

Great Master 151

Chapter 151 I Tell a Story at 10 Clara Street!

At the entrance of 10 Clara Street, two stalkers who had been beaten black and blue by Dico were tied up together.

As Malz stepped down from the carriage and saw this scene, he immediately huffed coldly at James, who was also getting off the carriage.

"I can explain!"

"Believe me, Malz!"

"I really can explain!"

The Police Chief of the Dort District kept saying, but no one paid attention to him, as everyone headed towards the inside of the house.

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This scene angered the Police Chief of the Dort District.

He was angered both by the attitude of Arthur and Malz, and even more so by the incompetence of his subordinates.

They had given him away so easily.

'I hope Auburn isn't so useless!' he thought.

'Don't leave too many traces behind!' James thought to himself.

As for Auburn, James still had a considerable amount of confidence in him—the man was a carefully chosen Black Glove, not only intelligent and ruthless but also loyal.

Especially the latter, which was a result of numerous tests.

So, James believed that it must have been Auburn who, while retrieving special paper and ink for him, encountered some sort of accident, thus having to kill someone.

To this, James was not concerned.

It was just one or two people who died, what was the big deal?

In the factories of Dort District, didn't people die every day?

As long as that 'Spirit Medium' didn't catch any hold on him!

'What did that guy mean by that?' James wondered.

'Damn it, I must figure out what he meant!' he thought.

'It'd be best if that guy would take care of my troubles for me!' he hoped.

James, who followed behind with his head lowered, had an expression that shifted between light and darkness, and occasionally, a fierce light flared in his eyes.

For James, who had a gang background, forcing someone into submission was far too easy.

Hadn't he heard that the 'Spirit Medium' had a grandfather?

That would be a perfect breakthrough!

Having decided in his heart, James lifted his head.

A smile once again appeared on the face of the Police Chief of the Dort District.

But the next moment, his smile stiffened.

Because—

Blood!

Everywhere he looked, there was blood!

On the floor, on the ceiling, on the surrounding furniture, it was all a bloody red!

The others halted in their tracks.

Only the 'Spirit Medium' stood among them, like a stroke of black in a sea of scarlet, stark yet harmonious.

The contradiction made the Police Chief of the Dort District breathe ever so cautiously.

It was not only James who felt this way.

Malz, Dico, and Kuke felt the same.

The four men watched as Arthur paced through the pool of blood.

After a full five minutes, Arthur finally stopped—

"What happened?" Malz immediately asked.

"Trap!" Arthur said curtly.

"Trap?" Everyone looked at each other, not comprehending the meaning behind Arthur's words.

"Someone aims for my rightful reward at No. 44 White Bird Street, hence they sent people to shadow this place and create chaos, allowing another person to enter."

"I..." Upon hearing Arthur's explanation, the other three instinctively looked at James, and the Police Chief of the Dort District wanted to explain, but Arthur did not give him a chance—the fleeting look of disbelief and struggle on James's face confirmed that the decapitated individual was indeed sent by him.

Moreover, he had placed a great deal of trust in that person.

If that was the case, Arthur naturally had to subvert what he had in mind

He interrupted James's words without hesitation.

"But what he didn't know is that the person he meticulously selected had been waiting for this opportunity—an opportunity to lure some people out!

For that, the agent slaved tirelessly, showing loyalty.

He managed to paralyze his opponent with this act.

And his opponent really fell for it.

The opponent appeared here, leaped down, cutting off the agent's head... and then, blood sprayed!"

As he spoke, Arthur pointed to the blood that filled the entire room.

Everyone looked puzzled.

"Did that person die?!" Malz asked, collaborating with his partner.

"Of course not!"

"Blood... that is the weapon of that person—his opponent didn't initially realize this and was quite pleased with himself, thinking he had reaped a great reward when...

A crossbow arrow whizzed by, and the opponent dodged it!

But he did not evade the second one!

The blood began to fight back, not only restraining his opponent's power but also causing him to lose his own life!

The agent pounced forward, starting to drink the enemy's blood voraciously!

