

EMPEROR 181

Chapter 181 Guest

A few moments later, Marc hurriedly stood in front of him, "Reporting to young master! It seems like that assassin has a personal grudge against our family!"

Jackson was taken aback.

'I failed to consider this... Makes sense. If someone were trying to assassinate me, they would've sent fourth stage experts... Sigh' Jackson berated himself inwardly and spoke, "Where's the Town Lord?"

"My apologies, young master Jackson..." A sound echoed out suddenly causing everyone to turn their heads.

The guards knelt one by one while the people slightly bowed their heads to show respect.

A middle-aged man wearing a white robe flew in the air with a faint smile on his face.

Jackson gave a harrumph and flew above with hands clasped behind his back, giving off a majestic feeling which caused the onlookers to stare in admiration.

"What is the meaning of this Elmer Town Lord, Fenton?" He questioned while having a cold smile on his face.

"Meaning? None... But if you were to ask my opinion, it's probably related to your family's mistakes in the past, no?" Fenton lifted an eyebrow as he spoke.

"Word sure does travel fast, huh?" Jackson smirked but was annoyed since he lost his opportunity to gain the upper hand.

"It's my territory after all." Fenton replied as a matter of fact before presenting a pouch, "That said, the assassin posed as a guard and lied within my jurisdiction, so you will probably twist it into my fault anyway. So, here's some compensation."

"Tch..." Jackson made an annoyed expression before checking out the contents.

"Hmm... A million purple coins? It would be better if you gave in a spirit stone instead!" Jackson's eyes flashed greedily.

Fenton lifted both his eyebrows, "Don't go too far..."

Jackson faced off as both of them stared at each other for a few seconds, "Fine, this will do. I won't make it difficult for you..."

He smiled lightly and returned to his carriage smile Fenton flew back to his mansion.

"Marc, drive the convoy to the mansion that our Lars Family owns..."

"Yes!" Marc nodded heavily and drove the convoy to their mansion.

Once they arrived at their mansion, Jackson got down and shouted as he walked into the mansion.

"Everyone, listen up! We will stay here for some time! Make sure you guard the surroundings!"

"Yes!" The whole convoy shouted as they hurriedly ran to their positions.

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Davis gave out a burst of muffled laughter as he marked his target, "Jackson, oh Jackson. If you want to blame, you can only blame Cloud Spring Mercenaries for coming up with this kind of mission."

But quickly his expression turned serious before he muttered, "A lost and exhausted resource of our Grand Sea Continent, spirit stones!"

He heard the conversation between them and knew that they mentioned spirit stones, which was exhausted long ago in the Grand Sea Continent.

He knew this information as he hung out in the library a lot.

At those times in the Grand Sea Continent, when spirit stones were widely available, it could be sold for about a hundred thousand purple coins each stone.

Later, when it became scarce after plundering the natural source of spirit stones, it became so that no one was willing to trade those anymore.

Then after a long time, all the spirit stones were used up and became forgotten history. This was probably the reason why there were only a few fifth stage experts in the Grand Sea Continent.

"I wonder if that guy has spirit stones?" Davis thought loudly, then smiled, "It would be better if I can steal it from him..."

Laughing coldly, he vanished.

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Meanwhile, in the Lars Family's Mansion.

Jackson paced about to and fro with an impatient expression, as well as worry etched over his face. He suddenly stopped while his face lit up with a smile.

He hurriedly ran out but stopped before he could leave his room

"Marc, invite the incoming guests." Jackson sent out a soul transmission calmly.

Marc who was standing guard outside Jackson's room got startled before he quickly left to invite the guests.

He stood outside, not knowing who to invite. He wanted to ask his young master but was afraid.

Sweeping his gaze all over the street, he couldn't find a single person that was worthy of Young Master Jackson's attention.

A few minutes later, while he was starting to panic, a well-adorned carriage rode in front of him and stopped.

Immediately, his eyes lit up as he came forward and clasped his hands, "Young Master is awaiting your presence, esteemed guest."

The carriage door opened and a pale leg covered by transparent silk robe stepped out. It was a female. She moved a step, gracefully turned and bowed in front of the carriage, awaiting a person.

Marc blinked and carefully looked at the carriage, awfully curious about the guest that warranted the young master's attention. His attention was piqued even more so when he saw the graceful demeanour of the servant woman.

A young man stepped out, clad in purple luxurious clothing. His expression seemed wise and arrogant. A sound escaped from his mouth, "Where is Jackson?"

Marc froze...

His normal reaction would be to insult and berate the other party for not giving respect to his young master but the thought that the other party might be of higher status than young master flashed in his mind.

Coming out of his thoughts, he replied, "Young Master Jackson is inside..."

"Lead the way." The young man calmly replied, not bothering to even gaze at Marc.

Marc turned and led the way with a gesture, "Please..."

The two of them followed behind him as he left the carriage driver behind.

Marc was ecstatic, at the same time nervous so he didn't dare ask any questions as he led them to the young master's room.

Soon, they arrived in front of his room, "Young Master, I have..."

Before Marc could even inform, the young man walked passed him with large strides and pushed open the door, causing a loud bang to echo out.

Marc opened his eyes wide but only a certain soul transmission echoed in his mind, "Remember, you and all should act as if that guest and I never met when we return."

Marc immediately but faintly understood that whatever happens here should stay inside.

He stood by and watched the two people go inside as the doors closed.

He took his leave and went to personally inform the others who had seen to keep it a secret and not approach young master's room.

Chapter 182 Unreconciled

Davis crouched on top of the ceiling, his eyes also lit up in scrutiny when he saw the guests.

He managed to easily enter inside while being in the concealed state of the Dark Concealing Shroud Art when the young man opened the doors pompously.

He picked a random space to hide in, and reap some unexpected benefits from the meeting of these so-called young masters. He thought that if he could hear some beneficial information, it would be fine before he made a move.

That said, the reason why his eyes glowed was that he found out that the servant's strength was better than the master she served. It made him wonder exactly what kind of wealthy family the new young master was from, considering the number of ornaments and extravagant articles of clothing he lavishly wore.

Silently taking out an imagery crystal, he prepared to record whatever happened here for a backup plan.

His main plan had been to beat Young Master Jackson senseless, but the man had no conflict with him which made reluctant to break his bones.

He injected very little energy into the imagery crystal that went undetected by those three people below him. With the help of his Dark Concealing Shroud Art, any energy fluctuations were concealed, making people of low soul cultivation unable to pick up the disturbance.

This action of his invoked the imagery crystal into recording whatever happened in the direction it faced.

