

Creator 1601

Chapter 1601 Saint

"Sam being nervous. This is a rare occasion. I think we should remember this day forever and celebrate it every year."

Philip started making fun of Sam.

Sam just scoffed and paid no heed to him.

"That guy really led me into a trap. I became nervous because, right before I extended the challenge, I realized that the trap is not as small I initially thought."

"Really? How big is it?"

"Everyone in that restaurant is their person. Waiters, chefs, cleaners, managers, customers, and even pedestrians walking outside the restaurant. Everyone in the vicinity is their person and all of them got ready to attack.

I have literally seen their auras raising with my energy vision and I saw the other people outside of my visible range getting ready to make a move.

The shopkeeper came here to finish me off if things went wrong. Good thing he is a bit, rational person. As soon as he learned that there is a peaceful solution to resolve this, he immediately backed down.

If they had all come at me, it would have been difficult for me to find a way to activate the Dimensional Drifter. I would have had to use drastic measures that could have revealed my identity.

We can't have that happen at this early stage of this plan."

Sam didn't bother him and they just waited in their residence. Two more days. That is all he needs to spend waiting for their first target.

It is not a long time. He just spent these two days fidgeting with the cube a bit and they are gone before he noticed.

Two days later, on the day they were supposed to meet, Sam put the cube aside and is waiting for the people to come and get him.

But while he was waiting, what he doesn't know is that the shopkeeper and the rest of the subordinates are all struggling for their lives at that moment.

They are all currently kneeling down in an estate with one man standing in front of all of them. The man has a lean figure and his hair is faintly green in color. Even his skin is not exactly fair or dark. It is like a very light shade of teal.

Nobody knows what race he belongs to and nobody knows who his parents are and why he possessed such a unique ability and appearance. But everybody knows him by the name 'Saint'.

The only thing is that the subordinates under him know that he is far from the nickname or rather the vain title that people have given him.

He loves the fame and the drunken feeling it gives him. He embraces his vanity and lives his life based on the fame and belief that people have on him.

"Do you guys even know who I am? I am the Saint. The greatest healer of this land and are you telling me that I have to compete with a nobody who doesn't even dare to show his face directly? Are you insane?"

I shouldn't have let you handle this from the start. I should have used my contacts directly without leaving everything to some incompetent fools like you."

"But sir, because I handled this incident like this, you gained much more valuable information. From what that person said, his family is actually powerful. Just as powerful as the Divine formation mountain and the only reason we didn't hear about him is because of their lack of interest in fame.

If my guess is right, he definitely came across this place to train and gain valuable experience.

If by any chance the family kept a tracker on him which is almost impossible to not do, we will be in big trouble.

Unless we create huge chaos to destroy everything along with him. We need to kill him and everyone who came in contact with him and even then it wouldn't have been possible.

But now his arrogance not only revealed some other tools he had at hand that could be useful to us, but we can also avoid every possible repercussion that follows this.

All we have to do is make the challenge public and make him swear a Gandharva oath.

With your skills, there is no way you would lose. You will win and gain a lot of attention from the people in the surroundings.

Even if the people behind that guy come down after this, we can directly say that this is part of the agreement that was made by that guy.

It would be his arrogance that's blamed instead of us."

Saint who is projecting all of his aura on his subordinates, eased a bit and smiled.

"I will forgive you for this one time. Go and make him sign a contract publicly. You know what, just make him agree to sign the contract. We can sign it in the middle of all of the audience.

One of you go and announce the news about this challenge, just omit the details of the wager from his side, just make it so that the other party is just challenging me to make some trouble and I am not even taking it to heart.

Instead, I am generous enough to accept his plain and boring challenge just out of my benevolence.

This is the perfect narrative. Spin it so that everyone knows my greatness."

The shopkeepers and the rest of the subordinates are disgusted by his shameless mongering for fame. But they didn't dare voice those opinions. They just did as they were told.

The shopkeeper who was the mediator for this from the start went to Sam. He was really worried, about what he might have to pull just to make Sam agree to these conditions, but he was surprised when everything went smoothly.

Sam didn't even bother to reject or resist them. He didn't even bother to raise some of his own conditions. He just agreed directly.

It made him feel weird.

But the Shopkeeper took Sam to the arena that Saint has arranged.

There Saint waited on the stage and Sam who is still cloaked walked casually.

"Show me your face.

I want you to see what someone as ignorant as you looks like."

Saint arrogantly said.

Sam removed the cloak, but his face is not fully shown. His face is covered with a half mask. It covered the upper half of his face while the lower half is revealed.

"What is it? Are you that much of a coward to not even dare to show your face?"

"If you want to see it, defeat me first. Not anyone is eligible to take a look at it. Particularly not some vain money-grubbers who are obsessed about the fleeting moments of satisfaction that come from people recognizing you superficially."

"How dare you?"

"This piece of shit. Who is he to talk about saint like that?"

"Saint, please kill this bastard. Kill him, kill him now."

"Right Kill him. Who does he even think he is to challenge you?"

Everyone started screaming curses. Sam turned to look at the crowd and his gaze landed on the guy that called him bastard instinctually.

His eyes are filled with killing intent and since the guy is at the very front of the crowd, he could clearly feel it. He immediately shut his mouth and so did the people surrounding him.

Sam looked at the Saint and said.

"You said you wanted to us go through a Gandharva oath. Let's do it. But before that, let's state our conditions."

"Sure. You can do it."

"If I win, you will admit that you are not the saintly being you are painting out to be. Tell the world that you are just as selfish as them if not worse.

Tell them that this fame is only for your vanity and you are focused on getting the monetary gains that are accompanied with the fame...."

Sam paused for a moment and walked in closer to him as he whispered.

"Also admit that you never cared about these people and your saint title is just a mere joke."

"How dare you say it like that?"

"What insolence?" Sam let the audience casually digest the info and spoke after that.

"Finally, you have to remove your Saint title permanently. That is no name and you are no saint. Once I prove the selfish piece of shit you are, then the whole populace of this city and the rest of the world, and will definitely know about it.

"Childish Brat.

Il think you will come to know what is the difference between you and a real expert."

"If that really happens, but before that, let's make an oath."

Both parties stood up face to face with a Gandharva that can arrow out the oath in the middle.

They once again told the rules out loud and signed the oath immediately.

He gave out the basic precautions on what happens when one of them breaks the oath. After that was done they are ready for the competition.

Chapter 1602 Broken Bones

There are three rounds to the competition.

First one is healing someone with massive comminuted fractures. Both Sam and Saint has a volunteer of their own and they willingly had their legs broken just for the competition.

Sam was pretty surprised by this. But this is the power of Saint's reputation. Just the fact that he wanted to compete with someone to prove is credibility, made the citizens to go ahead and do something like this.

Both the volunteers are initial stage transcendent cultivators of Astral Plane.

Sam checked the legs of his patient and was surprised.

"How did you even agree with this? You know that your life would go to hell if you don't repair them properly right?"

Sam said in surprised as he use observation ability on the legs. Each leg has been broken at at least three spots and there are several bone fragments that are lodged into muscle tissue.

Some shards penetrated through the flesh and are visible outside with heavy bleeding.

Both legs are almost in a similar state.

Saint started performing his treatment, he is first using his wood elemental energy to set the bones back. In fact he is using some kind of special vine that extended from his fingers to collect and hold the bones together.

He gave the guy a shot of high dose of anesthesias.

He extended his palm and Light elemental energy gathered at it. He used the palm as a blade as he cut through the flesh and cut the leg open. He started bleeding but Sam used his water elemental energy to control the blood flow while using the other palm to fix the bones.

