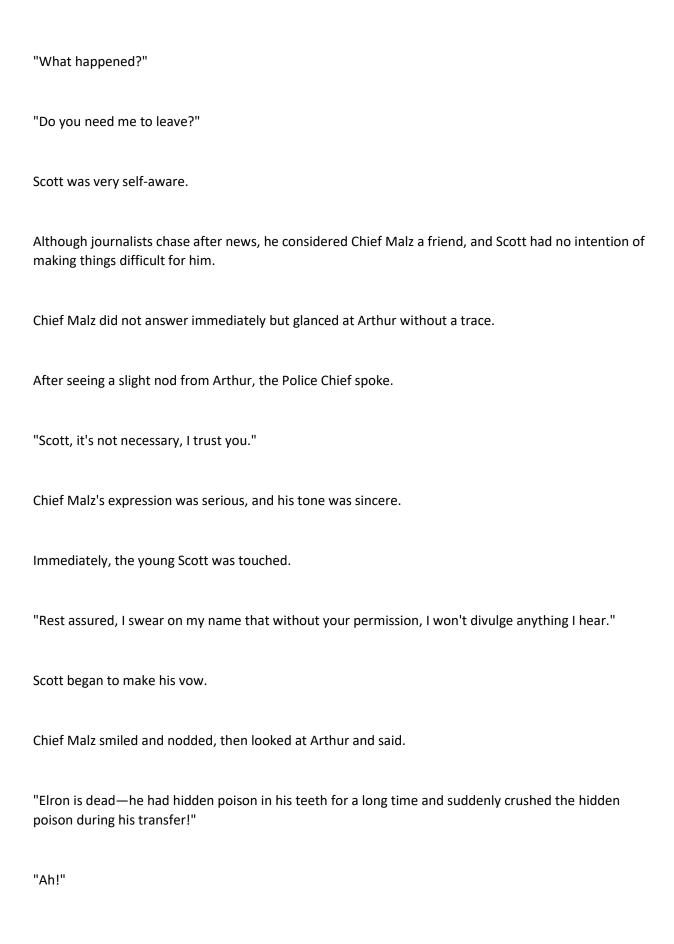
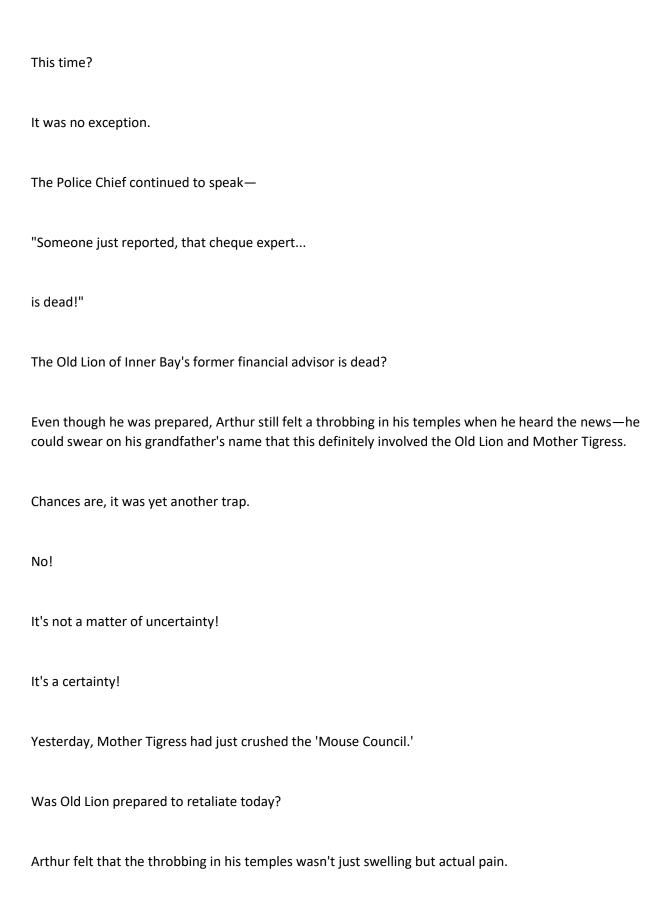
Great Master 121

