

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 8 Visitors, Part 1

Was it a spur-of-the-moment decision, made for the sake of a greater "coincidence," fabricating words of visiting me?

Or was it truly for some matters that they came to visit me?

Or perhaps it was a combination of both—the other party did have business and indeed harbored animosity toward Dockler, and upon seeing him here by chance, thought it a good opportunity to simply finish him off and then came directly under the guise of a visit to seek my guidance on some matters?

Arthur hoped it was merely a "coincidence," but the reality before him suggested the latter was far more likely!

Once again, he covertly glanced at the carriage pulled by thoroughbreds, eyeing the expensive carriage, and knowing in his heart that the trouble it brought was anything but trivial.

Without sufficient strength, he was quite averse to such trouble!

"I need to find a way to decline."

While thinking this, Arthur had already eased his frown, his gaze returning once more to the coachman before him.

Unfortunately, this time he could not discern anything.

Even with skills like "Eagle Eye" and "Insight," Arthur still needed the other person to reveal their expressions.

If he could know what the other person was thinking with just one glance, then it shouldn't be called "Eagle Eye" and "Insight," but rather "Mind Reading Technique."

"Welcome to No. 2 Cork Street."

"Spirit Medium Arthur Kredos is at your service with pleasure."

Despite not having gleaned any clues, Arthur nonetheless showed a smile and welcomed the visitor.

Even though he was unwilling at heart, as a spirit medium facing a visiting customer, Arthur knew what he ought to do.

He did not wish to show any flaws.

Otherwise, there would be even greater trouble.

Perhaps even...

a catastrophe!

In the current world, there were notions like "demon possession" and "devil possession." Even though witch hunting had long since ended, associating with "demons" or "devils" and being proven to do so would most likely result in the burning stake.

In his case, if taken seriously, it was akin to an outer-worldly fiend, and with the understanding of the native residents of this world, being sent to the burning stake was not unwarranted.

But Arthur certainly did not want to experience the sensation of being roasted and devoured by blaze.

Hence, he was now not just a qualified spirit medium but also a young man—Arthur Kredos—eager for fame and recognition.

Standing on the steps in front of the door of No. 2 Cork Street, Arthur watched the coachman return to the side of the carriage, open the door, and raise his right arm.

However, before raising his right arm, the coachman first let down his rolled-up sleeve, and then donned a dark, clean coat hanging on the side of the coachman's seat.

After the coachman had done all this, a hand appeared, resting on his arm.

The hand was fair, the fingers long and delicate, contrasting with the sleeve of the dark coat, making it look even paler. When the newly risen sunlight shone on it, the fairness of the hand seemed to shine, drawing the attention of the gentleman present, even the patrolling police officers who had come to maintain order were involuntarily attracted.

They looked forward to seeing the owner of this hand.

Even Fengter, who was employed by Dockler, was already fantasizing about a section of blue mutton-sleeve slowly extending, followed by a matching puff shoulder, and then a white multi-layered petticoat draped over a leather corset—a popular style in Inner Bay this year, the look that most noble ladies sought, and a lady dressed like that would certainly be a sweet-faced Noble Miss.

"Is this the fortune beneath bad luck?"

"Have I just met my lucky goddess?"

A romantic at heart from a wealthy background, Fengter thought to himself, his eyes filled with anticipation.

In fact, at this time, apart from Arthur, everyone else was looking expectant.

Then—

The hand resting on the coachman suddenly pushed forcefully, veins bulging on the fair back of the hand as a figure sprang from the carriage like an arrow, crossing the waterlogged street to the steps in front of the gate at No. 2 Cork Street.

She held a pool-cue style long-stemmed pipe in her mouth, which was currently emitting a hazy smoke with the rhythm of the woman's breathing.

She was not dressed in any Inner Bay's popular fashion of the year, but rather in a retro long-sleeved, long-panted attire from the Seven Years' War Period, old-fashioned but practical for movement.

Such a retro look, coupled with the pipe, made her seem strange no matter how one looked at her, particularly as the lady sported golden short hair.

Even though she had blue eyes and a delicate face, it didn't lessen the peculiarity.