A slight grin lit upon his face as he thought, 'Same old tricks but extremely useful.'

'What?' Suddenly, Davis narrowed his eyes as he looked at the scene before him.

The servant who stood behind her master hurriedly ran ahead and embraced Jackson.

"Imryll!" Jackson reciprocated and embraced her as his face lit up in joy.

Davis turned confused at the same time.

"Nilus greets master!" The young man on the other side kneeled obediently.

Jackson and Imryll looked at him, "I'm sorry that you had to act like that to this trash."

"It's fine." Imryll shook her head as she replied. A complicated expression appeared in her eyes.

"Do you blame me, Imryll?" Jackson asked worriedly. The previous haughty expression he displayed outside was nowhere to be seen.

"No, he deserved it. The only way to hide our relationship was to either kill or make him a soul slave. I can only thank you enough you chose the latter or else, my family would've found out."

"I had no choice. Your cousin was greedy enough to extort me using our relationship. It only worsened after the matter with Katrine."

Imryll went silent and an awkward expression appeared on Jackson's face.

Looking at his expression, Imryll helplessly laughed, "You dare to mention her name in front of me?"

"I ..." Just when he tried to explain, her hand closed his mouth.

"You said you loved me, then you plan to marry her? How sincere!" A sarcastic expression appeared on her face.

Her expression then turned serious, "You know my Berilan family is in conflict with the Blackwell Family for generations and yet, you plan to become in-laws with her family. You're the one who is sealing all paths of us being together!"

"You plan to abandon me?" Grievance filled her eyes as it got a little misty, making one feel guilty.

Jackson lifted his arms and held her wrist. He moved her hand from his mouth and placed it on his chest.

"At this point, you will instantly know if I'm lying..." Jackson closed his eyes and opened.

"Do you know why the Blackwell family had agreed to the marriage? It is because I already did the deed with her..."

Imryll looked at him in shock but before she could say anything, he continued, "I was given a choice by her family to either marry her or perish. I can only choose the latter."

"Originally they were angry and wanted to kill me, including my family but after seeing my potential, they changed their mind."

"Besides, Katrine seemed to have taken a liking to me which was beyond my expectations after that matter happened between me and her."

Imryll looked down, her body faintly trembling. It could be seen that this news was quite hard for her to grasp.

Jackson worriedly waited for her reply, not daring to influence her decision. He wanted her to be his wife but felt scared that he would lose her.

"You scoundrel... Why are all men like this? Even my father has five wives other than my mother!" Imryll looked at him and shouted in an aggrieved tone.

"Imryll! I had no choice. You could say that we had no choice! Katrine and I entered a dual cultivation chamber unknowingly in the Tomb of Variel, a Sixth Stage Expert!"

"How did it happen?" Imryll furrowed her brows, partly believing his words.

Jackson took a deep breath and explained, "In the west region of the Desolate Plains, I and a vast line of experts entered that tomb to find treasures, resources, cultivation techniques and manuals."

"All the experts either decided to team up or explore alone..."

"I was exploring the tomb solo, and after a while when I entered a room, it happened. Originally, there were no harmful traps there but after Katrine unknowingly entered the room, the gates closed and some kind of gas started to pervade the room."

His expression took a slight change as he continued, "Now it's obvious that it was a potent aphrodisiac gas..."

"Then... even though we were both reluctant, we were eventually forced to do the deed."

Imryll looked at his eyes and felt his heartbeat, there seemed to be no fluctuation whatsoever.

She then thought of something else, "Then did you enjoy the so-called deed?"

She suddenly felt his heartbeat turn chaotic.

Her expression turned cold as she said, "You're lying..."

Jackson's expression turned awkward and shifted his gaze away.

What could he tell? That he enjoyed two days and two nights copulating with her in extreme bliss?

"Believe me Imryll, it was entirely accidental! I didn't mean to betray you!"

Imryll bit her lips in frustration. She felt extremely aggrieved when she heard about the marriage of her lover, but after he had sent her a message that he hadn't betrayed, she was so happy that she wanted to visit him.

The purpose of her visit today was nothing more than to distinguish if he had deceived her or not...

But now, the answer was extremely obvious... He did indeed deceive her!

Admittedly, Imryll was extremely unreconciled!

Chapter 183 Being Forceful

"Look at me!"

Imryll asked calmly after she took a deep breath, "Tell me, do you like her?" But then added helplessly, "Do you love her?"

Jackson looked at her with a complicated gaze and said, "Yes..."

Imryll's small fists tightened before she relaxed. She removed her hands from his chest and turned away, tears fell from her eyes but she didn't make a sound.

"Imryll..." Jackson called out but was interrupted.

"Seems like..."

"Seems like a lot happened between you two while I was away on a family mission..." Imryll's voice was full of pain.

Jackson approached her and embraced her from behind, "My love for you is more than my love for her..."

"Then if I tell you to leave her, will you leave her?"

"They have my family as hostages."

"What if they didn't?"

"..."

Seeing that there was no answer, a silent laugh escaped from her mouth.

She removed his hands from her waist and approached the door when suddenly she stopped.

Jackson held her arms and didn't let go of it.

"Let go..." Imryll faintly said.

"Please don't go..." Jackson pleaded with a heavy voice.

Imryll took a deep breath, "Jackson, I thank you for being honest with me, now please release my hand."

"... No!" Jackson hesitated for a moment before he strongly replied.

"Tell me, would you accept me after I said that I slept with another man?"

Jackson was taken aback but he still replied, "No..."

Imryll laughed ironically, "Still honest, that's what I liked the most about you, yet it has come to this..."

Imryll shook her arm, struggling to get away from his grasp.

Seeing her that she was trying to get away from him, he pulled her into his embrace.

"Scoundrel! Leave me!" Tears emerged out of her eyes but there was little resistance to the struggle she was displaying.

"Even though I love her, you still can't expect me to hand you over to another man, could you?"

"You are mine!" Jackson embraced her as he sealed her lips.

Imryll closed her eyes and turned frail and dizzy from the deep kiss he planted on her rosy lips. Her resistance was no more as she melted in his embrace.

Her eyelids twitched from the pleasure she was experiencing.

"This is my first kiss..." Jackson's uttered slightly after seeing her rosy cheeks blush heavily.

In reality, he had already ravaged Katrine and tasted every part of her being, but as a side-effect of the aphrodisiac, he only remembered entering her other than experiencing extreme bliss.

Imryll came out of her reverie and opened her eyes. She looked at him with a mix of fondness and complicated feelings, "I really am unlucky to be your woman..."

