

Great Master 132

Chapter 132: Key and Crown!

From compartment 12-6, Arthur took out a staff with a beautiful silver metal head—resembling the crown of an octopus, filled with the early style of the Holy Empire.

After unscrewing the head of the staff, there was a storage compartment about 15 centimeters inside.

Arthur turned the staff upside down, and the contents inside slid into his palm.

A key!

The key was entirely made of copper, about 10 centimeters in length, adorned with streaks of green copper rust. The front end had a thick set of teeth while the handle was a hollowed-out semicircle, quite archaic in design.

The information about the key clearly appeared before Arthur—

[Name: Hercules' Key]

[Type: Key]

[Quality: Arcane]

[Attributes: None]

[Remarks: This is an exceptionally precious key, you can use it to unlock a laboratory of Hercules or his library, or even his collection room... In any case, you need to find them, then try each in turn.]

...

The moment he saw [Hercules' Key], Arthur was full of surprises and incredibly excited.

But soon, Arthur calmed down.

Because, although he had the key, he simply could not find where to use it.

Hercules, the master of potions and alchemy, was first recorded during the Imperial era, about seventeen hundred years ago.

At that time, Hercules was the librarian of the Imperial Library.

He had no significant interactions or commitments, just silently organizing books, recording day-to-day activities, but about ten years later, Hercules began to show talent beyond ordinary people in alchemy, magic potions, astrology, secret techniques, swordsmanship, and construction.

However, after displaying his talent, Hercules began to live in isolation.

It was not until the Empire was engulfed in the 'Fog War' that Hercules appeared again, by then, this master was already two hundred years old, and using 'Hercules' Airship,' he led the endangered 'Dusa Duchy' out of danger—afterward, Dusa Duchy became what is now known as 'Yan Fort.'

After this heroic deed, the master disappeared once again.

When he reappeared in the eyes of the public, it was five hundred years later. By that time, the Empire had fractured, the lords were in disarray, The Holy Court was growing stronger, and the so-called Holy Empire was about to be founded.

Ignoring the Pope's invitation, the master began to travel across the continent, building his own laboratories, libraries, and collections, cultivating plants and animals in the wilderness for a hundred years before vanishing once more.

Nobody knew where this master went.

But those inheritances were passed down to many others.

People pursued the master's footsteps, and even many arrogantly claimed to have surpassed him.

But when this master appeared the next time, he brought with him 'Hercules' Gold, Silver, Bronze, Black Iron'—four types of potions and twenty-seven props. Facing the four types of potions and twenty-seven props, everyone was thoroughly convinced—his long life, unmatched masterpieces, they began to call him 'God of Alchemy,' 'God of Potions.'

And by this time, it was the beginning of the Silver Age.

Since then, Hercules had disappeared once again.

However, everyone firmly believed that the master would appear again.

Arthur was not sure whether the master would reappear.

But he was certain that the difficulty of finding even one of the master's laboratories, libraries, or collection rooms was nearly like finding a needle in a haystack.

As Alberts, the young detective, put it, 'I would rather face the most complex case than search for the treasures left by that master!'

Not a few.

But because you simply do not know how much was left.

Moreover, you cannot distinguish which are real and which are fake.

Over the span of more than seventeen hundred years, too many people have caused trouble under the master's name.

'Such a great difficulty!'

Arthur sighed inwardly and placed the key into the [Atos's Box].

He was very clear that with his current strength and power, he could not possibly find the master's treasures, and even if he did, he could not protect them.

Of course, he could not bear to give up just like that.

He could only take it one step at a time or try his luck.

Arthur believed his luck was not bad.

Perhaps one day he would stumble upon it inadvertently?

With that thought in mind, Arthur picked up his other two spoils of war.

The scroll, like the one from Atos's Box before, was an arcane scroll, but this "Touch of Death" scroll was clearly of a much higher quality—

[Name: Touch of Death]

[Type: Scroll]

[Quality: Hero]

[Effect: When you tear open the scroll, the next unarmed strike that you land on your opponent will deliver a fatal blow to creatures with a Physique of 5 or lower. When the opponent's Physique exceeds 5, the damage will scale proportionally, and the scroll will lose its function when the opponent's Physique reaches 10; however, if the opponent's Spirituality is 0, they will still die instantly.

This effect can only be completely immunized when the Physique reaches 18]

[Remarks: This is one of the earliest scrolls produced by the 'Death Poetry Society']

...

'A scroll of instant-death secret technique!'

'Death Poetry Society?'

Arthur narrowed his eyes and gently touched the parchment scroll, confirming he had never heard of this organization before, but anyone capable of creating such a scroll must possess 'great fame'; it was just that his 'knowledge was too limited.'

Undoubtedly, this was Isidore's trump card.

But now, it was his.

'Could Mother Tigress or Old Lion be completely immune to the effect of this scroll?'

Arthur almost instinctively thought. Experience tales at empire

Then, when the image of Mother Tigress unharmed in lightning appeared in his mind, he had his answer.

He sighed softly, then picked up the copper ring.

And then, the corners of Arthur's mouth couldn't help but curl up.

[Name: Crown of the Rat King]

[Type: Ring accessory]

[Quality: Epic]

[Attributes: 1, Treasure Hunting; 2, Underground Passage; 3, Shadow Shelter; 4, Plague Immunity; 5, Rat Swarm; 6, Natural Enemy]

[Requirement: Spirituality 3]

[Remarks: One of Hercules' twenty-seven artifacts, Isidore accidentally obtained it near South Los from a relic site. The box containing the 'Crown of the Rat King' was marked with the number 27 and had a picture of a cat playing with a mouse]

...

[Treasure Hunting: Consumes a certain amount of physical strength, with a chance to discover treasures within a 500-meter radius of oneself; once/day]

[Underground Passage: Continually consumes physical strength, allows traveling underground or through walls, but is obstructed by metal and wood; once/day]

[Shadow Shelter: Adds an extra 0.5 to Physique in shadows or during the night]

[Plague Immunity: Directly immune to plagues spread by rats, and highly resistant to other types of plagues]

[Rat Swarm: Summons a swarm of rats to serve you, but it requires food; 0.1 Spirituality can summon 100 rats, with Spirituality consumption doubling when the number reaches 1,000, and doubling again at 2,000, continuing until 10,000, which is the limit of the swarm]

[Natural Enemy: When facing 'Cat Hole,' 'Cat Faction,' any use of 'Crown of the Rat King' attributes will double the consumption of physical strength.

However, when the 'Cat Hole,' 'Cat Faction' possesses the 'Crown of the Rat King,' the wearing requirement is halved, consumption is reduced by half, and the 'Rat Swarm' effect is intimidating, not requiring food, with Spirituality occupancy also halved]

...

'The Crown of the Rat King?'

'Heh, just a mirthful mouse under a cat's paw.'

Stroking Pendragon, Arthur muttered to himself.

Afterward, he placed the Crown of the Rat King into Atos's Box, knowing that even if the wearing requirement was half, it was still 1.5 in Spirituality, which he was far from meeting.

Even if he met the requirement, Arthur wasn't going to wear it right away.

Isidore had just disappeared, and wearing the Crown of the Rat King associated with him on his finger would make even a fool know what was going on.

He had to disguise it somehow.

As Arthur pondered what disguise to use, the door of No. 2 Cork Street was knocked on.

It was Marinda.

As Arthur opened the door, the lady rushed in, her face full of curiosity and excitement, and asked—

"Arthur, did you urinate or defecate publicly?"