

Great Master 137

Chapter 137: Haven't Left Yet, But Returning!

Arthur unconsciously twitched his left hand.

At that moment, he felt as if his left index finger had touched the steam rising from a boiling kettle.

Hot!

This was Arthur's first sensation.

Then, it was cool.

Not that his fingertip was cool, but the back of his neck was.

It was as if someone were standing behind him and blowing on his neck.

His "Death Intuition" immediately began to flicker.

Arthur took a step forward, pressing his body against the back of the washroom stall door, and swiftly turned around, swinging out a punch in one fluid motion.

His punch missed.

There was nothing behind Arthur, only the wall of the washroom.

However, the temperature of the "Ring of Equilibrium Blood" on Arthur's left index finger dropped rapidly with that punch.

Just two breaths later, it returned to normal.

The "Death Intuition" also stopped flickering simultaneously.

And all the while, there had been no change behind him.

Or rather...

There had been a change, but he could not discern it.

The flickering of the "Death Intuition" was the best proof!

Moreover, in his intuition, there had indeed been something behind him just now—according to Mystic Side terminology, the higher one's Spirituality, the more one should trust one's intuition!

"Ring of Equilibrium Blood"... Equilibrium! Not immunity!"

At that moment, Arthur gained a deeper understanding of both the "Ring of Equilibrium Blood" and "Spirituality."

The increase in Spirituality was more dangerous than he had imagined.

Previously, an increase of just 0.1 Spirituality had given him some buffer time with unknown bizarre occurrences, but after another increase of 0.1, there was no buffer time at all.

The dangers were exponentially growing.

If it weren't for the "Ring of Equilibrium Blood," he might have been in big trouble.

Even using all his means, he might have just barely managed to survive.

Or, he could have been completely doomed.

Arthur, having survived this ordeal, let out a slight sigh of relief.

He raised his left hand and looked at the "Ring of Equilibrium Blood" on his index finger.

Unconsciously, he recalled that 'scalding' sensation.

He knew that this 'scalding' was key to handling the increase in Spirituality.

'What is this scalding sensation?'

Arthur pondered, but with virtually no knowledge of alchemy, he was clueless.

'Do I need to learn about alchemy?'

Arthur involuntarily rubbed his temples.

Having outgrown his novice status in the Mystic Side, he knew all too well how difficult it was to learn about alchemy.

Knowledge is expensive.

And from a certain viewpoint, alchemy knowledge is priceless.

Even if he was willing to sell the villa at No. 44 White Bird Street, it wouldn't fetch any alchemy knowledge.

Because—

Alchemy only accepts equivalent exchange!

Moreover, even if he acquired relevant alchemy knowledge, conducting an alchemy experiment would require careful measurement of his capabilities; a slight misstep could lead directly to bankruptcy—this is not an exaggeration, as the reason why many nobles from the Silver Age had disappeared was mostly due to their obsession with alchemy.

'If you hate someone, let him study alchemy.'

As for potion-making?

That was another matter entirely.

It is well-known that several major families held most potion formulas as core legacy items.

Obtaining potion formulas from these major families was simply impossible.

That left only one possibility—

Exploring relics!

This chance-dependent and life-threatening endeavor was unacceptable to most people, hence more expeditions and mercenaries headed into the wilderness and unknown territories.

It was precisely because most could not accept the risk of failure that the times of success were so glorious.

Arthur was well aware of his limitations.

He understood that neither alchemy nor potion-making was within his reach at the moment.

What he needed now was to remain practical and advance step by step.

For instance—

"Ei a ro!"

Thump, thump!

The mark on his heart was swiftly filled with fresh blood, lighting up immediately, and two "Hands of Void" were removed from each hand, feeling still like taking off woolen gloves.

However, this time, it was done twice in succession.

He carefully felt the difference of the Level 4 "Hand of Void" from before.

Arthur felt that he was already running, and maintaining this state for a short period was manageable, but sustaining it longer proved challenging.