Jackson's face lit up from her statement. He lifted her up and carried her to the bed.

Imryll's leg turned to jelly. All she could do was embrace him and protest shyly, "No, don't."

Ignoring her protests, he placed her gently onto the bed.

"No, my family will find out!" Realising the seriousness of the situation, she closed her eyes and blurted out as she put up her last line of defense.

Jackson looked at her and held her chin up prompting her to slightly open her eyes, "They won't find out because they'll only know that you've been kidnapped sometime later."

"You..."

Jackson sealed her lips with his own, causing her to be not able to speak.

A few moments passed before she started getting entirely different vibes from her lower body.

Feeling scared and unsure, she started trembling all over the place.

Jackson noticed it and quickly stopped what he was doing.

He cared for her, wanted to protect her and loved her but most importantly, he didn't want for her to leave him.

Her act of leaving invoked him to impose on her hastily afraid that she might leave him forever.

Looking at her slightly trembling body yet not resisting, he turned incredibly sad. He felt like punching himself in the face.

He caressed her cheeks for a few seconds, prompting her to open her eyes.

"Imryll, I'm sorry..." Jackson uttered faintly.

"I'll listen to you. When I'm strong enough, I'll one day approach your family to ask your hand in marriage."

Hearing his words, Imryll was taken aback but her muscles relaxed and she felt fuzzy in her heart.

"You won't leave me right?" Jackson worriedly asked.

"Scoundrel! You already stole my first kiss! Do I look like such a woman to you?" Imryll angrily protested but her anger was completely fake.

A smile lit upon his face as he said, "My Imryll is the most virtuous woman I've ever met."

"And you're the shameless man I've ever met!" Imryll pouted angrily.

Jackson's expression froze, he then returned to his senses, "Why you!" He pulled her cheeks in different directions.

Imryll burst out laughing and tried to get him off of her but suddenly she froze, feeling a stick of hardness hitting above her stomach.

Jackson's face twitched as he automatically removed himself from her.

The atmosphere turned silent leading into one awkward situation.

"Does it hurt?" A meek voice was heard in the soundless room.

Jackson turned to look at her face and turned speechless at her blushing expression.

Looking at his expression, she immediately tried to explain, "It's not like that... I read it in a book..." She then immediately shut her mouth and her expression turned awry from shame. She wanted to go hide herself in a hole.

Jackson looked at her as he found her even more desirable. His lips turned dry as he felt the heat rising upon his lower body. He wanted to stop himself and but suddenly found himself saying, "It hurts..."

Imryll looked at his face and the place that was towering. She steeled herself and slowly approached him.

Kneeling before him on the bed, she raised her hands and tried to touch that thing which caused a bulge in his pants.

She almost reached it but retrieved back her hand and turned her face away from shame.

Looking at that, Jackson dryly laughed, "It's fine Imryll, don't push yourself too hard. If you leave it alone for some time, it'll eventua... eh..." He felt her touch down there causing him to freeze momentarily.

"You sure you want to do this?" He asked as he gulped because he knew he wouldn't be able to hold back anymore.

Imryll nodded with a determined expression albeit, a little shy.

She grasped it and...

Chapter 184 Soul Slave

Davis had an expression on his face that resembled 'O'.

This whole scenario had been quite unexpected for him.

He hurriedly took another imagery crystal and used it while keeping the other one in his spacial ring.

He then turned around, not willing to see the erotic scene behind him as it would only cause him to be horny.

Besides, it's immoral and went against his rules.

'Cough cough, it's alright. I'm only doing this for research pu... oops, blackmail purposes.' He consoled himself but realised something else, 'Wait! It doesn't sound right! Yes, it's for blackmailing Jackson from making trouble for me in the future... nothing else...'

Davis brushed off the sweat on his forehead as he reassured himself. His expression turned complicated as he felt that he was playing the evil role in this situation.

'Why couldn't it be just another trash young master out there? Why did I have to meet a lovey-dovey couple like this? Is someone playing with my fate?' While Davis thought like this, time quickly passed though he had thoughts on changing his target.

Deciding to check on them, he turned his head and looked at the scene below him.

Jackson and Imryll were embracing each other comfortingly like a newly-wed couple.

Of course, they were dressed and not naked.

'Looks like they didn't it take it too far...' Davis thought.

As for the specifics, he would have to look into the imagery crystal to see which he didn't want to obviously since he wasn't into voyeurism.

Their cuddling session continued for a few minutes before she bid her farewell and left.

Using this chance, Davis also left the room and went back to the inn. He no longer had the mood to bully Jackson after watching all that.

That said, he was able to gauge his cultivation base, Mid-Level Body Transformation Stage, Peak-Level Iron Stage and Peak-Level Infant Soul Stage.

When compared with the geniuses he encountered in the passageway, he could see that Jackson was lacking only in terms of Soul Cultivation.

Seems like his reputation as a genius was well deserved considering the countryside location he was at...

A day later, Jackson left the Elmer Town and headed towards the Desolate Plains.

Davis followed after him along the roadway. He was riding a horse and wore a simple robe which looked quite worn out.

With a mask on his face, and his hair coloured black, he assumed the persona of a totally different person.

The change of his was required since his mission deemed that he must act as a rogue cultivator.

Besides, even if he couldn't feel or sense, he knew that a certain someone was always monitoring him from the shadows.

"What a lame mission, let's get this over with..." Davis whispered and retrieved a normal-looking spear from his storage ring.

"Hyaah!" He bellowed, making the horse speed up in pursuit of the convoy that was a kilometre ahead.

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"Marc, what are your thoughts on the guest who arrived yesterday?"

"None, young master..."

"I want your honest opinion..." Jackson said with a faint smile.

Marc held a helpless expression as he knew that his young master was testing him.

"Unfathomable..." Marc replied hesitantly.

"Oh... Why do you think so?" Jackson questioned with a serious face but inside he was grinning.

"I could see that young master greatly respects the guest and that guest even had a great beauty serving under him. I feel that guest could probably be a young master of a Sky Grade Family, possibly a peak-level one..." Marc explained seriously after looking at his young master's expression.

A smile emerged on Jackson's face, "Although you are wrong, you are not far off..."

'Heh, Imryll's Family is a Mid-Level Sky Grade Family, just like the Blackwell Family.' He thought as he shook his head.

"I thank the young master for his praise." Marc happily replied, thinking that he passed the test.

"Even though you're not that smart, you deserve some kind of reward for your loyal work."

"Young master is too kind." Although he said that, a wide grin could be seen on his face.

