

Great Master 101

Chapter 101: Tacit Understanding!

At dawn, Arthur unexpectedly found an article about him and Marinda in a third-rate tabloid called 'Star Newspaper.'

Arthur didn't know much about this newspaper.

The reason he saw it was because Scott had brought it over.

Ten minutes earlier, the young journalist had knocked on his door.

The moment he saw Arthur, the young journalist took a sharp intake of breath.

Swollen cheeks, clear fingertip marks—they told the young journalist what had happened—Initially, Scott would never have believed the sensationalist reports published by a third-rate paper like the Star Newspaper, given that he didn't think Arthur would fancy Marinda's new female friend, leading to domestic violence from Marinda.

But now, he was uncertain.

"What happened?"

"Do you need breakfast?"

"My cooking is pretty decent."

Scott asked earnestly—the young journalist was comforting his friend in his own way.

"Thank you."

Arthur nodded his head and then briefly explained after hearing Arthur's explanation, Scott, who had just picked up an egg, visibly relaxed.

"That's good, that's good!"

"So, it was about the auction of Oakwood Manor and Golden Acorn, I thought..."

"You thought I was caught in a dishonorable love triangle? Or the one who was dumped?"

Arthur said irritably.

Scott touched his nose and then cautiously continued.

"Actually, Arthur, you shouldn't pay too much attention to the Star Newspaper, you should look at the Moon Newspaper—it says you, Marinda, and her girlfriend had a threesome, and then...you couldn't really handle it, which is why you were slapped!"

"Where is the newspaper?"

Arthur's expression froze, and he quickly flipped through the newspaper in his hands.

He confirmed it was only the Star Newspaper.

"I didn't get it—the chief editor of the Moon Newspaper gives quite detailed descriptions every release, which are very popular among gentlemen.

Every release, they are scrambled for by the gentlemen!"

Regret appeared on Scott's face.

And while Scott continued to speak, text flickered before Arthur's eyes—

[The Star Newspaper's report has made more people interested in you; XP+5]

[The Moon Newspaper's detailed depiction has made you quite famous; XP+20]

[More people have heard your name; XP+5]

...

The on-screen text surprised Arthur.

This time it wasn't a pretense.

He stared at the second prompt, looking at the XP+20, for the first time feeling he had underestimated the dissemination ability between media outlets.

It must have been daybreak when the newspapers were bought?

Now, a whole bunch of people know, isn't it because these gentlemen grabbed the newspapers and went to hold a reading session?

The very thought of this scene, though Arthur felt a bit embarrassed and awkward, he didn't truly care—he was only wondering if such an incident would affect his plans going forward.

As for revenge?

No, he wasn't that kind of person.

But Marinda was.

'Marinda, you must burn down that newspaper office! Especially that chief editor, you have to hang him up and beat him! What does 'I can't handle it' mean?

Such a jerk-like description!' Arthur grumbled to himself, staying in this mood until Scott brought over breakfast, which finally calmed him down completely.

Breakfast was sliced bread, fried eggs, and milk.

A typical middle-class breakfast.

The taste was also quite average.

After Arthur finished eating, Scott washed the dishes before he chose to say goodbye.

"Arthur, we're friends.

If you want to drink, just let me know in advance."

The young journalist continued to comfort his friend in the best way he could think of.

"Okay!"

Arthur smiled and nodded his head, then as if just thinking of something, he said, "Help me post a message, 'Spirit Medium Parlor' to be closed for a week."

Looking at the marks on Arthur's face, Scott understood and nodded responsibly.

And kindly indicated that Arthur need not come out at all.

However, the moment the door of No. 2 Cork Street opened and closed, many 'bystanders' on the street cast curious glances this way.

Arthur knew exactly what these 'bystanders' were about, and after nodding to Scott, he promptly closed the door.

But about three minutes later, the doorbell of No. 2 Cork Street was still being rung.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

"Sorry, the 'Spirit Medium Parlor' is temporarily closed for one week.

"If necessary, come back in a week,"

Arthur did not open the door but spoke directly.

He was not sure whether the person outside was just a nosy gossipier bursting with curiosity or a scout sent from Rat Tail Alley, but regardless of who it was, he would not open the door.

For the former, Arthur found it boring.

For the latter, Arthur showed his stance clearly.

Simply put, to truly bait Rat Tail Alley, he had to properly portray a young man tormented by first love.

Not by hastily opening the door and making contact.

He needed to wait for a longer period.

And...

Marinda's cooperation.

Thus, for the subsequent four knocks, Arthur chose to refuse.

Then, he completely chose to ignore them.

Arthur patiently waited.

Of course, during such a wait, he was not doing nothing—he messed up his hair, rubbed his eyes red, and made himself look utterly disheveled.

Time ticked by, second by second.

By evening, the 'passersby' outside No. 2 Cork Street finally dwindled.

At the same time, a letter silently slipped through the crack of the door.

Arthur saw it.

But he still ignored it.

Until late at night—

Thump, thump.

In the midst of gentle knocks, the long-awaiting Arthur quickly pulled the door open.

A smile appeared on the face of the middle-aged man outside; he knew that under such circumstances, how could he possibly be turned away?

Subconsciously, the middle-aged man was about to step into No. 2 Cork Street, but Arthur pushed him right out.

The middle-aged man looked stunned.

Immediately after, he saw Arthur pick up the letter.

The letter that hadn't been touched since it was pushed through the slit?

While the man was still dazed, the letter was thrown in his face.

Mixed with a bit of pain, informing the man how forcefully Arthur had thrown it, but what the man was more concerned about were Arthur's following words—

"Get back!

I just have some minor disputes with Marinda. I will never deal with you rats because of such disputes!

Never!

Now leave!

I don't want to be seen associating with you!"

Arthur's lowered voice echoed in the man's ears.

Afterward, the door of No. 2 Cork Street slammed shut.

Bang!

Such a noise naturally attracted quite a bit of attention in the middle of the night, and along with the news surrounding Arthur that day, many got out of bed to check.

The middle-aged man did not linger and quickly left No. 2 Cork Street.

His face was one of surprise.

But more so, it was anger.

As the emissary of that great person, he had never suffered such an insult.

He wanted to retaliate against Arthur, but he dared not take action on his own—he returned to the vacant house and reported everything truthfully.

Including Arthur's disheveled appearance and the unopened letter.

After a moment of silence in the shadows, a hoarse voice came through.

"Have someone 'inform' that woman that Arthur has been in contact with the Mouse Council."
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"Yes, sir!"

The middle-aged man bowed and quickly left.

Walking on the road, the middle-aged man's face was full of excitement; he guessed that the great person wanted to drive a wedge, which they had done before, very familiarly—no specific evidence was

needed, just a bit of instigation was enough to make two people with a good relationship fall into a trap of proving their own innocence.

Similarly, this was his chance for revenge.

"Haha, feel Uncle Poca's wrath!"

In the mind of the middle-aged man, a set of statements that would lead to wild misinterpretations and continuous misunderstandings was already prepared—he was sure it would make that woman fuming mad.

"Hmm?"

As the middle-aged man was caught up in his excitement, he suddenly smelled a whiff of smoke.

Subconsciously looking up, the middle-aged man froze on the spot—

Under the moonlight, at the end of the street.

A woman with golden short hair smoking a pipe was coldly watching him.