

Great Master 31

Chapter 31: Swift Bird Swordsmanship!

As the fuse hissed continuously, Arthur, who had been standing still, now charged directly towards the beggar.

Arthur had always feared death.

Who wouldn't fear death?

Even the heroes of legend feared death, yet they chose to face it, and so they were called heroes.

That courage to confront death directly was the most beautiful of praises!

Arthur couldn't reach that level, nor did he possess such a state.

He simply felt that since he couldn't live, he might as well take the one responsible for his death down with him.

It was that simple.

There was no noble sentiment.

There was no sublime virtue.

It might even cause innocent casualties.

But Arthur did not regret it!

He stared intently at the beggar, at the hand that was about to plunge into his chest.

Then...

He saw fear!

He saw fear in the eyes of the beggar!

Not fear of him!

Not even fear of the explosives he carried!

But of a marionette!

The marionette that was placed in the hallway behind the hall, mingled with full-body armor and torture instruments, merely serving as a prop to set a terrifying atmosphere.

"The doll! The doll!"

The beggar stared at the marionette, screaming in terror.

Then, without paying any heed to Arthur, he turned and ran.

Arthur was stunned.

Then, he extinguished the fuse.

He had never imagined that even at such a time, he could snatch back his life, nor did he anticipate that a marionette meant to scare ordinary people could scare away a person from the Mystic Side!

'What had the opponent encountered?'

'Had the so-called doll, the scarecrow, caused this transformation?'

Arthur pondered this as he swiftly walked towards the door.

The door at No. 2 Cork Street had been left open since the beggar's intrusion, and although there were few pedestrians on Cork Street in the afternoon, there were some, and the mess inside No. 2 Cork Street was not something he wanted exposed.

'The door frame is still sturdy, no need for replacement just yet, but the spears and kerosene need to be refilled. A new Crimson Painting must be prepared, and the deer head also needs repairing, not to mention these burn marks; those will be a real project to clean up.'

The secrets of No. 2 Cork Street, of course, could not be known by outsiders; naturally, Arthur would have to do these repairs himself.

Just the thought of having to play carpenter and painter for the next two days made Arthur sigh.

The only consolation was that he had considerable experience from his predecessor's memories.

Being a Spirit Medium was always bound to be dangerous.

In his predecessor's memories, there had been five break-ins at No. 2 Cork Street. The most dangerous of which was when an uninvited guest had reached the 'bedroom' upstairs only to be bitten to death by the black widow hiding there.

However, following an incident during feeding where the black widow almost bit the predecessor, Old Charlie had to relocate the black widow and changed the trap arrangements in those 'bedrooms' upstairs.

'Maybe I could breed some poisonous snakes?'

Arthur instantly thought of his Talent 'Dark Serpent. Cripple' and its Trait 'Serpent Speak': communication and a certain degree of command over snakes.

It seemed like a significant enhancement to the defenses of No. 2 Cork Street could be achieved.

However, where to start required careful consideration.

Otherwise, it might lead others to make some connections.

After all, the previous toad had followed Ciudik here.

And that beggar was lured by the toad, almost costing him his life just now.

'It's like one thing leading to another!'

'Wonder how long it will take for this smell to completely disappear!'

Arthur bent over and sniffed his hand, noticing that the foul smell was much fainter than in the morning, but some residue remained.

Clearly, with time, this smell would eventually fade away.

This made Arthur breathe a little easier.

He feared no enemy, but that did not mean he was willing to fight an endless number of them.

At least, there should be moments of respite.

'Stay at No. 2 Cork Street until the stench has completely dissipated!' Arthur thought to himself as he was about to close the door, but at that moment, his gaze inadvertently swept across the fine cuts on the doorframe.

When his eyes saw these marks, Arthur involuntarily recalled the beggar 'practicing swordsmanship' at the door.

His fingers unconsciously stroked the scars on the wooden frame.

In his mind, the image of the beggar wielding a sword from thin air became increasingly clear.

Unconsciously, Arthur's hand, following the memory of the beggar, swung through the air.

No sharp sound of slicing through the air.

Nor the ability to cut through the door frame.

There was only—

[Yes/No - Spend 5XP to learn Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo?]

...

"Hmm?"

Arthur was startled, then immediately chose the affirmative reply.

Although the beggar was both mad and crazy, his strength was undeniable, and if his swordsmanship could be learned, it naturally had to be learned.

Even if it was only 'pseudo'!

[Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo Lv1: The original Swift Bird Swordsmanship was a secret of the Ducal family of South County, but with the onset of the Seven Years' War, the Duke of South County had no choice but to teach some of his swordsmanship to more soldiers and swordsmen in the army.

As time passed, the Swift Bird Swordsmanship was collected by interested nobles and gradually became more complete; however, what you have learned is only the bare minimum, you only grasp its form but still possess impressive power; effect: when you use the self-perceived Swift Bird Sword Posture, the next sword speed is additionally increased by +0.1]

...

The synchronization of knowledge and body began.

After a few seconds, the moment Arthur opened his eyes, he was standing sideways, knees bent, left hand in front, four fingers together, thumb open, the exposed tiger's mouth acting like a frame, right hand pretending to grip an invisible sword, which thrust forward as his legs straightened.

Whoosh!

Arthur surged forward two meters, and in his imagination, his enemy's throat was pierced.

'Did it add 0.1 speed to my 1.7 [Physique]?'

With eyes closed, Arthur carefully sensed the difference.

Unlike an all-around increase in [Physique], [Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo] only increased speed, but that did not mean that Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo was weak.

On the contrary, in a close battle where a tiny difference could mean a mile in outcome, the ability to increase speed by 0.1 with [Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo] was quite powerful.

Enough to change the outcome of a fight.

Of course, Arthur never denied that an increase of just 0.1 speed was too little.

So—

Level up!

After another -10XP, [Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo] advanced to Lv2.

[Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo Lv2: Having only grasped the form of the Swift Bird Swordsmanship, you did not give up on recalling and practicing, and hard work pays off for the diligent; effect: when you use the self-perceived Swift Bird Sword Posture, the next sword speed is additionally increased by +0.2]

...

A deeper synchronization of knowledge and body started.

Arthur felt as if he was diligently training every day, braving the wind and rain, indifferent to cold or heat. When he came back to his senses, he had already mastered [Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo Lv2].

The speed was faster now.

But his [Physique] had not increased.

Arthur was not disappointed by this.

He had long known that the higher the [Physique], the harder it was to increase.

Glancing at the [Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo] which now required 20XP to upgrade to Lv3 and the remaining 5XP, Arthur thought silently.

'Today's murder case at the Swordsmanship Club should gather enough XP for upgrading [Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo].'

'I just wonder what the real Swift Bird Swordsmanship would look like?'

Human desires are endless.

Arthur would certainly not object to that.

When he only knew Basic Swordsmanship, he wanted to learn other swordsmanship, and after acquiring the skin of other swordsmanship, naturally, he wanted the true transmission.

And the hope for the true transmission was naturally on that beggar.

'Hopefully Wiggins brings some good news!'

Arthur thought half seriously and half jokingly.

Before he recognized the beggar's strength, Arthur was quite confident in Wiggins, but having seen the beggar's skills, Arthur set his expectations to the lowest.

Or rather, he had no expectations at all.

However, surprises always appear at times like these.