He is doing it a rapid pace and Saint who has been carefully using the vine just to remove the shards and place them all back together was a bit surprised.

If he wants to he could have just cut the leg and tried to regrow it. But he wouldn't be able to do that anytime soon and it would take a lot of energy out of him. He also has to conserve energy for the other two rounds.

So, he used this intricate technique he came up by himself.

The beauty of this technique is that it can be used even in the middle of a battlefield, while running around.

Only he, the healer needs to have a clear understanding of the fracture and everything will be perfectly fine.

But he didn't expect Sam to do it this fast, that too with a surgical method. He knows how hard it is to control the blood loss, handling anesthesias for the patients. It is almost impossible for a person to do it all alone. Even for him. But it seems like the opponent he looked down upon is doing it perfectly well.

He became a bit anxious and increased the pace of his treatment.

Meanwhile, Sam didn't mind or pay any heed to Saint. He just focused on the surgery. It didn't take long. He finished setting up one leg in just a few minutes, before he moved on the second.

Remove the shards, cut the leg open, control the blood flow, arrange the bone and heal. That is all Sam needed to do and within a few minutes he was done.

He thought he is fast, but then he looked at Saint who is also done exactly at the same moment.

Sam didn't like it. Neither did Saint. They could feel the intensity of the competition burning in their eyes.

Then came the judging time. Obviously they cannot have someone come and judge. Even if they asked someone to do that, there is no way they would just come there and judge Saint's work.

That could just lead to making Saint an enemy for life. So, the only way they could find if it worked or not is to let the patients use their legs and see how they feel.

They also took Gandharva Oaths saying that they will only speak truth regarding the matter. It is to ensure fairness of the competition.

The patients walked to the front of the stage and started battling. They are both warriors and they focused on the kicks. To see if there are any difference. But from the looks of it, there is none whatsoever.

They are both doing fine. So, it was a tie.

The two patients went off the stage to a resting area arranged specifically for them.

"Not bad, you managed to tie with me in this round. Seems like you have some substance after all."

Sam didn't even bother to reply. He just sipped some wine to recover a bit and waited for his next patient.

The second round began soon enough and this time. The commutative fractures are on the ribs. The rib cages was broken at many spots and there are some severe lung piercings. On top of that, it seems like the person is subjected to some kind of curse.

Sam is really surprised that people let this happen to them voluntarily.

It is very dangerous. At least the first patients might fail to walk properly if the surgery ever failed, but this time, if things go sideways, they will literally die.

They will drown in their blood and die just like that.

Sam sighed and started the treatment. This time, he is a bit more careful. First he created a large barrier around them so that there is no interference from even the air in the surroundings.

The lungs are way too sensitive for him to let some variable to be involved.

He covered his palms with light elemental energy and started performing the surgery. The first thing he did is of course diffuse the curse. Even though he couldn't identify the curse instantly, he could use some techniques that could cure a bunch of curses even if they are different.

He removed the curse in an instant and went on to cut open the chest of the patient after giving them some anesthesia.

This time, he used water and wind elements to stop the bleeding and also to supply oxygen to the blood through the damaged lungs while healing them simultaneously.

Saint saw Sam and frowned. He thought he was mistaken before when Sam used water element to control the bleeding on legs. But now he is sure. He is indeed using water element.

This surprised him because, even if someone is skilled in water element, they would never dare to use it in a surgery to control the bloodflow.

That is way too dangerous and even a slight disturbance will cause massive loss.

To think that Sam not used the water element, but he is using it himself while simultaneously performing the surgery. This made Saint nervous. He couldn't help but feel a bit small and anxious.

He shook his head to stop his brain from wandering in these thoughts and focused on the surgery.

The surgery this time is obviously way harder than the previous one. And coincidentally, they both finished at the same time again.

Once again, the patients who healed were given some medicine to recover their energy and physical strength to battle.

The battle went on for a few minutes and there are no side effects from the surgeries. Both of them went to the resting area while panting heavily.

Sam's patient went back to normal after a few minutes, but Saint's patient is still panting and it doesn't seem like it would go away any time soon.

"What happened to you?"

"I think I went overboard. My breathing is a bit unstable. But I think I am getting better."

The attendant who heard this answer was stunned. He looked at Sam's patient and asked.

"How are you feeling?"

"I am perfectly fine. It is almost like I didn't even have this surgery in the first place. I feel like how I used to feel before the injuries."

This made the attendant dumbfounded. He ran to his superior and explained his findings who then went to meet the shopkeeper to explain this.

Shopkeeper was shocked and then the shock turned into sadness.

"It is good that we stopped them sooner. I wonder what would have happened if we let this discovery unfold in front of the audience.'

He muttered to himself and told everyone to keep quiet about it. He looked at Sam and sighed.

This is unfair, luckily they didn't mention anything related to this scenario in the oath, otherwise shit would have gone sideways really fast.

He then looked at the third batch of patients. The final competition.

"I just hope that this one also ends in a tie if it doesn't end in our win. I don't want to deal with the consequences if we lose."

"Boss, do you think we should..."

PAK

He slapped his subordinate on the head as he solemnly said.

"Don't even think about it. Do you really want to stoop to that level? And Gandharva Oath is no joke. At least until now, we played within the rules, but if it goes past that, we will be dead as rocks."

Chapter 1603 Complex target

Sam and the Saint both started taking a break.

They are waiting for their third target.

While waiting, Sam tried to concentrate on recovering his spiritual energy as much as possible. By now everyone must have noticed his cultivation level. Even if they didn't they will be having doubts.

So, he has to make sure that their doubts remain doubts. If a real Peak stage transcendence cultivator of the Astral plane did the same healing as he did, there is no way they would be able to recover as fast as Saint.

But Sam can at least show off that he did since his normal energy level is already way higher than a normal cultivator of the same level.

He needs to keep his identity and strength as mysterious as possible so these people will stay away from him. At least before they could confirm anything.

After a few minutes, the third volunteer was brought up. But this time, they are heavily injured in all four of their limbs and even their spine seemed to have been attacked.

They have flesh wounds all over and Sam could literally see the flesh festering with curses as they were being brought to the stage.

He looked at them with pity. He didn't want to torture anyone like this. Particularly the people who has nothing to do with his situation. There is not even a single good reason he could think of to make them suffer like this.

As he was thinking of healing his volunteer quickly and be done with it, the attendant blocked him. Sam was a bit confused. But soon the attendant took a vial of some weird liquid. The attendant for the other volunteer also did the same.

At the same moment, the vial was emptied into their mouths.

Sam frowned and look like the skin of the people just changed into a different color at a visible pace.

"You don't expect the final round to be so simple, do you? This one is difficult. They are now taking in the poison that was made from the essence of eighteen poisonous herbs. They are extremely potent.

But don't worry. Even I don't know what exactly the mixture and concoction are. Just like you, I was also left in the dark.

Now all you have to do is heal the person. But do remember, if you don't cure the poison within the next fifteen minutes, the poison will act up, and based on the density of it still inside, it could lead to some severe repercussions. Anywhere between organ failure to immediate death.

So, do be careful."

Saint said those words and moved to his patient.

Sam looked at his own patient and gritted his teeth. The patient is suffering. The fractures, curses and poison are all too much for him.

He just wanted to proceed with the treatment in a normal way, but as soon as he thought of the suffering this guy is going through because of his personal agenda, he felt a bit guilty.

"That is why I don't like to be a healer."

He said as he activated his wood and light elemental energy at the same time. The saint was shocked. He didn't expect these two elements from Sam.

Then he recalled, how Sam used water elements also and frowned. It is rare to see people with more than two elements, but it is not super rare, but to have water, light, and wood is some weird combination, that he never knew existed.