Then—

Arthur commanded the four "Hands of Void" to latch onto his arms and began to exert force upward.

Gradually, Arthur's feet slowly left the ground.

'It's working!'

Joy was unmistakable on Arthur's face.

Humans always long to fly.

Arthur was no exception.

However, the next moment he was back on solid ground again.

Because of physical strength depletion!

If ordinarily the four "Hands of Void" were like running, then lifting him was like sprinting.

'Flying' can only be used in an emergency!'

'I must strengthen my "Physique"!'

As he thought, Arthur checked the XP needed for level 5 "Hand of Void."

Stay connected via empire

300!

It was less than Arthur had expected; he thought it would be 500 or more.

'At level 5, there should be an additional pair of "Hands of Void"!'

By then I will have six... no, eight hands!

Calling myself the champion boxer of South Los would probably go unchallenged, right?'

With expectations for the future, Arthur quickly exited the washroom.

In the office, Malz, who had been waiting for a long time, looked at his partner with a complicated gaze.

"I know a private doctor who is very good at treating gastrointestinal diseases."

"Do you know why my grandfather was able to live till 72 and still go out on his own to handle some commissions?"

Facing Malz's suggestion, Arthur smiled and asked.

"Why?"

Malz was curious.

"Because he never poked his nose into others' business!"

Arthur's smile faded, and with a stern face, after finishing his sentence, he picked up the cage containing Pendragon and walked out.

Malz was stunned.

He was a bit confused.

It was just a gastrointestinal disease; what was there to avoid mentioning.

Could it be hemorrhoids...

Seemingly realizing something, the Police Chief's expression became more serious than ever before.

For any man, this was an extremely serious matter!

Even as he walked along the shaded path, the seriousness in the Police Chief's heart hadn't lessened at all, merely hidden, but Arthur's eyes could not miss it.

Silently, Arthur added a note for Harris and Marinda—partners you choose yourself aren't easy to exchange, but the one who takes the blame can certainly tally a bit more interest.

Afterward, amidst subtly tense silence, Arthur, Malz, and a team of patrolling officers meticulously searched along the shaded path for traces left by Truda—if it had been the normal dry conditions, this would have been difficult since the path was well trodden, but yesterday's downpour had soaked the soil, and a carriage parked overnight would definitely have left deep traces.

Moreover, the shaded path leads to Spring Water Square and is guarded by patrollers; ordinary people would not approach this place.

Similarly, the wealthy residents of White Bird District seldom leave their villas in the morning.

Therefore, the traces would be incredibly conspicuous.

Indeed, they were.

As soon as they entered the shaded path, Arthur and his group could only see the wheel tracks of one carriage.

Undoubtedly, these tracks could very likely be Truda's.

Then, following the wheel tracks left by the carriage, everyone soon confirmed that these were indeed the traces left by Truda's carriage.

The tracks left by the sunken wheels were too obvious.

However, to everyone's surprise, Truda's carriage tracks only appeared at the initial position, that is, midway along the shaded path—being too close to Spring Water Square would certainly lead to expulsion by the patrollers, and being closer to Garden Street would increase the distance to pick up goods in the morning, wasting time.

Thus, the position in the middle of the shaded path was just right.

However, picking up goods required entering the White Bird District, necessarily heading toward Spring Water Square.

Yet, there were no traces in the direction towards Spring Water Square, not even footprints; everything was smooth, as if Truda had gotten up from the carriage that morning, picked up the goods, and went directly to deliver them.

This was simply inconceivable!

The patrolling officers scratched their heads, puzzled.

"Could those mannequins have walked onto the cart by themselves?"

"Could it be the work of a Lost Soul?"

The patrolling officers muttered, initially just speculating to comprehend the situation, but as they spoke, their faces gradually began to turn pale.

Hearing such talk, Malz was momentarily taken aback, then lightly laughed with an air of nonchalance.

Lost Souls?

That would be great!

The Police Chief then immediately turned his gaze to Arthur, very confident in asking—

"Arthur, you surely already know what's going on, right?"