

Great Master 30

Chapter 30: Excellent Spirit and Excellent Spirits!

When?!

Arthur narrowed his eyes into a straight line while looking at his shoulder.

His palm was covered in filth, and even more so, crammed with black mud. It was filthy to the extreme, but the voice of its owner was magnetic and pleasant.

"Want to learn swordsmanship?"

"I'll teach you!"

"This is—Swift Bird Swordsmanship!"

As the words fell, Arthur felt a breeze behind him, as if something sharp aimed at his occipital.

His Death Intuition flickered rapidly!

Without thinking, Arthur's shoulders shivered, leading to a cacophony of crackles within his bones. At that moment, his body seemed boneless like a noodle, not only dodging the thrust but also successfully escaping the grasp of that hand.

Arthur sprawled on the ground. Not only his bones, but even his muscles underwent subtle changes allowing him not to rely further on bone support. Just by leveraging his spine to drive his muscles, he could slither at extreme speed, just like a true serpent.

Serpentine Body!

The trait inflicted by his Talent Dark Serpent. Cripple, made Arthur truly snake-like, yet somehow exceeding a snake—in his crawling, his speed stayed constant while his neck freely twisted backwards, allowing his head to look directly behind.

He immediately saw who had grabbed his shoulder.

The beggar he had been unable to find for a long time!

Although Arthur had guessed as much upon seeing the filthy hand, the situation still somewhat exceeded his expectations—

The once foolish beggar was now 'practicing' swordsmanship.

Now, the beggar's eyes gleamed with intellect. Despite his face being caked in grime, each move conveyed an undeniable sharpness.

He held no sword, yet with every swing of his arm, the sound of a blade slicing through the air echoed.

Moreover, in Arthur's view, as the beggar swung, the door frame of No. 2 Cork Street was being silently sliced!

One after another, tiny fissures, nearly imperceptible, appeared on the door frame.

'What kind of swordsmanship is this?'

'Or what kind of ability?'

Arthur watched the beggar, seemingly wielding an invisible sharp sword, his eyes flickering with contemplation. But soon, his cheeks trembled involuntarily.

Just then, the beggar who had been 'practicing' suddenly ceased all motion.

Standing there, his expressive eyes once again grew cloudy, and a foolish smile reappeared on his face.

A madman is fearsome.

But a fool is even more terrifying!

Because...

No one guards against a fool!

But this most certainly did not include Arthur. Having just witnessed the beggar's uniqueness, Arthur immediately activated all the mechanisms inside No. 2 Cork Street while retreating. Meanwhile, he pulled out a firearm, a longsword, and explosives from a hidden compartment beneath the floorboards.

At this moment, it was as if he were replaying the previous night's dream, but seeing the foolish beggar standing outside the door made Arthur tenser than when facing that monster in the dream, by more than tenfold.

After all, in the dream, Arthur still didn't dare to truly confirm whether his death was real, but here, he was absolutely certain that if he died, it was for real.

"Baby... scarecrow..."

Under Arthur's gaze, the foolish beggar muttered, his facial expression slowly changing.

It was no longer merely foolish.

But...

Angry!

Clear and apparent anger began to show on his features.

Baby?

Scarecrow?

What are these things?

Arthur frowned deeply, increasingly confused, but it didn't stop him from continuing to retreat.

He avoided the foolish one in front of him as much as he could.

Now that the other's state was even more troubling, he naturally chose to move away even faster.

There were not just one, but several secret passages leading to the exterior from No. 2 Cork Street, one of which even allowed direct departure from South Los.

'Back routes are essential for a Spirit Medium, even surpassing the cards in your hand!' Charlie had said and acted accordingly.

Although Arthur didn't know how Charlie managed to excavate such a secret passage, he was once again thankful for everything Charlie had done.

Arthur didn't merely turn and run, but instead faced the beggar, whose breathing grew heavy with anger, and backwards stepped one step at a time, carefully and quietly hoping he could reach the entrance to the secret passage without drawing attention.

With Charlie's caution, naturally, the passage also contained mechanisms.

And they were far more formidable than those in the corridor of No. 2 Cork Street.

As for the machinery at the corridor of No. 2 Cork Street, but based on the beggar's performance just now, Arthur did not think these devices could stop the beggar.

Indeed, that was the case—

When the enraged beggar noticed Arthur retreating, he immediately became even more enraged.

"Why?"

"Why are you leaving me?"

The other roared as he entered No. 2 Cork Street.

Immediately, the machinery activated.

Click!

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Amid the clicking of gears, three long spears hidden within the Crimson Painting thrust out directly.

The speed was so fast that ordinary people couldn't react in time.

And the force was enough to penetrate a buffalo.

But, it was blocked by the beggar.

And in a manner that made Arthur gasp.

The beggar raised his hand and flicked his fingers consecutively. The long spears that had shot out began to split from the point of contact with his fingertips, heading inward. The metallic spear tips and the sturdy spear bodies were all split in two, just like tofu cut with a knife.

And the beggar?

His mental state became even more erratic.

He began switching back and forth!

Mumbling to himself one moment.

Furiously growling the next.

The entire person seemed to be driven by instinct, continuing to walk forward even as he was immediately enveloped by blazing flames. There wasn't a tiny bit of change, nor a tiny bit of injury; not even his dirty clothes caught fire.

The laughter in the flames sounded like mockery.

The roars in the flames sounded like accusations.

If the painters recently seeking inspiration from the "Era of Prey" culture saw this scene, they could definitely create a breathtaking work of art.

The flames, they just made one think of burning stakes so easily.

And that expression of the beggar in the flames was probably what they were always pursuing.

However, none of this concerned Arthur.

Because the beggar sped up.

Without any warning, the other took a step and crossed the entire narrow corridor, appearing in front of Arthur.

Arthur tensed up inside.

At this moment, he was less than three meters from the escape tunnel.

But these three meters seemed like a chasm.

The flickering of "Death Intuition" was so frequent that it lit up like a steady light.

Whoosh!

Watching the beggar, who was alternating expressions of foolishness and anger and was close at hand, raising his palm preparing to stab at him, Arthur took a deep breath.

There was no communicating with the other.

The other was also powerfully beyond imagination, like the palm strike he was about to receive; Arthur couldn't dodge it, so he chose to communicate with the other in his own way—

"Why are you leaving me!"

"Destiny?"

"Is this destiny?"

The other murmured with anger, then shifted back to murmuring after the roar.

The only constant was the palm thrusting at Arthur.

"Heh, only fools believe in destiny!"

Arthur said with a smile and without dodging or evading.

The flames couldn't injure the other.

But explosives should be able to!

Because the explosives inside No. 2 Cork Street weren't just the bit on Arthur.

Similarly, No. 2 Cork Street wasn't just filled with explosives.

When the machinery was activated, and the safety of the explosives was completely removed, No. 2 Cork Street would become a huge barrel of gunpowder with various additives mixed in, and any creature inside would be blown to smithereens.

Arthur believed the other was no exception.

The next moment, Arthur pulled the fuse on his body.