

# THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

## Chapter 6: Ominous Words

What had Dockler seen?

He saw a deer head and a painting hanging askew on the walls of the corridor.

The deer head looked like a normal specimen, but it revealed fangs—an alteration that transformed an otherwise docile deer into a fierce man-eating monster.

The painting was entirely crimson with no concrete objects, just a swath of red that made one's spine tingle unconsciously.

This reporter was no exception, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

However, he soon scoffed coldly in his heart.

Charlatan!

Playing tricks!

This reporter was full of disdain.

Arthur certainly noticed the disdain that flashed across Dockler's face again, but he would definitely not explain that the deer head was meant to have fangs to conceal a flame-throwing device hidden within, and behind that crimson painting were three long spears. The crimson would unconsciously draw one's gaze away, thus overlooking the deadly trap embedded within.

Without a doubt, these were all Old Charlie's arrangements.

'Spirit Medium, be mindful of your safety!'

Old Charlie always said this and acted accordingly.

Of course, the machinery was turned off at this time.

Dockler's life or death mattered little to him.

However, Scott was quite a decent person. He was still worried about him up to now. Arthur believed that Scott certainly knew how dire his current situation was but still worried about him, which showed his kind-heartedness. Even if the situation might have arisen because of him, such a kind-hearted person shouldn't face the blaze or the spears.

As for the other two?

They were probably Fengter and Wiggins, hired by Dockler?

From their expressions, one was genuinely interested in him as a spirit medium, while the other was just there for the money.

Both were somewhat innocents and shouldn't face these dangers either.

Moreover, the events to follow required them to serve as witnesses.

Needing more XP, at this time, Arthur was immensely tolerant.

The two younger individuals, who had no idea how they were perceived, glanced over the fanged deer head and the sinister painting before being attracted to the full suits of armor, puppets, and torture devices placed in the hall.

The full armor was styled from the last days of the Holy Empire, with a faceplate that only revealed the eyes. The structure was thick and robust, with repairs visible on the breastplate, suggesting the manner in which its former owner had died.

However, the puppet doll was extremely exquisite, dressed in a white lace dress with big eyes. When staring at this doll, both felt as if the doll was also looking back at them, causing a discomfort that quickly made them turn their

heads towards a nearby torture device, leading to an even greater feeling of unease.

Traces of dark-red were still present on the small knives, and a rusted meat hook made their scalps tingle.

In fact, it wasn't just the two of them who felt uncomfortable. Dockler, who had been disdainful all along, also felt a tightness in his throat, unconsciously unbuttoning one of the buttons on his shirt.

Arthur, seeing this scene, smiled deeper.

It must be said, Old Charlie's arrangements were fantastic.

True to the experience of a seasoned spirit medium, every setup struck at the heart of human fears, drawing one unconsciously into the trap of terror.

Arthur inwardly admired him but continued calmly towards the door of the small hall—seriously, this was the actual work area for the spirit medium, where Old Charlie generally conducted divinations and answered queries for his visitors.

Of course, to deal with some ill-intentioned visitors, Old Charlie had also prepared some arrangements here.

One such arrangement was specifically designed to deal with people like Dockler!

Arthur turned his back on everyone and twisted the doorknob.

Then, as he pushed the door, he gently pressed on the lock's core.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, an inflatable pig's bladder coated with white phosphorus was shot from the door gap.

Whew!

The white phosphorus ignited immediately, and the force of the ejection made the inflated pig's bladder dance in the air, like a ghostly fire sweeping toward Dockler and the others.

"Ahhh!"

Already feeling tense under the oppressive atmosphere, the two hired individuals screamed aloud at this sight.

Scott's face was also filled with tension.

Dockler, targeted by the ghostly fire, turned pale and kept backing away.

Only Arthur calmly turned around, his gaze coldly fixed on Dockler.

"My servant, withdraw!"

Under Arthur's deliberately controlled pace of speaking, the white phosphorus flew right in front of Dockler and the others just as the pig's bladder burned out.

But to the eyes of those around, it appeared as though the ghostly fire truly heeded Arthur's words and withdrew.

This scene made the two bystanders exclaim again, marveling at the miraculous sight.

Scott, however, revealed a slight smile.

Indeed, Arthur had perfectly inherited Lord Charlie's bloodline, and might very well grow into a true 'Master.'

Meanwhile, Dockler's heart tightened; he realized that things were getting out of his control.

Immediately, the malevolent journalist wanted to speak, but was coldly interrupted by Arthur—

"Arthur..."

"You come with malice!

Otherwise, my servant would not be this agitated!"

At that moment, Arthur stood upright, expressionlessly staring straight at Dockler amidst the terrifying arrangements, an inexplicable aura causing the already anxious Dockler to step back once again.

Arthur did not pursue immediately.

He stood still, striking a pose as if listening intently, as if someone was telling him something.

"Greed, huh?"

"Hmm, I understand."

With the conversation, his eyebrows furrowed, and the look he gave Dockler was filled with intense disgust; his voice was even colder.

"Get out of here! You are no longer welcome!"

Squeak!

The door of No. 2 Cork Street swung open outright.

Under Arthur's indifferent gaze, a chilly sensation rose from the bottom of Dockler's heart, filled with nervousness and fear.

Without hesitation, the journalist scrambled outside.

It was not until Dockler was about to leave No. 2 Cork Street and feel the sunlight outside that he found his courage returning.

He told himself that this was not his arena!

The newspapers were!

Wait until I return, I must write a 'thorough' report!

Dockler thought to himself, grinding his teeth.

The look of full-mouthed resentment was seen by Arthur through a 'mirror' hidden in the room.

Immediately, Arthur narrowed his eyes.

Having never intended to let the other party go and prepared to finish him off after dark, Arthur decided to collect some interest first!

Arthur's icy voice rang out again—

"O man of greed, your death knell twinkles!"

The Bloodline "Dark Serpent. Cripple" and the Skill "Intimidation" flashed!

The icy voice abruptly penetrated the bottom of Dockler's heart as if it truly brought an endless curse. The chill that had just dissipated appeared again at the bottom of his heart, and was even more intense than before. The malevolent journalist felt as if a chilling hand had grasped his heart and then violently squeezed it.

Suddenly, having just run out of No. 2 Cork Street, Dockler tripped over himself in his panic and fell hard.

Thud!

Dockler fell disoriented, his vision extremely blurry.

When he instinctively looked back at Arthur, through his blurry vision, he saw Arthur's eyes, coldly staring at him, turn into...

Slit pupils!

Golden slit pupils!

Just like a snake!

The moment this thought entered Dockler's mind, Arthur's appearance changed.

His body and tongue instantly elongated, his eyes filled with grim coldness, and as his clothes fell away, he completely transformed into a gigantic snake, occupying the entire living room, all black, head held high towards the sky.

The next moment, the giant snake lowered its head staring at him.

Dockler felt as if all his blood was freezing.

As the giant snake charged at him—

"Ah!"

Dockler let out a scream, quickly picked himself up and continued to run.

In his panic, the journalist failed to notice a galloping carriage coming from the end of the street.

Then—

Bang!