"Since I deem you worthy and loyal, I'll ask my future in-laws to award you a pill that'll help you breakthrough to the Body Transformation Stage."

Marc's face lit up jubilantly but before he could thank his young master he was interrupted.

Jackson raised his hand, "We're not done yet. I'm giving you another option..."

"Another option?" Marc was entirely dumbfounded.

"Yes..." Jackson gave a brief smile.

Seeing that Marc was silent, he continued, "Become my Soul Slave..."

Marc's expression turned ashen as he looked at his young master in horror.

Jackson frowned but raised his hand again, "Hear me out, it concerns your future..."

"Young master, please stop..." Marc blurted out but looking at his young master's expression, he obediently shut his mouth.

"Good!" Jackson nodded, "Firstly, you get to retain your will as I will only have control over your life. Secondly, you gain more resources, possibly valuable than your own life several times to grow powerful. Lastly, this binding will last only for about 100 years."

Marc's expression changed to one of jubilation as he didn't even hesitate, "I accept young master's proposal!"

He was not afraid that he would be turned into a mere soul slave. What he was most afraid was getting turned into a mindless puppet.

He was primarily a servant, degrading to a soul slave for a century might be frustrating but if he could gain more power, he thought that it might be worth it.

Since his young master promised not to control his will, then he was assured that he will still have his consciousness with him. The only thing he would have to ensure is to maintain loyalty. If he could do that, then he would be able to grow alongside his young master.

The already hundred-year-old Marc's expression was all smiles... All he could think was this was such a huge opportunity to him.

'If I let this go then I would truly be a fool' Or so he thought.

Chapter 185 Robbery

Jackson smiled lightly with a faint air of superiority, he lifted up his hands and flicked his finger at Marc's forehead.

Marc felt a shock on his forehead while he felt something foreign invade his soul. He only felt it faintly as he only had a Low-Level Nascent Soul Stage Cultivation.

He started sweating heavily as he felt his soul tremble from the pressure. He did not doubt that if his young master wanted to deprive his will, then it would be a simple matter for him.

"Accept it..." A faint voice echoed deeply inside him, resonating with his soul.

Marc accepted the seal with all his concentration. He was afraid something bad might happen to his soul, possibly injuring it, as he knew that one should be as obedient and compliant as possible when accepting a soul seal.

For if one was not accepting of it, then the soul seal will break or forcibly enslave, injuring the soul in the process.

Of course, this was only the case if the caster of the soul seal was stronger than the one who was being cast on in terms of Soul Cultivation.

Then what would happen if the opposite occurred? The caster's soul would be injured.

Furthermore, every soul cultivator knew this and wasn't a secret in the first place. So Marc tried his best to act like a dog that was in front of its owner.

And without any dramatic effects, he felt his soul being constrained for a moment, and then that feeling disappeared as he started to take in deep breaths as if he used up all his stamina.

Jackson also furrowed his brows but there was still a faint smile on his face as if he expected it to succeed.

"Good!" He uttered but Marc fell unconscious causing him to be taken aback.

He then shook his head and smiled wryly, 'I should make him improve his Soul Forging Cultivation sooner...'

"Aaahhhh!"

"Hmm?" Jackson turned alert.

A painful shout echoed outside the carriage along with carriages being thrashed on the roadway.

He quickly spread out his Soul Sense and found a short masked man riding a horse. His hand had a spear but it quickly got chipped and battered from the usage of the masked man.

Jackson turned solemn and confused but he could certainly tell that he was being targeted by this unknown expert.

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"Hyaah!" Davis made a hoarse sound and swung at the carriage beside him.

The carriage was sent flying from being hit by the blunt side of the spear.

He looked at the sorry state his spear was in and shook his head as he certainly didn't expect for the armour of the carriages to be this strong.

He kept it inside his storage ring and took another spear except it was a Peak-Level Earth Grade Spear, many times stronger than the spear he used before.

"Stop!" An enraged shout echoed out that carried along with a formless pressure that could suppress Nascent Soul Stage Cultivators into losing half their prowess temporarily.

Davis smiled, his right hand moved and cut off the wheels of another carriage causing it to topple over. The spear in his hand danced again, sending the incoming guards flying over all the place like sandbags. Quickly a silhouette emerged from the main carriage and landed in front of him.

"Who are you!?" Jackson summoned a sword and pointed at him.

"I am your Grandpa you sh*thead! Can't you see? This is a robbery! Now hand over whatever you have on you!" An old and decrepit voice echoed out from Davis's mouth.

"You! Do you know who I am!?" Jackson was stunned before being infuriated. Originally he thought the other party was an assassin but now, it seemed to be a bandit?

Even bandits had the gall to threaten him. He felt his face burn from shame!

"Young Master Jackson, right? Obediently hand over your wealth and leave or you shall not escape the wrath of a certain family."

'A certain family?' Jackson turned confused before he shouted, "Old fart! Are you in your right mind? Who would leave their wealth just because someone said so?"

Boom!

Jackson rushed ahead, creating a small crater in the place he stood at while Davis jumped from the horse as he valiantly descended down the horse.

Davis swung down his spear and Jackson slashed as they clashed, creating a boom that echoed two kilometres around.

Both of them came off equally and stared at each other in scrutiny. Jackson had hundreds of thoughts running in his mind while he stared at the mask, wanting to know who was behind that mask with prowess as equal as him.

"Hahaha! Young Master Jackson is powerful and that can be seen at a glance but this time, I'm afraid that young master Jackson would have to obediently run back to his home with his tail between his legs..." Davis faintly sneered.

"What gall!? Do you think you can beat me while possessing the same amount of cultivation? Old fart! While you may have higher cultivation than me, I don't think you can afford the Blackwell Family behind me, no?" Jackson also faintly sneered. He could see that this could become a battle of wits.

"Young Master is correct! This old fart you are talking about can't afford to offend the Blackwell Family..." Davis gave off a sigh of defeat.

Hearing that, Jackson's expression turned into a grin,

"Now that it is clear..."

"I suggest Young Master Jackson to not be hasty..." Davis interrupted and threw an imagery crystal at him.

Jackson caught it and turned wary, "What do you mean?"

"You'll know if you check it..." Davis faintly replied.

Jackson looked at it and determined that it was truly an imagery crystal. Just before he could activate it, he was interrupted again, "Didn't I remind Young Master Jackson to not be hasty? You probably would have to kill all your subordinates if they had a look at it..."

Suddenly, silence encroached the place and only the sound of the whistling wind could be heard.

