

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 18 Fried Meatballs and Musket

[Continued publication in the report, you gain a lot of fame locally; XP+30]

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When Arthur saw the text, a joy he couldn't suppress spread across his face. He expected to gain more XP than before, but he didn't expect to get this much!

'30 points!'

'Chief Lauke, your true identity is really worth a fortune!'

'And thank you, Miss Caesar, for your assistance!'

'Of course, not forgetting Fengter and Wiggins!'

Faced with the unexpected windfall, Arthur felt a deep sense of gratitude from the bottom of his heart.

Even though he was well aware that the reason he was able to gain such a large amount of XP was not just due to the 'Spirit Medium' identity and the numerous 'assists' he had, but most importantly, the true identity of the 'Axe Murderer'.

The real identity of Police Chief Lauke was truly shocking.

Every time he thought of this chief, Arthur couldn't help but think of the most special victim among those murdered.

'I wonder if the slain officer had any background?'

'If so, the Shire District is in for more chaos!'

Arthur chuckled malevolently to himself.

With the new laws enacted three years ago, sheriffs in name had exited the historical stage, but like Lauke, who still wore the sheriff's badge, many legacy issues had not been resolved.

For example: the status of police officers.

According to the new laws, officers had to be selected, trained, and prove their loyalty, among other requirements.

But in reality?

Most officers were still the same people from before, coming from the streets, gangs, nobles' private soldiers, and so on. Those few who were recruited from society faced the additional barrier of 200 Suo for equipment and uniform costs, effectively cutting off the possibility for commoners to join.

These recruited individuals could only be from the middle class, fallen nobility, and so on.

Of course, the most likely were relatives of existing officers—no one liked outsiders joining their ranks, especially in traditional South Los.

Whichever it was, they all had their own 'power bases'.

With such 'power bases', under the premise of being 'attacked and murdered' by one of their own, some situations became interesting.

At the very least, some who shouldn't be scheming might start to scheme.

After all, it was the position of police chief of the Shire District at stake.

But these were matters unrelated to Arthur.

He hoped those people would fight as viciously and for as long as possible over that position—the longer, the better—preferably until he had fully developed his abilities.

By then... hehehe.

With this thought in mind, Arthur didn't hesitate and began to allocate his points again.

At any time, any plan, required strength to back it up—

[Expended 10 XP, Basic Swordsmanship Lv3→Lv4]

[Basic Swordsmanship Lv4: A solid foundation and multiple life-and-death battles have made your swordsmanship stand out among ordinary people. You can now deliver a fatal blow to your opponent at any moment.]

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The synchronization of body and knowledge started anew.

This time, free from any tailing, when everything was complete, Arthur unsheathed his longsword with a clang and thrust directly at the imaginary enemy in front of him.

Whoosh!

The sound resembled that of a crossbow arrow piercing the air.

This stroke was faster and more vicious than Chief Lauke's.

Arthur was confident that, if both of them struck at the same time, he could be the first to pierce the opponent's throat, and even withdraw his sword without a speck of the opponent's fresh blood—because not only had his swordsmanship skill level surpassed that of his adversary, but his Physique was incomparable as well.

However, the Attributes of Physique and Spirituality remained unchanged.

This made Arthur frown.

'Was my premonition wrong?'

'No!'

'It's just that the Physique and Spirituality are harder to improve than expected, but this isn't bad news for me.'

'At least, such difficulty doesn't exist for me right now—

Add points!'

At this moment, Arthur still had an abundance of XP. After briefly glancing at the XP requirement for the skill Basic Swordsmanship Lv4 (0/20), he continued to allocate points without hesitation.

His XP was close to bottoming out again.

Arthur was unfazed.

For him, XP was a consumable. To exchange XP for greater strength was only natural.

As for saving it up?

Arthur didn't believe he had the 'luxury' to do so.

Unless XP could grow offspring by just sitting there!