As he was thinking that, Sam closed his eyes and small vines started extending from his fingers, and then his whole arm was dispersed into very thin vines as it wrapped around the patient.

The vines coiled around him and formed a cocoon within just a minute.

After completely wrapping the cocoon around the patient, he closed his eyes and activated his observation ability while controlling his wood element to create thorns from the vines that dove deeper into the meridians of the patient.

At this moment, Sam took a deep breath. The vines are currently rearranging the bones as the light elemental energy healed them while taking care of the curses.

As all of the ailments are being slowly healed Sam felt his energy being expended at a rapid pace. He is being drained. But that is not all. His frown got deeper as he tried to forcefully use water elemental energy while he was still using the fusion.

He gritted his teeth and used all of his mental energy to tap into the water element. The fusion body resists other elements. It is already bad enough that is using the dual elemental fusion which in itself is a rarity.

There is no way, he could do this without hurting himself. But he still decided to go on and do it anyway.

After much effort and almost hurting his soul he finally managed to tap into the water elemental energy and there is one specific reason for that.

He wanted to control the flow of the blood. If possible, he would have preferred to use his vampire side to just suck the blood out of the person while regenerating the blood. Like he did in the Charbhum realm.

But now he cannot. Because of Sivan's constant consumption of blood, his body is kind of used to it and is in a pretty addictive stage. It is already hard enough for him to not be tempted by the bleeding wounds and the dripping blood.

He is afraid that before he got any control over his body completely, by any chance if a single drop of blood was tasted, it might resort to its own means and instincts might take over.

For that reason, he has to take the hard way.

Now he is slowly controlling the blood flow into the vines and then purifying the poison in every single blood cell.

The whole process only lasted ten minutes. As Sam finished up the final touches, he couldn't handle the fusion anymore and stopped. He just gave one final check to the patient before sighing.

The patient is perfectly fine. He woke him up and sat down on the chair as he gulped down Heavenly wine.

Meanwhile, everyone else in the surroundings is stunned.

the spectators, the attendants, and finally Saint, every one of them is stunned.

They couldn't even wrap their head around this whole process. Saint came back to his senses as he listened to the patient's cry for help. He is looking at Sam with respectful eyes. A gaze of pleading and request.

He is certainly asking Sam to take care of him.

Sam wanted to step in and help too, but he doesn't have enough energy and Saint is still treating.

The competition came to an end just a few moments.

Saint who already lost, wanted to fling his patient away before the treatment was even complete. But too bad he made the whole fiasco public and now has to care about his public image.

Sam took this to his advantage as he smirked at him.

"Now, that I won the challenge, admit it."

"Admit what?"

"Don't go back on your word. You have a reputation to maintain. While nobody even knows of my presence here. So, please see through the deal."

"You are a better doctor and healer."

"Not just that. Deliver everything you promised. Admit that you are trying to steal these people's money without even getting any returns from them.

You are at most a swindler if not a straight-on cheater.

All the riches and prosperity you have and you are still like this. What kind of person lives a life like that? I can never really understand a person like you.

I can understand pride. But it is beyond that. I can understand ego, but you are way past that. Your life is definitely not bad at all. I know a thousand people who want your life and they would gladly kill you for it.

But it seems like it is not enough.

Today, I will tear down that mask and shield you put and this will be the beginning of his destiny crumbling into nothing."

"How dare you? This is your plan all along?"

Saint asked Sam who didn't reply.

"Tell me, you bastard. Tell me that this is your all plan along, you bastard."

"Even if it is, what are you going to do about it? All you can do is see through it, because you made a Gandharva oath."

Chapter 1604 Bomb

Sam's words infuriated Saint. There is no way he could lie down and take it.

But the Gandharva oath is not something that even the Saint dared to go against. So, he gritted his teeth and looked at Sam.

"You better take the oath back right now. Otherwise, you won't be able to leave this place alive even if I admitted by originality.

I built all of my reputation and status with a lot of effort. There is no way, I could let that go without you paying a price."

"That's not how it works. You will tell them, what you need to tell them and I will leave this place alive and kicking. There won't be a single change in those chains of events. You better keep that in mind."

"Are you not backing out of this?"

"Why would I? I won. Fair and square."

"This is no winning if it means making an enemy out of me, you idiot."

Sam just smirked and looked at him with condescension.

"I thought you are just some kind of conman who makes money over the fame of being a so-called Saint. Now I understand, you are not even that. You are just a piece of shit who can't even stand up on his words."

Saint became angrier. The aura changed and the pressure was focused on Sam directly.

But Sam didn't budge. He just smiled while the Shop keeper intervened.

"Sir, you cannot attack him now. According to the oath, we cannot attack him until all the terms of the wager are completed. If you really want to kill make a move on him, you should first hold up your end of the deal."

Saint looked at Sam coldly with killing intent in his eyes. He looked at the public who already seemed to have gotten a gist of it.

Saint knew that his reputation was as flawless as well-crafted armor and finally got a chink. So, at this point, there is no way he could remedy it. He decided to just go along with it. Now, all he wants to do is kill Sam.

"I admit, that the challenge originated from the fact that I wanted to take something away from this guy. I wanted to take away some medicinal innovation he came up with so that I could be its sole owner and make money using my name as Saint.

Not just this. I have been using my title and good image as a way to exploit you and gain authority over you. I have gained my riches, network, and influence all because of your ignorance.

In reality, I am no saint. I am a complete piece of shit that takes what I want and does what I want..."

He went on rambling and exposing himself. He then turned to look at Sam.

He is ready to kill Sam now that his end of the bargain was done.

But the moment he looked at Sam, he was shocked.

"What the fuck? Where do you think you are going, you bastard? I need to kill you."

He extended his hand and the stage was covered with a large tree vine that popped up from under it. But Sam who is standing on the stage, smirked as he activated the Dimensional Drifter.

He and his three friends are surrounded by spatial energy.

"Goodbye loser."

"Wait, you spineless bastard."

"Don't worry. I will definitely come back and I will kill you to my heart's content. You pissed me off too much."

As Sam disappeared, he threw something out at the last moment.

A large cylinder filled with clear white liquid was left in the middle of the vine.

Saint frowned as he looked at the clear cylinder. It is a very familiar thing for him as he saw it way too many times before. Their master, the person who they serve is actually very famous for utilizing these things.

But the liquid is a bit different.

He walked forward to see. Since it is similar to what his master uses, he didn't think just a container would be dangerous as it is mostly used as an energy node.

But as he got closer, his instincts warned him to step away from it. It is dangerous. But before he could do anything, it exploded.

BOOM

The spectators of the stage were stunned and most of them at the front are blown away by the impact. But the people on the stage, on the other hand, faced something entirely different.

At least luckily, the patients were not there. The last set of patients was taken away when the Saint started losing it and there are only a few attendants, the shopkeeper and Saint himself.

Half of them died instantly and Saint who was closest to the explosion took the full brunt of it. He felt like his insides were shaken up as the spiritual energy invaded his system.

The spiritual energy poison is acting up and is corroding his body.

He felt a soul-searing pain shoot through every cell of his body and wanted to scream. But he couldn't do that. Because even his throat was affected by this poison.

He fell off the destroyed stage as he started rolling around and trying to breathe.

Meanwhile, Sam appeared somewhere else along with his friends.

"So, are we going back and finishing him off now?"

"No, we aren't. He shouldn't be killed so soon. We have to take our sweet time for this actually."

"Really? Why is that? I am sure that poison bomb will really make him weak at the moment."

"Yes, it would be. But that is not exactly my plan for this. As I told you. We are going to use this against the whole Divine formation mountain."