Chapter 186 Using Someone's Weakness

Jackson's expression changed to an unsightly one.

The guards who were ready to attack at any moment suddenly felt as if their lives would end if they continue to stay here but they didn't move.

Jackson narrowed his eyes and quickly made his decision, "Guards! Watch over him and don't let him escape!"

Saying so, he headed to his carriage.

"Yes!" The guards surrounded him causing Davis to laugh in a hoarse voice, "Haha, don't worry young master. I have no intentions of running away today as the deal is sealed already."

Jackson paid it no heed and entered the carriage and closed it.

Davis just stood and waited patiently for 5 minutes before a gloomy silhouette opened the door and said, "Enter..."

Davis laughed heavily, playing the part of the bandit almost perfectly.

He then entered the carriage with no show of fear in the view of the guards. His confidence and their young master's gloomy voice confirmed their guess.

The guards looked at each other and couldn't help but discuss in hushed voices.

...

Davis went inside and sat, closing the door. He then looked at the unconscious Marc for a few seconds.

"He's my Soul Slave and besides, he is unconscious..." Jackson replied faintly, suppressing the anger in his heart.

"Well well, aren't you honest?" Davis smirked but his expression was hidden by a mask.

Jackson grit his teeth, "Since you can enter my room without alerting me, then you probably have high attainments in Soul Forging Cultivation..."

"Hehe, does this mean that Young Master Jackson surrenders?" Davis cackled.

Jackson stayed silent, doing his best to control his killing intent.

He suppressed his anger and asked, "Is that all?"

"Hmm? I don't know what Young Master Jackson means..." Davis teased but his voice was grating to Jackson's ears.

"I'm asking if you recorded the event after this projection ended too!?" Jackson shouted.

Davis smiled and replied, "Yes..."

It was just a single word but it was enough to make Jackson's face as pale as white.

Jackson's expression froze and it got him ruthlessly and unaware. Many thoughts flashed past his mind after he came out of his reverie.

'Where did I go wrong?'

'Who is this old man?'

'What does he want?'

'Getting the imagery crystal back is top priority! '

'I can't let Imryll's reputation get sullied!'

'Kill him!'

'Make sure nothing leaks out!'

"Make any funny moves and you'll probably only see your family being hunted down by both the families!" Davis sneered but he felt wicked for threatening him with this method. To him, it seemed unscrupulous and shameful to be using this kind of method.

The thought that someone might use this method against him in the future had him alone gave him a feeling of fear and anger.

But that said, he didn't have any methods to complete this mission with this much efficiency.

As the saying goes, if you take up the sword, then you should be prepared to get killed by a sword.

He had killed a lot of people and he knew there's no going back. If so, then what's the use of mulling over whether if it's black or white?

All he knew was that what he's doing now should be in the grey zone as he wasn't going to use the imagery crystal in case the negotiation went awry.

He decided that unless his life or his close one's life was in absolute danger, he wouldn't do things that ended up in black.

Jackson clenched his fists and felt helpless for the second time in his life.

First was when the Blackwell Family took his family hostage, forcing him to marry, and the second was the present.

If his will wasn't strong, then it wouldn't be surprising if he went crazy or slumped into darkness.

For the nth time, he calmed himself down taking deep breaths before he finally asked, "What do you want?"

"The wealth you have right now..." Davis extended his hand.

Jackson felt absolutely reluctant right now but he still hardened his heart and removed the spatial ring from his finger.

Davis got it and checked as he secretly felt glad, "Good!"

"Now tell your guards that you're encountering closed-door cultivation right now. Tell them to not disturb you, but only stand guard."

"What are you planning?" Jackson felt ill at ease.

"Of course, I have to make a clean escape right now and for that, you'll have to knock yourself out."

"Give me the imagery crystal first..." Jackson uttered.

"As long as you don't take revenge on me, I'll never leak this information..." Davis shook his head.

Jackson sneered as if he was looking at a fool, "You think I'm a fool?"

"You have no choice except to believe me..."

A few seconds passed in silence before Davis said, "Do as I say and you'll have nothing to fear. I'm not one bit interested in your affairs."

"You expect me to believe that?" Jackson furiously spat out.

"I'm a bandit with my own way of doing things. I'll only target once and move on to the next. Now that I stole your wealth, I'll move on to the next target. But if you feel that you have the need to eliminate me, feel free to end this farce..."

Jackson stared at him in utter hatred and confusion. The things this old fart said seemed like a way out for him as well.

He considered and pondered seriously for a while before he did as he said.

Being helpless and not being able to see the light with this case, he had no choice but to comply.

He informed the guards outside and knocked himself out.

After a while, Davis came out while the guards looked at him warily.

Davis laughed, "Haha! Don't worry! Your young master has encountered an opportunity to breakthrough. Guard him well!"

Saying so, he left in the direction of Elmer Town while riding the horse, leaving behind a bunch of confused guards.

But they still continued guarding the carriage thinking that their young master was really at the doorstep of a breakthrough even though they had their doubts.

Chapter 187 Loot

Roughly after an hour.

Jackson woke up finding himself still in the carriage. He looked around and heaved a sigh of relief for that but the hatred in his heart surged as he subconsciously shouted out, "Damn you old fart!"

The guards outside were useless, the butler had fainted and he didn't bring his protector from his family because he was going to meet Imryll.

He continued to curse in his mind till he found the sight of two imagery crystals.

'Is that what I think it is?' A faint hope and wishful thinking emerged on his mind as a thought but he didn't dare to keep pondering on it.

He quickly grabbed the imagery crystals and viewed it.

As soon as he found out that it was he thought, he turned jubilant.

He then continued to check and found no clues of that old fart in it.

Heaving a sigh of relief, he said, "Old fart, since you are not ruthless, I will leave this matter at hand, but if you dare provoke me again, don't think you're going to get lucky!"

Crack!

Tightening his grip, he broke the crystals until he confirmed that there were no other pieces of evidence left.

Then he took the letter that was below where the imagery crystals had been placed.

"You young one should consider yourself lucky that you've met a morally upright bandit. If it were any other bandit, I'm sure that they would have even sucked the wealth of your whole family. That said, as the old fart that you endear, I should leave some advice before leaving."

"No matter what, you young ones should consider three things... What to do? When to do? And where to do? If not, you'll meet people like me..."

Jackson had veins erupting on his forehead as he silently cursed, "You shameless old fart!"

.....

By the time Jackson woke up, Davis had already given back the horse he had rented, plus, he returned to the inn without the disguise as if nothing happened.

If they followed his trail, they'll only be able to follow him to the horse he had rented, or the alley he had changed his disguise.

