

# THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

## Chapter 1: The Misfortune of Luck

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At dusk, deep clouds drifted over Xisis Port, obscuring the setting sun, and the sky abruptly darkened.

Soon after, accompanied by furious winds and thunder, torrential rain drenched the entirety of South Los.

Large raindrops pelted the windows of 333 Russell Street, converging into rivulets before they could splatter, quickly spilling over the window frame, cascading down the second-story walls, and rushing over the slanted roof of the first floor.

Half streamed toward the ground along the eaves, the other half seeped through the roof's seams, dripping into the hall and landing in the midst of a crimson puddle.

The rain diluted the color of fresh blood, and just as the resulting ripples began to subside, a palm slapped onto the surface, shattering the accumulated water.

Mo Qishang propped himself up with one hand, shakily rising to his feet.

Away from the disturbance of the palm, the dripping rain quickly gathered a pool, mixing with the blood, reflecting Mo Qishang like a red mirror—clad in a brown vest and a white shirt.

Mo Qishang stared blankly at his youthful appearance in the bloodstained reflection.

The crimson distorted the youthfulness.

It made the innocence seem eerie.

Frowning slightly, Mo Qishang subconsciously wanted to move away, but as soon as he did, an unbearable pain erupted from the back of his head.

Hiss!

Mo Qishang inhaled sharply, his eyes narrowing immediately after.

He remembered what had happened before.

"Was I hit by a truck?"

"All I wanted was to fetch some fries at the docks!"

Mo Qishang murmured to himself.

Suddenly!

His expression jolted.

Because—

"My phone's browsing history... wasn't cleared!"

Realizing he hadn't accomplished that critical task even after dragging his half-body over ten meters, Mo Qishang's muscles tensed instantly, particularly his ten toes which gripped the soles of his shoes firmly.

That was the instinctual reaction to the ultimate embarrassment of social death.

But soon, Mo Qishang couldn't concern himself with that anymore.

More intense pain arrived, causing Mo Qishang's eyes to widen as memories flooded his mind, force-fed like a duck—

"Hiss!"

"I am Arthur Kledos. Orphaned at a young age, I was raised by my grandfather Old Charlie, along with two uncles and an aunt.

Uncle Winters, who was most favored to inherit the family business, disappeared three years ago due to family affairs.

Uncle Drake sent a letter six months ago, claiming he had become an 'Apprentice Knight' in Woodlace Fort up north.

Aunt Cassandra was sent to a girls' school in Inner Bay by Grandfather a year ago.

And I, Arthur Kledos, should have been the sole heir to the family business, but Grandfather did not wish it so. He hoped I could have a better life, just like Aunt Cassandra.

But I didn't want that. I wanted to inherit the family business and become an exceptional 'Spirit Medium'!

So, while Grandfather went to Barny to fulfill a client's request, I too, took on a task to expel an evil spirit on my own..."

Moments of 'Arthur Kledos' life flashed through his mind like scenes from a black-and-white film.

Mo Qishang couldn't help but furrow his brows.

He didn't mind living here using 'Arthur Kledos' identity, nor did he mind that the Kledos Family's business was that of spirit mediums.

Even if it was an outright deception, he didn't care.

What he minded was the man before him—a man with a square face, sporting a meticulously trimmed Van Dyke beard, dressed in a suit, vest, white shirt, and trousers that had just come into vogue in Inner Bay.

The man was the client of Arthur Kledos's current mission.

He was also the person who knocked him out with a blunt hit as soon as he walked through the door.

Undoubtedly, the man looked quite respectable, and his square face allowed him to easily gain people's favor.

Arthur Kledos had been deceived by the man's appearance and attire, leaving him without the slightest guard.

And the man?

He showed no restraint, intent on murder—the blow landed so hard that he clearly heard the back of 'his' skull crack.

Arthur Kledos died with that blow.

He, Mo Qishang, came back to life, borrowing Arthur Kledos's body.

He, now, had become Arthur Kledos.

At this moment, the man appeared overjoyed to see him awaken—

"Really, to have such a special bloodline! Though not truly awakened, what could be better for me?

I thought it was all an exaggeration, just a hope against hope!

But who would've thought, it's actually true!

'The Kledos Family's bloodline is indeed this miraculous!

My luck is too good!"

Looking at the man standing before him, beaming with joy, Arthur, who had stepped into his predecessor's role, really wanted to tell the man that the so-called miraculous bloodline was just a story 'his grandfather' Old Charlie concocted for better business. The 'Kledos Family' had no magical bloodline; they were just a normal family.

As for 'his' declaration more than once in public that he had perfectly inherited the 'Spirit Medium Bloodline'?

That was simply the rebellion of a young man pushed to study hard.

But Arthur Kledos didn't end up speaking.

