to get you to the Western Empire or pass on your message, why do you think they would believe you?"

"I was a noble member of the guard..."

Minos then interrupted him. "No offense, but it doesn't matter how good your position was before. Now you are a crippled person who has spent the last few centuries living almost like a beggar..."

"A mere storyteller..."

Grant's situation was terrible but not as bad as Minos had said.

This man was not a beggar and had good financial conditions by regional standards, something easy to tell from his clothes and the two maidservants not far from there, waiting for him.

However, from the point of view of someone at the 8th stage, this man's current situation would be no different from that of a beggar. And Minos knew this since Henricus Longus had already seen things like this during his lifetime.

With that, Minos knew that the credibility that such a Spiritual Saint had was no longer there, and it would not be easy for him to achieve his goals.

Hence, young Stuart had spoken those things to give that man a shock of reality.

"That..."

"Anyway, I have to try, or I will fail with all my dead comrades!" He said firmly, feeling bad for realizing that Minos' words were accurate.

"Is that so?" Minos' eyes sparkled for a single instant as he stood up from where he was. "I don't know about the people in your empire, but if you join my organization, I will allow you to get your revenge one day."

"I believe those beings are our common enemies!"

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