

## Great Master 134

Chapter 134: Tit for Tat!

When you want to know more, never stare at someone else's forehead.

That kind of scrutiny only works on the timid, most of the time it backfires by angering the other person or making them cautious.

Don't go looking into their eyes either.

Because when you see the emotions in their eyes clearly, your emotions will also be exposed.

But Arthur, who had reached Level 5 in Bluff, didn't need any of these tactics. He could easily deal with these issues, his gaze and expression changing accordingly, even a minimal cooperation could achieve surprisingly effective outcomes.

However, he still chose the most secure approach.

He let Marinda guess and speak for herself.

In fact, after hearing Arthur's words, the lady was initially stunned, then her brows furrowed.

"You want revenge,"

No, that's not right!

You know, that's impossible, so—

"You want to reclaim the 'Cat Faction.Black' Legacy?"

Marinda's words carried inquiry, but as Arthur remained silent, the lady's pace of speech began to quicken.

"At the time, those who divided the 'Cat Faction.Black' Legacy included the Old Lion of Inner Bay, the Blood Marquis, the Marquess of Seberlin, the Marquess of Ainhars, Count Bert, and the Earl of South Los. Except for the Blood Marquis, who had already been exterminated, the remaining families' noble power is absolutely beyond your imagination!"

Listening to the lady's words, Arthur silently took notes, yet turned to look at her with an expression one would use to view an idiot.

Considering the lady's cunning, Arthur felt he should verify further.

Initially, the lady seemed clueless.

About three or four seconds later, the lady spread her hands.

"Alright!"

"I lied, the Marquess of Seberlin and the Marquess of Ainhars didn't participate, but Viscount Rude and Baron Norvia did!"

Facing Marinda's frank admission, Arthur sighed.

"I thought we were friends."

"That's right, we are friends, which is why I told you most of the answer—you from the Black Cat Faction had already painstakingly investigated and probably knew about the Old Lion of Inner Bay, the Blood Marquis, Count Bert, and our Earl of South Los. I've additionally told you about Viscount Rude and Baron Norvia; for the remaining two, you'll need to exchange something!"

For example...

"No. 44 Whitebird District!"

Marinda's face bore a look of natural expectation.

"Wake up, it's already dark."

Arthur sat back down in his chair, adopting an uninterested demeanor towards Marinda.

"Think about it, after today's events, those wealthy individuals will surely flee from White Bird Street, and it won't take long, perhaps a week or two, for White Bird Street to become less valuable!"

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Yet Marinda leaned in closer, seemingly kindly helping Arthur analyze the situation.

Arthur, however, laughed out loud.

"Since it will become less valuable, why don't you hurry up and sell No. 6 White Bird Street?"

Previously, Arthur had never worried about the effect on the prices of his own properties.

Indeed, he was quite certain that the real estate prices on White Bird Street would not drop, but instead would rise.

Why?

Because of the Earl of South Los.

The image of the Countess manipulating the storm and thunder that afternoon was enough to cause a surge in all the lands of South Los.

Countless people who got the news would choose South Los.

The Countess's strength would reassure numerous people.

And then...

Xisis Port of South Los!

What does a calm Xisis Port produce?

An unceasing wealth!

As long as the Countess's staff aren't fools, they would surely promote her well—rumors or gossip, over a considerable period, the Countess would be portrayed as the embodiment of 'Storm'.

If he were in charge, he would slightly embellish the incident that happened this afternoon in the Whitebird District, then have someone purchase No. 14 White Bird Street at a 'high price', concurrently inquiring about the price of No. 44 White Bird Street at a high price as well.

And these would certainly be reported by the newspapers.

Then, places close to White Bird Street would start being purchased in large quantities.

And importantly, they must quote homes that are already occupied.

Offer audacious prices!

Such that today there's just a 10% premium, but tomorrow it would be 30%!

In short, there's no maximum, just higher and higher.

Once the middle class's enthusiasm is ignited, start announcing the construction of new districts near the shady groves close to White Bird District—let the middle class buy homes, let the lower classes build homes, let the middle class move into new homes, let the wealthier lower classes become the new middle class to take over the original middle class's homes, and then attract more job opportunities and better conditions to attract the youth around South Los to fill the positions of the original citizens of South Los.

Money, never sleeps.

Because it perpetuates endlessly.

Ultimately, it enters the pockets of South Los's master.

Becoming exactly what that master needs it to be.