From there, it'll be challenging for them to locate him, and by the time they find the inn, he would've already left. That is if they've managed to find his trail surprisingly in the first place.

"Let's see what we have here..." Davis grinned while sitting on the bed.

He was now the embodiment of a child eager to open a gift box to check its content.

Davis injected his energy into the spatial ring. He had long formed a blood connection with it as Jackson voluntarily removed his mark before handing it over to him.

Davis was visibly surprised and could see why Jackson was a genius despite coming from an Earth Grade Family.

Looks like the thing he said about raiding the tomb of a Sixth Stage Expert wasn't entirely false.

The spatial ring had a storage space of 800 cubic metres and had a lot of stuff in it.

Davis could guess that this was a High-Level Sky Grade spatial ring by considering its internal storage.

Looking at the contents, he felt rich.

At one side of the space, he saw some thumb-sized transparent, colourless stones.

"Spirit Stones!" He exclaimed at the amount.

There were around 48 of it lying around in the space.

"So many... What else? I sensed a high-grade medicinal ingredient before, ah, there it is... Hmm? What herb is this?"

Davis pondered while looking at the green herb with white spots that were in a jade box. It gave off a very pure aroma that heightened his senses.

He couldn't find the name of this herb with his knowledge. Sighing gently, he thought to himself wryly, 'Looks like I have to increase my knowledge by reading books again...'

Like that, there were other ingredients of various grades which he couldn't identify. There were also some that he could identify but they were all of High-Level Earth Grade or less.

There were plenty of materials that could be useful to refine weapons as well but he wasn't sure about that since he was no blacksmith.

He then scanned a direction to find a table that was stacked with books. He spread his sense around and read the title of the books.

Alchemy Tier - 1, Alchemy Tier - 2, Alchemy Tier - 3 Basic, Alchemy Tier - 3 Advanced, Alchemy Tier - 4 Basic...

Blacksmith Tier - 1, Blacksmith Tier - 2, Blacksmith Tier - 3 Basic, Blacksmith Tier - 3 Advanced, Blacksmith Tier - 4 Basic, Blacksmith Tier - 4 Advanced, Blacksmith Tier - 5 Basic...

"Oh, was Jackson aiming to be an Alchemist and Blacksmith at the same time? Commendable indeed..." Davis casually commented and continued to read, "Oh, we have Cultivation Manuals here..."

Storm Piercing Sword Manual, Mid-Level Sky Grade, Energy Condensation Cultivation Manual.

Heart Mountain Manual, High-Level Sky Grade, Body Tempering Cultivation Manual.

Eclipse Soul Moulding Manual, Peak-Level Sky Grade, Soul Forging Cultivation Manual.

These three were the highest grade cultivation manuals he could find. The Heart Mountain Manual was stronger than his Tyrant Body Secrets but it was not worth changing his cultivation technique right now.

Storm Piercing Sword looked like a wind-lightning energy cultivation manual but when he skimmed it, he found it only to be a wind energy cultivation manual.

Finally, the Eclipse Soul Moulding Art.

Davis took it out and read it as he squeezed his forehead.

'What the hell is this?' Davis couldn't understand heads or tails of it.

His understanding of the soul was that shallow despite his Soul Forging Cultivation. Unless someone explained it to him, it would take a long time for him to decipher it.

That said, he was able to at least gather some information from it.

Like, he needed to get an Eclipse Soul Bug, a Magical Beast of Sky Grade to cultivate it.

"Tch, useless!" His mood turned for the worse but continued to view other cultivating manuals.

They were all good but didn't catch his eye. Suddenly he stopped and took a book out that was filled with shady inscriptions and drawings.

Chapter 188 Cultivating Essence Gathering Cultivation After A Long Time

It was nothing more than a Peak-Level Earth Grade, Energy Condensation Cultivation Manual. In a few months or years, it would turn obsolete for him but he couldn't help but gulp in the presence of it.

"A Dual Cultivation Manual..." Davis muttered as he read the name of the manual.

Yin-Yang Merit Sutra...

In the Second Layer, there were Earth Grade Dual Cultivation Manuals but all of them were only useful for plucking cultivation, not for cultivating together.

As for the latter, only a few Mortal Grade Manuals were found giving out that method.

Unfortunately, this made dual cultivation seem evil in the eyes of people of the Grand Sea Continent, which made it not suitable for development.

This was why he didn't see any people who dual cultivated in the Grand Sea Continent.

'If only the path of Dual Cultivation moved in the right direction...' Davis sighed as dual cultivation techniques were scarce and looked down upon. He found it quite lamentable that they didn't move in the right direction.

That said, his eyes were not fast but slowly moving, studying the details of the shady yet obscene art.

Time passed...

A few minutes later, he looked up and clapped as he shook his head, "Marvelous..."

"But how do I get Evelynn to read this?" He blurted out but could imagine the blush creeping up on her face. He chuckled as he kept it inside.

"Alright, we'll see about that when the time comes... Now..."

His senses moved to another table which had cultivation techniques. He looked at them for quite a while but couldn't find anything useful.

There were a total of 20 million purple coins, plenty of Earth Grade swords and pills, even a few Sky Grade ones.

"This guy doesn't have spears? A pity..."

Transferring all of his possessions to the High-Level Sky Grade Spatial Ring, he threw the previous ring inside it as well.

As for all the communication crystals, he kept them all in one of his low-grade spatial rings he kept for backup purposes.

Suddenly, he realised that if he could've taken the spatial rings from the geniuses he killed in the spatial tunnel, he would've been ultra-rich by now.

'Well, I bet the people behind me took those and a huge fight broke out for it... Maybe there might be even casualties...' He pondered for a second and the image of a woman clad in red flashed past his mind. He then shrugged and got out of the bed.

He disguised himself as someone else and left Elmer Town.

.....

Half a day later, he arrived at the Cloud Spring Mercenaries Headquarters.

He straight away went to the Mission Hall and told that he completed the mission.

To his surprise, the lady nodded her head and handed over a badge which looked like the symbol on his uniform.

"How did you know I completed the mission? Aren't you afraid that I'm lying?" Davis asked as he attached the badge on his chest.

The receptionist lady gently laughed before saying in a mysterious manner, "We have our means..."

"I see, Captain Gyrus must have told you..." Davis smiled as he said.

"How did y...!" The lady went wide-eyed and almost blurted out before she closed her mouth. Though it was useless now since the cat's out of the bag.

He then grinned as he shook his head, 'This lady must've been used to gossiping...'

