

Great Master 112

Chapter 112 Silent Successive Steps!

Hearing Arthur's words, Malz slapped his forehead—this police chief was one of the believers in Arthur's ability to communicate with the undead.

"Forgot, no one died this time!"

An apologetic smile appeared on Malz's face.

However, seeing that apologetic smile, Arthur felt like punching him.

What did that smile mean?

It made him seem like the Grim Reaper, where death followed wherever he went.

How could that be possible?!

It was all a coincidence!

Moreover, this time there was a fundamental difference—Jenkins, the painter, had actively barged in, rather than being someone Arthur encountered outside.

There was a fundamental difference.

Arthur was very confident and then, after thinking for a moment, said,

"When Jenkins disappeared, did the extensive search in South Los cover all districts?"

In his previous memories, No. 2 Cork Street had been searched—afterward, Old Charlie had been busy for days resetting the mechanisms and secret rooms.

However, he was unsure about the other districts.

"Of course, all districts!"

"Who would dare to disobey the command of Lord Count?"

Malz nodded affirmatively.

"What about the Docklands?"

Arthur continued to inquire.

"Did you find anything?"

Malz quickly caught on.

"It's not exactly a discovery, but you could have someone ask along Cork Street where Jenkins was spotted this morning. Perhaps the kidnappers have covered their tracks, but they must be in the Docklands—or a nearby, unnoticed island close to Xisis Port. There should be traces of the kidnappers there."

Though his guess about Jenkins' identity was wrong, Arthur was very sure about the environment.

At the same time, Arthur was willing to share the 'credit' with Malz.

Their partnership ensured that the more stable Malz's position was, the more benefits Arthur would receive.

"Understood!"

Malz didn't ask Arthur how he knew.

It might have been the undead passing by who told him.

It could also have been Miss Anna who informed him.

In any case, the police chief turned and walked outside.

No. 2 Cork Street quieted down again, but Arthur's brows were slightly furrowed.

'Jenkins' disappearance shouldn't be related to the Old Lion, right?

It should just be a coincidence, right?

In this, the Countess shouldn't have played any role, right?'

Arthur was now somewhat paranoid, always associating the Countess with the Old Lion whenever their relationship came up in his mind.

Then, he would start suspecting the Countess's intentions.

After pondering for a full ten minutes, not snapping back to reality until the well-stuffed Pendragon came over to rub against his legs after finishing a bowl of chicken breast,

"What a little glutton!"

Arthur said as he watched Pendragon's increasingly plump body, stood up and tore another bowl of chicken breast for him.

However, for his breakfast, he chose to change the dipping sauce chicken breast to a sweet and sour sauce pan-fried chicken breast—not because he had just tasted it and found it unpalatable.

He cooked the chicken breast, drained the water, and put it in the frying pan over low heat.

Chicken breast is a strange kind of food.

If it's just boiled in water, it ends up being so dry that it's hard to swallow.

But a slight change in the cooking method can make it delicious.

Fried until crispy on both sides, Arthur drizzled it with sweet and sour sauce; with a 'crunch' at each bite, slightly crumbly, the sweet and sour taste made Arthur eat two complete pieces of chicken breast before he finally got up to sip on the lemon water with honey added.

'How do you make cheese again?'

'With sweet and sour sauce, wrapping it in cheese would even taste better!'

'Not just with chicken, but with ribs too!'

While thinking about this, Arthur washed the dishes.

When Arthur moved from the kitchen to the 'Spirit Medium Parlor,' he was still carrying the honey-added lemon water.

Although hot cocoa is delicious, during the day it pairs better with lemon water.

In the subsequent hours, Arthur spent his time practicing newly learned mystical arts and reviewing knowledge about the mystic side—not just practicing to recite Glyphic Language using mystical arts at a

faster pace, but also calculating the physical toll of the mystical arts and feeling the changes in his body with every use of the mystical arts, among other things.

Lunch and dinner passed with simple meals of bread slices, ham slices, and water. Find exclusive stories on empire

It wasn't until late at night that Arthur finally awaited the arrival of the person he was expecting.

Outside of No. 2 Cork Street, the familiar-drawn carriage came to a steady halt.

The coachman, Edwin, opened the carriage door for Marinda.

Clutching a pipe and holding a suitcase, Marinda hopped down from the carriage and spoke directly to her coachman.

"Come back for me tomorrow morning."

"Yes, my lord!"

Edwin respectfully replied.

However, the coachman did not immediately leave; instead, he turned up the kerosene lamp hanging on the side of the carriage to illuminate for Marinda.

When Arthur stepped outside, Edwin did not forget to nod to Arthur as well.

Arthur nodded back in response.

However, when he saw Edwin drive away straight after shaking the reins, Arthur was surprised and raised an eyebrow—if he remembered correctly, he and Marinda should still be in a 'cold war' phase!

Even if they were to mend their relationship, it should have taken a few days, or he should have taken the initiative to visit White Bird Street—Arthur was very clear that his relationship with Marinda was strictly professional.

But because it was a professional relationship, they had to follow the script.

After all, he had been 'paid'.

He, Arthur, had been paid to do the job.

Of course, this only pertains to professional relationships—gifts like those from Uncle Alberts do not count.

According to what Arthur had thought, Marinda returning tonight would bring with her 'his compensation' under some pretense like 'these are your belongings, I'm returning them to you'.

But now?

Marinda was adding more to the play.

No problem!

Being a collaborator, he was of course going to cooperate.

But...

It would require more money!

Arthur made no attempt to conceal his thoughts, which Marinda could naturally perceive—while she was closing the door, she handed the suitcase she was carrying to Arthur.

The meaning was clear, the contents of the suitcase were sufficient compensation.

In the suitcase, there were not only four ingredients—Sunflower, Moon Grass, Golden Acorn, Vampire Fang—but also a scroll of Cat Sect Mystic Arts and a scroll of Cat Cave Mystic Arts.

Arthur understood the significance of the four ingredients and the Cat Sect Mystic Arts.

Because this was the agreed compensation.

Yet, the scroll of Cat Cave Mystic Arts surprised Arthur.

"'Silent Successive Steps', one of the core mystical arts of the Cat Cave, but it can only be used by those who have participated in either a Cat Cave or Cat Sect ritual, and it only fully unleashes its effect in a Cat Cave ritual—this is a compensation given by Lord Count for your swift response last night.

Similarly, I, who brought it to you, rightfully deserve the right to stay overnight."

Marinda stated assertively.

"Only within the 'Spirit Medium Parlor'!"

Arthur did not entangle further and picked up the mystical art named 'Silent Successive Steps'—a core mystical art limited to the Cat Cave and Cat Sect, exactly what he needed.

Moreover, the ritual he was about to conduct was precisely the Cat Cave's 'Orange Cat', which could perfectly utilize the power of such mystical arts.

Of course, Arthur was well aware that by offering 'Silent Successive Steps', one of the core mystical arts of the Cat Cave, the Countess was not only compensating him but also enticing and testing him—both a probe into his mastery of mystical arts, his affiliation, and a probe into last night's events.

Although she claimed to be the master of South Los, she could not possibly know everything about South Los in detail.

At least, she had not anticipated Haywood.

Not only had the Earl of South Los not anticipated it, but Arthur himself had also not expected Haywood to use his compensation to buy a house on Pine Street.

And Marinda herself seemed full of curiosity.

"How did you do it?"

"Was Haywood really a coincidence?"

Arthur laughed, looking at Marinda's curious face and slowly curled his thumb, index finger, ring finger, and pinky finger inward.

Eventually, he raised his index finger.

Marinda looked astounded.

"What does that mean?"