"But I thought you are going to feed something to him after this spiritual energy bomb. Isn't this time for us to go and keep watch on him. That is what I actually meant. Let's keep a watch on him and make a move as soon as he was left alone."

"You don't need to worry about that. We just need to wait for a while. It will take at least a day for this to work its wonders and after that, we can find his location and then use the special poison.

After that, all we have to do is let him recover like normal."

"So, let's wait while hunting then."

All four of them went hunting.

Meanwhile back at Saint's place, things are obviously not good looking and smooth sailing.

Some of the attendants far away are immediately alerted. They reacted in an instant and took their boss to the residence as they called some other healers that are under them.

They didn't even spare any expense as almost everyone whether they are in research or basic healing job or even if they solely focused on pill making and potion making, halted their business positions and came to take a look.

But no one was able to identify what Saint is suffering from. He slowly lost hope as everyone is out of ideas about what is going on.

They are unable to locate what kind of effects the spiritual energy does on the body. They couldn't understand what the base of this poison is.

They could only collect some samples and do the research. But from the looks of the painful decision, they doubted that this guy would even live for that long for the research to be complete.

But there is nothing they could do at that point.

Meanwhile, Saint is not resting either. Even with his situation as it was, he still tried to focus his energy as he observed his body himself.

Even if he doesn't have any of the overpowered observation skills like Sam and Sivan, he is a healer after all and he developed his own skillset to examine a person properly.

But the results didn't seem optimistic. No matter how he looked at it, all he can see is dense spiritual energy invading his body at various levels. Each organ system is corroded by this spiritual energy in a different way.

They don't know what kind of poison base someone used to do that. But he definitely didn't detect any kind of poison he knew of.

And even though Saint is a fucking sociopath who feeds on attention and admiration which he only gained with his façade, he is still a very skilled healer. The only thing he lacked is innovation in creating something of his own.

But he is very skilled in healing and diagnosing others and he is very supportive of his own diagnosis. They cannot see what the exact substance that made Saint like this and how it could be cured was completely unknown.

He couldn't help but sweat profusely. He wanted to get up and do some research of his own, but he wasn't able to do that. Because he slowly lost consciousness.

Chapter 1605 Smith

Saint felt like he is being cooked alive.

Every cell of his body is burning. He didn't know what is happening. Even though he felt the pain when the spiritual energy poison invaded his body, this time it is very different.

His instincts are prompting him to open his eyes and wake up. But his body is not listening to his mind.

At this exact moment, there is a specter in Saint's room. After all of the healers, pill makers, and potion makers went to do some research, even the attendants couldn't do anything to alleviate the pain.

The pain killers they usually sell didn't work and they didn't want to use the meridian network to reduce the pain as there are too many anomalies in his body's energy circulation.

So, they didn't dare mess with him and left him alone to sleep.

As for close friends or people that care about him? They don't exist. The selfish and vain life that Saint sought out until then, didn't let him even have one loyal friend or subordinate.

In fact, there is a slight hint of hope on every subordinate's face within the castle. Nobody knows if it is to see their boss recover, but from the looks of it, it is most likely not and might even be the complete opposite.

So, Sam's specter had an easier time sneaking into the mansion and even the room of this person along with some help from Sam.

Along with that, a couple of shadow mice also sneaked in.

The specter started casting some kind of soul manipulation on the unconscious Saint to make him slip into a deeper trance within his mind, while the shadow mice injected a few shots into his body.

The shots are not actually of normal medicine. The medicinal essence is mixed with a bunch of liquid energy and each vial contained liquid energy of a different kind and different state.

One vial has more active energy than the other and some other vial has almost dormant liquid energy which is almost the same as a dormant spirit stone.

After injecting these shots, the shadow mice and the specter escaped the mansion just the way entered.

Time passed slowly, and as the healers checked up on him, occasionally, they started noticing some slight changes within. The body seemed to have been trying to fight back and absorb the energy poison within his body.

Even though it is harmful at the moment, at the end of the day, it is indeed pure spiritual energy, and his body which has been deprived of any external energy absorption since the explosion, it is trying to adapt itself and absorb this excess energy, process it, and make it its own.

It is even the instinctual reaction.

What no one else noticed is that there are some other energies that are being absorbed along with this because of the medicinal shots the shadow mice injected.

Currently, Saint's body is being modified a bit and this will help Sam in dealing with him and the rest of the mountain.

Two days passed and by the end of the second day, Sam injected the last batch of medicine he reserved for this guy.

"Okay, we are done here. He will be able to wake up soon. We can just leave for now. Let's hunt more and we could make our move on the second target."

"So, this is the extent we are dealing with him. I am looking forward to seeing what his reaction would be after he finds out what you did to his body."

"Even I want to see it, but it doesn't matter if we can't look at his immediate reaction. Because as far as I am concerned his reaction would remain constant for the rest of remaining short life."

Anyway, let's go to the next target. This one would be a bit easier as he is an artisan and an artifact maker. And the person with the most positive or should I say least negative character profile."

"So, the sixth in the list. The Smith."

Jack said as he looked at the report Sam made about this person.

This guy is quite interesting. Even more interesting than Saint. Because the only reason that he joined the Divine formation mountain is because of his love for artisanal creations. He was told to be a

well-rounded artisan and his specialty is to create equipment for squads and teams for different occasions.

The equipment includes task-specific shields, weapons, armors, special trap diffusing gadgets, trapping gadgets, capturing gadgets, sometimes killing artifacts, and defensive artifacts too. He tailor-makes everything to fit with the user, enemy, and environment.

Many large-scale organizations within the realms are fond of him and he is also the most neutral person in the whole organization.

He doesn't care if some large organizations come to ask for his services, he will still take a small job as long as it came before that large order.

He always strictly adhered to the first come first serve and there is also the secrecy. Even if two enemy organizations came and asked him to make equipment, he will do it.

But he will only do it based on the information that the organizations gave him, he would never let the information from one side bleed to the other side and he never let the personal info he had on the impact his creations.

He earns a lot of money for the mountain and for the formation assistance to his creations, he either works with the three disciples or the mountain master himself sometimes. Of course only when they are too complicated.

Otherwise, he has a decent enough team with him.

Sam decided something special for this guy. Even though Smith is actually not that aversive of a character, he is still on the enemy side and Sam has to fight him no matter what.

So, he figured it might as well be now than later, and also he is one of the few that can possibly go against Sam and his tricks and he might even be the person behind figuring out some of his mechanisms.

After all, no matter how skilled the three disciples are, their main expertise lies in the formations and complexity of those formations, they are not as skilled when it comes to the mechanical processes that are being aided by these formations and how they came to be in the first place.

But Smith can do that.

Now that the healer's support has been dealt with, it is about time that Sam deal with the guy who could support the equipment and come up with defensive measures.

And he even has a perfect plan for that.

They arrived at a different planet where Smith is based on. This time, the city was not as hard to find. It is a pure mechanical city as there are a lot of puppets roaming around. Even the constructions are made with metal mostly and they have some neat functions.

The whole city is full of artifacts. Even the buildings, shops, and even the city gates are like that.

"Time to put some of my skills to test. Let's see how this works out for us."

Sam said as he walked to the main building along with his friends.

"Sam, do you really think this is going to work? Isn't this way too obvious?"

"Yeah, it is. That is why no one thinks that we will attack this place with such an obvious trap. And don't talk so casually. We are strangers here. Did you forget that? I just escorted you because I met you guys on the way and you were lost.

Stick to the story if anyone asks.

We are also here to place separate assignments by ourselves."