Suddenly, a voice sounded from behind him, "Young man, how did you find me?"

Davis turned and looked at him as he smiled again, "I didn't..."

Gyrus's eyes frowned in confusion, "Then how..."

"Because from time to time I felt someone gazing at me without any hostile intent behind it."

"I see... you must have sharp senses for that but how did you figure out that it was me?"

"That was just a guess, and her reaction confirmed my guess..." He calmly stated.

"So I gave myself out by walking in here... huh? For some reason, I feel defeated..." Gyrus sighed before he continued, "It must've been at that time, right?"

"Yes, you made yourself a suspect the moment you came to call Lucas and Lucia back."

"I thought so..." Gyrus nodded his head and just when he was about to open his mouth...

"I know that you're following orders, but I don't find it amusing to be monitored. You saw what happened to Young Master Jackson, right?"

"Yes..."

"That could happen to me one day and I don't appreciate that clearly, meaning..."

"Alright, I'll inform our leader about this..." Gyrus clasped his hands and bowed slightly before he made his leave.

Davis stood there pondering for a while before he went back to his room. He didn't care if his disguise as a child was blown or seen through.

The receptionist lady was already on the verge of crying but later sighed in relief as no one came to bother her back.

...

As soon as he set foot inside his room, he sat on the bed in the lotus position.

"Time to breakthrough..." He uttered and revolved the energy in his meridians to the dantian.

His Energy Condensation Cultivation which was halted for a long time showed some signs of improvement.

In one hand, he took out a spirit stone and started absorbing the energy out of it into his dantian.

His dantian continued to be filled with energy.

One stone, two stones, three stones, five stones, ten stones, twenty stones and twenty-five stones.

Davis grit his teeth in pain. His dantian felt like it could explode at any moment.

'This is it! I have to combine all the energy into a core!'

There were many methods that one could use to evolve their core but what Davis used was one of the most basic yet simplest method in the book.

At this point, he felt that if he was right in his decision because of the scarcity of spirit stones. He only had a few dozen left.

'No, regret at this point will only result in backlash!' Thinking so, he made up his mind but at the last moment, danger and inspiration, both struck him.

The energy he trapped in his dantian, leaked and entered back into the meridians.

He turned aghast, if this continued, then he would surely ruin his own meridians, even possibly crippling himself.

Using his wits, he brought five more spirit stones and absorbed them, flooding his meridians.

Veins erupted, his muscles bulged and his expression incredibly pale yet he grit his fists tightly.

'It's fine! My body can handle this!' He chanted in his mind again and again as the pain increased.

Chapter 189 Entering Revolving Core Stage

A few seconds later, his dantian and meridians were completely flooded with energy making him glow slightly like an electrical bulb.

"Now!" A low shout escaped from his mouth as he drove the third layer of Extinction Lightning Judgement.

Immediately, the energy that ran rampant in his dantian started to swirl and converge in a single point, revolving in the centre.

All the energy he collected flowed towards the revolving core that was starting to take shape.

Its size increased from the size of a pigeon egg to the size of a football. Time passed as he clenched his teeth in agony.

However, only the energy in his meridians was left to be absorbed.

A minute later, the energy in his meridians was taken in, leaving a revolving core that was three times the size of a basketball.

His dantian itself was on the verge of an explosion but he suddenly shouted, "Compress!"

A huge muffled sound echoed in his body as the revolving core was compressed to the size of a basketball.

"Compress!"

Boom! His muscles and veins that returned to normal size, enlarged once again.

Because he failed to compress it anymore, all the strength he used to suppress backlashed and injured his body including his organs and flesh.

Blood seeped down from his mouth in copious amounts. He even bled from his nose and ears while his eyes were bloodshot.

"Compress!"

Bzzz!

Lightning shot off from his eyes as said once more.

Bzzz!

The revolving core in his dantian quickly started reducing.

Yes, it was reducing instead of compressing, because he was using the extinction lightning in his dantian to refine the revolving core!

At this point, he couldn't care less of injuries and sequelae. Going all out, using any means necessary he had to bring the revolving core the size of a pigeon's egg or else his breakthrough might end in failure.

Time passed as he grit his teeth while refining his own revolving core. Talk about suicide...

Even though it looked like he was crazy, he was incredibly careful in refining. He only refined the outer core, not daring to refine deep inside.

Beads of sweat flowing down, slightly tainted with blood could be seen.

This excruciating process went on for hours before he finally succeeded in refining the core into a pure revolving core that sparkled with black lightning, its size became that of a pigeon egg.

It looked almost pitch black and if weighed, it seemed like it would amount to millions of kilograms in terms of mass like a black hole.

Although not exactly a black hole, such a mass of energy revolved in his dantian.

After the process ended, he found himself beyond tired and also exhilarated, beaming with energy. As if of on both ends on a rope, with his battered body and exhausted soul, he lost consciousness while willing allowing it to take place.

...

A day later, he woke up feeling rejuvenated as the exhaustion went away leaving only the feeling of the breakthrough.

He took some pills, revolved the Tyrant Body Secrets and felt that he was somewhat close to the next breakthrough.

Next, he revolved Sacred Luminance Mist, restoring his soul force as time slowly ticked by seamlessly into the horizon.

His mouth curved into a smile as he knew that the breakthrough helped him in various ways.

Using his Fourth Stage Body Tempering Cultivation to withstand the backlash, and Fourth Stage Soul Forging Cultivation to help refine the core with concentration and accuracy, only an anomaly like him could've done it in the first place.

And most people would have a high Energy Condensation Cultivation and a low Body Tempering Cultivation, rendering their body weak in case anything goes wrong.

If someone tried it like him, there's a ninety-nine percent chance that they would've exploded into pieces while trying to refine their own Revolving Core as it isn't much different from blowing up oneself in a different context.

Only after reaching the Revolving Core Stage would one get the opportunity to cultivate the soul, but to this seamless rule, Davis was an exception.

As he checked the Revolving Core in his Dantian, he noticed the minute yet visible peculiarities in it.

"My revolving core mutated?" He muttered under his breath as he drew a gasp.

'A normal person's revolving core is transparent at the beginning, later changing colours according to the law they cultivate in Energy Condensation Cultivation. Mine should be the same, later changing colours but... this... the composition itself is different.'

He was quite sure that his Revolving Core had undergone a qualitative change but he was not an expert.

That said, he was sure that his Revolving Core had at least achieved the first grade in terms of quality. Maybe, it was even purer and he just didn't know it with his current knowledge.

According to his mother, there were at least four grades with the fourth being the weakest and the first being the strongest.

