

Great Master 39

Chapter 39: Victory, Already Born!

At the moment the kerosene-filled pottery jar shattered, Graham smelled the distinct odor of kerosene.

Instantly, he tensed.

However, upon realizing it was just a group of "Blue-Skin Dogs," Graham's tension eased.

These "Blue-Skin Dogs" had come for those infants!

It must have been because of a flaw he left behind when he snatched the last baby at the police station.

With this thought, Graham cursed Arthur again.

'Damn that guy!'

'If it weren't for you, how could my strength have weakened to this extent?'

The secret technique "Eulogy of Ilos," which pulls people into dreams and uses the "dreamscape" as home ground, is powerful and bizarre, but comes with various limitations.

Beyond the necessary contact, there were also distance constraints.

Especially the consumption for the practitioner was beyond imagination.

Even if Graham completed the "Eulogy of Ilos" under normal conditions, he would be left weakened for 2-3 days.

Not to mention, now that Arthur had broken his secret technique, not only was his "Spirituality" obscured, but his "Physique" had greatly declined, rendering him unable to cast any magic except for a basic Illusion Technique.

But!

Killing a squad of 'Blue-Skin Dogs' was still feasible.

Graham thought so, and acted accordingly.

However, this Mystic Side Person did not rush out directly, for he had seen the crossbow arrows in the hands of those Blue-Skin Dogs.

Although gunpowder had risen, the crossbow had not completely exited the stage of history.

On a day like this, overcast with rain, crossbows still held their place on the battlefield.

Graham had no intention to withstand a crossbow arrow with his physique, something he couldn't do even at his prime.

Now?

Any crossbow arrow was something he did not wish to encounter.

If it hit a vital spot, that would genuinely be the end.

Therefore, he threw out a clotheshanger draped with his coat.

Watching the 'Blue-Skin Dogs' hit the clotheshanger one after another, Graham laughed.

Crossbows could be reloaded.

However, the time it took to reload was enough for him to slaughter the entire squad.

As for afterward?

It was simply a matter of biding time!

As long as he could delay until after midnight, he would be able to leave South Los at ease!

Even if pursued by the Earl of South Los later, he was confident he could shake him off in the vast sea, after all, the opponent couldn't really leave his territory for long unless he no longer wanted it.

For someone like him who had only killed a squad of 'Blue-Skin Dogs,' five infants, six families, totaling just over forty people, it wasn't worth it.

Of course, that was for later.

For now, naturally it was—

Kill the leader first!

Graham rushed out, dagger thrusting directly at Malz.

The surrounding officers cried out in surprise, but Malz remained calm.

The Third-Class Officer seemed to return to his younger days.

Back then, he stood on the battlefield, facing cavalry, holding a matchlock gun.

'It seems nothing has changed!'

'No, there is some change!'

'At least, I am no longer holding a matchlock gun, but...'

'Holy Water!'

Thinking of Arthur's earlier instructions, Malz then splashed the Holy Water in his left hand, shouting loudly.

"Evil Spirit, Purify!"

Suddenly, Graham, who had rushed up to Malz, was splashed directly in the face with sulfuric acid.

Hiss!

The sound of the sulfuric acid corroding his skin echoed.

Followed by Graham's scream.

"Ahhh!"

Effective!

Seeing this scene, Malz did not hesitate, and promptly splashed the Holy Water he was holding in his right hand.

Graham, covering his face with his hands, soon had his hands, back of the neck, and neck corroded by the sulfuric acid.

The pain made Graham start to retreat.

It was a trap!

This trap was meant for him!

Who was it?

Ciudik!

It must have been Ciudik!

Only Ciudik could know him so well!

And would set up such a targeted trap!

Graham was increasingly infuriated inside, he wanted to scream, but he dared not, fearful of the sulfuric acid splashing into his mouth.

If sulfuric acid had indeed been thrown into his mouth, he would have completely lost the ability to "Chant." It would have been a devastating blow to him.

No!

It absolutely couldn't happen!

While retreating, Graham was fully focused on guarding against Malz, whom he believed was Ciudik in disguise.

Thinking back to when Malz had charged at him, the indifferent look in his eyes and that faint hint of mockery.

It was undoubtedly Ciudik!

Graham was certain of it.

Therefore, the Mystic Side Person didn't notice Arthur standing on the rooftop of Cork Street Building No. 14.

After positioning the umbrella on the rooftop to shield "Anna" and the Spirit Medium Box from getting wet, Arthur stood with his sword.

His left hand forward, the four fingers together and extended straight, with the thumb forming a right angle at the base of his palm, the blade resting on it like a gun, aimed at Graham.

The fine raindrops pattered on Arthur's body and face.

Arthur adjusted his breathing, gathering all the strength in his body, and with a push from his right foot at the back, he soared off the rooftop, his right hand thrusting out the sword directly.

Pseudo Swift Bird Swordsmanship!

In the rain, twelve patrol officers widened their eyes.

At that moment, it was as if they saw an eagle swooping down from the sky to prey upon its target on the ground.

Graham too heard the swooshing sound above his head.

The Mystic Side Person finally sensed something amiss.

But, it was too late!

A flash of the sword.

Arthur, who had leaped from the rooftop, passed by Graham.

Graham's body stiffened, his hands still not lowered from his face, his eyes only able to peek through the gaps of his fingers at the silhouette standing with a sword.

That all-too-familiar silhouette made Graham instantly recognize Arthur's identity.

At that moment, Graham realized he had made a mistake.

A complete and utter blunder!

"It was you!"

"I..."

Spurt!

Annoyed and angry, Graham wanted to say something else, but the fresh blood gushed from his neck like a fountain.

The crimson sprayed over three meters into the air, Graham's steps faltered, his figure swayed, and he fell at Arthur's feet.

Ignoring the corpse at his feet, Arthur's sword-holding right hand turned, immediately swinging the blade in a half-circle in front of him to fling the bloody residue in a straight line onto the muddy ground, before sheathing the sword.

His gaze turned to Graham,

more accurately, to the text only he could see before his eyes:

[Slaying a critically injured Mystic Side Person, XP+20]

...

'As expected, only by killing Mystic Side Persons do I earn XP!'

Having confirmed another suspicion, Arthur began to search Graham's body more diligently, hoping for some gain.

Meanwhile, Malz was shouting at the dazed patrol officers—

"Put out the fire, save people!"

"Don't touch anything!"

The latter reminder, although Malz knew it was of little use, he still had to show his stance in front of Arthur.

Arthur was well aware of this,

but he didn't care.

It wasn't that he wasn't acknowledging Malz's directive, but he knew that Cork Street No. 14 was not the current hideout of the toad.

In the memories of his predecessor, a family of four lived here.

The husband was a First Mate, the wife a full-time homemaker, and the son and daughter were just about the age to need a home tutor.

Arthur glanced at Cork Street No. 14.

The shattered door allowed him to see the bodies in the dim corridor.

Two adults and two children, discarded carelessly.

'Cruel world.'

Arthur thought silently, his gaze returning to Graham's body without any sighs, just a slight prefix addition.

'Such a cruel world.'

With that internal comment, Arthur searched Graham's body even more thoroughly for any spoils.

In any world, strength and vigilance are indispensable.

The victors gain everything.

The losers lose everything.

Arthur did not want to be a loser, so he could only explore his surroundings with an even more cautious heart, absorbing more nourishment to grow stronger.

After all—

To win is to live!

And soon, he found something on Graham's body.

"Huh?!"