

Great Master 146

Chapter 146 Old Charlie's Love!

"How is that possible?"

"Shouldn't it be my uncles or my deceased father?"

"Why would it be my grandfather?"

Arthur's head buzzed as if he had seen a hundred thousand alpacas stampeding past him, with the leading one even spitting at him.

It's not that Arthur lacks experience, it's just that Old Charlie played too fancifully.

How old is Old Charlie this year?

72!

How old is Ms. Camille this year?

41.

Ms. Camille's age is no secret, as many suitors know it, and likewise, Linda's age is well-known to everyone—16 years old.

That is to say, 17 years ago, the 24-year-old Ms. Camille met the 55-year-old Old Charlie, which resulted in the now 16-year-old Linda.

And that's a conservative estimate.

After all, what if the two had met even earlier?

Thinking about this, even Arthur, who possessed a Level 5 "Bluff," almost couldn't keep his composure at that moment; his hanging pinky fingers uncontrollably trembled.

However, he soon returned to normal.

He took a deep breath—

Whew!

"That's really surprising."

This is how Arthur said it, but his tone was indifferent, and his facial expression was as calm as ever, as if just to match Camille's use of the word 'surprising,' he seemed to not care at all.

Seeing Arthur's demeanor, Camille couldn't help but laugh.

"Even when faced with monumental news, you remain indifferent and calm, Arthur, you are just like your grandfather—truly, you are the real inheritor of the Kledos Family 'Spirit Medium' bloodline."

Arthur: ...

Hey, auntie, wake up.

There is no 'Spirit Medium' bloodline in the Kledos family.

It's all just swindler's tricks.

Having the memories of his previous life, Arthur naturally knew everything.

But what could he say?

Should he say his grandfather was a conman?

Impossible!

Once said, not only would Old Charlie be in a pitiful scrap, but he would also find himself in a massive passive position—considering he needed the 'Spirit Medium' identity to gain XP.

Moreover, the 'Spirit Medium' identity was too convenient for dealing with certain matters.

Therefore, at this moment, Arthur could only remain silent.

And this silence made Camille's smile grow even wider.

"Do you still adhere to the 'Secrecy' principle?

However, such pretense will one day be discovered—didn't the original Charlie almost blow his cover?

If it hadn't been for my help, Charlie would certainly have been severely beaten!"

Seemingly remembering something amusing, Ms. Camille's smile became even more radiant.

At this moment, this lady was no longer the strong independent woman known by the people of South Los, but rather like a naive young girl.

The kind with a bit of a romantic mindset, no less.

Arthur wanted to rub his increasingly throbbing temples.

He was certain that his grandfather's "Bluff" level was definitely higher than Lv5, and he was extremely skilled at thinking on his feet; otherwise, how could he have managed to weave through Camille's suspicions at the critical moment, and even invent the so-called 'Secrecy' principle?

What, did he think he was a vampire from the Mystery Party?

During such times, Arthur kept complaining internally, but he dared not utter a word.

The more you say, the more mistakes you make.

Silence is golden.

Let grandfather's love life be his own concern.

He?

He's just an innocent bystander!

Just happily enjoy the spectacle!

"Please don't blame your grandfather?"

It was all my fault!

Back then, I ran away from home because I wasn't happy with the marriage arrangement my parents had set up, and if it hadn't been for your grandfather, I would have been sold to a brothel long ago.

He saved me, and he was the one who taught me how to survive out there.

Later, my family tried to stop me, but I knew that if I didn't do this, I would definitely regret it!"

Ms. Camille said, lowering her head slightly.

Here it comes! Here it comes!

The classic hero saving the beauty and fighting against the world for love!

The former gains a lot of favor, the latter makes the rescued believe that the more people try to stop her, the more persistent she becomes, the more she believes she has found true love!

Arthur was already too weary to complain.

He coughed lightly, interrupting Ms. Camille's reminiscing.

"Shall we talk about that armchair?"

Arthur wanted to change the subject, and Ms. Camille could naturally tell.