Because, even if he did, it wouldn't change the man's decision.

The situation had already become one where he was meat on the cutting board, at the mercy of another.

But he truly felt wronged, having to pay for the vanity and competitiveness of a 'predecessor' who was just a rebellious teenager: to engage in a deadly fight with a lunatic!

To Arthur, anyone who kept talking about bloodlines and miracles was clearly insane.

Arthur internally mocked, yet his hands stealthily reached for his boots.

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There was a dagger.

Fighting bare-handed against a lunatic was far inferior to choosing a handy weapon.

But just as Arthur's fingers had barely touched the dagger, the other raised his hand sharply.

Whoosh!

A sturdy hemp rope, darting out from the shadows like a snake, not only tied Arthur's hands and feet together but also formed an extremely shameful bowing posture.

Arthur was thus hung upside down from the ceiling beam, but he could hardly focus on that, his eyes filled with confusion and uncertainty.

What was this?

Magic? A supernatural power?

Arthur was greatly alarmed inwardly.

He had thought the other was just a lunatic, but now it seemed... perhaps not!

Was there really such a thing as a bloodline?

Arthur guessed so, but deep down felt that things were increasingly amiss.

In the memories he had just seen, the predecessor as the 'Spirit Medium Successor' had firmly believed in the existence of mysteries in this world, yet had never encountered any, despite great efforts to find them.

At most, he had encountered two far less significant charlatans compared to the Kledos Family.

But now, the mystery was directly manifested in front of him.

The predecessor had sought it but never found it, yet he had stumbled upon it carelessly.

However, this did not make Arthur happy; rather, it set off alarm bells in his mind.

From his experience, defying the norm was not a good sign.

Moreover, the other had attacked his predecessor before!

In fact, the next moment displayed a scene that caused Arthur's scalp to tingle and would remain unforgettable for his entire life—

As he watched, the man with an ordinary face suddenly raised his hands to grasp the hair on the back of his head and, with a forceful tear—

Crackle!

Amid the sound of fabric ripping, fresh blood flew as if he was undressing, the man tore his skin and flesh off his body.

The bloody, intact human skin was carelessly thrown at his feet, while the blurry figure continued without any sign of pain, using the fresh blood from his body to draw on the ground.

This scene made Arthur feel suffocated, his body stiffening.

"This is a magic circle! It is used to exchange your bloodline!

Why exchange yours and not your grandfather's?

Compared to his cunning, you are far more naive!

Look, I disguised myself as a so-called client, and you walked right into the trap!"

The other mumbled incomprehensibly, hissing like a snake, his voice sounded distant and close to Arthur's ears, though he was clearly standing right in front of him.

Suddenly, a strong urge to vomit arose.

Discomfort made everything before Arthur's eyes seem hazy; he watched dizzily as the other's hands moved together, one drawing the magic circle and the other placing black and white candles along the boundary of the circle.

Soon after, the entire scene became distorted.

When Arthur's vision gradually returned, the so-called magic circle had been completed, forming an '8', with the six black and white candles placed oppositely within each 'o', already lit.

Under the flickering candlelight, the blood-stained flesh on the man and the human skin at his feet flowed into the magic circle like water.

The man finally revealed his true face—

A narrow, pale face, bald on top, with a black serpent tattooed on his scalp.

The serpent opened its mouth, revealing fangs and a crimson tongue, making one's heart tighten upon sight.

But the most terrifying was the man's nose!

Or rather, the absence of a nose, where there were only two pitch-black holes left on his face!

The man, whom Arthur was sizing up, seemed unconcerned as he took a step closer.

Instantly, the black void-like nostrils were right in front of Arthur, causing him to instinctively lift his neck—Arthur wanted to keep away from these nostrils, and at that moment, that was the limit of what the bound Arthur could achieve.

But he was immediately grabbed by the hair and yanked back by the man, who then moved even closer, the hot breath from his nose causing goosebumps on Arthur's neck.

It was as if he was sniffing something on him.

Disgusting, perverse.

Arthur struggled more violently.

If only he could break free, Arthur swore, not only would he punch the man, but he would also harshly stamp on him at least twice, aiming to crush that nauseating face.

Hehehe.

A hoarse, deep laugh squeezed out from the man's throat as he looked at Arthur, as if admiring a unique treasure in someone else's hands.

Greed and malice.

Arthur could clearly see the burning heat that emerged in the man's murky eyes.



So intense that his eyes stung.

Instinctively, Arthur wanted to dodge again.

But the man immediately raised another hand to fix Arthur's jaw, making it impossible for Arthur to dodge, forcing him to look directly at the man.

In just a few seconds, Arthur's eyes involuntarily started streaming with tears.

After another bout of hoarse, deep laughter, the man released his grip, allowing Arthur to sway hanging from the beam.

