

Great Master 131

Chapter 131: Harris's Pursuit!

Tracking Isidore!

From the first moment he saw the man, Arthur felt this premonition, yet he still maintained a distance and, without losing courtesy, asked.

"Hello, may I ask who you are?"

This is the most normal reaction when a normal person meets a stranger.

Under the enhancement of Lv5 "Bluff," Arthur's reaction was all the more natural.

The enthusiastic stranger seemed to come to his senses only after seeing Arthur's response, first offering an apologetic smile before he introduced himself.

"Hello, Lord Kledos."

"I am Harris, perhaps you have heard of my name."

Harris, one of the founders of the Mouse Council, was the first of the three founders to pledge allegiance to the Earl of South Los. However, Arthur guessed that he was a pawn that the Countess had planted into the Mouse Council herself.

Yet, Arthur had not expected him to be pursuing Isidore.

Was it because he had interacted with Isidore for a long time and knew his behavior patterns?

Or was it through some covert means that he could track Isidore's whereabouts?

Arthur guessed it was the latter.

But Isidore's strength was enough to make the latter cautious, so such covert means must have many limitations, at least ... they could not pinpoint the exact location.

And it was certainly not possible to know exactly what had happened.

Otherwise, Harris wouldn't have been so polite at this moment.

Thinking this, Arthur's face naturally showed surprise.

After a fleeting look, Arthur nodded.

"I've heard."

"It's an honor that you have heard my name, that makes our conversation much easier — of course, you go ahead with your business first, Owner Tate has been waiting for a long time."

Harris politely spoke, then made his way to the small round table and chairs, taking a seat and staring directly at Arthur.

An open and aboveboard surveillance.

To this, a helpless look appeared on Arthur's face.

Tate at the side seemed to have noticed something as well.

"Sir, do you need any assistance?" Tate asked in a lowered voice.

Arthur shook his head, then said with a smile.

"I need two wands, both completely wooden. The heads must also be wooden with no excessive decoration, but they must be sturdy.

Do you have any recommendations?"

Ignoring the watchful eyes nearby, Arthur focused and asked Tate.

"Solid wood?"

"A very unique taste, you seem calm beyond your years — if we're talking sturdy, I recommend iron birch.

This wood is very particular, even an axe striking it sparks, bullets seem to strike it like hitting steel, it needs special methods to be chopped and carved, hence it's very expensive, one stick would require 8 gold notes, but if you use slightly more common wood, the price can be lowered to between 1 and 1.5 gold notes, like petty firmwood."

Tate provided his service with professional knowledge.

"Let's go with iron birch!"

Arthur's goal was to perform "Wand Combat Technique," hence the sturdier the wands, the better, and for him now, 8 gold notes weren't expensive — especially under potentially life-saving circumstances, this price seemed more appealing.

"Two wands for 16 gold notes, you will get your wands in three days, I will also include a sleeve, wrist strap, wand cloth and three maintenance services, although iron birch basically doesn't need maintenance."

When Arthur handed over 16 gold notes to Tate, it was clear that the owner was in a good mood, talking about the free gifts while joking around.

Then, the owner began to measure Arthur's height, arm length, and the distance from his arms to the ground, among other things.

During this process, Harris kept examining Arthur, Tate, and the entire store.

Arthur and Tate, however, chose to ignore him.

As time passed, this founder of the Mouse Council began to confirm that the last place Isidore was seen was here — unfortunately, that was all the information he had.

Unable to make a more accurate judgment.

But he thought keeping an eye on Arthur was a good choice.

Arthur seemed to get agitated by this surveillance, and could not help glaring at Harris once Tate had finished measuring.

Harris, however, didn't mind at all and even responded to Arthur with a smile.

"Do you have any special requirements for the carvings on the wand heads?"

The surveillance did not affect Tate's work attitude; the owner asked seriously.

"Cats!"

"I want one with a cat's head and one with the image of a cat curled up. If you need a specific reference, you can look at the carriage outside; my cat is there!"

Arthur pointed with a smile to the carriage that was parked at the door.

Tate looked towards the door of the carriage.

Harris also looked towards the door of the carriage.

Tate, carrying an umbrella, walked towards the carriage to take a careful look at Pendragon, while Harris scrutinized the police coachman near the carriage and Arthur showed his impatience.

Upon returning to the store with Tate, Arthur took the initiative to pull over a chair and sat across from Harris.

"Are you looking for someone?"

Arthur asked bluntly.

"Yes."

Harris still smiled.

"Is it the Old Lion's spy? Or ... Isidore?"

Arthur lengthened his tone, staring intently at Harris, but the other man merely smiled as a cover, rendering Arthur's "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" skills clueless.

