

Great Master 67

Chapter 67: The Way of Fragmentation!

Mr. Kledos?

Someone impersonating your lordship?

Wiggins instantly understood why Arthur frowned.

In South Los, and indeed in the entire South County, reputation is of utmost importance.

Once tarnished, it becomes a matter of great concern.

It could even lead to an unending vendetta.

"Your lordship, please leave it to me!"

Wiggins patted the carriage confidently and, carrying his umbrella sword, jumped down— the carriage had already reached the entrance near the outskirts of Rat Street.

In simple terms, close to Wiggins' stronghold.

Here, Wiggins felt a natural sense of security.

More importantly, his two subordinates were on watch here every day.

In fact, as Wiggins leaped from the carriage, the two subordinates ran over.

"Boss!"

The two lads whom Arthur had met before greeted Wiggins and then, without waiting for his orders, charged into the alley.

Hod, who was in the midst of extortion, reeled back as soon as he saw the two young men.

One of them even exclaimed.

"It's Wiggins' men!"

Hod's face darkened. He knew Wiggins was not to be trifled with, but the mark beside him was a rare find.

It wasn't just about the money in the other person's wallet.

So, Hod decided to take a risk.

He pulled a dagger from within his jacket.

Then, he paused, stunned.

For he saw Wiggins casually strolling into the alley.

He saw Wiggins draw a longsword from an umbrella.

Hod glanced at the rusty dagger in his hand, then at Wiggins' sword, gleaming coldly, and his expression tightened.

"Wiggins, we...oh, mamma mia!"

Hod had already given up the deal in his heart but still tried to maintain some dignity. However, before he could finish speaking, he let out a shriek.

Not just him—his two accomplices also screamed in terror.

Because a terrifying puppet, causing goosebumps just by its presence, was steadily advancing down the alley.

That horror-inducing puppet seemed quite curious about what was happening here, looking left and right, and when its gaze swept over Hod and his men, the three predictably collapsed to the ground.

Wiggins also got goosebumps.

He knew it!

'Anna' was alive!

His intuition had never been wrong!

Golden Finger inwardly exclaimed while he sheathed his sword and bowed.

"Miss 'Anna,' please wait a moment."

"I will deal with these people promptly."

At that moment, Wiggins was exceedingly glad he had decided to follow Arthur and belong to the same camp as this 'Anna.'

His subordinates, although frightened, bowed as well after seeing their boss pay his respects.

Then?

"Hit them!"

"Beat them hard!"

Facing three men already paralyzed by fear on the ground, Wiggins did not lift a finger; his two subordinates were more than enough.

His gaze turned to the similarly petrified young man.

Even with dirty clothes, one could see the young man's propriety, an unweathered face, clean-cut fingernails, and a brand-new top hat.

This type of easy mark was also his favorite.

Not only foolish but also flush with cash.

However, knowing his lord was involved, Wiggins wisely chose to abandon the opportunity.

"Leave this place at once."

"This is no place for a young master like you."

After speaking, Wiggins carried the young man out of the alley.

The youth was dazed, staring unblinkingly at the carriage by the road. He saw the terrifying puppet hop back into the vehicle.

In the moment when the carriage door opened and closed, he glimpsed the side profile of a man.

The man was saying something to the puppet; it wasn't very clear, but his eyes were tender.

Who was he?

What was the deal with that puppet?

The young man couldn't figure it out.

By the time he came to his senses, the carriage was long gone.

The young man, lost and dispirited, had no choice but to head toward Shire District.

"Miss 'Anna' is curious about what just happened?"

Inside the carriage, Wiggins respectfully inquired.

"Hmm, 'Anna' always has a lot of curiosity and a tendency to meddle in affairs that make my head ache," Arthur nodded, looking troubled.

But Wiggins saw the fondness in Arthur's eyes for 'Anna' and very wisely chose to say no more.

That gaze was almost identical to one looking at his own daughter, what more needed to be said?

Probably saying too much would result in 'Anna' seeking a chat with him in the middle of the night, right?

The mere thought of waking up to find 'Anna' at his bedside made Wiggins shudder.

Arthur, observing Wiggins' reaction, felt very satisfied deep down.

