

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 14: The Salon of the Lady of the Long Night!

Upon hearing Arthur's words,

although misled by Dockler, Fengter did not hesitate at all, and immediately took out his wallet and started to take out money.

When two gold notes with a denomination of 10 were placed on the desk of the Spirit Medium Parlor, even Arthur was surprised; he had guessed that Fengter came from a wealthy family, but he did not expect him to be this rich.

"He didn't even blink before pulling out 20 gold notes, it seems he really got scared," thought Arthur.

"Moreover, he seems richer than I imagined."

"Right, only such wealthy people don't have to hustle for a living, can afford to be full of romantic fantasies, and can be duped by Dockler into coming here."

"What about you?"

Arthur thought to himself as his gaze shifted towards Wiggins.

In fact, compared to Fengter, whose wealth was apparent at a glance, Arthur was more concerned about Wiggins.

Dockler might be bad, but he was not foolish.

Choosing Fengter and Wiggins naturally served his purpose: to make things escalate quickly, leaving him no way out.

And Fengter and Wiggins being able to make things escalate quickly proved that both had considerable influence in their respective classes.

Fengter, needless to say, was wealthy.

Wiggins was different though.

If judged only by his clothes, Wiggins was just a common man, and a rather poor one at that, yet his fingers were quite clean, especially his nails, which were trimmed very neatly, not at all like those of a suffering person, more like those of a middle-class man.

Moreover, and more importantly, he was also in touch with Dockler.

Keep in mind, a person like Dockler would definitely not associate with a true common man, make friends with them, unless they had high value.

Taking into account Dockler's profession as a journalist and Wiggins's action of lowering his hat brim when he saw the police, and how he still maintained "humility" and "silence," Arthur finally confirmed the other's identity.

Golden Finger (thief)!

Only a street-wise Golden Finger matched Wiggins's current appearance and would motivate a journalist like Dockler to contact him proactively.

As for a gang member?

They would never be as "soundlessly silent" as now, at least some simple phrases like "I am so-and-so," "My boss is so-and-so," would still be spoken.

Moreover, Dockler would probably not dare to provoke a gang member; they needed people to handle some unnecessary troubles and to gather some information.

A Golden Finger alone was enough; actually having a gang member take action?

That would mean solving a small trouble only to welcome a bigger one.

Thinking this, the glow in Arthur's slightly narrowed eyes brightened further.

Perhaps, a Golden Finger like Wiggins couldn't handle big troubles, but when dealing with the small ones, he was perfectly adept—certainly more useful than the police in South Los.

Moreover, the "Golden Fingers" were absolutely one of the most well-informed groups in South Los.

These suited Dockler the journalist best.

And indeed, for "Spirit Medium" Arthur, they were necessary too, especially for information!

"A proficient spirit medium must certainly have a reliable source of information," Old Charlie had said, a point that Arthur found quite sensible.

Therefore, Arthur's gaze towards Wiggins now carried an additional hint of expectation.

Meanwhile, Wiggins, standing by the side and seeing Fengter take out two gold notes, was completely stunned.

He could not even scrape together 10 gold notes with all his belongings.

Although as a "Golden Finger" he made good money, every time he went to Docklands' business district he achieved some gains, but he had to give most of that money as "protection money" to the police and local gang members; otherwise, he would disappear from the streets of South Los within three days.

Now that Fengter had given 20 gold notes, what was he to do?

Just at that moment, Arthur gave him a look, the inexplicable meaning in his eyes making Wiggins's scalp tingle—the scene just now had frightened this young "Golden Finger."

It was not just Arthur's curse that killed but also the fact that when facing Police Chief Lauke, he pulled out a firearm without any hesitation.

The former was too bizarre and novel for Wiggins to accurately evaluate, but he had the qualifications to assess the latter.

He had seen similar people before.

In those dock and street gangs, there were such individuals.

Not many, just one or two.

But it was these one or two individuals that were key to those gangs securing their footing, always stepping in at the crucial moments of life and death for the gang.

Their demeanor was exactly like Arthur's.

When Wiggins became a "Golden Finger" that year, he witnessed the "Bloodhound Gang" in the dock area being invaded by outsiders; most of its members were dispersed, and one man from the "Bloodhound Gang" responded, killing four outsiders on his own, especially decapitating the leader of the invaders.

At that time, that person's gaze was just like Arthur's now.

"I hope my head won't be chopped off," thought Wiggins, his legs trembling but his mind spinning faster.