"Alright, but isn't it natural for some people to strike a friendship on the journey."

"Yeah, slight friendship. Not to the point that they discuss plans of secret attacks on an enemy in the enemy territory itself."

Philip just didn't want to bother Sam anymore.

"Why do you always have to suck the joy out of everything?"

"Look who is talking. You were the one that acted like you had a big spear up your ass when Sam was not here."

Watt said from the side.

"You fucker, I will kick your ass if you bring that up again."

"Bring it on, let's see if I will kick yours before you can land a move."

Jack just shook his head with a smile while Sam sighed slightly.

They stood in a long queue and waited to place their assignments and finally, their time came after a long time.

The first person to go is Sam.

There is a person who is noting down something on a scroll sitting at a table.

He turned to Sam and smiled.

"Hello, welcome. How can I help you?"

"I came across an artifact and I would like some help in unlocking it."

"Please take a seat and give me more details."

Chapter 1606 Traps

Sam took out a large metal sphere and placed it on the table.

It looked to be the size of a football.

The employee took a look at it and then turned to Sam.

"I found this in one of the underwater sea graveyards. From the runes I found, it is stated that this is a mechanical puzzle lock and inside it has a special blood essence of a mystical sea creature. I have tried my best to unlock it, but I was unable to find the right pattern.

I would like to avail your services to unlock this."

"Are you willing to give out the details of the ruins?"

"Actually, I don't know much about it. But I found some of the stone plaques there and here they are."

Sam took out a bunch of stone plaques and gave them to the attendant.

The person looked through them and noted down every detail.

"Are you willing to leave these plaques along with the object? It would be better if you do so, since they might hold some knowledge that could help us in unlocking this."

"Yes. I am willing to do so."

"Then, that is perfect. What kind of package do you want to take?"

"I will take the highest package. A direct deal with the Smith."

As soon as he heard those words, the employee stopped for a moment and looked at Sam.

"Are you sure you want that sir? This might be a really valuable item, but the cost for a direct deal with the Smith is not going to be small. You might even suffer some losses."

"I don't mind. It is not that I am doubting the credibility of your organization, but this is way too valuable for me, I can only take these measures so that nothing would happen to it."

"Alright, sir. We will proceed with the rest of the transaction. You can keep your things for now and you will be able to meet with Smith this afternoon and finalize the deal."

"Thank you so much."

With that Sam left the room and didn't even take a look at the rest of his friends.

The trio also didn't go right after Sam came in, they let others go in and they went in middle occasionally to not to raise any suspicions. After all four of them registered their assignments, they waited for the deal to be signed by Smith and coincidentally all four of them along with a couple of other people were all gathered together to meet with Smith and close the deals.

They were all assigned to the same room as they waited.

Soon a man with long brown hair walked in. He is not tall and neither did he have some massive built. He is short and his hair is messy.

There is no sign of grace elegance and majesty assigned with the name of Smith in his body language or his dressing.

He is actually wearing a special apron that seemed to have been made with special leather. It is an apron black smiths wear at a furnace.

Sam was really intrigued by his appearance and sighed.

"Too bad you are on the wrong side. Otherwise, we might have gotten along."

He muttered to himself.

Smith took his seat and looked at the list in his hands.

"Metal sphere with the blood essence of sea creatures."

He said it out loud and everyone exchanged confused glances.

Sam raised his hands and the Smith spoke.

"Please come forward and finish the oath."

Sam walked forward as he looked at the Gandharva attendant who came to be the overseer of the oath.

"Why do you guys not take any names and personal details?"

"Many people that come here often requested me to keep their identities and arrivals a secret. So, I figured I would reduce my hassle by not caring about them at all.

Since it a Gandharva Oath that we are following, as long as we directly agree, there is no need for some named contract.

Do you have any problem with that? I am sure we can work something out if you do so."

"No, this works better for me actually. I am just curious."

Smith nodded and went on the finish the oath. Sam felt a sense of pity. Just from the way he looked and the way he talked, he knew for sure that this guy is more concerned of his job and work than the title and fame.

He is a complete opposite of their previous target. The Saint.

But too bad, something worse is going to happen to this guy and it wouldn't end well.

Sam and his friends left and went hunting once again. While waiting for things to happen.

Just like Sam, the other three also presented some kind of weird mechanisms. One of them had a cube that won't open.

Another one has some kind of defensive artifact that looks like a metallic net and the lastly a metallic cylinder that is around two feet long with three inch diameter.

All of them are sent to respective departments based on the elemental energies they are giving off of. So, when Sam and his friends are hunting, a bunch of people are messing with these four mechanisms that Sam himself designed.

He even laid out some systematic but tricky puzzles in the plaques, scrolls, parchments and books along with these mechanisms.

They are keys to unlock it, but they are hard decode.

The four mechanisms started at the bottom level of the pyramid as they moved along the hierarchy of the organization.

Within three days all four objects ended up at Smith's table.

He looked at the details and the attempts taken by all of the staff and was surprised.

"Interesting. Four objects of equal difficulty, all came at the same time. Are they perhaps related?"

He muttered to himself as he started making working on the sphere. He went through the stone plaques with the runes and then the notes of his staff.

He started tinkering with it.

As he messed around, his frown became deeper and deeper with time. It is almost like he is seeing something that shouldn't exist.

He kept on using different tools and technique and made a bunch of calculations everywhere as he finally managed to open up the sphere a bit.

There is a small glass sphere inside with a very high level of water elemental energy along with a very venomous aura.

"The Blood essence of a mystical sea creature. It seems like it is indeed a valuable item. Good for him."

He placed sphere on the table as he moved on to the cube.

Sam deliberately made sure that all of them are not made in the same style. They are completely different mechanisms and there is not a hint of similarity between them.

Smith didn't suspect anything and just worked on it. After a few hours, the second also opened up.

He couldn't help but note down a few points once again.

"These mechanisms are interesting. I need to study them a bit more. I should ask the attendants to buy these mechanisms from the customers. I can learn a lot from them."

He muttered to himself constantly as he moved on to the third and the fourth.

When all four of the objects are out, he looked at them all together with a sense of achievement.

The first one is the glass sphere inside the metal sphere. The second one is a metal sphere inside the metal cube. The cylinder revealed some kind of metallic mechanism that sees it could open more and the final one is the mesh.

He looked at all four of them as he admired his handiwork, but at this moment, he sensed something. All four objects started glowing and shaking and before he knew it, the mesh opened up and

covered him entirely. It acted like a cloak surrounding a person and while it was like that , the mechanism that came out of cylinder opened up.

It opened up into a long metallic centipede that is as tall as a person and attached to his spine. The mesh rolled over the centipede tightly as the legs started digging into the spine.

Smith came back to his senses and he started using his fire element. He didn't feel any pain. Only surprise that something like this happened.

But as soon as the mesh and the centipede started heating up, the glass sphere and the metal sphere on the table started glowing. The glass ball was thrown at him as the water elemental energy seeped into his body along with the venomous energy it contained.

His fire elemental energy was slightly shaken for a moment as he wanted to try and resist. But finally the sphere exploded.

BOOM

The small metal sphere that came out of the cube exploded and a bunch of small energy pellets of ice elemental energy was targeted at him.

The pellets that are actually used in an energy cracker were used in this trap.

Chapter 1607 Threat

Smith wanted to move, but he couldn't.

He felt the literal piercing cold going through his body. The excruciating pain made it difficult for him to breathe.

The ice elemental energy started merging with the water elemental energy that already has a high amount of venomous substance. The worst part is the metal net that held him tightly and the centipede that stuck to his spine.

It is spewing lightning elemental energy and it is being injected along his spine into his body through the centipede legs.

