

## Chapter 190: The Assortment of Abilities

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Firstly, the speed of switching states was too slow. It required at least a second, but a real Shepherd could switch instantly. Secondly, the controlled soul could only use one to three abilities before the person died. As for what abilities could be used and

how powerful they were, that all depended on luck. On the other hand, a real Shepherd could decide on the three abilities. They didn't have to gamble like they were at a casino. Lastly, Creeping Hunger could only have five souls at the same time, while a real Shepherd could have seven.

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

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

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

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

*It's a pity that I didn't find the Traveler over the past few days. Otherwise, I wouldn't have to worry about anything tonight.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Qilangos nodded indiscernibly and pressed his right hand forward slightly.

*Whoosh!*

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

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

*Creak!*

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

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

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

Suddenly, Qilangos's eyes shone like lightning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Flog!"

*Pa! Pa!*

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

Then, Duke Negan leaned forward and held his right fist. He

declared in an imposing manner, “Death!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Whoosh!*

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

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

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

*How is that possible?!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once he shook off his pursuers, he could change his appearance



and blend into the massive population of Backlund of more than five million people.

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

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

He couldn't inform the other Beyonders in time.

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

It meant that Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos had escaped.