

Great Master 155

Chapter 155 The First Visitor

The strange noise outside the window prompted Malz to alertly draw his military saber—years of meticulous maintenance had ensured it remained Sharpness. In the candlelight, it emitted a chilling glint.

Malz quickly approached the window, staying close to the wall.

He used the blade's reflection to scout the scene outside the window.

But there was nothing to see.

"Is it because the 'sheriff' came that it attracted a stray cat?"

Malz muttered to himself.

Afterward, the old sheriff began pacing in place, starting forcefully, then gradually easing up, creating the illusion for anyone listening to his footsteps that they were fading away.

But he stood motionless, straining his ear for any sounds outside the window.

After a full ten minutes, the old sheriff was certain there was no one outside.

He re-sheathed his saber, returned it to the long case, and with equal care, placed his other old companion back into the long case as well. Malz's gaze then fell on the faded medal. He touched it with his hand, and an even more desolate expression took over his face.

The long case was locked again and pushed back under the bed.

Malz sat back at his desk, picked up the pen, dipped it in ink, and began to write—

My friend, South Los in autumn is a land of harvest, enough to captivate any heart!

Come to South Los!

We shall eat fish!

...

The old sheriff was writing a letter.

While Arthur, standing in the shadows with "Atos's Box" holding the 'pedestrian's corpse', bore a look of astonishment.

What's the deal with that matchlock gun?

Why do I feel like it's coming to life?

And...

Why does its aura resemble Fujin and Wuni's so much?

Knowing that Fujin and Wuni are about to be promoted to Magical Creatures!

Can dead objects also be promoted to Magical Creatures?

Or is it a special prop?

Arthur felt puzzled deep down, and even when he returned to No. 2 Cork Street and lay down in the bed of the 'Spirit Medium Parlor', he still couldn't figure out what was going on.

But one thing Arthur was certain of.

The events his partner had gone through in the past were not so simple.

Everything has a cause!

For a dead object to become a Magical Creature or a special prop, it's definitely not something that can be achieved by just killing more people—if that were the case, given the nobles' tendencies, the world's population would have decreased by at least ninety percent by now.

Possibly even more.

So, it must have something to do with that incident in the past.

'A Musketeer Squad of one hundred and twenty men went mad, and Malz was the only survivor because he was unconscious...

What happened that year?'

Arthur pondered.

But time had passed, and a lack of information left Arthur with no answers.

Moreover, Arthur knew that further thought would yield no new insights.

He immediately started adjusting, focusing his attention on the matters at hand.

'Assuming Marinda did get some information about the 'Blood Marquis' family the night before and wanted me to scout ahead...

It's enough to get some people moving now, isn't it?'

Perhaps Marinda merely recognized the 'Ring of Equilibrium Blood' and thus made the comment, 'Was the Blood Marquis family annihilated by you?'

But Arthur didn't like the feeling of passivity.

He preferred taking the initiative.

Originally his plan was to be a bit more tactful, but he hadn't expected to encounter an unexpected intruder at 10 Clara Street—of course, he was going to take advantage of such an opportunity.

The Effect was good.

Arthur looked forward to what would unfold next—certainly not to stir up trouble.

He, a simply young 'Little Medium', didn't have such malevolent intentions.

It was all just coincidental.

Indeed, he must find time and a place to clear out some inventory for "Atos's Box."

Otherwise, it would soon turn into a Corpse Hiding Box.

Arthur thought to himself as he slowly drifted off to sleep.

Embracing Pendragon, Arthur fell asleep unusually quickly, probably due to the exhaustion from running around during the day—meanwhile, at one end of Cork Street, a figure was approaching slowly.

The individual cleverly used the interplay of moonlight and building shadows to shield their Body, inching ever closer to their destination.

But the next moment, a strong palpitation caused them to halt.

With a slight upward glance, they saw two crows perched atop the roof.

The other party quickly lowered their head, stepping back one step at a time.

When they came to the intersection of Cork Street again, they turned and ran.

Arthur, who was breathing evenly and even snoring slightly, opened one eye, but then closed it, and the snoring became louder.

At the break of dawn, Arthur woke up following his biological clock.

He got up, added firewood to the kitchen stove, and set a kettle of water on it. Only after No. 2 Cork Street warmed up again, and the water in the kettle boiled, did Arthur take the boiling water to wash up. Meanwhile, Pendragon curled up into a C-shape, continuing to sleep nestled in bed.

When the newsboy's voice sounded, Arthur paid more than the usual tip for the errand, asking him to go to Rat Street to find Wiggins—going to Rat Street required taking risks, and the price was fair.

Arthur wouldn't explain to the newsboy that delivering messages for him would be safe.

Because that would only make the newsboy think he was haggling.

And it would quickly spread a bad reputation throughout South Los.

Never underestimate the unremarkable newsboy.

In some ways, they were the first stop for the distribution of information.

"I will deliver it on time for you!"

The newsboy, receiving five Zeroes as a reward, showed a smile.

Arthur responded with a smile as well, and after buying today's newspapers—the South Los Daily and the Horn Report—he turned and went back to the house.

Breakfast was still sausage, pickles, and bread, only the corn soup had changed to milk—continuous outings left Arthur no time to prepare food for himself.

This made Arthur think again about hiring a cook.

Unfortunately, the idea was dismissed immediately.

He had too many secrets.

A strange cook was too dangerous—for both parties.

Ding-dong, ding-dong!

The doorbell rang, causing Arthur, who was flipping through the newspapers at the dining table, to get up to answer the door—through the peephole, Arthur saw Haywood standing outside.

"Good morning, Mr. Kledos.

I hope I haven't disturbed you."

As the avaricious landlord spoke, he took out the 30 gold notes from his chest.

This was the reward for a previous commission.

Arthur certainly wouldn't refuse.

He had earned it.

These gold notes were his due.

However, Haywood's hesitation after that made Arthur somewhat surprised.

"Is there anything else?"

"The folks on Pine Street are very grateful for your help and would like to invite you to a Pine Street dinner gathering this weekend."

As Haywood spoke, he carefully sized up Arthur.

In Haywood's mind, someone like Arthur was a person you need to ingratiate yourself with at all costs.

But pleasing such a person was far more difficult than one might imagine.

Despite racking his brains, he could only make the invitation in the name of the whole Pine Street.

Of course, this was not his own presumptuous idea or pretense; he had informed the other neighbors on Pine Street—although he knew they would all agree.

Arthur subconsciously wanted to decline on the spot—he didn't really want to dine with strangers, even though in a way, he had indeed saved the residents of Pine Street.

But he had already received his payment, and that was enough.

Everyone had their own lives and distinctly different ways of living.

Too much interaction wasn't good for either party.

However, as he was about to speak, Arthur looked at Haywood in front of him and suddenly thought of something.

Instantly, what had been a direct refusal softened.

"Perhaps some other time.

This weekend, I have some personal matters to attend to," Arthur said with a smile.

"Of course, of course."

"Your matters are the most important!" Haywood quickly agreed, overjoyed.

Not being flatly rejected was a good enough outcome for him.

Then, the greedy landlord prepared to take his leave—a tactful refusal from a big shot didn't make the big shot easy to talk to. If he pushed too hard, he could end up worse off.

But this landlord had not given up; he would come again with a gift next time.

Nothing expensive, but something thoughtful.

Perhaps fruit picked personally from a farmstead.

Just as Haywood was about to leave, suddenly Arthur opened his mouth again—

"Haywood, do you know anything about the haunted house in South Los?"