Some people's minds go blank when facing danger, but others function extraordinarily during such times; Wiggins was exactly that sort of person.

The first time he faced danger, Wiggins's mind did go blank.

But he was lucky to have survived that time.

Since then, whenever he faced danger, Wiggins would never let his mind go blank.

Because he wanted to live.

It was just like that moment.

When cold sweat broke out on his forehead, Wiggins's first thought was "selling himself."

For a "Golden Finger" like him, who had risen from the streets, the most valuable thing was himself.

And there were quite a few people who were very willing to do the same.

But Wiggins was somewhat reluctant, not because he truly longed for more freedom, but because he felt selling himself like that was a bit cheap, and he really couldn't accept that.

Suddenly, an idea struck Wiggins.

Immediately, the street-born "Golden Finger" imitated the respectable folks by taking off his hat, placing it over his chest, bowing slightly, and then said, "I can tell you a secret."

Wiggins didn't specify what the secret was but just swept his gaze towards Fengter and Scott.

Scott, with a face full of curiosity, took Fengter and walked outside. When they left the Spirit Medium Parlor, they even closed the door behind them.

Instantly, only Arthur and Wiggins were left in the Spirit Medium Parlor.

Without hesitating, Wiggins spoke up immediately.

"Lord Kledos, have you heard of the 'Lady of the Long Night'?"

The Lady of the Long Night?

Arthur frowned and began to sift through his predecessor's memories once again.

Soon, he found the answer he was looking for.

The Lady of the Long Night had quite a reputation among a small circle of people in South Los.

Because she had hosted the first salon in South Los—initially, salons had become popular in Inner Bay, purely as a leisure activity among the nobles. However, as scholars, painters, and writers joined, the salons garnered more interest. But with the inclusion of pioneers, merchants, and speculators, the salons gradually turned into venues of fame and fortune.

And this lady seized the opportunity to hold the first salon in South Los.

Although there were many imitators, none could touch a fraction of the "Lady of the Long Night's salon" because the salon was just the first part, and the auction that followed was the main event.

This lady cleverly controlled the most core and irreplaceable components.

Consequently, many people of South Los took pride in being able to attend the 'Lady of the Long Night's salon.'

Even believing that true upper-class individuals must definitely be participants at the 'Lady of the Long Night's salon.'

His predecessor had heard of these events through Old Charlie and had aspired to them—he believed it would be the stage for his fame.

'Marinda Julius Caesar, huh?'

With Wiggins disclosing as much, Arthur naturally knew whom the other party was hinting at.

Then, it was a moment of admiration.

'Truly remarkable!'

He was well aware of how difficult it was for a lady to achieve such a status in the traditionally conservative South Los.

Also, how astonishing her abilities must be.

Of course, the level of danger had drastically increased as well.

'I must be even more cautious now!'

Arthur warned himself.

Women were always troublesome.

And capable women?

They were a huge trouble.

However, that was for later. Now?

Arthur deliberately darkened his expression.

"Wiggins, are you joking with me?"

Arthur asked directly, his voice still calm and indifferent, but a coldness flickered in his eyes.

Skill "Intimidation" began to flicker.

It was not because he would turn hostile upon receiving the message, as Arthur wasn't that unprincipled, but because Wiggins was being slippery.

Just before the lady had left, in addition to leaving down 10 gold notes, she had specifically said that her coachman would send over the real gift of gratitude shortly.

What would that gift be?

Most likely an invitation to the salon.

By that time, the identity of Marinda Julius Caesar would naturally be impossible to conceal.

And for Wiggins to try to escape compensation using this cost-free method was something Arthur couldn't tolerate—because, if he agreed, he wouldn't likely receive any gratitude from Wiggins, who instead might take him for a fool.

This was the calculation and pettiness ingrained in Wiggins's bones from his street upbringing.

Even engulfed by fear, it wouldn't change.

Only upon his deathbed would he regret.

Why was Arthur so sure?

Because he had encountered too many similar individuals before.

Even if those people were a bit darker in action than the "Golden Finger," their street-born nature remained unchanged.

Wiggins was startled as Arthur exposed his little trick, looking into Arthur's threatening gaze, he was immediately drenched in sweat, the street-born "Golden Finger" truly felt the presence of death.

Without any hesitation, he immediately shouted—

"I am willing to become your subordinate, to be your eyes and ears, to gather information for you, to be your dagger in the dark, to eliminate unnecessary troubles for you!"