He felt immensely satisfied, and before he knew it, he had sucked the opponent's blood dry, he knew he had been exposed, but he didn't care...

Because the first step of his plan was successful!

Next, he would...

"Exterminate them all!"

Arthur, using 'Fresh Blood' instead of 'Hand of Void,' began to tell his story—as the operator, this was far too easy for Arthur.

The Lv5 'Bluff' once again began to flicker.

One could say that except for the most Core parts, it was mostly true, and under Arthur's step by step guidance, these Core parts started to be obscured.

And when Arthur's finger pointed out the traces left by the crossbow arrow, everyone present began to believe what Arthur was saying.

Especially James!

The Police Chief of the Dort District clenched his fists tightly, gritting his teeth and growling low.

"Auburn!"

"How dare you use me!"

Upon hearing this growl, Arthur's expression turned cold.

"Use?"

"Aren't you using each other?"

"Didn't you notice something was wrong beforehand?"

"You're now shouting out his name—are you trying to divert attention?"

Or do you want to...

Bring Calamity upon us?"

Arthur pressed James relentlessly, not giving him any chance to rebut, and right after his questioning ended, he turned to Malz.

"Move the items from the cellar belonging to No. 44 White Bird Street onto the carriage, remember not to touch any other unnecessary things, especially this blood.

I need to return to No. 2 Cork Street first.

My friend, the rest is up to you."

Arthur finished speaking and walked outside.

At the same time, he subtly signaled Malz with a gesture.

Although Malz had not fully grasped what happened, he tacitly cooperated with Arthur.

"Alright, the rest is up to me."

After saying that, Malz walked up to James and gestured for him to follow.

James wanted to say something, but was silenced by a cold laugh from Malz.

"Auburn? That guy should be called Auburn, right?"

Such a person, with just the identity of a Police Chief, cannot stop him!"

At these words, James's face changed suddenly.

He swore that he was simply too outraged to blurt out the name, with no other intent.

But who would believe that?

The 'Spirit Medium' did not believe it.

Auburn?

Of course, he wouldn't believe it either.

Just as the 'Spirit Medium' had said, Auburn would think it was deliberate.

Auburn would come for revenge!

And so might the accomplices of the man Auburn had plotted to murder!

Shit!

Why has it come to this?

Could it really be that a Calamity has befallen me?

With thoughts rapidly spinning in his mind, James no longer delayed and walked straight outside.

Kuke hesitated for a moment before following.

However, as he passed by Malz, Malz lightly touched Kuke with his shoulder.

Kuke did not stop his steps.

But Malz knew that Kuke understood.

That was enough!

Next—

"Dico, get some more help to carefully move the items out of the cellar and transport them back to No. 44 White Bird Street!"

"Yes, Chief!"

...

Malz and his group were busy at 10 Clara Street.

Arthur, on the other hand, was walking back to No. 2 Cork Street, this time at a normal pace, replaying his recent performance in his mind and thinking about the next steps in his plan—compared to someone like James, who was extremely easy to 'Bluff,' the upcoming encounter with Marinda would be crucial.

After discovering that 'Bluff' experience had increased by +1, Arthur couldn't help but sigh softly to himself.

'Does 'Bluff' really fit me so well?

I'm not some 'Swindler'!

Everyone knows—

I am a 'Spirit Medium'!

So, XP, increase the level of 'Bluff'!

The young 'Spirit Medium' mocked himself and chose to level up again—not only in the face of Marinda but also for the many things that lay ahead, a higher level of 'Bluff' would be necessary.

Arthur was well aware of this fact.

'Bluff' advance to Lv6!

Arthur experienced the subtle changes of Lv6 'Bluff,' but his steps involuntarily slowed down.

Because he saw the carriage parked in front of his house—

The carriage was familiar, a coach from Lada.

The coachman was the familiar Edwin.

Inside, of course, sat Marinda.

But these were not what Arthur was focused on!

What truly caught his attention was...

The Crows!

On the top of the Lada coach, there stood two crows!

