

Great Master 167

Chapter 167 A Battle Style Exclusive to the 'Spirit Medium'!

Lady of the Long Night's dazed expression lasted less than a second.

Or to be precise, it was fleeting.

"Putting on an act!"

The lady said as she stood up from the dining table, placed a piece of parchment where the invitation had been, and strode out.

There were no more words.

Arthur stood up to see her off.

To the outside world, the two still showed extraordinary intimacy, even though one felt nauseous and the other began to feel sick at the thought of the other vomiting.

Both were dutiful actors.

"Dear, take good care of yourself."

Before getting into the carriage, Marinda, as a cover, took several quick breaths to calm her nausea.

"Hmm."

Arthur gave a smile.

"Goodnight, Arthur!"

The coachman Edwin waved his hand and flicked the reins.

The carriage quickly disappeared into the night.

After Arthur closed the gate, he slowly walked into No. 2 Cork Street and immediately activated all the mechanisms—unlike the anxiety on the shady path, Arthur was full of confidence at No. 2 Cork Street.

Unless he encountered an enemy like the Countess of South Los.

The rest?

Where I stand, is the absolute.

I am the absolute!

The absolute that negates everything!

Click!

The faint sound of springs resonated from the walls and the underground of No. 2 Cork Street. After putting Pendragon into the cat cage, Arthur drew out the Spider's Claw.

He twisted off the counterweight of the bastard sword and carefully smeared the hidden poison onto the blade.

At this moment, a carriage suddenly burst onto Cork Street.

The carriage was a rickshaw.

The person who jumped off was the Marinda who had just departed.

Unlike the ease of her previous departure, Marinda now wore a serious face, pushed open the gate, and knocked on the door of No. 2 Cork Street.

Bang, bang bang!

"Arthur, hurry..."

Thud!

As the door of No. 2 Cork Street opened just a crack, Marinda began to speak, but the sudden thrust of the black blade brought her words to an abrupt halt.

She looked down at the blade that had pierced her chest, her face full of disbelief.

"You!"

Bang!

Marinda opened her mouth to say something, but as the blade was withdrawn, the door of No. 2 Cork Street slammed shut.

The lady Marinda stepped back two paces and fell to the ground.

Then, her flesh began to wither.

A few breaths later, all that was left was sticky clay, reeking of an odd smell.

The rickshaw outside the gate also turned into nothingness.

About two minutes later, Marinda hurried to No. 2 Cork Street, and when she saw the sticky, foul-smelling clay, her face instantly showed panic.

"Arthur, are you all right?"

The lady rushed toward the door, calling out.

Her speed was clearly controlled, but as the door fully opened and she saw the surprised face of Arthur, her speed suddenly increased, and concern flooded her expression.

However, no speed was faster than a bullet.

Arthur, holding the Thunder Gun hidden behind his back, pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The muzzle of the Thunder Gun flashed, and seven bullets sprayed out, all hitting Marinda.

Blood blossomed, and this lady Marinda also turned into clay.

But immediately, a cloud of smoke emerged across the street.

Out of the smoke, Marinda stepped forward.

She disdainfully glanced at the two piles of clay on the ground.

"'Human Puppet'?"

"Disgusting thing!

Arthur, are you all right?"

Marinda held a pipe in her mouth; the sparks flickered, and the smoke engulfed this lady, like knights following their queen.

Arthur opened his arms to greet her.

Marinda's lips curled with a sincere smile.

But the next moment, she stiffened.

The welcoming Arthur suddenly threw himself to the ground, rolling to the side, revealing the Little Emperor Cannon in the corridor—

Boom!

The six-pound cannon, with a roaring impact, struck Marinda.

The surrounding smoke gathered layer upon layer like a shield to protect Marinda, seemingly to offer her a chance to escape.

But when Marinda attempted to dodge, something caught her ankle.

It was just a moment, but Marinda freed herself from the restraint.

In such times, however, a moment was enough.

The cannonball, with a whistling impact, shattered the smoke shield and slammed heavily into Marinda.

Crack!

In the sound of bones breaking and tendons snapping, Ms. Marinda was sent flying across the street and smashed into a large tree, the tremendous force snapping the tree itself, and Ms. Marinda couldn't stop vomiting blood.

"Why?"

"My disguise was flawless!"

"How could you tell it was me!"