The pain is too much for him to bear as it is, and now the lightning elemental energy is making it impossible for him to utilize his body and energy. He is paralyzed and he hit the floor.

At this moment, an attendant who was standing outside came running in and was shocked to see what was happening in front of him.

He ran towards Smith and tried to help him out.

"Sir, what happened to you? Sir, can you hear me? Are you okay?"

He was very anxious as he tried to undo the net, but...

ZAP

As soon as he touched the net, he felt like he was hit by a lightning bolt and was flung back. He couldn't feel half of his body. His speaking was impaired temporarily.

But he tried his best to bring himself together and called for help in his communication token.

Within the next five minutes, almost a dozen people came to the room and helped Smith. They tried to use different medicine, but there is no use. The healers are useless as well.

All they can do is carry him to his bed carefully while making sure that there is no damage to his body.

Smith's direct subordinate who handles most of the business also came running and after examining his situation, he felt anxious.

"What is the situation? How did he react to medicine and your treatment?"

He directly asked the healers.

"There is no response. His body is suddenly invaded with ice elemental energy and some kind of weird poison essence and it is affecting him on a cellular level. The lightning trap that was on his spine is the most tricky.

Its lightning element is being supported and enhanced by the ice element in his body. His muscles are paralyzed. He cannot move and even breathing is difficult.

He is going through some extreme torture as we speak. If you ask me, this is way out of my league. I wouldn't be able to solve this situation in a decade much less do it immediately.

So, I think it is better if you can reach out to Saint. He is the only person who remotely has any chance of treating Smith."

After giving his insight, the doctor left.

The deputy of Smith gritted his teeth. He knew that Saint might be able to help him, but that doesn't mean, it is going to be easy. With the way, Saint behaves and operates, it is going to be tough to get him to cooperate.

And there is no way he is going to do that at a small price. But at this moment, they don't have any other choice.

They have to take Smith there.

He looked at Smith one more time. He called for a few of the attendants to bring some kind of weird invention that Smith had made before.

It helps with levitating a person or an object easily and a person can relocate the target without any change in its state of it.

"Who knows the things you made are to be used on you like this? I will find and kill that bastard before you recover. So, don't die on me."

They moved Smith slowly towards the space gate that could let them get out of this planet.

While they are doing that, the Deputy of Smith got some news.

"Sir, I don't know if you heard about it. But I don't know if Saint will help us at the moment."

"Why?"

"Saint has been defeated by someone in an open challenge and he was forced to admit his nasty character in front of the whole city. He wanted to kill the guy right after he fulfilled the oath, but not only did that guy escape, he left behind some kind of explosive that made Saint stick to a bed for a few days.

The news is that he recovered and is still in a bad mood as he searched for the person who did him like that. But we don't know for sure."

Deputy frowned upon listening to this.

"Do you have more details on the situation?"

"Yes, sir."

The subordinate kept on explaining the whole scenario and all of a sudden, Deputy felt something is wrong.

"Do you think that a group of four people came at us with four traps that are obviously linked right after they made a move on Saint? I doubt this is a coincidence and if it is, then there couldn't be a bigger coincidence in this world.

Don't worry about Saint, I will handle that asshole. As long as he recovered, he doesn't have a choice other than healing Smith. I will make sure of it."

Deputy left along with Smith to Saint's place.

After a while.

At Saint's place.

Deputy is sitting across from Saint who seemed to have gotten weaker for some reason. The usual arrogance and the false grace he paints himself with are nowhere to be seen. He is still cocky, but this time, it is apparent that he is trying to force it.

"I heard you got attacked, Saint."

"So?"

"I have a reason to doubt that Smith is also attacked by the same group. So, if you heal Smith and take out those weird mechanisms that are trapping him, we might be able to find some clues in the process."

"Do you think you can handle the price? I won't be cheap. And even if you can afford it, I am not really in the mood to heal someone right now.

So, get out and come back later."

"That's not how it works. You and Smith, both are high-level subordinates of Divine Formation Mountain. It is almost a necessity for you to help each other.

So, I am telling you once again to reconsider."

"I did. And my answer still remains the same. If you really are interested in curing him desperately, go and find Vardar or better yet, the person who you think attacked you."

Deputy frowned in displeasure. The resistance is way more than he imagined.

"Why are you not considering the consequences of this? If you don't help Smith now, you will lose your trust in other subordinates. Can you really afford that?"

"That's none of your business."

"Alright then, I didn't want to resort to this, but you are way too stubborn for your own good. So, don't blame me.

If you don't heal Smith now, I will deliver this news to the Divine formation mountain, requesting help.

And I will explicitly stress the fact that your attack and our attack are linked. I want to see if the disciples will forcefully take over the investigation of it. I want to see how you will keep your reputation intact.

Anyway, you of all people know why the subordinates fight so rigorously and eliminate all challenges that come at them.

It is because you are only worth as much as your reputation in the organization. If you lose too much and had the disciples and mountain master wipe your ass, you will fall out of their favor.

I won't care if Smith's reputation is impacted. Because unlike you, his glory is not fake or a façade. He is skilled and his key role is not to fight against people.

The only reason he was attacked is because of the traps that were placed at his work. So, I highly doubt the Mountain master will have a different perspective of him just with this.

But your situation is far from that.

You cannot do anything about the fact that you are defeated in your own forte. You were humiliated, your reputation is gone and that person even put you on a bed for a couple of days.

The damage is already done and you need to remedy it, by repairing your situation.

If you don't heal Smith, I will rip that situation way too much that there is no coming back for you."

"You do know that threatening me is not a good idea in this situation right? You came here to ask for my help, you bastard."

"It doesn't matter now. Does it? As long as I get what I want, I will use any means necessary. Particularly when it is related to Smith.

So, don't bother trying to bluff your way out of this, and don't even think that I am bluffing.

If you don't start healing Smith right now, I will tear you apart."

Saint became silent as he looked at the Deputy coldly.

"Let him stay here and come back in three days."

Saint left after those words.

Chapter 1608 Recovered

Smith's deputy left after he got a positive answer from Saint.

He had a relieved expression as he walked out of the door. But as soon as he went, Saint's frustration as burst out. He couldn't take it anymore and destroyed all of the furniture inside his room.

"You sick bastard. How dare you threaten me like this? I will make you payback ten fold for this. Measly lackey of a fellow subordinates that is beneath me in the ranking is already challenging me, just because I lost one challenge? This shouldn't happen.

I will restore my glory once again and then I will skin you alive."

He spoke to himself as he paced around. His chest is heaving up and down with anger.

He had this pent up frustration that he wanted to take on at someone. But he couldn't. Because at this moment, he needs a cool head and also focus on something that is extremely important.

More important than even healing smith and that is healing himself.

Even though after a couple of days Saint recovered pretty much and looked normal, he is far from normal at this moment.

He sat on the floor and closed his eyes once again as he looked at the insides of his body.

All of his internal organs along with the blood are all infected. He could senses some dense energy coming of all these organs. But it would have been fine if it was just energy. There is some kind of extreme vitality that he could feel from it.

This vitality is clearly not his. It belonged to different organisms and this organism currently made him nothing more than a normal warrior.

That's right. At this moment, he currently lost all of his elemental energy. He cannot use his wood elemental energy and light elemental energy. All that is left is his physical strength.

Even though that still makes him strong, he is known to people not because he is strong. He is known because he can heal. He can heal the worst of the diseases, goriest of the wounds and the vilest of the poisons.

Being strong is nothing more than an added accessory to him. He never needed to use his strength for a long a time. All he had to do is say a word and dozens of powerful people fought on his behalf and all of occurred not because of his strength, because of his skills.

