

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 2: Glittering Silver!

Comfort.

It was as if Arthur had skipped breakfast and then suddenly indulged in a pork knuckle rice with extra meat for lunch, feeling an unprecedented sense of fullness.

It wasn't just his stomach but his entire body that felt full, teeming with...

Power!

Bang!

The ropes that had been binding Arthur snapped instantly.

The broken ropes scattered and crashed onto the face of the man with no nose, creating a grotesque indentation on his cheek, distorting his entire visage to one side as if he had been struck by a powerful slap.

Smack!

Crisp, loud.

The man was stunned by the hit.

Then a long-absent weakness and pain emerged within his body.

The man knew, this was the backlash from the "Snake Rope Animating Technique" being broken, and also the curse of becoming a mortal after losing the power of the bloodline.

But it shouldn't be!

His plan was perfect!

Where did the mistake occur?

Could They have followed him here?

Impossible!

Unthinkable!

Fear and obsession transformed into the man's roaring —

"My plan could never be wrong!"

"I deceived Them!"

"My plan was flawless!"

In his paranoid and arrogant shouting, fresh blood spurted from his mouth, nose, and eyes, and he collapsed to the ground, wailing ceaselessly.

Undoubtedly, when he lost the power of the bloodline, the backlash was far more than he could bear.

Arthur, however, paid no heed to this. The moment he broke the ropes around him, he dashed to the corner of the room.

There, his Spirit Medium Box was placed.

Coming to Russell Street No. 333 for an exorcism, Arthur Kledos was exceedingly well-prepared, thanks to his grandfather, Old Charlie, who had specially crafted this Spirit Medium Box for the members of the Kledos Family.

A Spirit Medium Box with two visible layers and a hidden third layer.

Arthur immediately opened the box, and the two surface layers were revealed.

The first layer contained: an iron dagger, a silver dagger, coarse salt, red brick powder, lime, sealed white phosphorus block, kerosene, and a burlap sack.

The second layer held: Holy Water (sulfuric acid).

Six 100-milliliter vials of Holy Water, lined up neatly in the second layer of the box, shone with a unique brilliance under the stormy night sky.

Arthur grabbed two vials, popped the corks, and hurled them at the malicious employer, muttering the words Old Charlie had demonstrated —

"Evil spirit, purify!"

Sizzle!

Ahhhhh!

Caught in the backlash, the malicious employer couldn't dodge; both vials of Holy Water doused him.

Hissss!

"Ahhhhh!"

The distinctive sound was soon drowned out by his screams.

The man's screams persisted, but Arthur had not a shred of pity, nor did he hesitate. After dousing the man with the remaining four vials of Holy Water, he grabbed the bag filled with lime and scattered it again.

"Evil spirit, expel!"

Just as the man was screaming with his head thrown back, not only were his eyes exposed to the lime, but his mouth was open too.

Cough cough cough!

The severe coughing forced the man to bend over completely.

And the intense burning sensation made him scream in agony once more.

Seizing the opportunity, Arthur placed his hands on either side of the Spirit Medium Box—

Click!

Amidst the distinct sound, the third layer of the box sprang open.

In the dim room, the warm hue of the real wooden gun handle was still prominent. The gun barrel was a lustrous gold, thick, with a dragon with an open mouth carved near the muzzle. From afar, it looked as if a dragon was roaring open-mouthed.

Thunder Gun!

Specifically designed for cavalry, a short firearm.

Old Charlie had fallen in love with this weapon upon first sight, believing it could effectively secure the safety of the Kledos family members and facilitate exorcisms, hence it was placed in the Spirit Medium Box.

In this third layer of the Spirit Medium Box, two flintlock guns, diagonally positioned, were also loaded with lead bullets and silver bullets.

These two guns were significantly smaller for ease of movement, each fitted with a specialized gun belt.

Rumbling!

Amidst the flashing lightning and roaring thunder, Arthur raised the Thunder Gun, aimed at the man, and fiercely pulled the trigger.

Click, the flint hit the frizzen directly, sparks ignited the pan.

Boom!

Out of the dragon's roaring muzzle, bullets burst out in an instant, with Arthur's gun barrel dipping slightly. He tugged at his now loosened collar, allowing himself to breathe more freely, then coldly declared —

"Evil spirit, judgment!"