'Mother said that there was actually a device to test my Revolving Core's grade, I wonder if they have it?' Davis thought but decided to not consult anyone about this.

No one here was his enemies but they were not his friends either.

Consulting might turn out to be worse and they might even suddenly discover his weakness which he might not even know, so he couldn't afford to make a mistake at this point.

Davis suddenly stood up and placed a step in the air. His foot didn't stop there but descended down on the floor.

He again took a step and another, this time, actually managing to step on the air.

"I am actually standing on air..." Davis blinked and took a step again till he hit the ceiling.

'This is a very different feeling, different from when I flew with my soul body...' He thought.

If he could step on the air, then he could probably use his energy to propel himself to fly or float.

And as expected, he floated to and fro around the room carefully, experiencing the feel. After floating around like that for a few minutes, he got the hang of it.

Dropping on the bed, he had a wide smile on his face.

Floating or walking in the air didn't take much of his energy as it got replenished soon enough, but he felt that if he were to actually fly at full speed, it would start draining his energy gradually.

"Hehe, I got stronger and will get stronger..." Somehow, being able to fly got him high and delusional about what he will be able to do in the future, after gaining enough power to rule the world.

Chapter 190 This Is A Mercenary Group...

The next day, Davis woke up gradually, feeling refreshed and motivated.

It might feel silly but even an 80-year-old mortal might find excitement in being able to fly. To say any less of him...

Changing his clothes to the Cloud Spring Mercenary uniform, he went out of his room and headed to the Mission Hall.

There, he saw the receptionist lady again, who suddenly stiffened upon catching sight of him.

'This is already the third time we're meeting, guess I'll ask her name...' Davis thought as he smiled at her.

Maybe it was because he was in a good mood, his smile seemed harmless enough that made the reception lady's nervousness go away.

"What's your name?"

The receptionist lady blinked and replied, "Sasha..."

"Elder Sister Sasha, is there any mission suitable for me?" Davis asked and explained about his prowess while leaving out the part of his Soul Cultivation.

"Am... Amazing... You're only 12 years old... yet, you reached the Silver Body Stage and Revolving Core Stage!?" Sasha's eyes were sparkling yet it held quite an amount of suspicion and curiosity.

"You sure that you're not an old man disguising to be a child?" She questioned out of spite but it was mainly to get him to confess the truth.

Davis chuckled and said jokingly, "I'm a middle-aged man disguising as a child..."

"Really? I knew it! I'm only 28 years old and if you were not really even half my age, I should just look for a bottomless abyss to die!" Sasha sighed in relief.

Davis's expression changed before he started laughing again, "Isn't it easy to believe in what you want to believe?"

Sasha looked confused before her cheeks reddened in shame, thinking that she had been outwitted by a 12-year-old kid.

Then her expression looked complicated as she once more questioned him, "Then are you really just 12 years old?"

Davis nodded his head while her expression turned awful before sighing in defeat, "Originally, I thought I wasn't so bad but when compared with people like you, there's no chance is there?"

Davis shook his head and said, "Life is unpredictable... You never know what might happen the next day or the next moment..."

"I see..." Sasha said with a weak smile.

'Phew... That was close, I never expected her to believe me so easily that I'm a middle-aged man.' Davis gasped in his heart.

She then moved around and brought some scrolls while placing them on the table, "Well, these are all the missions that you could complete with your prowess..."

"Thanks!" Davis politely replied and took a look into it.

[

Mission Title: Steel Back Boar Cores

Description: Collect the Sky Beast Stage Cores of Steel Back Boars residing in the forest of Kyle.

Reward: 80-200 Cloud Spring points for each core.

Limitations: Warrior Class

]

"Is this fine? I don't have the warrior badge yet..." Davis frowned as he looked at the limitation.

"Ah... I forgot to inform you that Leader Daniuis has sent this to you as a form of apology." Sasha ran and came back, having a badge that looked shinier than the one on his uniform.

She then gave it to him and he wore it without a word of thanks but only a nod.

He then looked at the other three scrolls on his table.

[

Mission Title: Five Clawed Rats.

Description: Exterminate the Five Clawed Rats infesting Jie Ming Town.

Reward: 5000 Cloud Spring points will be rewarded upon confirmed completion.

Limitations: Warrior Class

]

[

Mission Title: Bandit Extermination

Description: Exterminate the bandits holed up in the Farz Mountains.

Reward: 3000 Cloud Spring points.

Limitations: Warrior Class

]

[

Mission Title: Tomb Investigation

Description: Investigate Quade's Tomb situated in the West End Valley for a few days and report

Reward: 1500+ Cloud Spring points rewarded depending on the findings of the mercenary.

Limitations: Warrior Class

]

"Can I accept them all?" Davis questioned, not sure if he could accept many missions at once since it would be a bother to complete a mission and return to the headquarters rather than to complete all the missions and head to the headquarters.

Sasha smiled, "Of course, you can accept many missions as you want but if there are more than a single mission you have currently accepted, then you will have to pay 5% of the Cloud Spring points you gain from the reward every month in case if you haven't completed those missions."

"Hmm? Why is that?" Davis's expression turned confused, so he asked.

"This is probably to keep people from hoarding missions..." Sasha replied as she placed a finger on her chin.

"Oh? Only a limited number of people can accept that single mission?"

"Yes, only a few scrolls exist for the mission you have accepted. So if someone wants to finish this mission, then they will either have to join your team or search for the others who have accepted this mission and convince them to let them join their team."

Suddenly, she widened her eyes, "That's right, I almost forgot again! Lucas and Lucia wanted to form a team with you after you had completed the recruit's mission."

Davis nodded, "Is that so? Well, tell them that I'll leave tomorrow morning and if they're up for it, to meet me at the Northern Gate."

"Understood, I'll inform them!" Sasha nodded as she smiled.

Davis nodded and left.

Just when he was halfway to the exit, he stopped and turned back, "Do you know how can I get spirit stones?"

"They're being sold in the treasury! 100 Cloud Spring points each!"

'Expensive!' Davis thought, then asked, "What if I sold them to the treasury?"

"Usually, it's 80% of the buying price, so it should be 80 Cloud Spring points each..."

'Holy sh*t! This is a rip off! Contribution points my ass! This is just plain robbery!'

"Well, this isn't a sect but a mercenary group..." Sasha wryly smiled at his face fully knowing what was on his mind.

"But they would offer two, or maybe even more times the price for an item that isn't listed on the treasury..."

"Oh..." Davis nodded his head, thanked her and left.