[Spent 20 XP, Basic Swordsmanship Lv4→Lv5]

[Basic Swordsmanship Lv5: With a notable talent and relentless training and after numerous life-and-death battles, you have reached the current level. With your physique now, you can easily cleave through two incoming arrows with a longsword, and when you thrust your sword, it's fast enough to slice through an opponent's throat before they can react.]

(Note: You have reached the skill level limit for this technique.)

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Once again, a synchronization of body and knowledge.

But, unlike before.

This time there was a distinct feeling of warmth within his body, and Arthur could hear the sound of the air being pierced.

As soon as he heard the whizzing sound, the thought 'that's a crossbow arrow' flashed in Arthur's mind, along with the arrow's trajectory and angle. His body then moved involuntarily as he swung his longsword straight out.

Snap!

The blade precisely blocked the arrow and even split it in half.

Arthur maintained his slashing position, with text flickering before his eyes.

[Physique +0.1]

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Phew!

Arthur let out a deep breath as he both recalled the sensation of the sword swing he'd just performed and carefully felt the changes in his body.

When his Talent "Dark Serpent. Crippled" was initially exchanged, Arthur wasn't able to feel much of anything—it all happened too quickly and was too painful.

Now, he could finally take it in detail.

It didn't hurt.

It even felt a bit like soaking in a hot spring.

Then with a clench of his fist, a sense of power spread through his entire body.

'The increase in[Physique]directly and significantly affects one's strength!'

As he continuously swung his fists, listening to the whoosh of the air, a smile emerged once more on Arthur's face.

Who could refuse this feeling of growing stronger?

Especially for Arthur, nothing was more delightful than gaining strength.

The only downside was that [Basic Swordsmanship] had reached the limit for this skill level.

'At this stage, I can only slash two arrows?'

'If my [Physique] is strong enough, could I perhaps slash through bullets fired from a firearm?'

Imagining himself one day cutting bullets with his sword, Arthur's smile grew brighter as such a scene would surely earn him more XP...

Wait a minute!

By that time, would I still need to painstakingly plan for XP?

Do I need to?

Do I not need to?

Sitting in the Spirit Medium Parlor, Arthur pondered for a minute before shaking his head and sighing—

"Human desires truly are endless."

"So, to reach the level where I can slash bullets more quickly, I need to learn some more advanced swordsmanship. I wonder how the swordsmanship clubs on West Mok Avenue are."

Due to the triennial 'Swordsmanship Competition', South Los had swordsmanship clubs in every district, especially those on West Mok Avenue, which are quite famous. One of them, called 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club', even achieved third place in the last 'Swordsmanship Competition'.

'Maybe I can give it a try!'

While thinking, Arthur headed to the kitchen.

The breakfast was acceptable.

The lunch was makeshift due to tailing someone.

Come dinner time, Arthur thought he deserved a treat.

However, he didn't plan to eat out.

He was afraid that some people might not be able to find him.

And that could delay his XP earnings!

Two firearms were placed beside the stove, the longsword slung diagonally across his waist, and the Spirit Medium Box was right at his feet, as Arthur melted a slice of butter in a frying pan and laid out the deboned chicken leg meat. As it sizzled away, the unique aroma of meat spread through the grease.

Pork chops, beef steaks, or lamb chops would taste better, but those ingredients were delivered to each kitchen early in the morning. By the time Arthur went there at noon, he had to choose from some scraps and chicken meat.

Regarding those scraps, Arthur felt his culinary skills weren't up to the task, so he opted for chicken legs. But after the owner assured him he would also get a pound of beef steaks or the equivalent weight in pork or lamb chops the next morning, Arthur also took half a pound of minced meat, which is now soaking in cold water to remove the blood.

Boiling water poured over the Sichuan peppercorn and star anise, set aside.

Arthur fished out the minced meat and chopped it even finer.

He wanted to eat fried meatballs.

Between the knife and chopping board, with rhythmic sounds, the minced meat was quickly turned into stuffing, while two shadows, as if with premonition, easily avoided the patrolling police officers and approached the front door of No. 2 Cork Street.

And all of this was observed by Arthur through the periscope.

He wiped his hands, picked up the two firearms, and moved towards the front door.