

Great Master 25

Chapter 25 The Thrusting Wooden Sword

"Of course!"

Upon hearing Arthur's words, Amy immediately nodded.

Moreover, her face lit up with even more radiance, and her smile grew even more brilliant.

To truly experience a coach's strength was not a bad thing at all.

It proved that Arthur truly had a corresponding need, and the possibility of completing the transaction became even greater.

On the contrary, customers who were indifferent and noncommittal often signified a failed transaction.

Of course, this was still better than those who made excessive demands.

Amy had encountered such people more than once.

Each time she would politely refuse.

If she really couldn't refuse, then...

A groin kick!

She lost her last job because of this, and her current job was more respectable and paid better, so Amy definitely didn't want to lose it again.

If she really did lose it again, then she would have no choice but to leave the Shire District and try her luck in some other districts.

However, she would never go to places where real merchants and nobles appeared.

Her groin kick might work on ordinary people and the middle class, but if she really kicked a big shot, she would be truly doomed.

Amy from rural South Los had her own bits of cleverness.

Not too much, but for now, it was sufficient.

After settling Arthur in the reception area and bringing him a cup of tea, Amy quickly walked off to the back.

'Calluses on the palms, clear muscle lines on the arms and shoulders, worked on a farm, speaks with measure, but without much etiquette, yet full of vitality... hmm, a girl from the countryside surrounding South Los?'

Arthur habitually guessed the origins of strangers, paying no attention to the tea on the table.

He already smelled the scent of sweet ginger beyond the tea.

He wasn't very fond of this flavored tea.

He preferred his tea pure and simple.

Definitely not a new arrival.

About two minutes later, a tall man followed Amy back into the reception area.

"This is Coach Bern, and he will guide you through a practice session—this time completely free of charge!"

Amy introduced the man, emphasizing the free part.

"Thank you very much."

Arthur thanked him, already assessing Coach Bern.

An extremely robust figure, his upper body formed an inverted triangle, especially the exposed forearms which were almost as thick as a normal person's upper arms, and hands quite broad, with noticeable calluses on the base of the thumbs.

'A swordsman who relies on strength?'

Arthur pondered inwardly as Coach Bern already had his hand outstretched.

"Welcome to 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club'!"

Arthur shook his hand and then let go.

There was no wrestling of strength, no collision, just a simple first exchange between a potential student and a coach.

Coach Bern knew how to measure.

While leading Arthur inside, not only did he continually talk about the history of the club, but he also emphasized their outstanding coaches.

"Litter is our club's best coach; he was also the third-place winner of the last 'Swordsmanship Competition.' His swordsmanship is quite formidable."

Speaking of their best coach, Bern conveyed a face full of admiration.

"Is Coach Litter available?"

Arthur asked with great interest.

If someone could attain third place in the 'Swordsmanship Competition,' they naturally possessed considerable skill; perhaps he could even solve Arthur's issue with advancing his swordsmanship.

At the same time, it would allow him to make a rough judgment of the 'Swordsmanship Competition's' true calibre.

His predecessor greatly yearned for the 'Swordsmanship Competition,' but during the last one, Uncle Winters had gone missing, and his predecessor had been ordered to stay at home.

The one before last and the one before that, he had been dispatched to other places for exorcism due to family business.

Earlier?

He needed to study at home and was not allowed to go out.

So, the predecessor, highly curious about the 'Swordsmanship Competition,' had only heard about it, never having seen it with his own eyes.

"You want Litter to be your coach?"

"Then you better be ready to pay a hefty price!"

"Since Litter took third place in the last 'Swordsmanship Competition,' his appointments have been fully booked, and he charges an extra fee regardless."

Coach Bern, apparently not the first time encountering a student who wanted Coach Litter's training, immediately smiled.

"Extra fees, how much?"

"About 10 Seed per lesson—that's the price from a month ago. The 'Swordsmanship Competition' is approaching, so the price might even increase!"

Bern quoted a price that made Arthur frown.

One lesson was about the equivalent of five days' income for an average family in the Old Town; the price truly exceeded Arthur's expectations, but soon, Arthur felt excited.

Because the value of the 'Swordsmanship Competition' also exceeded his imagination.

'The 'Swordsmanship Competition' has even more influence than I thought!'

'That means, I can gain even more XP!'

With that thought, Arthur's face beamed with a smile.

He was somewhat eager to test the abilities of that Coach Litter.

Of course, that would come later.

Now?

It was naturally time for a practice match with Coach Bern.

Taking the wooden sword handed to him by the coach, Arthur glanced over the dozen or so students learning swordsmanship under the guidance of their coaches, then looked at the corner far away from the students, feeling a tinge of appreciation for Coach Bern.

It was clear that he was concerned that Arthur, coming for the first time, might be nervous.

He also worried that failure might lead to disappointment and lose heart.

Even though some trainees had begun to take notice of this place, there was still room left for both parties.

After all, in the world of adults, even if one truly saw something, they could choose to turn a blind eye.

