

Great Master 129

Chapter 129: The Hidden Thing!

In the pouring rain, the 'Spirit Medium' inquired indifferently while holding an umbrella.

The figure crouched in the alley was coughing up blood incessantly.

When the figure lifted their head to look at Arthur, their eyes were filled with horror.

"Monster! Monster!"

"You monster!"

The figure muttered, trying to struggle to stand, but the recoil from earlier made their efforts seem ridiculously futile.

Even with all their strength, they couldn't stand up.

Just trying to roll over, they were already exhausted.

The figure lay there, gasping for air in great heaves.

Only then did Arthur notice that their chest was charred black.

As if burned by fire.

And like...

Struck by lightning!

Instantly, an idea formed in Arthur's mind, but he maintained the same smile on his face, looking at the figure lying on their back in the rain, and asked again,

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

This repeated inquiry seemed to emphasize something, causing a realization in the fallen figure.

"Ha, are you completing a ritual?"

Useless!

I won't answer!

You monster!"

The figure scoffed coldly, their eyes filled with disdain as they looked at Arthur.

The figure tried to provoke Arthur.

They wanted even more for Arthur to come closer.

Arthur was well aware of this.

So, he stood at the mouth of the alley, unmoving; he would not get closer, nor would he make contact with the figure.

"If you're willing to answer, I can help you out, how about that?"

Arthur appeared to be trying to persuade the figure.

Lv5 "Bluff" flickered to life once again.

"Ha, and then you'll take my life?"

The figure scoffed again.

"Right, your life will be taken if you answer, but... not immediately!

You will have some time to settle your affairs!

But if you keep delaying, you might be found by those looking for you, and by then, you might die immediately, or you might...

suffer a fate worse than death!"

Arthur spoke in a calm tone, as if merely stating a fact.

Arthur was quite confident about this—how could the Countess of South Los allow any escape after causing such a commotion this afternoon?

Struggle reappeared in the figure's eyes which involuntarily glanced towards 'Tate's Wand Store.'

It was a fleeting look.

But under the "Eagle Eye" and "Insight," Arthur saw it.

He also confirmed that after being injured by the Countess of South Los, the figure hadn't shown up here by chance; they had left something inside 'Tate's Wand Store.'

The figure came here to retrieve something.

Coincidentally, he had also arrived at 'Tate's Wand Store.'

At the moment of seeing him, the pent-up resentment in the figure's heart couldn't be suppressed any longer, leading them to assault him directly, but what the figure hadn't anticipated was that by relying on "Bluff" and "Protection Copper Coin," he would escape such an illusion, causing the figure even more injury.

Arthur had an answer in his mind about the figure's identity.

After all, there weren't many in South Los who hated him so much.

Moreover, considering they were persons from the Mystic Side, such people were even rarer.

If you add 'powerful' before 'Mystic Side Person,' only one remained: one of the founders of the 'Mouse Council,' Isidore.

Only a powerful Mystic Side Person like Isidore could flee here after surviving a horrific strike from the Countess and confidently attack him.

Even failing, suffering recoil, he was still seeking an opportunity.

How about it?

There isn't much time left.

They're about to arrive."

Arthur spoke these words, his face showing a quasi-smiling expression as if something intriguing had caught his attention— this sort of expression naturally attracted the attention of the figure in the alley.

The opponent not only stared intently at Arthur but also listened carefully.

The opponent wanted to know what had happened.

But there was nothing.

The opponent could see that Arthur seemed to be expecting something.

But listening, he heard nothing.

'Damn it, South Los!'

Recalling that lightning strike, the opponent cursed inwardly, but a thick fear also filled his heart; he knew very well that, given that Mother Tigress had such strength in reserve, even if DeLong's plan had succeeded, it would have been useless. Mother Tigress could have easily turned the tables with her personal strength.

In a flash, the opponent was full of irritation and regret for having believed DeLong's flowery promises, which had gotten him into this mess.

However, he immediately shifted the blame for his failure onto Arthur!

It was he who repeatedly ruined DeLong's plan!

It was he who had brought me to this state!

It was him! It was him! It was all his doing!

The opponent's resentment almost materialized in his heart, but he said aloud,

"Fine, I agree with you!"

The opponent didn't know what Arthur's ritual was.

But the opponent knew that what he needed to do now was to agree pretentiously, making Arthur let his guard down, and then use his last trump card to finish Arthur off.

As long as he finished off Arthur, he would still have capital to turn the tide, retrieve that item from Tate's Wand Store, and then, he would flee far away, never to return to South Los in his lifetime!

Arthur, after hearing the opponent's response, seemed quite satisfied and nodded, then asked again.

"Sir, do you think I look more like a man or a god?"

"I..."

The opponent began to draw out his tone, preparing to use the energy he had just gathered to stand up and strike.

But, Arthur was faster.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two crossbow arrows shot out from the shadows, hitting the target.

One arrow struck the arm, another right in the chest.

Yet again, the opponent received fatal wounds.

But what drove the opponent to despair even more was not only that Arthur's arrows were poisoned, but the two "Hands of Void" that had just operated the hand crossbow were also holding daggers and rushed out at a speed and strength far exceeding normal "Hands of Void," brutally stabbing into the opponent's abdomen.

Spurt, spurt!

In the sound of metal cutting flesh, there was also a hint of stirring.

"You!"

The opponent shouted in anger and was about to use his last bit of strength to fight Arthur, but when he lifted his head, he was shocked to find that Arthur had already retreated to a farther place, smiling at him.

And it was precisely because of this shock that the opponent lost his last chance.

For the two "Hands of Void" had already drilled into the wound, beginning to cut the viscera.

Spurt!

The opponent's eyes bulged, a spurt of fresh blood sprayed out, and then there was no more movement.

[Kill of a dying 'Rat King' Isidore, XP +50]

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'Even a dying state is worth more than Urto?'

Arthur marveled internally, imagining how powerful the opponent would have been in his prime.

But for this reason, Arthur let one "Hand of Void" continue to cut the opponent's heart, kidneys, lungs, while the other "Hand of Void" finished cutting the opponent's elbows and knee joints, then he let the two "Hands of Void" rummage through the opponent's pockets.

Get close?

Out of the question.

Who knew if the opponent could resurrect from death?

Or simply tamper with his own corpse?

Without full precautions, Arthur firmly refused to take risks himself.

Soon, a ring, a scroll, and a strip of cloth were brought back by the "Hands of Void."

Your journey continues on empire

The ring was made of copper, the scroll was made of sheepskin.

The cloth strip was two fingers wide, the base color blue, and on it, written with black paint was—

12-6—Personally made by Tate.

Arthur's lips curled up.

'As expected, he used the guise of making wands to hide something!'

Arthur thought internally, his gaze once again turning to Isidore's corpse.

Then, he narrowed his eyes.