

Great Master 113

Chapter 113: The Awakening of the Cat!

"My meaning, of course, is—

This is an additional price!"

Arthur said with a smile.

Marinda immediately flipped Arthur the middle finger.

"Money-grubber!"

"No!"

"What I'm proposing is a fair trade—fairness has always been one of my guiding principles, so... this really is a coincidence."

Arthur explained, drawing out his words.

There was nothing mysterious or cryptic about it.

Arthur was certain that a single day was enough for Marinda or that countess to have thoroughly investigated Haywood.

He also believed that beyond her own curiosity, Marinda's question probably also included the countess's intentions.

However, Arthur didn't delve any deeper.

Asking too much could affect the working relationship.

Arthur didn't ask, and Marinda didn't say.

"I obtained one of the Core Mystical Arts of the Cat Hole, 'Silent Successive Steps,' from that Lord Count. What did you get?"

Arthur redirected the conversation very directly.

Imitating Arthur, Marinda put up a finger.

"Want to know? That's an additional price!"

The lady raised her head, her short golden hair shimmering in the candlelight. The tips glowed faintly, like a crown placed upon her head, naturally drawing people's attention.

Arthur was no exception.

He watched the lady.

Immediately, the lady felt Arthur's gaze.

Without a hint of shyness, she drew even closer, as if to show off, but Arthur—

"How long has it been since you washed your hair?"

Covering his nose and mouth, Arthur retreated repeatedly.

Marinda paused.

Afterward, the lady huffed coldly.

"Childish!"

Then, no longer paying any attention to Arthur, she walked straight towards the 'Spirit Medium Parlor.'

But just as she was about to enter, the lady said softly,

"Before the onset of winter, I will inherit Baron Kemir's title."

Without a doubt, this was what Marinda had gained—a promise from the countess, rather than the previous strategy of operating independently and waiting for an answer.

"Congratulations!"

Arthur said, smiling.

Although Marinda wasn't as important to him as Malz, as a partner, it was naturally better for her to be stronger.

The lady's lips curled up when she heard Arthur's congratulations.

But then she quickly spoke seriously,

"Isidore has fled!"

"Hm?"

Arthur frowned.

This answer was rather unexpected. Based on what Arthur understood about the countess, if she had taken action, it would surely have been a thunderous annihilation, not leaving any sliver of a chance for the other party to recover.

Unless...

Fishing!

The countess wanted to bait out more people connected to the Old Lion of Inner Bay.

Or perhaps Harris, one of the founders of the 'Mouse Council' who had joined her, had informed the countess of something that made her change her original plan.

'But it's still quite risky!'

'The Mother Tigress, with the protection of her family and her own strength, is naturally not in danger, but isn't she worried about her own people?'

Arthur thought to himself as he looked towards Marinda.

He finally understood why Marinda had come to spend the night with him.

It was to prevent Isidore's revenge—In Isidore's eyes, perhaps the person he hated most in South Los was Marinda.

Even to some extent, she exceeded the Countess of South Los.

After all, the "Lady of the Long Night's Salon" and the "Rat Tail Alley's" Secret Assembly had always been at loggerheads, each wishing they could eliminate the other.

So, if Isidore was driven into a corner, he would definitely choose Marinda.

And Marinda? Discover exclusive tales on empire

She chose to ally with him!

There must be some individuals among Marinda's subordinates who had mastered secret techniques of the Mystic Side, but in Marinda's eyes, he was more reliable.

To this, Arthur could not have been more eager.

Because—

He could also be a target of Isidore's revenge!

In some ways, he had also disrupted the plans of this founder of the "Mouse Council."

Of course, based on Arthur's understanding of Marinda, she must be hiding an even deeper motive—leaving her old nest at No. 6 White Bird Street was to lure out Isidore.

A risky move, but one that promised higher rewards.

Arthur did not object, but he needed to make one thing clear in advance.

"If anything is damaged, you'll compensate for it at market value!"

Arthur stated this.

"Fine."

"Now I need a pillow, a duvet, a bed—and if possible, please make me a cup of hot cocoa without any extra sugar."

Marinda immediately understood what Arthur meant and responded bluntly.

"I'm not your servant!"

Arthur stressed.

"I know some secret history about the Cat Hole and the Cat Faction..."

"At your service!"

Before Marinda could finish her sentence, Arthur was already in action.

Not because he liked hearing the secret histories, but because the hot cocoa at night was ever so fragrant.

"The earliest history of the Cat Hole can be traced back to before the Empire Era, rumored to originate from the Cataclysm Queen's attendant, coachman—the 'Demon Cat.'

Although most consider it absurd, mere speculation by some, the power of the Cat Hole is undeniable—during the Holy Empire Era, 'Aeolia' from the Cat Hole, because of a lion cat doomed to be burned at the stake, fought against the entire Holy Court on his own. Remember, that was the Holy Court at the height of its power!

Facing Aeolia's fists, not only were twenty-two cardinals severely injured, but the Pope of that time was even exploded by those punches as fast as the speed of light.

The head of the Religious Tribunal, the deputy, and all twenty-two arbitrators were also obliterated.

Those who witnessed that battle said that when Aeolia threw his punches, they saw the Golden Lion Cat's roar.

If Aeolia hadn't left on his own, the Holy Court at that time would have been destroyed, and the era of the Holy Empire would have ended."

After taking a sip of the hot cocoa and enjoying its sweetness, Marinda continued her story.

"Also, because of Aeolia's emergence, the Cat Hole was considered the strongest in the world, but at some point, something happened within the Cat Hole, and by the time people came to know it again during the Silver Age, it had split into four distinct factions: 'Cat Faction-Orange,' 'Cat Faction-Black,' 'Cat Faction-Raccoon,' and 'Cat Faction-Floral!'"

"And moreover, the four factions constantly fought against each other."

"Throughout the entire Silver Age, the four factions were at war."

"Years went by and the four factions gradually declined, and by the time of the Seven Years' War, both the East Coast and the West Coast were swept by a witch hunting campaign. The 'Cat Faction-Black,' with its core heritage in Necromancy, was deemed allies of the witches and thus attacked by numerous forces.

After the contemporary 'Black Cat' disbanded the 'Black Cat Faction' and used 'Silent Successive Steps' to slay one hundred and seventy-four assailants, he died from exhaustion.

Already on the decline, the four branches of the Cat Sect became three.

And by the time the Seven Years' War ended and the Pioneer Era began, the three branches of the Cat Sect were nowhere to be seen.

The three branches of the Cat Sect chose to Hide.

No!

It should be said that all four branches of the Cat Sect chose to Hide, as the 'Black Cat' of that year had already instructed the 'Black Cat Faction' to take his bloodline or successors out!"

At this point, Marinda's cup of hot cocoa was empty.

She casually set the cup aside, leaned back on the bedding, and with a scrutinizing gaze at Arthur, she slowly said—

"Right, the contemporary 'Black Cat,' Arthur Kredos!"