However, the lady was not annoyed.

Instead, she seemed somewhat relieved.

Because Arthur had not objected.

For her, that was the best news.

"That chair is from the 'Haite Furniture Store,' initially just to make me more comfortable while working.

But then I found that comfort during work distracted me.

Moreover, each time I saw it, I felt uncomfortable, so, I moved it out of the office and into the small hall—I originally wanted to find Charlie to take a look, but unfortunately, he seemed to be handling a tricky situation at the time.

Charlie, has he finished it?"

As she talked about the relevant matters, the lady couldn't help asking about Old Charlie's recent situation.

"Grandfather went to Barny; there are some issues he needed to handle there."

Arthur honestly replied.

"Barny?"

Ms. Camille's brow furrowed slightly, her expression serious, as if Arthur had mentioned an extraordinary place.

"Regarding that chair, you could ask Oer, he will tell you everything, I need to step away."

The lady said and then left.

Her steps were quick.

It seemed she was still a bit angry and resentful.

No way! No way!

It couldn't be what I am thinking, could it?

My grandfather is actually a playboy!

Arthur watched Ms. Camille's departing figure, completely stunned—he realized he had underestimated his grandfather.

Even "spirited in old age" was not enough to describe him.

And...

What's with that charm?

"To some extent, even the Old Lion's 'Lion Group' can't compare to Grandfather's charm!"

Arthur couldn't help but lament.

Then, he began silently praying for his grandfather.

He hoped Ms. Camille was rational enough not to go directly to Barny to settle accounts with Grandfather.

As he thought about it, the corners of Arthur's mouth couldn't help but lift up.

It definitely wasn't schadenfreude!

It was just a polite smile.

"Mr. Kledos, what happened to make you so happy?"

The approaching old butler asked.

"Nothing!"

"Excuse me, what do you know about 'Haite Furniture Store'?"

Arthur shook his head, he certainly couldn't tell the old butler that he was anticipating his grandfather's romantic entanglement escalating into a confrontation.

He, a mere young and innocent 'Spirit Medium,' what bad thoughts could he have?

"'Haite Furniture Store' appeared in South Los ten years ago, with its first store in Dort District. The owner Haite was a skilled carpenter with an active mind, always able to create eye-catching furniture, so, in just three years, the owner bought property and stores in Shire District.

The 'Haite Furniture Store' on Garden Street was deeply beloved by everyone.

Moreover, after Haite moved to Garden Street, he became even more devoted to perfecting his craft, and the cycles for custom furniture grew increasingly longer."

The butler said sternly, his gaze cold.

If it hadn't been for the 'chair' incident, Mr. Haite would certainly have been admirable, but after the incident, everything turned sour.

Thinking that there were still some 'Haite Furniture Store' items within the villa, the butler grew anxious.

Arthur saw this and immediately signaled that he could leave—his business partner had been waiting nearby for quite a while, and at the mention of 'Haite Furniture Store,' his partner had a strange expression flash across his face.

"'Haite Furniture Store' belongs to that guy Rum."

Maltz said, lowering his voice as he came over.

Rum, the Police Chief of Dort District, a guy with a bad reputation.

As one of the beneficiaries of the 'Sheriff' system, Rum originally came from a gang and then, through money, power, and opportunities, transformed himself into the then 'Sheriff' of Dort District, followed by the Police Chief.

Arthur and Maltz didn't care about this.

But both knew—

their opportunity had arrived!

The two partners looked at each other, both seeing a hint of amusement in each other's eyes. Arthur even whispered with a laugh.

"We should be even more careful then, but before that, I think we should now go and do some real work—like retrieving the props from No. 44 White Bird Street!

You know, I left this morning for these."

A look of resignation appeared on Arthur's face, as if he was sharing his troubles with a good friend.

Maltz understood immediately, the home of Elron, that Painter apprentice, must have had props exceedingly apt for 'judging' that Rum guy.

And after only brief consideration, the Police Chief's eyes lit up.

He knew what it was.