On the contrary, it grew stranger.

Because she neither tried to conceal her feminine features, nor her masculine way of living.

Suddenly, the surrounding people showed they couldn't accept it.

Several gentlemen's eyes bulged in disbelief.

Especially Fengter, full of romantic fantasies from a wealthy family, exaggeratedly clutched his chest.

As if in that moment, his heart shattered.

Even with his mind full of fantasies, as a traditionally-minded person of South Los, Fengter couldn't accept the sight of a lady smoking a pipe.

The other gentlemen evidently felt the same.

One by one, they stood there sighing.

But Arthur was unconcerned.

For someone who had seen genders represented as plastic bags in his hometown, the current situation was child's play, not even worth mentioning.

Moreover, compared with the other person's pipe, Arthur was more interested in their agility.

The leap just now, although less than 3 meters, something most adults could do with a running start, was clearly impossible in the cramped space of a carriage. It would be hard even with the aid of one's arms.

Not to mention landing steadily and silently.

"Fast and agile. If it comes to a fight, I must strike first and hard, preferably taking them down with a gunshot from behind while they're unaware!"

Arthur's exterior remained calm, but inside, he was earnestly thinking.

Clearly accustomed to the unusual and even discriminatory stares from those around her, the lady couldn't help but reveal a hearty smile upon noticing Arthur's composure, and then she boldly reached out her hand, saying—

"Marinda Julius Caesar."

"Arthur Kledos."

An unfamiliar name that he had never heard before did not prevent Arthur from raising his hand in response, politely shaking it, then stepping aside to invite the other party into No. 2 Cork Street.

The doorway was not a good place for a conversation.

Not to mention, Dockler's body was right nearby.

However, as he walked into No. 2 Cork Street, he nodded at Scott.

Scott smiled and made a welcoming gesture.

In South Los, there is a saying: Never get in the way of someone else's business, unless they have killed your parents.

Arthur had his own business to attend to.

And so did Scott.

He had to write everything down!

Worried he might forget, the young journalist squatted in front of the door to No. 2 Cork Street, began to record everything that had just occurred with a charcoal pencil.

Meanwhile, Fengter and Wiggins were glancing at each other, standing at the door unsure of what to do.

Leave? That they dared not do.

In the end, the two could only continue to stand there anxiously.

Marinda Julius Caesar's coachman did not enter No. 2 Cork Street but stayed with the carriage just like any typical coachman would.

Only Marinda Julius Caesar followed Arthur, walking straight into the Spirit Medium Parlor designed for receiving clients.

Along the way, the lady merely glanced around briefly before focusing straight ahead, and even when faced with the arrangements that had frightened Dockler's party, she remained calm.

However, Arthur sharply noticed that her step paused ever so slightly as they passed by the fanged deer head and the Crimson Painting.

Though she resumed normal pace immediately after, Arthur still took note.

"She discovered Old Charlie's machinery!"

Arthur was quite sure of this observation.

Immediately, he raised the level of danger he associated with the other person by a notch.

Nonetheless, their conversation remained friendly.

"You have quite a collection of books here!"

Marinda entered the parlor and, after a quick look at the Ouija Board and Crystal Ball on the table, turned her attention to the numerous books around.

The only things in the Spirit Medium's reception room relevant to necromancy were the Ouija Board and the Crystal Ball. The rest were bookshelves lining the walls.

Shelves from floor to ceiling brimming with books, a cursory glance revealing at least four or five hundred volumes.

These were Old Charlie's collection.

The former owner had only looked through a small fraction of them, coerced by Old Charlie, preferring to spend more energy on swordsmanship, shooting, and horsemanship; the quiet hours spent here did not amount to even a few hours a week.

Arthur, having inherited the former owner's memories, naturally knew what was going on but he would never admit it.

He said this instead.

"Reading brings tranquility and comfort to my mind."

While speaking, Arthur gestured to the chair across the table.

Marinda, holding her pipe, sat down in the chair opposite and directly asked—

"Mr. Kledos, can you 'hunt down a murderer'?"

"I hope you can find who killed my girlfriend!"