"Shall we begin?"

Coach Bern asked while holding a sword in one hand and extending his arm horizontally, the wooden sword's tip pointing straight at Arthur, which was a standard offensive posture.

Arthur frowned secretly.

This Coach Bern was a nice guy, but his swordsmanship was mediocre.

The supposedly agile offensive posture was very stiff, not to mention that the heel that should have been raised was nailed to the ground as if it had a nail in it.

And when Arthur nodded, the other party lunged forward with a thrust, which seemed impressive, but in reality, it didn't leverage the power of the legs or waist, locking the move without any follow-up variation.

'Level 1 to Level 2 standard!'

Arthur assessed within himself.

But this did not mean Bern was without strength. On the contrary, the robust-bodied Bern was still very strong, even if his swordsmanship level wasn't high.

At least, that was the case for ordinary people.

Facing the fiercely powerful Bern, normal people would either dodge or block, and if they dodged, they would fall into Bern's rhythm until they were cornered into a dead end.

If they blocked, they would die even faster!

Bern's strength was no joke!

However, that was true for others, not for Arthur. In the face of Arthur, Bern was simply no match.

Bern was strong, but Arthur was stronger.

Bern's speed was average, Arthur's was lightning-fast.

Bern's swordsmanship was mediocre, Arthur's Basic Swordsmanship was unparalleled.

Therefore, the result was predetermined.

Smack!

Before Bern could see it coming, the spine of Arthur's sword struck his hand. By the time his wooden sword flew out of his grasp, Arthur's wooden sword was already pointed at Bern's throat.

Bern's eyes widened in shock.

The surrounding trainees and instructors practicing also couldn't believe their eyes.

Although Bern had chosen a corner, the trainees noticed the pair as soon as they walked in, and those with similar experiences naturally knew what the two were about to do.

In the midst of boring practice, how could watching a sword fight not be more interesting?

Even Coach Dexi, who was instructing, did not stop them but chose to watch with arms crossed.

Therefore, all the trainees were paying attention to this spot, with many quietly betting on how many moves Arthur could withstand.

Most people thought it would be two or three at most.

Because Bern usually spared the trainees some dignity, not letting them lose too badly.

But to everyone's surprise, the outcome was drastically different.

Bern had actually lost!

"That guy is so strong!"

"He must have the strength to compete in the 'Swordsmanship Competition' now, right?"

"No less!"

"To defeat Coach Bern, he must be at least a seeded contestant!"

As the trainees buzzed with discussion, a figure appeared behind them, and soon some trainees noticed something wrong, turned their heads to see the figure, and immediately shut up, quietly pulling on their companions.

Word quickly spread, and the trainees stopped talking altogether.

They not only stopped talking but also made way for this figure.

Coach Dexi even hid far away as the figure scanned with a glance, let out a cold snort, and proudly walked through the parted crowd to Arthur and Coach Bern.

"Litter..."

"Shut up, waste of space!"

Bern had barely spoken when he was interrupted by the bronze medalist of the 'Swordsmanship Competition.' The opponent didn't give Bern a chance to speak, and the tall Bern sadly bowed his head, keeping silent.

Litter did not pay Bern any attention and instead set his gaze on Arthur.

"The new 'Swordsmanship Competition' is about to begin. Which club do you belong to? How dare you come here to scout!"

"I..."

"Enough, draw your sword!"

Litter obviously misunderstood something and didn't give Arthur a chance to explain. Instead, he picked up a nearby practice wooden sword.

Arthur frowned and then his brow relaxed.

Because he had decided not to choose 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club anymore.

Not only was Litter too arrogant and disagreeable for his taste, but Litter's swordsmanship was also Basic Swordsmanship.

Although it was just a stance, Arthur, who had mastered Basic Swordsmanship, instantly recognized that Litter's Basic Swordsmanship level was around Level 3.

Clearly, there was nothing for him to learn here.

'The third-best in the Swordsmanship Competition is only at this level?'

Arthur pondered internally, but he did not dare to be careless and gripped his longsword firmly.

He had seen enough cases of defeat coming from undervaluing an opponent.

He had no intention of experiencing it himself.

Noticing Arthur gripping his longsword, Litter did not attack immediately. Instead, he performed a ritual-like action, transferring the practice wooden sword to his left hand, sticking out his tongue to lick his right hand, and only after wetting his palm with saliva did he switch hands again.

Arthur's brows furrowed once more.

This time he was disgusted.

He was aware of a certain basketball player who had this bad habit, but he didn't expect it to exist in swordsmanship as well.

"Let me tell you, you've come to the wrong place—take this!"

Litter growled lowly and charged at Arthur, his practice wooden sword completed a charging motion, aiming to end Arthur with a direct thrust, just like he had done in the previous 'Swordsmanship Competition.'

But at that moment, Litter's body convulsed a few times, and then he fell to the ground face up, foaming at the mouth.

The next moment, there was no breath left in him.

Litter, was dead.