Ms. Marinda roared as she spat out blood.

'If you had disguised yourself as someone else, I might indeed not have been able to tell, but disguising yourself as Marinda... You have no idea about her most significant trait!'

What was Marinda's most significant trait?

Misandry!

When she saw him, Marinda had to suppress the feeling of nausea and the urge to vomit, which Arthur knew all too well.

He knew it so well that the mere thought of vomit made him instinctively feel sick to his stomach.

But what about the impostor?

Thrilled to the core.

No!

There was no such trait at all!

And definitely not that feeling of disgust!

Arthur stood up, dusting himself off, beaming with a splendid smile as he opened his arms and said—

"No one could fail to distinguish their own lover from another, right?"

"We are...

Soul resonating lovers, after all!"

The impostor stared blankly at Arthur across the street, unable to fathom how they had defeated so many hearts filled with so-called true love, only to be defeated by a couple.

But, but...

Why did looking at the 'Spirit Medium' with a soulmate make them feel a twisted sense of disgust from the bottom of their heart?

Could it be...

Love?!

Is it because I have never experienced true love that I find it perverse?

"I really am a pitiful guy... Blargh!"

The impostor, spewing a mouthful of blood, fell into unconsciousness.

A six-pound cannonball would mean certain death to an ordinary person.

And it was no different for most on the Mystic Side.

The fact that the impostor had not died was proof enough of their strength.

However, Arthur didn't pay much more attention to the opponent because the enemies weren't limited to one—

Step, step step!

In the clear, forceful footsteps, a man cloaked in a cape approached from the entrance of the street.

Thump, thump, thump!

Powerful heartbeats emanated from the man, turning into an invisible pressure that made the surrounding air tremble softly.

Hum!

Arthur's eyes narrowed slightly, his fingers already touching the Sound of Advance.

He was prepared to blow the black whistle, then activate the Ring of Mist, using the Mist Domain to teleport beside his opponent and strike a deadly blow with the scroll Touch of Death.

Just as Arthur was about to act, the man in the cape spoke.

"When the snake hisses, all else falls silent."

"When the snake travels, all else makes way."

"I swore in the name of 'Shadow Snake' Ciudik that I would never trouble a member of the Kledos Family—this was my promise to your grandfather, Charlie Kledos...

Now tell me, where is the descendant of the 'Bloodline Clan'.

Then, return to No. 2 Cork Street and reflect behind closed doors."

The voice was loud and the presence dominating.

But Arthur looked at him with a hint of peculiarity in his eyes.

He knew Ciudik.

The one who had traded for his bloodline.

Now there was nothing left of him.

And the man before him claiming to be 'Shadow Snake' Ciudik, meant that...

He, it seemed, possibly, maybe, had encountered one of his own kind.

If it was only a Bluff...

I am a 'Spirit Medium' after all!

With speculation in his mind, Arthur didn't remove his hand from the Sound of Advance but began to whisper softly—

"Eternal Monster, heir of the Rebellious Bloodline, creator of the Twilight of the Gods, one who is revered by the Northern Gods, master of the Blade of Chaos, bearer of Leviathan's Axe, a descendant of the Kledos Family...

In the name of battle!

There will be no compromise!

To death... we fight!"

The young 'Spirit Medium's sword pointed straight at his opponent, and his figure slowly began to rise against the night sky.

Caw, caw!

Fujin and Wuni arrived with outstretched wings, circling the 'Spirit Medium' as they flew.

Under the moonlight, crows cawed, the 'Spirit Medium' hung in the air, his face resolute.

The night wind rose suddenly, sweeping away the early autumn leaves, countless leaves falling like rain, swirling and dancing around the 'Spirit Medium,' becoming more and more numerous, starting to cover the courtyard, covering the whole of Cork Street, covering the entire night sky, and with their last strength, they danced their final dance for this corner of the world.

The 'Spirit Medium' raised his hand to touch the leaves as they passed by, as if feeling the splendor and heat of the dance of the leaves, the corners of his mouth began to curve up slightly, his eyes showing an unprecedented toughness, and he said softly.

"Thank you."

He chose to follow his vow, to fight with all he had, to blossom in a moment of glory.

That young voice began to echo to the heavens—

"In the past, it was here, now as before, and in the future, too, it will be here, telling of the beginning, of when the heavens and earth were first parted..."