

Great Master 21

Chapter 21: Trap!

The call was light and pleasant to the ear, drawing the mind unconsciously toward it.

After reaching Arthur's ears, Arthur did not open his eyes, but his body slowly sat up.

Throughout the process, Arthur's expression was blank, his figure stiff.

"Arthur, Arthur."

The voice resounded again. Arthur, wearing only his pajamas, barefooted, stood up and walked on the ground like a marionette.

For safety reasons, the Kledos Family's bedrooms were located on the third sub-level.

Of course, to conceal this from prying eyes, there were also beds set up in the upstairs bedrooms, but these beds contained some machinery.

This was enough to cope with a considerable amount of trouble.

But the trouble at hand, exceeding common sense?

Although it couldn't be fully managed, the sufficient distance created an unexpected delay.

The excessive distance caused Arthur, who had unconsciously ascended two levels, to become increasingly unsteady with every step, so much so that the pleasant voice had to caution him again.

"Be careful, don't fall, you can take your time."

What should have been a pleasant voice grew slightly hoarse as it uttered "take your time."

Moreover, Arthur, supposedly under control, took nearly ten minutes to reach the first-floor hall of No. 2 Cork Street, and his forward speed slowed immensely, seeming about to stop at any moment.

Just then, the voice echoed once more—

"Arthur, Arthur!"

This time, the voice was no longer pleasant, no longer light, nor just hoarse, but was a raspy voice exhausted from shouting.

Arthur's expression became struggling.

In the character tab visible only to Arthur, the Talent "Death Intuition" flickered several times.

"Come! Hurry up and open the door!"

The raspy voice grew more and more impatient, even giving off a roaring sensation, and under such urging, Arthur struggled momentarily before continuing forward.

He continued toward the door of No. 2 Cork Street.

The door grew nearer, and the thick breaths, like those of a beast after vigorous exercise, continued to sound from outside the door.

Arthur, as if deaf, walked straight to the door and raised his arm.

"Come on! Come on!"

The voice outside called again, now completely turning into a beastly roar, tinged with a hint of triumph and mixed with unintelligible murmurs, but the next moment, as Arthur grasped the doorknob, it abruptly stopped.

For Arthur did not open the door.

Not only did he not open the door, but he also stopped, twisted the door bolt towards the direction of the door, and pulled the hidden trigger.

Bang!

From the specially made Thunder Gun, seven bullets instantly tore through the thin wood covering the shooting port and entered the body outside the door.

Thud, thud, thud!

"Ahhh!"

The unique sound of tearing flesh was masked by screams.

A figure, completely enveloped in the night, twisted frantically.

"You awakened?"

"You actually awakened in the dream?"

"Why?"

"This is impossible!"

The figure in the night roared while furiously slamming against the door of No. 2 Cork Street.

And inside, Arthur opened his eyes.

He naturally awoke.

At the moment the Talent "Death Intuition" flickered, the chilling presence appeared, and he had awakened.

He had simply kept his eyes closed to play along.

Now, no longer needing to pretend, Arthur, after opening his eyes, blinked in surprise.

The surroundings were not right.

To be precise, the surroundings were not much different from his memory of No. 2 Cork Street, but the colors of every décor item had significantly darkened.

Whether it was the deer head or the crimson painting, both appeared to have a black filter added.

Beyond that, a thin layer of fog laid at his feet.

The fog, flowing like a streamlet, brushed past Arthur's feet, light and without any sensation.

"In a dream?!"

Arthur was taken aback and subconsciously clenched his fist.

He could vividly feel his own existence.

It was incredibly real, far surpassing the "lucid dreams" he understood.

And the entity in the shadows outside had become furious upon realizing the deception.

"Even if you are awake, you are doomed!"

"Three minutes—

Enough for me to kill you a hundred times!"

Bang bang bang!

Even as he spoke, the opponent's slamming did not cease, even as a huge gash from the Thunder Gun had torn through its body, spattering fresh blood with every impact.

Using the Peeping Mirror, Arthur watched the other party.

It was dark, and unclear, completely shrouded by the night and a faint mist, Arthur, even with his vision, could only discern an outline at such close quarters.

Massive as a rhinoceros, with bulging muscles!

Just seeing an outline was enough for Arthur to feel the opponent's strength and power.

Although not to undermine himself, Arthur doubted that the door at No. 2 Cork Street could withstand the opponent's continuous battering.

In fact, according to Arthur's assessment, the door and the frame might come crashing down from just a single one of the opponent's powerful blows, not even needing continuous hits.

"Is it not physical power, but the 'door's' inherent meaning of guardianship?"

"The ability 'dreams' give to the 'door'?"

"Or is the opponent constrained even in 'dreams'?"

With limited knowledge about the Mystic Side, Arthur could only wildly guess based on some memories of his former self.

In the memories of his former self, the family's door could block creatures including, but not limited to, 'Tooth Fairies' and 'Boogiemen' from the mystic realm.

Of course, he couldn't be sure about their truthfulness.

As for dreams?

His former self did not know much more.

However, Arthur knew that if he didn't do something soon, that monster would break in.

The door meant for 'guardianship' wouldn't hold much longer.

Without hesitation, Arthur turned and rushed to the full armor station and unsheathed the Knight's Sword, then ran back, pushing aside the disguised Thunder Gun.

Immediately, a shooting port revealed itself.

To ensure better shooting of the bullets, this shooting port was designed quite large, fitting the blade of the Knight's Sword without any problem.

Thus, when the monster charged again, Arthur gathered all his strength and thrust the Knight's Sword through the port.

The two forces collided!

Thud!

The blade felt hard to touch and the recoil was enormous. Even with Arthur's 1.7 Physique, he couldn't hold onto the handle and staggered backward.

But the effect was evident.

The Knight's Sword had penetrated a good part of the monster's body, and the combination of the door and the Knight's Sword trapped the creature.

This only made the monster angrier.

"You're dead for sure!"

In its fury, the monster roared repeatedly, pounding at the door, and twisting its body non-stop, trying to break free from the restraint.

After several attempts, the wounds on the monster's body were ghastly to see. Normal beings would have fallen due to such injuries, weakened and collapsed, but this monster merely breathed harsher, yet appeared as vigorous as ever.

Watching this, Arthur knew the advantage he had gained was negligible.

But he didn't stop; he pretended to grab the hilt again, appearing as if trying to worsen the monster's wounds.

In reality, Arthur's mind was racing.

'Knives, firearms, basically useless!'

'Even the advantage I now hold might just be a trap set by the opponent, fulfilling some malicious mockery similar to the three minutes mentioned earlier.'

The cat-and-mouse game the opponent talked about was too familiar to him.

And he was not foolish; who would believe the words spoken by an enemy holding the upper hand?

To truly believe would be to seek death!

Wait a moment!

Who says it can't be trusted?!

Thinking of something, Arthur suddenly narrowed his eyes.

In the attributes menu, the Skill "Bluff" began to flash.