'I need to continue leveling up these two skills,' Arthur thought to himself, then changed his approach.

"Whoever you're seeking, you shouldn't be watching me."

"Is that so?"

Harris asked with a smile.

Meanwhile, he recollected information about the young Spirit Medium before him — possessing Mystic Side abilities and adept at probing with words, possibly of a secret origin.

He had already experienced the verbal probing just now.

Effective on others, useless on him.

As for Mystic Side abilities?

It wasn't time to confront that just yet.

And from Mystic origins?

Once he took action, he was confident he could deduce the other's background.

Unfortunately, he couldn't.

The other had not made a mistake and was highly valued by the Countess; if he initiated a fight without reason, he would be in trouble regardless of winning or losing.

With that in mind, Harris's gaze turned to Owner Tate.

"Owner, after the storm started, were there still any customers here?"

Owner Tate looked at Arthur.

After seeing Arthur's indifferent shrug, the owner spoke.

"No, just this customer."

"Oh, and how long has this customer been here?"

"For a while now, his carriage stopped at the entrance for a moment before he came in."

Owner Tate answered truthfully.

Arthur, who had been indifferent at first, suddenly stiffened.

Although he quickly returned to normal, Harris caught it.

"Why did you have your carriage stop at the entrance for a moment before coming in?"

Without hesitation, Harris immediately pressed further.

But this time, Arthur's face turned stern.

"I am not your prisoner, nor have I committed any wrongs. I cannot accept this manner of questioning."

With that, Arthur stood up and left.

Harris did not stop him, but rather watched with a playful look as Arthur departed in his carriage.

This co-founder of the 'Mouse Council' thought he had found a crucial point!

Afterward, Harris, holding his umbrella, began to wander around 'Tate's Wand Store.'

Read chapters at empire

Soon, Arthur came to a narrow alley, constantly flaring his nostrils.

"The scent of Isidore disappears right here... Hm? What's this smell? Why does it stink so bad?

Walter Focke!

Who was messing around here?"

Harris stared at something on the ground, now turned into a yellow soup by the downpour, his usual smile slightly strained.

Especially when discovering that the yellow soup kept flowing under his feet, this co-founder of the 'Mouse Council' cursed loudly.

He guessed what Arthur had just stopped here to do.

But Harris didn't give up and headed straight for the Shire District Police Station.

He couldn't forcefully confront Arthur, but the patrol officers were a different story.

As a result, Harris's curses became even harsher.

"Where are your morals? Where is your honor? Where is your gentlemanly demeanor?"

"Piece of shit!"

"Isn't urinating in public a mistake?"

Confused, the patrol officer gave Harris a definite answer, who left Tate's Wand Store cursing under his breath—he still hadn't given up.

At the moment, the wand store was closed for the night, but this co-founder of the 'Mouse Council' deftly picked the lock and sneaked inside.

After checking around the store, Harris's gaze turned to the beehive cabinets where the wands were stored.

Harris inspected one wand after another.

Even though he found a few wands with hidden blades, none were what he wanted, and eventually left empty-handed and furious.

He knew he had been played by Isidore!

Isidore must have figured out his ruse and intentionally stopped here on purpose.

To distract him using Arthur.

Even better if he had conflicted with Arthur.

"Damn it!"

Harris realized he had underestimated the craziness of Isidore once again, but more importantly, he needed to mend relations with Arthur.

Perhaps Arthur didn't seem like much now, but what about later?

With the Countess's favor, Arthur was bound to rise.

He couldn't just kill Arthur now.

So he had to make amends.

Immediately, Harris thought of the best person for the job.

Not staying inside 'Tate's Wand Store,' Harris quickly left, but the co-founder of the 'Mouse Council' didn't re-lock the shop.

Or rather, he didn't care about such things, or perhaps he needed to vent some frustration.

Moments later, two patrol officers discovered the open door.

The two of them exchanged glances, then walked in.

About a few minutes later, the two left hastily with several clearly valuable wands.

This time, the shop door was left wide open.

After a while, a homeless man passed by.

His eyes lit up at the sight of the open shop, and he hurried inside. Soon after, he left with several wands.

Just after the homeless man left, a gambler in desperate need of a fix passed by.

The gambler rushed in with glee.

But before the gambler could leave, the first two patrol officers returned, spotted the figure inside the shop, and smiled at each other.

Then—

"Freeze! Don't move! Hands up!"

Amidst the shouts, the two patrol officers charged in, swinging their batons.

The noise was drowned out by the downpour.

Any potential evidence had already been washed away.

And all of this had nothing to do with Arthur anymore.

At the moment, Arthur was holding Pendragon in the 'Spirit Medium Parlor,' staring at a prop taken from the wand, his eyes clearly unable to hide his surprise—

It was actually this object!