

Chapter 191: Unclear Motives

Qilangos lost his pursuers with the help of the wind after crossing a man-made lake.

He surveyed his surroundings, intending to create the illusion that he had entered a ditch to escape into the Tussock River before turning to the financial center of Backlund, the Hillston Borough.

At that moment, his field of vision suddenly blurred. He saw the colors around him saturate in the darkness.

The green trees became greener, their red fruits even redder. The dark blackness of the water became darker. Everything appeared to be splashed with pastel paint.

Under the sky where the crimson moon was obscured, there were many indescribable, transparent figures, as well as different lustrous splendors that contained mysterious knowledge.

Qilangos found himself coming to a halt as he floated in midair. Beneath his feet, dark water continually rose towards him. Under the water were pale white palms, reaching out for him.

Not good! Qilangos realized that he had been ambushed.

And the ambusher was definitely not weak!

A giant humanoid skeleton suddenly appeared before him. The

monster was four meters tall, and burning in its eye sockets were pitch black flames. The bones on its body were blurry and illusory.

Qilangos gave his enemy an expressionless look as he let out a sneer.

At the same time, the glove on his left hand released a radiant light, appearing as if it was cast out of pure gold.

Qilangos leaned back and spread his arms wide, as though he was trying to hug the sun.

A bolt of pure, burning brilliance descended from the sky, enveloping the giant skeleton. The pastel-like world quaked in response, and the pale hands under the dark water evaporated one by one.

This was the Beyonder powers of the Priest of Light!

It was a Beyonder power from the Sun's Sequence 5 pathway!

It was the nemesis of the undead!

The radiant pillar of light dissipated, and the pitch black flames of the giant skeleton instantly extinguished. It then turned transparent as it disintegrated in the air.

Before Qilangos had the time to use the abilities of the Priest of Light to dispel the pastel-like world, his expression abruptly turned rigid.

He saw another giant skeleton appear to his left. It was also four meters tall, its eyes burning with a black flame, identical to the monster from before.

Immediately following that, the same skeletal monster appeared around Qilangos, one after another. One, two, three... there were more than a hundred of them!

More than a hundred pairs of burning black flames cast their gaze onto their target at the same time.

Underneath him, the dark water surface rose higher, almost coming into contact with Qilangos's feet.

Pale white hands extended outward, flailing them around constantly, as though they were grabbing at a life-saving straw.

...

“Spread out and pursue him. Try to corner him,” Instructed the Cardinal—Ace Snake. He conjured a typhoon and took to the air, flying toward the direction where Qilangos had fled.

Duke Negan and the rest didn’t join the ranks of Mandated Punishers in consideration of their statuses; instead, they stood at the windows or balconies to observe. It was also at this moment when the ordinary nobles who were running around frantically slowly calmed down.

Due to the darkness and the undulating shouts, they were unsure of what exactly happened. All they knew was that Duke Negan might have encountered an assassin.

Alger Wilson clenched his jaw and ran out of Duke Negan's mansion, following the path of the municipal garden into the Hillston Borough.

He wasn't willing to miss this opportunity, no matter how small the hope was!

Suddenly, he heard a voice which was carried to him by the wind, "There's no need to continue the pursuit."

No need to continue the pursuit? The voice of Cardinal Snake...
Alger stopped after just running a few steps forward. He turned to look into the sky, puzzled.

He saw Cardinal Snake, who was wearing a black robe adorned with many storm symbols, floating above the forest and the man-made lake and staring down.

Alger creased his brows and sped over to where the Cardinal was without considering the reason.

As he neared his position, he made use of his Seafarer abilities to get a clearer look.

The Spellsinger of God showed no expression, but his posture made it evident that he was serious. His exposed white hair that peeked out from under his black hat swayed with the wind, accentuating his stern silver eyes.

Alger retracted his gaze and ran out of the forest.

The scene of the calm pond reflecting the crimson moonlight

suddenly appeared in his eyes. On the pond's surface, a tall figure was floating near the bank.

That figure had a unique wide jaw, his brown hair was tied in a ponytail. His dark green eyes were cold, yet blank.

Qilangos!

Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos!

Alger was taken aback at first, then he felt both surprise and joy. He couldn't believe his eyes. and even suspected that the darkness was causing him to hallucinate.

Before he could react, he suddenly saw Qilangos's face rot rapidly. It oozed a yellow-green liquid, his flesh peeling off piece by piece.

Pat! Pat! Pat!

All that was left of Qilangos's face was a skull, his two vacant eyeballs fell from their sockets and onto the ground beside the lake.

Qilangos fell apart completely. His clothes draped over his rotting flesh and white bones and blocked the sparkling radiance.

In less than twenty seconds, one of the Seven Pirate Admirals, Qilangos, had died mysteriously in front of Alger's eyes.

This shocking scene was etched deeply into Alger's mind. It made

him suspect if he was having a terrifying nightmare.

What was happening?

Didn't Qilangos escape successfully?

Why did he die so simply, yet so mysteriously here?

