

# THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

## Chapter 11 Simple Answers! (Please follow~ Please bookmark~)

The sound rose within the Spirit Medium Parlor, passed through the narrow corridor, and fell into the ears of Police Chief Lauke.

The chief stopped and turned around, bathed in the bright sunlight, his face solemn as his eyes, sharp like a hawk's, focused on Arthur in the depths of the parlor, shrouded in shadows yet wearing a smile.

Brightness and darkness intertwined as the two men looked at each other.

Solemnity collided with a smile.

At some point, a moist breeze carrying the distinct saltiness of the sea threaded its way through Cork Street in South Los, lifting the police chief's lapels, fluttering behind the crimson paintings, and then teasing Arthur's hair, as if a burst of fresh blood had blossomed between them.

"Do you have any more business?"

Chief Lauke spoke out coldly.

Arthur didn't immediately answer; the young Spirit Medium appeared to be listening intently.

At this scene, reporter Scott's eyes lit up.

"Necromancy!"

He exclaimed.

But he quickly realized it wasn't appropriate and covered his mouth immediately.

However, such a sound had already reached everyone present.

Fengter and Wiggins, hired for the occasion, looked toward Arthur, their eyes filled with fear yet also containing an irrepressible curiosity.

Marinda Julius Caesar was completely captivated by Arthur at that moment.

Her pretty blue eyes brimmed with inquisitiveness.

Only Lauke, who had been staring at Arthur, was different.

The police chief's eyes flickered with a chilly glare, his rigid expression no longer just stern, but more of a strange coldness, and his words were extremely impolite.

"Kredos Family's charlatan, what kind of trick are you playing now?"

Yet Arthur still turned a deaf ear.

He nodded and frowned as he listened intently.

Finally, he let out a sigh.

"So that's what it is!"

Sadness and sympathy emerged on Arthur's face, and his voice grew solemn as he asked the air beside him, "Do you wish for my help?"

"But..."

"All right, as you wish!"

With those words, Arthur stood up, went to the bookshelf, took the Ouija Board from the side, and placed it on the desk.

Because the Ouija Board was rectangular, when placed on the desk, the firearm that was previously on the desk was moved by Arthur to the top of the desk, far from him, in parallel with the rectangular Ouija Board.

The Ouija Board was entirely wooden and was not small, although it was less than one centimeter thick, and if it didn't have the '0-9' ten numbers, basic letters, and 'Yes' and 'No' responses written on it, it would look like a thin wooden chip.

The whole set of the Ouija Board, apart from the board itself, also came with a matching triangular 'planchette.'

The Ouija Board lay flat on the desk with the planchette on top, and Arthur sat behind the desk, looking at the board, and whispered softly—

"Eternal Monster, Rebellious Bloodline's inheritor, Twilight of the Gods' creator, Northern Gods' awestruck, Blade of Chaos' dominator, Leviathan's Axe's possessor, Kledos..."

This was a spell created by Old Charlie, not a complete one, originally only comprising basic words like 'Eternal Monster' and 'Twilight of the Gods.'

Naturally, the purpose of such an inception was to make the name 'Kledos' more famous, to better support the family business.

And Arthur?

After inheriting the memories of his predecessor, he felt that words like 'Eternal Monster' and 'Twilight of the Gods' were just too monotonous.

So, he added some 'prefixes' to them.

From the current situation, the effect was obviously excellent.

Scott and his companions were completely shocked by such prayers, with surprise appearing on Marinda Julius Caesar's face for the first time, and then her inquisitive gaze deepened.

As for Chief Lauke, although he appeared to maintain a scoff, his neck was twisting unnaturally.

Then, such discomfort reached a climax.

Because—

Squeak!

With a somewhat grating friction sound, the planchette on the Ouija Board moved.

It moved erratically, with no pattern to its madness.

And Arthur seemed to be affected as well, his entire body trembling non-stop.

"Stop!"

"I am here to help you!"

Arthur, who had always been mild-mannered, suddenly spoke in a stern voice, his eyes slightly narrowing.

The "Intimidation" skill in the skill bar began to flicker and take effect.

Everyone was startled, and by the time they came to their senses, the small planchette had already stopped moving wildly and was quietly placed back in the center of the Ouija Board.

It was as if everything that just happened was an illusion.

But the people knew it was definitely not an illusion.

Subconsciously, the crowd that had gathered started gazing at the planchette on the Ouija Board, then gradually turned their eyes toward Arthur.

Under their watchful eyes, Arthur spoke out.

"Tell us, who are you?"

Just as Arthur's voice fell, the planchette on the Ouija Board started moving again.

One letter after another was strung together.

One name after another was read aloud by the bystanders.

"Myron, Ak, Joels, Mel, Bruno..."

One name after another arose from the lips of Scott, who was craning his neck forward, not wanting to miss a single detail.

Fengter and Wiggins, the two witnesses invited by Dockler, sucked in a breath of cold air.

Because they recognized these names.

These were the names of people murdered by the "Axe Murderer", which they had seen in the newspapers.

And just now, Scott had mentioned the word "Necromancy".

Could it be?

A suspicion arose in the hearts of the two men.

Lord Arthur Kredos was using necromancy to track down the murderer!

The young reporter Scott looked at Arthur with great anticipation.

Miss Caesar and Chief Lauke were staring intently at Arthur, not blinking an eye.

The latter in particular was unconsciously gripping the hilt of his sword.

"Although you have already told me just now, I need you to inform everyone present once again, why have you come?"

Squeak, squeak.

The planchette slid across the Ouija Board again.

Each slide brought a piercing noise.

But those present – be it reporters, rich offspring, people of street origins, or women of extraordinary family background, even the police chief – all ignored such sounds, their eyes following the movement of the planchette, with Fengter, the rich young man, reading out each word just like Scott did before—

"For vengeance!"

"To expose the murderer who killed us!"

"He is..."

"Enough! Stop this ridiculous charade!"

Chief Lauke shouted in rebuke, interrupting Fengter's words.

This impolite interruption immediately provoked Fengter's antipathy, and he retorted sarcastically.

"Chief Lauke, aren't you being too disrespectful?"

"Or is it that..."

You have some connection with the 'Axe Murderer'?"

Fengter's words were incredibly rude.

Despite being referred to by the public as the "Blue Devils" or "Bloodlust Lovers," to the wealthy and powerful, these so-called "Blue Devils" and "Bloodlust Lovers" were no more than "Blue-Skin Dogs" or "Good Hounds."

Privileged classes always exist, no matter the time.

And in South Los or even the entire East Coast?

It was all the more evident.

Chief Lauke did not pay attention; for one thing, he certainly did not wish to have a conflict with Fengter, and for another, it was because the planchette on the Ouija Board did not stop moving.

Amidst the squeaking friction, a name was spelled out—

Lauke!

Police Chief Lauke!

Suddenly, the entire Spirit Medium Parlor fell into dead silence.