"The 'Dark Serpent Bloodline' I currently possess, acquired through plunder, is quite good already, but compared to the bloodline of the Kledos Family, which is nearly capable of resurrection, it is nothing!"

The man, confident of his victory, did not bother to hide anything, the unusual heat in his eyes becoming almost tangible as he stared into Arthur's eyes.

Arthur was stunned.

The man had just mentioned an exchange!

And he already possessed a plundered bloodline: 'Dark Serpent Bloodline'.

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Now he wanted to exchange a bloodline that didn't even exist to begin with.

What would the outcome be?

He would receive the 'Dark Serpent Bloodline,' while the other party got nothing.

Thinking of this outcome, Arthur looked at the other with a somewhat odd gaze.

If it wasn't for the awkward position and the uncertainty about whether there was danger to himself during this exchange process, he really would want to thank the other.

However, such a strange look obviously led to a misunderstanding.

"Noticed something different?

Without a true Awakening, you possess an intuition beyond ordinary people, which means that your bloodline, aside from having strong regenerative capabilities, also has considerable [Spirituality]!"

"I am truly looking forward to discovering what your bloodline really is!"

While speaking, the other walked around the magic circle with steady steps that carried a certain rhythm, which in Arthur's view were almost dance-like.

And, the speed was increasing.

When he reached a certain extreme, the hemp rope that had bound Arthur tightly and suspended him from the beam suddenly shook, dropping him to the floor, but before Arthur could struggle, the binding changed, positioning Arthur's palms downward, straight in front.

Then, the other raised a finger and its elongated nail swept across Arthur's palms.

Fresh blood immediately came forth.

The other grabbed Arthur's hands and pressed them to the side of the magic circle, where the white candles were located.

A sucking sensation appeared in the center of his palms.

Whoosh!

The flame, which had been flickering like a soybean, suddenly shot up over a foot high.

Arthur could keenly feel his fresh blood being drained continuously; he struggled with all his might, but it was useless.

The strength of the rope's binding, much to his dismay, exceeded all expectation.

Moreover, the speed at which the magic circle absorbed his blood was beyond belief.

In just a few seconds, Arthur felt wave after wave of dizziness.

And what followed was...

A shudder of bone-chilling cold!

The same tremor he felt just before being hit by the muck cart!

It was the scent of death!

Instinctively, Arthur struggled again.

The other watched Arthur's fierce struggle but did not get annoyed; instead, they nodded in what seemed like approval.

"Stubborn will and vitality!

It couldn't be any better!

The longer you hold on, the better the exchange effect will be!"

Watching Arthur's increasing struggle, the other couldn't help but laugh again, raising a cone-shaped bottle filled with pale silver liquid and placing it where Arthur's gaze could reach, but outside the magic circle.

This was the other's meticulous preparation, the core of their plan!

Pointing at the cone-shaped bottle, the other spoke with a proud expression—

"This is key to my plan!

It's something I've gone to great lengths to obtain!

The Hercules Silver Potion!

The legendary Hercules Silver Potion!

Anyone who takes it can perfectly awaken their innate talents, but for those who already possess talent, it's uncertain—it might enhance the existing talents or awaken new ones.

So, for you, having talent yet unawakened, you couldn't be more perfect for me!

Once the bloodline exchange is complete, the bloodline you possess will be mine!"

As they spoke, the other uncorked the Hercules Silver Potion bottle and brought it within an inch of Arthur's face.

A rich fragrance immediately invaded Arthur's nostrils.

What was that smell?

It was like the aroma of meat, the fragrance of wet earth after rain, with a hint of the unique sweetness of tea leaves.

Arthur couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was.

All he knew was that it was fragrant, and he wanted to taste it.

Even in such a semi-conscious, bound state, Arthur couldn't help but open his mouth and stick out his tongue, but the other immediately took the Hercules Silver Potion back.

With a malicious laugh, the other sealed the bottle.

"It's mine!"

The other declared loudly, its whole pale face distorting strangely to produce the volume—forehead and chin trembling rapidly in opposite directions, so fast that it created a phantom image in Arthur's eyes.

After those words, the other no longer spoke, but raised their right hand and slit their left palm, pressing it firmly against another side of the magic circle.

Whoosh!

The flames on the three black candles on that side also soared.

As the six candles, both black and white, began spitting flames, the entire magic circle lit up, with a faint glow circling within the '8'-shaped magic circle, getting faster and faster.

A moment later, the circulating glow began to show faint, unusual colors.

Arthur could clearly feel the flesh and blood in his body being drawn out at an even faster rate, and more of it, powerful and chilling, being replenished.

The bone-chilling cold that brought shudders vanished!

Death gradually receded!

In its place was...

Comfort!