Chapter 121: An Ominous Sign!
Scott was not interviewing Arthur for the first time.
Also, given the nature of their relationship, the interview felt more like a casual chat between friends—it came to an end after Jenkins' wife's body had been taken care of.
"Is this going to be your new home?"
"If there's a salon or a banquet, you must invite me!"
Scott said, in the capacity of a friend.
"Of course!"
"However, I don't plan on living here regularly, maybe just occasionally on weekends—most of the time, I'll still be at No. 2 Cork Street.
After all, that's my home."
Arthur explained.
This was no lie.
No. 44 Milita Dind Charataura mina
No. 44 White Bird Street was nice.
But No. 2 Cork Street was safer.
With the myriad mechanisms installed by Old Charlie, Arthur could sleep soundly.

And at No. 44 White Bird Street?
I'm afraid he'd have to sleep with one eye open.
Of course, more importantly, Arthur felt that there was something inauspicious about No. 44—it seemed to harbor an ill omen.
"Home?"
"Is it because of Mr. Charlie?"
"You really are a dutiful person, Arthur!"
The young reporter clearly misunderstood, but Arthur didn't explain.
The two continued to chat for a while, and after Arthur promised that the first salon or banquet at No. 44 White Bird Street would certainly include an invitation for him, the young reporter was ready to leave—he had already delayed for some time chatting with Arthur, and he was likely going to have to eat his lunch at the newspaper office to get the afternoon special edition out.
However, the young reporter didn't mind.
He had received a formal invitation from a friend, and his heart was satisfied.
At that moment, Chief Malz returned.
The Police Chief, with a serious look on his face, came in ready to say something, but stopped upon seeing Scott.



Arthur sighed, seeming as if he had anticipated this all along.
And with Arthur's previous warnings, the young reporter was not surprised, muttering to himself.
"Perhaps this is his atonement!
If it weren't for his father's accident, he really could have been a wonderful person!"
"Perhaps that accident still holds secrets!"
Chief Malz suddenly interjected.
Immediately, Scott was taken aback.
Even Arthur showed surprise in his eyes.
Instantly, Arthur's mind was filled with speculation—
No way, no way!
My 'Grim Reaper' reputation isn't about to be confirmed, is it?
The uneasy premonitions flooded the young Spirit Medium's heart.
In fact, most premonitions aren't very useful, except for the bad ones.
Too many things in this world work in a way that good predictions fail, but bad ones come true.





'Wait a bit longer, but be ready for anything!'
Arthur answered, then stood up and walked out—since he wanted to take as much initiative as possible, sitting here waiting wouldn't do.
Of course, if things turned impossible, he would choose to flee.
Before leaving, Arthur took another look at his new home.
'Number 44, huh?'
'It's really unlucky!'
Arthur murmured to himself.
He didn't take a carriage. Freeman's villa, the property of the horse track owner, was also in the Swan District and at the forefront with an address like number 14.
But looking at the house number, Arthur felt it was even more ominous.
At the front of No. 14 White Bird Street, a middle-aged butler had already been waiting there.
Upon seeing Malz, the middle-aged butler immediately came over.
"Chief Malz, is this Lord Kledos?
Please follow me, the body has not been touched as per your instruction."



However, such excitement turned completely into shock as the door to Delong's room was opened.
Blood!
The bed, the curtains, the walls—there was blood everywhere.
The old man's throat was cut wide open, and his head hung down at an exaggerated angle, stretching the muscles and skin of his neck to an extreme.
Yet the body sat upright on the bed, a bloodstained sword still in hand.
At the head of the bed was an opened suicide note, and Arthur, with his superior eyesight, saw at a glance—it clearly read:
I harbor guilt.
I can't believe I didn't know gratitude like a younger person.
Now, I have decided to tell all.
It was my fault what happened those years ago.
I have wronged His Highness the Grand Duke of Yan Fort.
I was threatened at the time, forced to pass that judgment, and then, I even left my beloved homeland of South Los to seek refuge in Inner Bay, not daring to return until my old age

Arthur didn't finish reading, but a single glance told him what this former financial advisor of the Old Lion of Inner Bay intended to do.

A deathbed confession!