Phoo phoo phoo!

As the bullets struck, bursts of blood splattered, and the malevolent employer was forced to retreat repeatedly.

The one already rebounding and having lost their special Bloodline, after being doused with sulfuric acid and lime, was already overwhelmed.

At that moment, they were left lingering between life and death by a shot from the Thunder Gun.

Blood continuously spurted from their mouth, their eyes wide with fury and unwillingness, yet even at this time, they still reached desperately for the bottle of Hercules Silver Potion.

But soon their gaze turned to one of fright and panic.

Because —

Arthur, having put down the Thunder Gun, picked up two handguns.

Unlike the area damage of the Thunder Gun, handguns naturally required more precision.

The targeted mercenary panicked.

"Wait..."

Bang, bang!

The moment they opened their mouth, Arthur pulled the trigger.

The handgun loaded with lead bullets missed, with the bullet hitting their shoulder.

However, the handgun loaded with Silver Bullets struck squarely in the eye, the bullet bursting the eyeball and piercing into their brain. Immediately, the shattered silver bullet, carrying potent kinetic energy, mangled everything inside their skull.

The figure stood dumbstruck for a second, the only remaining eye fiercely fixated on the potion inside the cone-shaped bottle, filled with struggle and reluctance, but ultimately they fell straight down.

Thump!

Dead, aren't they?

Unable to judge, Arthur then threw an Iron Dagger over.

Thud!

When the Iron Dagger stuck in their chest, the uneasy Arthur poured kerosene over them.

As the blaze ignited and the figure remained motionless, rapidly turning to ashes, Arthur, gripping the Silver Dagger, finally breathed a sigh of relief.

With that appearance...

They must be dead.

Kerosene alone naturally couldn't reduce a person to ash to such an extent; it must have been the supernatural power from the rebound involved!

Arthur speculated.

Afterward, his gaze shifted to the potion — the cone-shaped bottle filled with pale silvery liquid that, under the residual flames, sparkled and dazzled.

The mere sight of this color brought back memories of the taste, and instantly, that strong instinct resurged within him.

He wanted to drink this bottle of Hercules Silver Potion.

He lifted his hand and grabbed the Hercules Silver Potion.

He popped off the stopper, threw it to the ground, and raised his hand to pour the Hercules Silver Potion into his mouth, eager to taste that enchanting flavor.

But —

A bone-chilling coldness attacked him once more!

The scent of death appeared again!

More fiercely than before.

It was as if shadows loomed over Arthur's heart.

Arthur was stunned.

His body went rigid.

At that moment, he felt torn in two; his brain warned him of danger, but his body promised him supreme pleasure.

Huffing and puffing!

Arthur stared at the radiant light from the Hercules Silver Potion in his hand, his breaths heavy.

That hand slowly, bit by bit, lifted higher.

The Hercules Silver Potion drew nearer and nearer to Arthur's lips.

Veins on Arthur's forehead burst forth, his eyes turned bloodshot, biting his teeth.

He exerted all his might to restrain his urge, but he knew this restraint was only temporary.

As long as the Hercules Silver Potion existed, his instincts would eventually prevail.

So —

Just as the mouth of the bottle was about to touch his lips, he let out a fierce roar, swinging his other hand wielding the Silver Dagger.

The blade of the Silver Dagger plunged fiercely into the potion bottle.

Immediately, cracks appeared on the bottle.

Under Arthur's gaze, the spreading and intersecting cracks finally shattered.

Snap!

The cone-shaped bottle containing the Hercules Silver Potion broke, but the dazzling liquid inside didn't spill to the ground; instead, it enveloped the Silver Dagger.

In an instant, the pure silver dagger melted.

Melted into the Hercules Silver Potion's liquid.

The liquid infused with pure silver became even more dazzling.

This radiance was no longer reflecting the light of the flames.

Rather —

It was glowing by itself!

And it was heating up!

Arthur, whose hand was still gripping the pure Silver Dagger, felt this temperature prominently when the Hercules Silver Potion wrapped around and melted the dagger.

But just as Arthur distinctly felt the temperature of the Hercules Silver Potion, it completely vanished.

Or to be more precise —

It merged into his body.