Whether it's goods, secret techniques, or magic potions.

Who knows?

Anyway, it has nothing to do with ordinary people.

Everyone will be immersed in happiness.

Everything was beautiful.

"Since No. 44 White Bird Street isn't willing to sell to me, can you tell me... did you annihilate the Blood Marquis family?"

Marinda changed her terms again.

The other party recognized the "Ring of Equilibrium Blood"!

A chill ran through Arthur's heart.

He couldn't believe that all the previous groundwork was just for this moment, could he?

But after so much circumlocution, asking him outright now seemed hardly worth it, didn't it?

To avenge the Blood Marquis?

That was even less likely!

If the Blood Marquis had still been alive and his family intact, considering Marinda's nature, she might have taken a risk for the sake of their friendship.

But with the Blood Marquis dead and his family destroyed, Marinda would definitely not engage in futile efforts.

So it was probably...

Deliberately making him focus on the Blood Marquis family to lure him into a trap?

Had something belonging to the Blood Marquis family appeared?

Did they need someone to scout the way?

Thinking this, Arthur managed a laugh on the surface.

"Ah right, right, right!"

"You got it all correct!"

His words were full of pretense, causing Marinda to storm off to her bed on the right side of the Spirit Medium Parlor, while Arthur, ignoring her, lay down with Pendragon on the left bed—although he had a chair, and the chair was quite comfortable, today's busyness made him prefer the bed.

So, Arthur too chose the same setup as Marinda, a blanket beneath him, then a quilt on top.

The candlelight gradually weakened.

Separated by a desk, the two lay back to back, their breaths slowly elongating.

Yet in such lengthened breaths, both their eyes remained open.

'Sly bastard!'

Arthur and Marinda thought simultaneously.

Then, both smirked.

Afterward, under the weight of fatigue, their eyelids began to battle.

However, pinching their own thighs, they instantly perked up.

After repeating this cycle countless times, almost simultaneously, they both drifted into a drowsy sleep.

But when dawn came, and the cries of the newsboy arose, they immediately opened their eyes simultaneously, but neither moved. Instead, they waited a moment before pretending to rub their eyes and got up.

Arthur headed straight for the washroom.

Marinda opened the door to get breakfast from Edwin.

At the same time, she bought two newspapers for Arthur.

One Horn Report and one South Los Daily.

While Marinda was in the washroom, Arthur went to the kitchen and made a pot of hot cocoa. When Marinda came out of the washroom, they both sat drinking hot cocoa, eating breakfast, and reading the newspapers.

The Horn Report, with Scott as lead writer, detailed everything about the "fake cheque case."

The South Los Daily also covered the "fake cheque case," and additionally attributed the explosion at 14 White Bird Street to the misuse of natural gas lamps—a novel yet extremely dangerous item—and recommended caution.

'The universal explanation: a natural gas explosion, huh?'

Arthur's lips curled upward, then he looked forward to today's XP gains.

He had a feeling it would be a good number.

Watching Arthur's lips curl into a smile, Marinda once again smirked.

"To find amusement in articles that sing your own praises, how childish!"

After giving such a judgment, Marinda picked up the breakfast basket, now only holding empty plates, stroked Pendragon, then left the house with her pipe in her mouth.

However, as she was about to close the door, she loudly reminded Arthur—

"Remember, clean up the dining table!"

Afterward, there were the sounds of Edwin cracking his whip and the carriage moving away.

'Finally gone!'

Savoring the solitude of No. 2 Cork Street, enjoying the rare relaxation, Arthur stretched and yawned—being with Marinda taught him what it meant to sleep with one's eyes open.

If possible, he hoped it was the last night.

At the very least, he should go back to sleep.

But today, he had an important task to attend to!

Accompanied by "Lady Anna," carrying Pendragon's cage, Arthur walked toward the Shire District Police Station—the small trinket from 44 White Bird Street had been taken by Elron from that paramour, and today he must get his property back.

However, just as Arthur turned right from Elta Square into Ayr Lane, a wide coach suddenly rushed out from Ayr Lane.

Arthur hurriedly dodged, and the coachman quickly pulled the reins.

In the end, Arthur was unharmed, and so was the coachman.

But the cargo coach overturned.

Several mannequins used by clothing stores fell from the coach and hit the ground.

Smash, smash, smash!

In a series of crisp sounds, one mannequin directly shattered, revealing inside—

a desiccated corpse.