All the reputation he built, all the fawning he experienced and all the arrogance he accumulated came from that ability.

Now his ability was taken away from him. The very basis of his façade was stripped away and without it, he felt like nothing.

After recovering, that is the first thing he noticed. After he realized that he doesn't have his elemental energies anymore, he did everything in his power to examine his own situation.

In fact, even as he waited some of his subordinates are conducting large range of tests. Usually, he would have done those tests all by himself, but the lack of elemental energy doesn't even let him do that.

After a few minutes, he got the results of tests and his face drooped even lower.

"Perform advance levelled tests. If you have to use every healer in the organization just perform these tests, just use them.

I need the tests by tomorrow night."

"Yes, Sir."

He gave out the orders and his subordinates carried out without any resistance or even a hint of confusion or questions.

They just went away.

After they left, Saint just sat in the room For the remaining day he just stayed there waiting for the results and after that he finally fell into despair.

In these two days, he tried many things. He drank all kinds of potions and took in all kinds of pills. But there is no change in his body.

The vitality of whatever organism inside his body is increasing like crazy and he could feel minute but negligible changes within his body. His fingers are occasionally going numb, with his skin losing the sense of touch sometimes.

All of this is making him feel troubled to the extreme.

He knew that something is happening to his body, but he doesn't know what exactly that is.

And the worst part is, he is no willing to let anyone else know about his current situation, even if it costs him his life. It is way too sensitive for him to just bare his weakness like that.

He was confident that in two days, he will be able to find out what's happening to his body and figure out a way to repair it.

But even that didn't go as planned.

He is now lost. On top of all of this shit he has to deal with, in fear of the Deputy's threats, he agreed to treat Smith which is not going to happen anytime soon now.

The Deputy will come the next day and there is no way, this is going to end well, if he didn't do something.

As he thought until that part, he decided to just check up on Smith. Even if he doesn't have his elemental energies, his experience couldn't be taken away from him. He still has enough knowledge

about the medicine and healing that he might be able to guide one of his assistants to do something about Smith's condition.

And luckily when he checked up on Smith's condition, he felt relieved.

The centipede that was stuck to the spine is the major problem here and he is sure that as long as he removes that, the ice elemental energy and the poison could be managed.

Even the natural resistance of Smith because of his cultivation would be able to handle it for a few days.

So, as soon as he figured that out, he started a surgery. Of course, his assistant was the one doing most of the healing work, he just used the tools to cut open the flesh and remove the centipede as he dissected its legs one by one with his energy.

He decided to disconnect the connection between the mechanism inside the centipede's body to its legs and remove the legs one by one after that. Which actually worked.

But what he didn't notice is that as soon as he cut a leg of the centipede, he started a discharge of very small amount, that is completely noticeable and negligible has entered the spine. It is very clear and very minute that it is hard to notice even if this guy used observation ability.

It is that minute and negligible. But not for long.

After he finished the surgery, he left the rest to his assistant to finish the healing process.

"I know you bitches are not skilled in treating elemental energy corrosion, but you can at least reduce it to the minimum.

As for the poison, try to reduce its effects and expel as much as you can. Then tell the Deputy that it is a variant even we haven't seen which is actually true.

Tell him that Smith will be fine and I am still recovering and cannot go through with the rest of the treatment."

"Yes, Sir."

With those words, Saint left.

The next day, the deputy came and took a look at Smith's condition. The net was gone and so did the centipede.

His skin turned back to a complexion closer to normal and the traces of ice elemental energies were reduced a bit.

The assistant told Deputy exactly what Saint wanted him to tell.

"At least he kept his word. Thank him on my behalf and he can except the premium payment from our organization. I will send a business manager and you can tell him what you need as payment. As long as he doesn't go overboard, we will agree without any negotiation."

"Thank you."

"When is he going to wake up?"

"His natural resistance and energy is building up, so he will be up in a while."

"That is great to know. We will leave after he wakes up."

"Please take your time."

With that the assistant left and the Deputy stayed beside Smith. Just like the assistant told him, Smith woke up after a few minutes.

"Smith, are you alright?"

"What happened? Where am I?"

"We are at Saint's place. It seems like someone tried to attack you with some traps. We came here to heal you."

"Traps?" Smith suddenly remembered what happened to him and stood up abruptly in the process, he felt a sharp pain in his spine.

"They did surgery to your spine. So, please be careful. Don't stress yourself too much."

"Did you find out who they are and why they are after me?"

"We don't know yet. But a few days ago, Saint was also attacked. We don't know if it is coincidental or if they are related, but Saint was done very badly. His reputation was destroyed and he is still recovering from the attack."

"Saint is recovering? Who made the best healer in the realms like that?"

Chapter 1609 Exchange

"We don't know yet."

But there is a possibility that the party that attacked Saint attacked us as well. The person who dealt with Saint has three more companions and the traps that are targeted at you are also four.

So, this cannot be a pure coincidence." The Deputy answered.

"Doesn't that mean, that their target is not us, but the Divine formation mountain instead?"

"Yes. That's why I am thinking of reporting the matter to the mountain."

"No. Not yet. We need to do our part first. Once the disciples take over and the master knows about it, things won't end well.

In this issue, I agree with Saint. We need to try and resolve this situation by ourselves."

"But if the party is targeting the Divine formation mountain, doesn't it make sense for us to inform them? The Mountain master and the disciples can only handle so much.

Particularly with this party's skills, we need to be extra careful.

One of them defeated Saint in a healing challenge and left behind something that caused an explosion. Some people even said it looked just like a liquid cylinder that the Divine formation mountain uses.

As for the traps, you should know what happened yourself. They are dangerous. And the reason is the same as why the Divine formation mountain is dangerous in the first place."

"Don't worry about it. Even though what you said is true, we still have to figure out a way to deal with this situation ourselves.

There is a reason why all of the subordinates of Divine formation mountain work this hard just to be in his favor. You wouldn't understand, even if I explain it to you now, but just know that, the moment this news goes to the mountain, we have hell to pay.

Let's get of this place first. We need to investigate the situation in our place before coming back here and discuss with Saint.

It is better to cooperate if the perpetrator is indeed the same group."

"Alright, let's go."

With that, both of them left Saint's place and went back to their own place.

There Smith went back to the place where the traps were set off. He examined the mechanisms once again and looked for any traces and clues that could give a hint of any information.

But he is clueless. The elemental energies are way too diverse for him to estimate the elemental affinity and the power of each energy is also different to estimate the level of cultivation.

The manufacturing style is something that he has never seen in any realms he has visited. This is also troublesome.

Even after a couple of days of investigation, he couldn't find anything. The only thing he is sure of is that the other party is resourceful and there is a technique similar to that of energy liquifying process that Mountain uses.

He found the traces of the technique from the metal sphere from which the ice elemental energy pellets were shot at him.

So, if he matches this up with the liquid energy cylinder that exploded on the stage and damaged Saint, then the group matches up.

Even though it appeared a bit far fetched, there is no way he could ignore this.

He took the evidence and walked out of the room. He felt a bit tired and stretched his body.

"Arrgh..."

He groaned in pain and instinctually tried to reach out of his back.

His spine was shot with a very sharp pain that came out of nowhere. He felt like something is seriously wrong. But after moving around for a while, the pain disappeared which reassured him a bit.

He went to meet his deputy and asked.

"Make preparations for us to go and meet Saint. We need to get as much info as possible. At our current stage, we can barely connect these two incidents. So, let's hope we can find any other concrete clue there or at least a clue completely disregarding our thoughts and opinions.

Either way, we will get some conclusion and move on to the next step in finding these people."

