

105 Murderer and Cosmos

"Murderer!" 1

Lukros was shocked that it was too late for him to notice the presence behind him. He was so stunned that he slowly turned his head to see who had called him out.

Lukros couldn't believe what had just happened. He was outdone by a kid? Moreover, he still looks like a 9-year-old kid.

A few meters away from him, there was a boy in tattered clothes, not the usual common clothes for the norm but common for beggars.

'I was outdone by a beggar?' Lukros couldn't believe how ridiculous it was.

He was still doubting it, so he decided to see what kind of body this kid had.

As he looked for it, the body had a white soul. To be specific, a pure one. But it doesn't mean that this kid is a saint. "White souls" means that in this life, they were blessed with unusual things that could change their lives.

'I'll just leave him alone.'

Lukros instantly absorbed the corpses using the crimson sphere, then disappeared at the sight of the boy.

The boy ran towards the previous location where Lukros was and inspected the area, venturing his eyes all over the place. He was still terrified over the fact that a scene had just happened before him, a crime!

He breathed slowly and closed his eyes, stabilizing his breathing and performing a sort of technique, leveling his two palms that were facing the sky to his chest, and as he inhaled, he faced his palm to the ground and lowered it as he exhaled.

Then, he opened his eyes and calmed down.

"That, mister, earlier. He is a killer. I must report this!"

The kid approached a member of the authority to report what he had just seen, but no one believed him as he was just a beggar. For them, he was just something bothersome to attend to.

And as he was left with no one listening to him, he cried in one place, away from the people in the city.

"Nobody believes me... these ridiculous clothes, face, and body! No one will believe me if I am like this..."

For weeks, he contemplated what to do. He cried plenty of times as he begged in the street for some change and money.

But one day, he stumbled upon an old beggar who was more pitiful than him. His clothes were almost destroyed, and he supported himself by using a stick as a cane.

The old man noticed him and approached him. Out of nowhere, he dropped a book in front of him.

"I am illiterate. So, I can't read even if you want me to learn some... martial arts," the boy said as it was a norm for him to see dropped books of some martial arts.

The old man didn't make any facial expressions as his face was covered by his ugly hood. He only sighed and said, 'That is a drawing.'

The boy looked at the old man, and a few seconds later, he disappeared, making him dumbfounded in his place.

The old man just disappeared... Was it just his hallucination?

"I haven't eaten for days. Must be just me being crazy as the guy from the other street," he mumbled to himself as his eyes fell on the book in front of him.

He wasn't interested in it. But the more he looked at it, the more curious he got. He just sighed, grumbling inwardly as he fought over his own, whether he should have opened it or not.

Then finally, he decided.

"Nothing will be lost to me even if I open this book."

That was the time he opened the book, and as he opened it, all he saw were images in order. To be more specific, it was a drawing of a human figure, with different moves depicted in each drawing.

It was a martial arts book, but an external practice.

"This is..."

The kid didn't know what to do. He just used his time and read all of the contents. He even imitated some of the movements while he was sitting, and after a day of entertaining himself, he decided to imitate all of the drawings.

"If I am right, the drawing is in the order of like... from left to right? Was it?"

He didn't mind the order; it was fun copying the drawings and it made him forget his hunger. That was enough for him, and just like that, he didn't notice that it had been weeks since he was still imitating the drawings.

"It was fun."

So, he decided to raise the fun. He memorized the drawing and didn't just imitate it; he put

firmness into his movements. What he knew was that martial arts were supposed to be hurtful, so he put some strength into his movements, just to continue what he was doing.

And without noticing it, he learned a martial technique. Without his awareness, in every movement he created, there was some small hint of energy that followed his movements. It was so small that no one even noticed it, not even him.

And just like that, he continued practicing and practicing it until he totally forgot his hunger even though a month had passed.

He huffed, supporting his body by putting his hands on his knees.

"I am tired..." he said to himself, but still didn't feel hungry at this point.

"Should I take a rest for now?"

But what is rest? That's a joke for him as he lives on the streets. Then, after a few hours of sleeping, someone kicked him.

He felt the pain that was rushing all over his body. And the cause of it was from a rich kid who was surrounding him as if enjoying themselves by trampling on someone.

"Hahahaha! My father was right! Poors are too fun to see when they are hurt and in despair!"

One boy, from the four boys that surrounded the kid, said.

"What...?" he mumbled as he couldn't understand what they meant by it. But even though he could talk, he was cut off as they continued kicking him, giving him no time to shout.

He only endured it. He also knew that if he hurt them, he would die.

'What the misters like me said was that I don't have to hurt those who have beautiful clothes. I will die if I touch them.' Was what the kid was thinking.

But the pain all over his body started making him question if it was okay. Of course, it wasn't okay. They were laughing while they were kicking him, and he was not happy about it.

To be honest, no one would be happy.

In his small body, he gathered his strength and pushed himself onto one of the boys. He then forced himself to stand up as they were distracted by what happened.

He looked at them with tired eyes, with no hope of being called. He gritted his teeth as he sneered, "You are only above me, now that I stand. Fight me."

He gathered his courage to say those words, as

he was still afraid of what might happen to him if he fought. But he couldn't endure the pain anymore.

And as they heard what he said, they all laughed at him, as if he was a fool who uttered gibberish words. For them, it was as if it was a joke that made them laugh like there was no tomorrow.

"What a fool. Street beggars are just the same!"

But before they could kick him again, the kid already stood in a stance he practiced from the martial arts book. He then executed it, hitting each of them with the attacks that his body had picked for them.

And surprisingly, he hit them with each of those attacks.

He was only left dumbfounded when he noticed that they were now on the ground. It was so fast that he didn't notice that they were already defeated.

He remained silent, speechless at what he had just done. And as the boys endured the pain they received, the kid ran away from them.

"I won't die..." he mumbled.

Somewhere in the universe, there's a planet where magic is practiced. Basic forms of attacks,

such as martial arts and other forms, don't play a greater role in fighting against those who have magic.

And in this world, there is a small building with only seven children, aged between 6 and 9, being lectured by someone who is in his 30's.

It was a man who had eyeglasses, sitting on a chair at just the level of the children. As he was explaining something to them, the children were attentively listening to him.

"There were different worlds in this massive cosmos. And what I mean by different worlds also means that there were connections between them."

"There's a world that doesn't have much magic, but they survived and flocked all over the world with their genius minds to invent things without the use of magic." 1

"There is also a world where magic is a privilege. No one can attain it if they don't reach a certain level of practice in martial arts and the internal energy that exists in their world."

"One world could also be where everyone has plenty of sets of lives and lives a life as if it were a game, but still dies at the very end if that game wasn't completed."

"If you may ask, how do I know why this kind of

world exists? It is because I visited some of it using the connection I was talking about. And one factor that helped me do it was the magical research done by the greatest and most legendary Sage of all time, The Immortal Sage, Lucas White."

"Despite the fact that this was the only study he left to the world after disappearing a few thousand years ago, it was still useful to everyone because it was the foundation of the Spatial-Distortion Magic that everyone uses to create a safe zone where no monster can exist."

"And as I say this, I want you all to live the same as the Immortal Sage. My dearest... the 16th Generation of the Descendants of the First Mage."