

Great Master 156

Chapter 156: The Second Visitor!

Haunted houses!

Or more precisely, Arthur was planning to purchase a large number of haunted houses!

Since the Countess had exhibited a "Miracle," South Los was about to set off a wave of financial myths, so it was time for Arthur to take action.

He would buy property directly, come up with a plan to build up the block, use that plan as collateral to raise funds from the banks and the wealthy of South Los, or simply raise funds directly from the Countess. Then, with those funds, he would buy even more land quickly. Repeating this cycle several times, with the premise of a large population flocking to South Los, and with just a little instigation of the local South Los natives, the bubble could be inflated rapidly. Arthur was confident that he could rank among the top of South Los's wealth list in the shortest possible time.

Arthur really wanted to do this, but he was quite self-aware.

Those banks and wealthy folks were no fools. Once they saw a profitable opportunity, they would flood in, and at that time, with his capital, it was highly likely he would be squeezed out.

Of course, that wasn't the point.

The point was: the Countess of South Los.

Imagine when a large amount of capital flooded in and some things started to get crazy, what would the Countess of South Los do?

The Countess wanted South Los to be prosperous, but more importantly, she wanted it to be stable.

Any factor of instability would be eradicated.

At that time...

Kill one to warn a hundred!

In this world where Supernatural Power exists, such an approach is the simplest and most effective.

And Arthur certainly did not want to be the one who was killed.

So, he was getting ready to join the game in the way he was "most skilled" at—

Haunted houses are still houses!

And, haunted houses are cheap!

He would buy haunted houses at a low price and then exorcise them under his "Spirit Medium" name. Afterward, he would sell one or two of them to prove their safety to everyone.

Then, when the time was right, he could make money lying down!

This was a very cost-effective transaction.

Of course, there was also a very important consideration: Arthur was once again showing his stance to the Countess of South Los—nothing speaks louder than investing a large sum of money in real estate on her territory to put her at ease.

"Give loyalty, preserve loyalty."

Arthur silently recited in his heart.

This wasn't being fickle!

It was simply being "adaptable to change"!

As for the plan to hoard land?

Arthur wasn't going to give that up either.

He couldn't do it.

But someone else could.

Such as his dearest Marinda!

Lady of the Long Night's wealth and fame were enough to operate this plan—he just needed to figure out how to propose it before the other party caught on.

Or maybe...

The other party had already started preparing, and he needed to express his thoughts "appropriately."

Then what?

Just collect that Tiny Bit of "benefits" or "compensation."

This was essentially hush money.

Surely the Lady of the Long Night wouldn't be stingy.

After all, he was such an innocently pitiful "Little Medium" who needed to make a living!

With thoughts of his next schemes brewing inside him, Arthur looked at Haywood with a calm gaze.

And this greedy landlord was getting excited.

In South Los, no one knew houses better than he did.

"Of course!

Not counting Dort District, Docklands, and the New and Old Town, in the Shire District alone, I know of at least ten haunted houses!

What do you need me to do?"

Haywood's voice became excited.

It's not terrible to be used by powerful figures; what's terrible is if they ignore you entirely.

Being used gives you value.

And with value, you have opportunities.

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The big shot before him was the kind of opportunity that countless people sought after in their lifetime, a once in a millennia chance—The greedy landlord, having understood this, had already sworn that he would seize this opportunity at all costs.

"Help me gather detailed information about these haunted houses in Shire District—hand it over to me in three days.

Can you do it?"

In this mysterious world before him, one had to be cautious with the likes of haunted houses—Arthur certainly didn't want to capsize in a gutter.

"No problem, please leave everything to me!"

Joy flickered in Haywood's eyes as he slapped his chest and assured.

The request from Arthur was much simpler than he had imagined; he thought it would be several times more difficult—yet, the more it seemed so, the more the greedy landlord knew he had to do an excellent job.

'Perhaps, I need to contact those guys.'

Everyone has their own network.

Haywood was no exception.

He knew quite a few people who 'lived off houses like him.'

In these people's hands, there must be more information about some haunted houses—perhaps some he already knew, but what if there were some he didn't know?

That would be his chance to shine!

Resolute in his heart, Haywood bowed to Arthur before briskly walking away.

Arthur didn't see him off; as Haywood left through the gate of No. 2 Cork Street, Arthur returned to his room and picked up the newspaper again.

The Horn Report detailed the "Human Chair" case, still spearheaded by Scott, even though Scott hadn't personally visited the scene for interviews. With the influence from continuous coverage, the young reporter had already become indispensable to the Horn Report, which was naturally good news for Arthur.

He needed Scott in that position.

While the South Los Daily focused more on reminding people about 'furniture safety at home.'

Neither the Horn Report nor the South Los Daily had any reports about Truda or the "Plague Jar."

Clearly, everything about the Death Poetry Society was being downplayed.

As for this, Arthur, who had already received his compensation, didn't mind.

Moreover, he had additional income—

[The Horn Report's coverage of the "Human Chair" case is astonishing; the actions of the family doctor have terrified countless people, prompting many to start inspecting their armchairs; XP+45]

[The South Los Daily's 'furniture safety' article mentioned your name once again, making you more known among the populace, as terrified people take their furniture inspections even more seriously; XP+50]

[More people have heard of your name; XP+5]

...

'Hmm?'

'The terror makes the memory even more vivid, thus earning more XP?'

Arthur looked at the XP notification with surprise.

Then, the young 'Spirit Medium' unconsciously stroked his chin.

He suddenly had an idea.

For example: write a horror novel.

But immediately, Arthur dismissed the idea—in a world that possessed genuine mysteries, what if his horror novel touched upon some unknown elements...

Arthur shivered involuntarily.

He didn't want to go mad.

He didn't want to be half-dead either.

And to be turned into some sort of monster?

He wanted that even less.

Being human was quite nice.

'What can I do, really? I can't turn into a deranged killer, can't write horror novels, and I can only rely on a bit of attention to make a tiny bit of XP.'

Arthur sighed inwardly, and at that moment, the doorbell of No. 2 Cork Street rang again.

It wasn't Wiggins.

If it were Wiggins, he would've used a secret knock.

'Busy morning!'

Arthur muttered to himself as he left the 'Spirit Medium Parlor,' crossed the hall, and peered through the peephole.

When he saw the person outside, he was slightly taken aback.

The person was not supposed to appear at this time.

But then, Arthur's lips curved into a smile.