

# THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

## Chapter 7: Just a Coincidence! (Please Favorite~ Please Support~)

...

Dockler was sent flying by the speeding carriage.

After spinning three or four times mid-air, the reporter's body heavily crashed onto the ground a few meters away, his chest visibly collapsed, as blood uncontrollably began to trickle from his mouth, nose, and ears.

This scene left Scott and the two bystanders frozen in shock.

They had heard Arthur's curse on Dockler loud and clear just moments before.

At the time, they had thought it was merely an expression of anger.

But now?

Curse!

A genuine curse!

Scott took a deep breath in fear as he looked at Arthur.

He knew about curses!

Lord Charlie had told him that curses could only form with great resentment at the time of death.

For a living person to curse someone else was nearly impossible, even for Master Charlie, who would need to prepare for a long time to accomplish it, yet what had just happened in front of their eyes was real!

Only one possibility remained—

"Arthur must have not only inherited Lord Charlie's bloodline but surpassed it!"

"Arthur is..."

a true Master!"

The moment this thought crossed his mind, Scott's perspective of Arthur changed.

Scott, a man who loved mystery and sought the unknown from the bottom of his heart, was not just surprised; he felt respect!

Isn't a true Master worthy of respect?

While Scott was surprised and respectful, Fengter and Wiggins, who had been hired, were left with nothing but fear.

Dockler was dead.

Dead from the curse.

What about the two of them, hired by Dockler?

"Lord Kledos, we mean you no harm!"

"We were just deceived by this guy!"

"Please forgive our ignorance!"

Whether it was the decently dressed young man or the one previously indifferent, both were pleading repeatedly at that moment.

In the face of death, even heroes cannot remain calm.

Let alone two youngsters who were essentially just joining in the excitement?

Arthur paid them no attention.

He swore, he really hadn't intended to kill Dockler, he had just wanted to scare him at first, and then find him later that evening to stage an accident like carbon monoxide poisoning.

Who knew that "Dark Serpent. Cripple. Serpent's Gaze" was so useful!

Who knew that a carriage would so coincidentally rush past at that exact moment!

Unconsciously, Arthur's gaze turned to the carriage.

This was not a cheap double-wheel Hanson carriage with the driver standing at the back, but a four-wheel Bloom carriage, not only drawn by two horses, faster and steadier, but its body was made entirely from century-old oak, painted with a dark matte finish, the roof was crafted from buffalo leather overlying velvet padding which could be opened or closed at the owner's whim, indifferent to the weather, markedly convenient.

Oak, in South Los, stands for glory, power, and perseverance.

Velvet is widely known to be expensive.

So, the cost of the Bloom carriage was naturally extremely high.

At least, beyond the means of the average middle-class or rich person.

Of course, to distinguish themselves from public carriages, the average middle-class or wealthy person would opt for a single-horse drawn, single-seated enclosed Bloom carriage, which most of the time got converted into a double-seat facing each other, convenient for family use and suitable for formal occasions.

With the memories of his predecessor in his mind, Arthur was very clear about the status of the owner of the carriage—one of wealth or nobility.

The coachman proved this as well.

Unlike the usual panicked coachman after hitting someone,

this particular one, after realizing he had hit someone, immediately seized the reins, jumped down from the carriage to check on Dockler's injuries.

Once he saw that Dockler's chest was caved in and he was bleeding from all seven orifices, likely beyond saving, the coachman quickly walked towards the street corner—not to escape, but to report to the police.

Because it was close to West Mok Avenue, at the Cork Street intersection, there was not only a patrol cop but also a police booth.

After bringing the booth's policeman back with him, the coachman then headed towards 2 Cork Street.

...

"I'm very sorry this happened."

"The police officer will handle this matter properly."

"If there is anything you need, please let us know."

The coachman was very polite, bowing courteously as he spoke, yet his words held more weight than they seemed.

He admitted his fault right off the bat but did not immediately offer compensation, instead suggesting the police should come to handle it, obviously confident that he would receive 'fair treatment', cutting off any chance of being extorted with excessive demands. Plus, with that carriage on the road, anyone would know what to do.

"You're mistaken, it wasn't your fault; Dockler was the one who rushed out and caused the tragedy."

Scott stood up to communicate on behalf of everyone.

The young journalist did not hide much about what had just happened; he told the truth. As for the two young men hired by Dockler, they were still in shock, but they could manage to nod in agreement.

And Arthur?

He stood to the side, silent, instead discreetly casting a glance at the plainly dressed Wiggins, who tugged at his hat brim when the police showed up, an act of obscuring his face.

Afraid of the police?

A street background, a gang member, or Golden Finger (thief)?

Arthur pondered with interest while observing the coachman who approached him, scrutinizing him carefully—The seemingly loose hemp shirt under his braces tensed up as the coachman bowed, revealing broad shoulders and the rolled-up sleeves showed strong forearms and knuckles and calloused fingers.

Arthur decided then and there that if there was a conflict, he absolutely did not want to engage in close combat.

"This coachman doubles as a bodyguard, there's a dagger in his boot, the carriage seat is covered by felt which likely conceals 1-2 firearms, there are no mud stains on the wheels, meaning they've only been traveling nearby in the Shire District of the city, and their fast speed just now indicates they were in a rush...

No! That's not right!

The direction they came from was Dar Alley, where the residents are well-off commoners. Although the peak of going to work has ended at this time, the busiest periods hadn't, with wives and younger sons who supplement the family income heading out at this time!

Under such premises, it would be a significant delay for the carriage to enter Dar Alley."

With the aid of "Eagle Eye," Arthur quickly gathered all the information, but soon he spotted inconsistencies.

He couldn't help but cast his gaze again toward the coachman.

Just right then, the coachman, after listening to Scott's explanation, also turned his eyes towards Arthur.

The coachman's brows rose, his mouth opened slightly, and though he quickly regained his composure, his surprise couldn't be entirely hidden. Most importantly, there were visible changes in the muscles around his eyes, and light crow's feet became clear.

He was pleased, attempting to suppress a smile?

Arthur immediately understood what was going on.

He sighed in his heart.

Dockler, you really deserved to die!

Clearly, the coachman in front of him had come for Dockler.

No!

To be precise: the person inside the carriage had come for Dockler!

Even if he hadn't made a move, the person inside the carriage would have definitely finished off Dockler.

Perhaps, it was upon seeing Dockler rush out that the other party instantly changed their plan, causing the carriage to accelerate and hit Dockler.

Arthur didn't care in the slightest about what the original plan was.

What he was considering now was what the current situation could offer him.

The person they really wanted to kill, Dockler, had already been 'killed in advance' by him, so as long as the other party wasn't a fool, this would be seen as an accident.

They would certainly hide their identity and begin to promote the so-called 'Spirit Medium Curse' aggressively.

Expand their influence, gain more XP!

That's what Arthur wanted.

As for more?

Without sufficient power, it's foolish to be greedy; Dockler lying in a pool of blood beside them was the best example of that.

From the way the other party acted, they were not the sort to be trifled with.

So, Arthur looked at the coachman, showing a smile, and said,

"Such a tragedy is something none of us want to see, right?"

"Of course!"

"It's just a coincidence, a tragedy under a coincidence!"

The coachman stressed, and then he continued to speak—

"After all, we came today to visit you!"

Visit me?

Immediately, Arthur's eyes narrowed.