

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 17 Food, Tailing, and Waiting (Please follow~ Please support~)

Arthur saw the beggar!

The one he had 'given alms' to twice unexpectedly showed up on Cork Street, right across from his house!

He held a wooden cup from 'Eivor's Snack Stall' and a food basket from 'White Rose Restaurant', sitting on the steps across the street, stuffing food into his mouth, and twisting his neck unnaturally, looking somewhat silly and a bit mad.

Arthur saw this through the Peeping Mirror after quietly closing the door.

'Is his following me a coincidence?'

'Or have I attracted the attention of some formidable person again?'

'My luck can't be that good, can it?'

While thinking this, Arthur's eyes never left the beggar.

Even when the beggar had eaten and drunk his fill and was lying across the street, sound asleep, it was the same.

Arthur needed more observation to confirm whether the other's arrival was a coincidence or had another purpose.

Unfortunately, even two hours later, he had discovered nothing.

From the beggar's behavior, he seemed like a typical vagrant, no different from those who came from other areas of South Los to the Shire District and could be driven away at any time.

But Arthur didn't give up.

He had considerable patience.

Because of this, he didn't cook. Instead, he chewed on toast and drank water, sitting behind the door.

He was ready for a long haul.

For Arthur, who had killed a scheming Transcendent yesterday and a police chief today, any stir had to be watched carefully.

Unless he wanted to die.

Time ticked away.

The beggar across the street was still sound asleep.

But Arthur had made some gains.

Not about the beggar,

but XP!

The supplemental issue of the Horn Report was released and was spreading through South Los faster than Arthur had anticipated.

Arthur was sure of this because of the message in front of him—

[Published in the report, your name and the so-called 'Curse' have attracted more attention, gaining some fame; XP+5]

...

'The so-called 'Curse,' most people probably don't believe it until they see it with their own eyes. They are just watching the excitement. However, with the next issue's revelation of the true identity of the 'Axe Murderer' and the boosting effect from Miss Caesar, my fame should see a dramatic increase, bringing in a lot of XP!'

Arthur was quite certain of this.

It wasn't just the contributions from the previous two supplemental issues and the push from Miss Caesar, but also because the 'Axe Murderer's' true identity was none other than Police Chief Lauke.

Such news was explosive at any time and eye-catching.

As long as it was published, it would cause a sensation.

But, with pros come cons.

As one of the seven police chiefs of South Los, Lauke had been killed by him, and even if there were justifiable reasons, the remaining six chiefs would probably be hostile towards him.

They might even cause him trouble.

But Arthur didn't care. If he had to do it all over again, he would make the same choice.

After all, the other party had harbored killing intent towards him. If he were to hold back, shackled by concerns, he would simply be seeking his own death.

Of course, Arthur was also aware that with Lauke's death, the position of the Sheriff of Shire District was vacant, which would definitely lead to a period of instability.

As the richest and most special among the five districts of South Los, the sheriff's position was coveted by many, and those people's energy would be drawn to this position.

Simply put, until a new Sheriff of Shire District emerged, apart from some minor troubles he had already planned for and could handle completely, Arthur was quite safe.

As for a new sheriff in Shire District?

'I hope the new sheriff of Shire District keeps a reasonable amount of sanity!'

Thinking this, Arthur added the newly acquired 5 XP to [Basic Swordsmanship], raising its level by one.

[Basic Swordsmanship Lv3: Prolonged practice and multiple real battles have made your swordsmanship dangerous. If your opponent relaxes even slightly, they could suffer a deadly strike.]

...

With another comprehensive coordination of body and knowledge, Arthur instinctively wanted to draw his sword for practice, but he couldn't do so because he was monitoring the beggar across the street. He was forced to suppress the urge, causing his fingers to tremble continuously.

It was an extremely uncomfortable feeling.

What troubled Arthur even more was that this time the attributes "Physique" and "Spirituality" had still not increased.

'At this stage, can "Basic Swordsmanship" still not increase 1.6 in "Physique," 0.1 in "Spirituality"?'

Having upgraded twice in succession without any increase in attribute points, Arthur did not give up; he instinctively felt that the next level of "Basic Swordsmanship" would bring him a pleasant surprise.

Subconsciously, he glanced at "Basic Swordsmanship Lv3 (0/10)," filled with expectation.

At the same time, there was also a sense of regret over his insatiability.

'It's a pity that "Talent" doesn't support XP bonus points, otherwise, it wouldn't need to be so troublesome!'

Arthur glanced at "Omnivorous," "Death Intuition," and "Dark Serpent. Crippled."

Not to mention "Omnivorous" and "Death Intuition."

As long as "Dark Serpent. Crippled" could be upgraded and gain stronger power, he could do much more.

At least, he wouldn't need to passively gain XP like now.

But be more proactive!

For example: blowing up the 'White Rose Restaurant'.

It's a pity that XP has its limits, or rather...

"Omnivorous" has its limits!

What if "Omnivorous" itself advances?

As he knew, he had only 'taken' the "Hercules Silver Potion"!

'Hercules, Hercules...'

Arthur murmured this unfamiliar name in his heart, deciding to gather as much discreet information about the other party as possible.

Now?

Naturally, it was to continue surveillance.

Time kept flowing.

Just before dusk, the beggar who had slept all afternoon woke up and sat there blankly.

When the day darkened, Arthur saw Eivor closing his stall.

Pushing the cart along Cork Street toward Dar Alley, just about to pass by his door, the plump boss evidently noticed the beggar sitting there, and continued

pushing his cart forward. However, after taking a few more steps, he stopped again.

Then, turning around, he bent back again.

In his hand, he held the cheapest fry, broke it into two pieces, thought for a moment, threw the slightly smaller piece into his mouth, and placed the slightly larger piece with the fish head into the bowl in front of the beggar.

"Get moving, this place has patrol officers after dark, and someone like you will be driven away, maybe even beaten up a few times,"

Having said that, Eivor turned around and pushed the cart to continue on.

But the beggar casually threw his filthy wooden cup and basket aside, grabbed the broken bowl, and followed Eivor with the fried fish in his mouth, as if purely attracted by the food. Even when discovered and scolded by Eivor, the beggar didn't care and just kept smiling stupidly. When Eivor turned to walk away, he immediately followed again.

'So, following me at noon to Cork Street was just a coincidence?'

Arthur watched the departing beggar but did not lower his guard.

He even started to suspect whether Eivor had some connection with the other party.

If people knew about Arthur's method of implicating the innocent, they would definitely call him mentally ill.

But Arthur didn't mind.

It was exactly because of such 'mental illness' that he had managed to live so long.

Unfortunately, accidents were always so sudden.

'Muck Cart, tsk!'

Arthur's mouth twitched; he swore that the next time he encountered it, he definitely wouldn't be affected.

Of course, not just accidents like the muck cart.

But also more covert, full of coincidences, accidents!

He would turn danger into safety—

As long as he had enough strength!

After all, any accident stemmed from insufficient strength!

Strength! Strength! Always strength!

Arthur watched the fading figures of Eivor and the beggar, his eyes flickering until the two were out of sight, then his gaze turned to the text prompts that had been flashing incessantly since a moment ago.

Subsequently, his eyes were full of surprise.