Using the "Hand of Void" to bring 'Anna' to life had been his plan for a while now—Arthur had intended to create a secondary focus of attention to prevent the people of South Los from becoming bored with the new.

Now?

Naturally, it was to teach Wiggins a lesson.

Maintaining a sense of awe at all times, whether towards Wiggins or for him, was a good thing.

There was also the young man just now.

It seemed he was a source of XP for Arthur, and although Arthur kept his distance, he didn't mind lending a hand if it was effortless.

Besides, someone had to set off the topic of 'Anna,' didn't they?

"We've arrived!"

The coachman called out.

Arthur and Wiggins alighted from the carriage.

The houses on the outskirts of Rat Street looked no different from other civilian dwellings in the Dort District.

The toad's transfer station contained nothing of value besides the necessary clothes and fake beard, yet Arthur was not disappointed at all.

He had already gained the greatest harvest, hadn't he?

By the time Arthur returned to No. 2 Cork Street, the sky had turned completely dark.

Arthur checked the corners and found no rat corpses, which slightly eased his mind—if possible, he really didn't want to be enemies with the other party.

But if the other party truly made a move, then he would have to consider how to eradicate the threat for good.

Fortunately, it had not come to that yet.

Just like opening the box given to him by Marinda, Arthur chose to wield the sword with the "Hand of Void" and pried open the wicker box.

Pop!

The box was opened.

The expected crossbow arrow shooting out or poisonous insects jumping out did not happen.

This wicker box was just an ordinary box.

The reason it was heavy was that it contained three thick books, as heavy as a turning head, which could be considered weapons in their own right.

And a conical bottle tightly wrapped in sponge, and...

Gold notes!

An entire stack of gold notes with a denomination of 10.

Arthur, wearing gloves, counted them, and there were as many as 30.

300 gold notes!

Immediately, Arthur, who had been considering how to procure more gold notes, breathed a sigh of relief.

With these 300 gold notes, he had enough money for the short term.

Thinking this, Arthur picked up the tightly wrapped conical bottle.

It was already empty inside; according to the measurements marked, if filled, it would hold about 75ml, but there was a label on the conical bottle: Drool of Apophis.

'Apophis?'

'What's that?'

Arthur pondered and began to check the three books.

The first two revealed nothing, but when his fingers touched the third one—

[Discovering unknown secret technique, determining...]

[Spirituality determination passed!]

[Would you like to spend 10XP to learn 'Rope Animating Technique'?]

...

[Discovering unknown secret technique, determining...]

[Spirituality determination passed!]

[Would you like to spend 5XP to learn 'Noise Technique'?]

...

[Discovering unknown secret technique, determining...]

[Spirituality determination passed!]

[Would you like to spend 5XP to learn 'Arrow Guiding Technique'?]

...

[Discovering unknown secret technique, determining...]

[Spirituality determination not passed!]

[Essential item determination not passed!]

[Yes/No, spend 100 XP to learn this secret technique in an overload manner?]

(Note: Overloaded learning will result in irreversible changes!)

...

[Discovering unknown secret technique, determining...]

[Spirituality determination not passed!]

[Essential item determination not passed!]

[Yes/No, spend 200 XP to learn this secret technique in an overload manner?]

(Note: Overloaded learning will result in irreversible changes!)

...

A stream of text appeared before Arthur's eyes, but it didn't stop there, more text kept appearing, causing Arthur to unconsciously mutter softly, "[Blood Ritual.Fragmentary], [Lake Light Ceremony.Fragmentary], [Cat Hole Theory.Fragmentary], [Serpent Sect Elixir Record.Fragmentary], [Griffin Training Method.Fragmentary], [Raven Sect Alchemy.Fragmentary], [Talin Sect Meditation Method.Fragmentary], [Assassin Bloodline Secrets.Fragmentary]!"

As he muttered, Arthur's brows gradually furrowed.

In the end, he couldn't help but sneer inwardly.

"Fragmentary, fragmentary, fragmentary; it's all fragmentary!"

"Are you a cripple?"

Still, despite his words, Arthur harbored no disdain.

On the contrary, his intuition told him that this time he would reap significant rewards.

Following his intuition, Arthur picked up one of the other two books.

After flipping through it briefly, the furrow on Arthur's brow smoothed out.

Even his lips curled up into a smile.