

Great Master 142

Chapter 142: Death Poetry Society!

Arthur subtly rejected the trade proposed by Marinda.

Arthur didn't truly value No. 44 White Bird Street, but selling it just as its price was about to surge was clearly a loss.

And this merit?

It couldn't be shared either.

Arthur knew well that only the full credit could secure him a real reward from the Countess, and not just "empty promises."

It wasn't that the Countess wouldn't have liked to offer "empty promises" for the full credit.

But with more subordinates watching, she had to display her "fairness," "justice," and "noble honor" and was compelled to reward him—after all, a plague had been avoided!

If it were to be shared,

there would be arguments.

The cunning of nobles is born with their greed, ingrained in their bones—just as unpredictable as the human heart.

Thus, Arthur would not share his credit, even if Marinda's offered information and secrets were tempting—Arthur longed for a Physique like that of a "War Elephant," impervious to blades and immensely strong, which would have made his actions much more convenient.

But he was more aware that Marinda might know the secret, yet that did not mean she could grant him such a Physique directly.

Whereas the Countess's reward was readily attainable.

Arthur naturally knew how to choose.

"The secret of the 'War Elephant' Physique doesn't tempt you at all?

Impervious to artillery and able to lift a carriage with one hand!"

Marinda hadn't given up, continuing her seduction.

"Edwin must be impervious to blades and immensely strong now, isn't he?"

Arthur asked, smiling.

Marinda paused, then pursed her lips.

Without a doubt, the 'War Elephant' Physique must be linked to some special Talent that can't be replicated, or involves an extremely demanding secret technique, almost impossible to replicate.

Otherwise, with Marinda's style, how could she possibly not replicate a 'War Elephant' of her own?

And why would the Old Lion be satisfied with just one 'War Elephant'?

Marinda took a deep draw on her pipe.

She forcefully exhaled the smoke towards Arthur and, after he easily dodged it, she spoke in a huff.

"The Death Poetry Society is an organization that emerged towards the end of the Empire, worshipping death, considering it as graceful as poetry itself."

With that, Marinda stopped.

"Want to know more?"

"Produce something of equivalent value."

The lady still looked irritated.

Find your next read on empire

Arthur, however, shook his head.

The young Spirit Medium had seen through the Lady of the Eternal Night's pretense; she wasn't actually angry but pretended to be to gain more leverage.

Why was Arthur so confident about detecting anything from a Spy like Trudana?

Because he had spent 30 XP to upgrade "Eagle Eye," "Insight," and "Intimidation" to Lv4.

Unfortunately, he encountered the utterly unreasonable Lion Group.

While there was no yield from Trudana, he did have gains with Marinda.

Arthur was now able to discern something from Marinda's expressions.

Not much, but enough.

Watching Arthur shake his head, a flicker of suspicion crossed Marinda's eyes.

"Have you discovered something?"

The lady suddenly counter-queried.

Arthur didn't hesitate, instinctively responding,

"So many things have happened recently—too frequent, too dense.

"Indeed, those Death Poetry Society folks, before the 'black' plague spread, were always keen on provoking others to create calamities to relish—from the 'Axe Murderer,' to the 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club murder case,' and everything that happened in my salon, followed by the incident at 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home.' I always feel as if an Invisible Hand is manipulating everything.

Even, I suspect that a traditional member of the Death Poetry Society infiltrated my salon.

But after checking, I found no suspicious individuals.

Yet, the appearance of the 'body. Plague Jar' proved that a new member of the Death Poetry Society is indeed in South Los.

This is full of contradictions—

Traditional members of the Death Poetry Society look down upon the new members who manufacture plagues and toxins, considering them brutes who tarnish the elegance of death.

Meanwhile, the new members think the traditional ones are too rigid, just posers.

Since the Silver Age, the two sides have been in constant conflict for over two hundred years, never halting.

At one point, the Death Poetry Society almost vanished; hence, the two sides reached an agreement to never appear at the same location.

This is enforced by a powerful contract!"

With Arthur's emphatic exclamation of "Bluff," Marinda became inspired.

The lady furrowed her brows tightly, and the sparks in the pipe she clenched began to flicker rapidly.

"The very existence of a contract is meant to be broken, and can be broken, like...

'Lion Group'!"

Arthur whispered softly.

Marinda paused, then her eyes lit up.

Breaking a contract means facing death.

Yet, the 'Lion Group' could make people forget death and embrace it.

As for the Old Lion's 'Lion Group,' only three followers remain?

Who could guarantee that the Old Lion hadn't held something back?

"I'll find you tonight!"

Marinda swiftly packed up the secret room prop, and the two appeared in Malz's office; after that, the lady nodded slightly to Malz and hurriedly left.

"It seems, Arthur, your help has brought great insights to this lady!"

Malz watched Marinda rush toward the police yard and smiled.

"She is just temporarily confused by 'common sense.'"

Arthur did not take credit.

He wouldn't think himself smarter than Marinda.

He understood that he was only accustomed to an 'outsider's' way of thinking and was not bound by 'local knowledge.'

He believed that even if Marinda were bound by 'local knowledge,' she would still uncover the inconsistencies.

Because this was Marinda Julius Caesar.

His second chosen collaborator.

"No!"

A temporary confusion can cause irreversible damage—just like you, Arthur, noticed from the beginning that the entire event was Truda's solo act, which allowed you to comfortably play along with the opponent, not only to fish out secrets but also to use yourself as bait to lure her accomplices!"

Miss Caesar's response had said it all."

Malz spoke very seriously.

Clearly, the Police Chief had misunderstood something again, and seeing the admiration in his eyes even made Arthur feel a bit ashamed; he really wanted to tell Malz that he was overthinking.

But that would undoubtedly hurt his first collaborator.

That was something Arthur absolutely did not want to see.

"Hmm, Malz, your observation is really sharp!"

Arthur nodded as usual, then sighed softly in his heart.

'Let me bear the suffering of my partner.'

Arthur was moved by his own nobility.

However, the hunger pangs from his stomach brought Arthur back to reality—

"Malz, may I try the second-level policeman's lunch?"

"Of course!"

Arthur, having the status of Shire District's Special Consultant, enjoyed the treatment of a second-level policeman, which naturally included meals during overtime.

A pound of roast beef, a whole smoked chicken leg, salad, two fist-sized baked potatoes, two spoonfuls of butter (5 grams each), a pinch of salt, black pepper (about 5 grams), and a stewed fruit soup (with sugar).

The Police Chief's lunch included an extra spoonful of butter, a spoonful of honey, and a pinch of sugar (about 5 grams).

Such a lunch could indeed be described as sumptuous.

Ordinary families could only afford this during weekend dinners.

As for the poor?

Just filling the stomach was a great deal; such food was beyond their dreams.

"Hey, want to try this?"

Malz pulled out a bottle of wine from the drawer and shook it towards Arthur.

Arthur, who was already silently picking up the smoked chicken leg, shook his head. Alcoholic beverages might relax the spirit but could also numb the body, which he politely declined.

But not so with the chicken leg.

Just as Arthur opened his mouth to bite down, a knock sounded—

Thump, thump-thump!

"Come in!"

Through the glass, Malz saw his subordinate Simon and immediately responded.

Immediately, the apprentice policeman pushed the door open, saluted both men, and then spoke in a grave tone.

"Chief, Consultant, Chermy is dead!"