

Great Master 111

Chapter 111: The Visitor, Painter

The news about Spirit Medium Parlor being temporarily closed for a week was published today. It seems that the visitor outside didn't see it.

That's what Arthur thought before he peered through the Peeping Mirror.

However, when he saw through the Peeping Mirror that the person was holding a newspaper, his brow furrowed—the newspaper was today's "Horn Report".

It must have published the news of his rest.

Yet, the visitor still came.

Was this looking for trouble?

The profession of 'Spirit Medium' had long been destined to never lack troublemakers—some out of curiosity, some who had been offended before and sought revenge, and some were simply 'Spirit Mediums' themselves.

In any case, the Spirit Medium, tangled in fame and profit, was seen by many as merely a stepping stone.

And for such people?

Teach them a harsh lesson!

"Anyone who crosses the line with a 'Spirit Medium' should repent in a dry well!"

Old Charlie had said more than once.

But when Arthur looked closely at the visitor, he felt otherwise—the person was about thirty years old, dressed in this year's fashionable four-piece suit for men. The style was very new but somewhat dirty, clearly unwashed for a long time, just like his messy hair and bloodshot eyes.

'Full of anxiety and worry.'

'He saw the news of my closure today, then asked around about my name and hurried over—his clothes and appearance were neglected for a long time, but the style of his clothes was very new and the material was good. He also had the money to buy a newspaper; it shows that he has some financial means.

It's not that he didn't want to groom himself, but rather, he couldn't, perhaps due to a lack of fresh water...'

A ship runner?

His build wasn't very strong, probably not a Chief Sailor, so he might be a navigator!

But given the current weather in South Los, all big ships hadn't left the port, and surely not the small ones either, so that only leaves—

Smuggling ships!'

Arthur preliminarily deduced the visitor's identity.

However, Arthur did not open the door.

He didn't want to get involved with a smuggling ship—smuggling was expressly forbidden by the Countess, and in the Docklands, the number of smugglers hanged was as many as pirates.

"Sorry, the Spirit Medium Parlor is temporarily closed for a week!"

Arthur said this through the door.

He made sure that the visitor could hear him, but the visitor knocked on the door again.

Thump, thump-thump!

And with each knock, the visitor's emotions changed.

Anger, frustration.

Gradually, they became uncontrollable.

Eventually, he began to headbutt the gate.

Bang, bang!

It only took two hits for his forehead to not only bleed but for the flesh to burst open.

This situation forced Arthur to open the door.

The door of No. 2 Cork Street opened instantly, and the visitor stopped the headbutting. When he saw the marks of a slap on Arthur's face, a look of shame crossed his face.

"I'm sorry, Lord Kledos, I...

Who am I?

Why am I here?

What am I doing here?"

The apologizing man suddenly looked confused, standing still, and when he looked at Arthur, he couldn't help but ask, "Hello, what happened?"

As he spoke, he touched the mark on his forehead from the headbutting, his face showing pain.

Arthur looked at him with surprise.

'Amnesia?'

'Or a pretense?'

If it was the former, there was no issue, but if it was the latter, what was his reason for approaching him?

Arthur immediately thought of the now supposed-to-be-dismantled 'Mouse Council,' and he looked towards a nearby newsboy, tossing him 1 Suo.

"Go and inform Chief Malz for me."

"Yes, Mr. Kledos,"

The newsboy beamed as he received the 1 Suo and ran towards the police station while the man with amnesia subconsciously tried to stop him.

"No, you can't..."

Bang!

The other person wanted to say something else, but Arthur punched him in the abdomen. Then, seizing the moment, he grabbed the man's collar and dragged him back to No. 2 Cork Street.

As he closed the door, Arthur did not forget to nod at the neighbors around him.

The surrounding neighbors responded in kind.

This visitor was clearly not normal, and Arthur's actions did not displease the neighbors; rather, they expressed their approval.

Moreover, Arthur had taken the initiative to call the police.

"Let me go!"

"Let me go!"

"Damn it, are you in cahoots with them?" Explore hidden tales at empire

The visitor started swearing again.

Unmoved, Arthur picked up a rope and tied up the man, who was unable to move due to the pain, and then stuffed a cloth into his mouth—during this process, Arthur detected a faint smell of the sea, confirming that the man was the navigator of a smuggling ship.

"Mmm mmm!"

The man continued to struggle.

Only this time, his face was full of terror.

The body of the visitor lying in the corridor began to tremble rapidly, his eyes looking at Arthur filled with pleading, and even tears began to form.

Arthur remained indifferent

He had already given Pendragon and himself some boiled chicken breast.

By the time Arthur was preparing a dipping sauce of vinegar and sugar, Chief Malz arrived.

The police chief, accompanied by Police Officer Andy and two other unknown officers, appeared at No. 2 Cork Street, and he was taken aback upon seeing the tied-up visitor.

"Mr. Jenkins?!"

"You know him?"

Holding the dipping sauce, Arthur tilted his head slightly. He found the name somewhat familiar.

"Um, Mr. Jenkins is a well-known painter from South Los—but he disappeared a year ago. His wife had come to the police station to report it.

At that time, I was in charge of the case, and I even had Mr. Jenkins's student draw a sketch.

So, I have a vivid memory of it."

As Malz spoke, he pulled out a leather notebook from his bosom—thick enough to accommodate two fingers side by side, it had a thin nylon rope that could bind the entire notebook, preventing the charcoal and pencils inside from falling out.

Malz opened to a page, the sketch on it was indeed of the visitor.

"Not bad drawing skills."

Arthur, who possessed the "Painting" skill, stated truthfully.

At least, such a lifelike sketch, even capturing the expressions, was beyond what a Level 2 "Painting" skill could achieve.

And at that moment, Arthur finally recalled who this painter was from his previous memories—just as Malz had said, the man was a famous painter from South Los, renowned for his portraits, even invited by the Countess of South Los to paint. However, before he could begin, he had disappeared.

Because of this, the 'secluded' Countess was greatly annoyed, and the police of South Los launched a comprehensive search.

But, they came up empty-handed.

In the end, despite the Countess's anger, the matter was dropped.

With these memories of his previous life, Arthur watched as the police officers untied the painter and removed the cloth from his mouth.

"I am Jenkins?"

"I am a painter?"

"I have a wife?!"

The face of the visitor was filled with joy—the kind that comes from the heart. Not to mention Arthur and Malz, even the three officers with Andy could feel it.

"Yes, Mr. Jenkins, you are a painter, and you do have a wife; you even own a house in the Shire District—so, all you need to do now is name the person who kidnapped you..."

"No!"

"Don't do this!"

"Please, I beg you!"

The initially joyful Jenkins became frantic again, and once more started to bang his head against the wall.

Andy and the other officers quickly restrained the painter, and at a signal from Malz, they first took him out to the yard; then the chief turned to Arthur.

"Any clues?"

The chief asked directly.

Arthur rolled his eyes, continuing to tear chicken breast for Pendragon, and said irritably—

"No one's dead, how would I know?"