What did he encounter, for him to lose his life in such a short amount of time...

He's a Sequence 6 Wind-blessed, the owner of Creeping Hunger!

Who did it?

What was the motive for killing Qilangos...

Just as countless ideas flooded Alger's mind, he heard Spellsinger of God, Ace Snake's, charismatic voice, "Did you give the information to anyone else?"

"Is there anyone else who knows of this information?"

Alger quickly calmed down. He glanced at Qilangos's remains and gave an explanation that he had prepared.

"I reported the information to you the moment I found out about it."

He couldn't help but grumble inwardly. If it wasn't for the fact that Ace Snake had gone for a walk along the Tussock River, forcing me to spend time finding him, Qilangos might not have even escaped Duke Negan's mansion!

Of course, he didn't dare say this in front of a High-Sequence Beyonder. He could only respectfully and humbly continue, "The personnel who received the information directly even sacrificed himself for it, and no one opened the letter during its transfer, I can vouch for this.

"But I cannot confirm if there was a leak at the source of this information. Since we could learn of it, others might have too."

As Alger spoke, he formulated some guesses about who killed Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos.

The person or organization who tasked Qilangos to assassinate Duke Negan? Since Qilangos had already successfully escaped and there was no threat of any information leaks, there's no need to kill him... If it were me, I would get Qilangos to lay low and try another assassination attempt when everyone was certain that he had left Backlund...

Also, Qilangos only trusts himself, so he wouldn't tell his assassination plan to anyone. Duke Negan has been organizing gatherings lately in preparation for his bill proposal in September, so there are abundant opportunities. Other than Qilangos himself, there's no one who can correctly predict when he would strike. Unless that person was a Prophet... But that is unlikely...

Other factions? Not possible. Miss Justice prayed to Mr. Fool to relay the information the moment she noticed a problem. There was no way another organization could've received the information at the same time...

Mr. Fool... Alger was shocked as he thought of a possibility.

The person who struck was Mr. Fool's Blessed!

He happened to be in Backlund and thus lent a hand!

The more he thought about it, the more Alger felt that this guess was close to the truth.

Only the members and subordinates of the Tarot Club could've received the information in time!

Only the help of The Fool's Blessed could make it seem so mysterious and without motive!

Just as he was immersed in his thoughts, Cardinal Snake fell silent for a moment. He told the rest of the Mandated Punishers who were making their way over, "Qilangos is dead. A High-Sequence Beyonder, or someone who used a Sealed Artifact of a similar-level killed him. But this is rather dangerous and highly unlikely.

"After a preliminary analysis, I believe that the High-Sequence Beyonder is of the pathway of Death, perhaps a member of the Numinous Episcopate, but not someone I know of. There's also the possibility of it being a member of another secret organization.

"The motive is unclear."

The Numinous Episcopate originated from the Southern Continent. Legend has it that it was first formed by a descendant

of Death in an attempt to revive Death. They were nearly eradicated after the Southern Continent was colonized, but they stubbornly survived and spread toward the countries of the Northern Continent.

A High-Sequence Beyonder... Yes, only a High-Sequence Beyonder could kill Qilangos in such a short amount of time! Just a mere Blessed of Mr. Fool is already at such a high sequence... That's a Demigod! Alger once again looked at the pile of flesh and bone. He felt dissociated from everything as if he had lost all his emotion. He stood there in a daze, watching everything.

If I happened to betray Mr. Fool one day... He suddenly had such a thought.

Immediately, the terrifying scene of Qilangos rapidly rotting appeared in his mind.

Alger couldn't help but shiver and lower his head.

At the same time, he relaxed.

Since he couldn't escape or fight back, then he could only choose to be loyal.

Phew... With Qilangos dead, no one can threaten me with that secret anymore! He exhaled, his worries completely vanishing.

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In Duke Negan's mansion, Audrey Hall, who was discussing the assassination with her mother and the other nobles, saw her

father appear at the door.

She found an excuse and left the resting room for the balcony at the main hall.

“Father, is something wrong?” Audrey looked at Earl Hall with her green eyes.

Her green eyes had come from her mother, not her father.

Earl Hall smiled.

“It’s been resolved, my child. You need not worry any longer.

“Hmm... Did you tell anyone that Baron Gramir was an imposter?”

“No.” Audrey shook her head firmly.

I only told an almost godlike existence... She added in her heart.

She thought for a moment, then explained herself, “After I told you, I went to the bathroom, then to where Mother was. You can ask her.”

“I see.” Earl Hall nodded and didn’t say anything else before mentioning, “Qilangos is dead. Someone killed him.”

“Who?” Audrey was as shocked as she was excited.

"No idea. We can't even figure out why the murderer killed Qilangos. It's truly incomprehensible." Earl Hall paused. "Perhaps, it's a person or an organization, a secret and powerful organization."

Unclear motive... A secret, powerful organization... Could it be Mr. Fool's Blessed? It could be our Tarot Club! Audrey suddenly had an epiphany.