

Great Master 128

Chapter 128: When Facing Fear, I Become Fear!

The door to Tate's Wand Store swung open, and a figure appeared at the entrance. With the dim light, Arthur could clearly see it was Tate—looking exactly as he remembered from his previous encounters.

Even more so, his smile was brighter.

However, in the dim light, this kind of smile instinctively repelled Arthur.

It wasn't that the smile wasn't sincere or seemed masked.

On the contrary, the smile was very genuine, so much so that it was devoid of any falsehood.

And looking at such a smile, Arthur rather wished it contained some deceit.

Because...

It would seem more human.

"Guest, welcome!"

"What do you need?"

Tate asked earnestly, his smile genuine.

"Nothing."

"No need."

"Thanks."

Arthur replied very quickly and tapped on the carriage, signaling the coachman to leave immediately.

However, the expected sound of reins shaking did not occur.

The coachman twisted his body, one hand climbing atop the carriage as if he wanted to say something to Arthur, but from Arthur's angle, only the upper part of his blue uniform was visible.

Suddenly, a head occupied all of Arthur's field of vision.

The coachman's head flipped and pressed against the carriage glass, filling Arthur's view. His neck stretched to some extreme limit, yet there was no trace of pain on his face.

All there was, was a smile.

A radiant smile.

A sincere smile.

"Advisor, do you need any instructions?"

The coachman inquired.

Arthur wasn't panicked or screaming in fear; he sat there as if he were seriously pondering something.

Then, he looked up and said.

"Get me some fries."

"Sweet tomato sauce, and a bit of black pepper."

"Oh, and make the fries thick-cut."

Arthur answered seriously, causing both Tate and the coachman to freeze.

They had not anticipated Arthur responding like this.

Moreover, the most crucial point was that they couldn't sense even a tiny bit of fear from Arthur.

But just then, a blur of footsteps sounded in the ears of Tate and the coachman, and they instantly understood what was happening. The figure before them was a fake, the real person had already run away, and immediately they took off with their habitual laughter, chasing the sound of the footsteps.

"Guest, what do you need?"

"Advisor, do you need any instructions?"

One phrase after another rang from their mouths, filling almost the entire West Mok Avenue with their voices.

But they didn't catch up to their intended target.

There was only emptiness.

Just the deserted street and endless torrential rain.

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

Raindrops hammered on the carriage glass. Seizing the opportunity, "Hand of Void" carrying "Atos's Box" moved away. Arthur began adjusting his sitting position and neck pillow for a more comfortable stance.

He squinted, listening to the rain as if he were napping during an afternoon, even as two monsters surrounded him.

The coachman's head returned to normal, but he began to tear at his own face relentlessly, his breathing turning his entire face into a bloody mess.

The only constant was that smile.

A crimson smile tinged with fresh blood.

Tate had completely lost his facial features. His eyes, nose, and ears were gone, as if they had been carelessly smudged by a black charcoal pencil, leaving only darkness.

But the smile remained, still maintaining its sincerity.

Only, those white teeth, framed by the pitch-black visage, began to sharpen.

Pant, pant!

Heavy breathing under the torrential rain brought out a pungent, fishy smell. The two monsters circled the carriage like wolves poised to strike, ready to pounce into the carriage and rip apart Arthur's body.

And Arthur?

He opened the door of the carriage.

He issued an invitation to the two monsters.

"Come on, come up."

"It's too cold in the rain."

"It's warm over here."

Arthur's soft whispers made the two monsters hesitate; they had never encountered such a situation before.

Oddly, from their perspective, Arthur seemed somewhat strange.

Looking into Arthur's sincere eyes, they even felt a bit of fear.

Fear?

Impossible!

"They should be the ones feared indeed!"

How could they possibly be frightened by Arthur?

They leapt onto the carriage.

Their presence suddenly crowded the carriage interior.

They were almost face to face with Arthur.

Arthur could even distinctly smell the scent of fresh blood and an unknown foulness.

Moreover, an indescribable darkness began to envelop the carriage.

Arthur could see everything inside the carriage clearly.

Everything outside the carriage was completely engulfed in darkness.

But, Arthur didn't care.

He watched the two monsters, continuing to laugh and spoke.

"Everyone is shouting at each other, no one respects another, no one tries to put themselves in others' shoes—I am different.

I understand you.

Because...

I'm also called a 'monster.

Hehe, hahahaha!"

Arthur's laughter grew louder, became tearing, and sounded utterly inhuman.

He covered his face, cackling wildly.

In his hand, there appeared a lit match.

"Come on, light it up."

As Arthur spoke, the match fell to the carriage floor

Another fuse was ignited.

This was not the first fuse to be lit.

As Arthur burst into wild laughter, the first fuse had been lit, and now it had just reached its end.

The two monsters noticed this and started to escape, but Arthur firmly grasped their arms, watching them with a smirk that was not quite a smile, speaking in a light tone.

"Why so serious?"

"Keep your smiles!"

"Nothing is more powerful than giving someone a smile!"

Madman!

Let me go, madman!

You monster!

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The two monsters let out a scream, but they could not alter their inevitable fate.

Boom!

A violent explosion, flames shot into the sky, the police carriage was blasted into pieces, and the surrounding darkness was dispersed in an instant.

But, the next moment—

The downpour continued.

Arthur still sat in the carriage.

Next door, 'Tate's Wand Store' was open, with Tate steadfastly upholding his creed.

The assistant driver jumped down from the carriage and approached the side.

"Advisor, do you have any instructions?"

Arthur waved his hand with a smile.

Only he could see the text prompt that began to appear—

[Bluff +5]

[Bluff Lv5: 5/30]

...

Of course, Arthur was just acting, how could a mere 'Spirit Medium' be a monster?

It was all slander!

All defamation!

He was merely occasionally standing on the shoulders of other giants.

Arthur glanced at the damaged [Protection Copper Coin], his eyes slightly narrowed—clearly, although it was some kind of phantom realm, the 'act of harm' was real, both towards him and the caster.

He listened intently to the panting coming from the alleyway next to the store.

The other party was already trying their best to suppress it.

But it was of no use.

The backlash was too violent.

Since the beginning, Arthur had heard more than one cough of blood and the struggle in the rain after a fall.

The opponent seemed to have no power to resist?

Then the damaged [Protection Copper Coin] needed compensation!

Arthur took the umbrella handed to him by the assistant driver and walked over to the mouth of the alley, looking at the figure lying on the ground, curled up in the pouring rain.

He asked indifferently—

"Sir, do I look more like a human, or a god?"