"If you say so."

Both of them went back to Saint's place. But the sight that greeted them is shocking.

All the lines of people that Saint used to have in front of his estate were gone. It is almost deserted. It is already surprising that Saint just stayed at one place for so long.

The reason he doesn't do that usually is because of the nuisance that comes with the people who wants his favour.

But because of the circumstances, Saint has to stay here. But they still expected lines with hundreds of people waiting for his time.

The scene here is completely opposite. It is deserted to the point that some people who lived there are nowhere to be seen.

As they were thinking about all these things, an attendant visited and guided them to the place where Saint was waiting for them.

"What happened to you? Why are there no people around this place?"

"I cleared them all. I wanted to find a way to deal with these bastards. But the citizens in the surroundings and the people that come to visit are being a distraction. I told them all to stop disturbing me so that I could have some peaceful time as well"

"Have you found any clues about the people that attacked you?"

"The attacker is only one person. The remaining three are passive beyond belief. They didn't speak, didn't do anything. In fact, there was barely any participation. They looked so unbothered.

They didn't even bother to cheer him up when hundreds of people are discouraging him and calling him names.

And finally he has at least three elemental affinities that I know of.

He can use, light, wood and water elemental energies. Does that count as a clue?"

"Do you know any info on the other three? The elemental affinity?"

"I don't know. Why?"

Chapter 1610 Third Target

"You must have already known that attacks made on me are of different elemental affinities than you.

The only common thing is the water elemental energy, but that could have just been from the blood essence. There is no need for a water elemental user amongst them to attack me with blood essence of a sea creature.

The rest are ice and lightning.

I just want to be sure if one of the other three might have possessed this elemental energy." Smith explained to Saint.

"No, I don't have any information regarding them. The only reason that I remember the main guy is because of the competition.

Otherwise I wouldn't have paid enough attention to them to remember any detail about them."

Smith nodded as if that was true. Saint is indeed a person like that.

"Okay then, how are you feeling? Your subordinates said you were still recovering a few days ago."

"I am fine. I am the one who cured you, so don't bother trying to help me now. I am perfectly alright."

"I am just..."

"I already told you. I am perfectly fine. As for the investigation, if you are here to ask me to cooperate with you, I am not doing that. I am calling in every favor that I have and I will catch them by myself."

"But if you move that many people, the mountain master might know about this matter before its resolved."

"I don't care. I will catch them. As long as these bastards are within the planet and the surrounding planets, they will be caught, no matter what nook or cranny they are hiding in."

"Saint, this is not like any other time. This is very serious. We need to be extremely careful in the way we are dealing with this.

I hope you understand that.

Let's cooperate.

I already have my men gather everyone who came in contact with the suspects. I might get some information in an hour or two. Why don't you do the same. I am pretty sure if we compile our data together, we will get some valuable information."

"I said, I don't want to cooperate. Get lost from here. Or I will kill you.

How many time do I need to make myself clear? I don't want to work with you and I will catch these perpetrators alone. Now fuck off."

With that, Saint didn't even bother to stay anymore. He just stood up and left.

Smith is very confused. He knew that Saint would be hard to deal with, but this on a completely different level.

He doesn't know why Saint is behaving like this. But he knew that there is no point in sticking here anymore.

He left along with his deputy and went back to his own place.

His subordinates already lined up everyone that came into contact with Sam and his friends. Even though it was difficult finding them, they did find a lot of people.

Smith talked to everyone of them personally and after compiling everything, he got some information.

"One of them is a swordsman and another one is a wind elemental user and they came from North west."

He muttered to himself as he wrote down every detail he could get.

The information regarding their affinities came from one of the bystanders who overheard Watt and Jack arguing.

As for the direction they came in, it is obtained from the guard of the city gate.

Smith sent his deputy along with some of his subordinates to investigate in the Northwestern direction.

They checked every detail with scrutiny, even though it would be next to impossible to find any clues in a forest that has so much activity after this many days.

But they didn't give up.

That was the only lead they had until now.

Meanwhile back at Saint's place.

Inside the private room of Saint.

He is currently laying on the bed writhing in pain.

*HMMM..."

He bit into a large piece of leather as he tried to control his painful screams.

He was lying still and he didn't even turn from side to side. He acted as if his back is stuck to bed like that and even when he had the urge to move around, he controlled it with all he got.

While his arms are lying still as if they belonged to a corpse.

"Mmmf..." He kept on groaning for a while before he finally opened his mouth and spit the leather to the side. He took a deep breath and moved his arms.

The bed under him is soaked in sweat. He couldn't help but feel a sense of anxiety and horror engulfing him completely.

He hesitantly used his diagnosis skill to check up on his arms and his face turned uglier with every second.

The muscle tissue of his arms is rotting from inside. No matter what he tried, he couldn't stop and the effect is not just on the muscle tissue. It extended to his finger bones which seemed to have been hollowed out.

The pain is immeasurable. But it is coming at irregular intervals catching him off guard.

That is one of the major reasons that he didn't agree to work with Smith. Even he knows that things would go faster if he worked with Smith.

But he also doesn't want to expose his new found weakness to anyone. He is sure that the moment this news come out, the mountain master will dispose him off.

There is no way he could let that happen.

He has to find these people by himself and even if it comes at the cost of using every favor he got until now, he wouldn't hesitate to do so.

As things are like this here, back at Smith's place, they are not any better.

At least he is not groaning in pain, but Smith has been running around talking and delegating tasks to people. They are trying to find every minute clue they could get. But there are none until now.

All they found out was that there is a battlefield nearby the city in Northwest and it seems like the local beast that used to run that small area was dead for a few days and even though the battle field is very small and happened way too many days ago,

But they did manage to find some traces of lightning and wood elemental energy.

Smith went to the spot and started investigating.

"This beast is not that power. It is barely at Initial stage of Astral Plane consummation. It should have been a piece of cake if they are really strong.

But here it seems like the battle went on for quite a while. There are restraints from wood elemental energy. Restraints and traps with earth elemental energy. Lightning burn marks are everywhere in the surroundings.

There are also some traces of sword slashes. Due to the lack of energy traces they couldn't differentiate it, but he could see a different set of slashes on the trees which could have been the wind element.

"There is a high chance that this scene caused by the perpetrators. But this means, they are only at peak stage of transcendence to Initial stage of Consummation.

And if they are really that weak and still managed to get this far, then his approach has to change.

He went back to the city and decided on act on his hunch. All the city was closed and everyone was shocked to find out that Smith is doing a search for some culprits who dared to set some traps here in Smith's place.

This is something unfathomable to them. They do know that Smith has disappeared for a couple of days, but they didn't expect such a reason.

After closing the city down, Smith started examining each and every person that matches the description of the four people.

They are all of same height. Around six feet. So, he started testing everyone who is six feet tall with a special device that could determine their elemental affinity.

Even if they are hiding affinity normally, it would still be visible as soon as they used some blood to test themselves.

Ten minutes later. A few miles away from the city.

"This guy is good. If we didn't move away and stayed there, things would have turned nasty. He could have even identified us." Sam said as he looked at the shadow mouse in his palm.

"Come on, Sam. We wasted enough time already. What are we going to do next?"

"Going for our third target of course and this person is the fifth among the subordinates. Since things are going exactly as we predicted with both Saint and Smith.

We will now bring out this volatile variable in to this mess and see how it turns out."

"Okay then, let's go. It has been some time since we hunted too. Let's go and do that on our way."

"Of course that is a given. And also get ready to move around a lot. Because after the third target comes into play, we need to confuse the living hell out of them. So, we need to move around a lot.

Do you understand?"