

Great Master 158

Chapter 158 The 3rd Visitor

Arthur didn't understand contracts.

But Arthur could make others think he did.

This wasn't contradictory!

As long as Arthur didn't encounter a true expert, he could make everyone believe he understood—this wasn't deception, merely a rational utilization.

Just like Kuke, or rather, Kuke's father, who must have known about the Mystic Side, but definitely did not have a deep understanding or any control; otherwise, Kuke wouldn't just be a Third-Class Officer of the Dort District, and Old Kuke wouldn't be confined to a farm.

Deceiving a layman was simple.

Deceiving a semi-informed layman was even simpler.

Because with a pure layman, you still need to lay groundwork and lead them to understanding, but facing a semi-informed layman, you don't need to explain much; just set the right atmosphere, and they will find many appropriate reasons to believe you themselves.

Just like Kuke at this moment.

This Third-Class Officer of the Dort District resignedly sat back in his chair, his gaze already devoid of light, just like a whipped dog in the torrential rains on Valentine's Day.

"Have you misunderstood something?"

After appreciating Kuke's completely desolate expression for a long time, Arthur finally slowly spoke.

"Hmm?"

Kuke suddenly looked up.

"Contracts vary in kind.

And I prefer the more equitable ones—you don't betray me, and nothing will happen.

Likewise, I will protect you."

Arthur explained.

"What if I..."

Completely subconsciously, this Third-Class Officer of the Dort District asked, but just as he began to speak, he felt a sharp spike of pain at the back of his neck.

It was like a needleprick!

Instantly, this Third-Class Officer of the Dort District's body stiffened.

He had barely harbored a tentative thought, and it already seemed dangerous.

If it were real...

Kuke shook his head repeatedly, immediately not daring to think anymore.

Watching Kuke's self-performance, Arthur was very 'cooperative' as he said.

"Believe me, you definitely wouldn't want to know what a miserable outcome that would be."

Saying so, Arthur stood up, went into the kitchen, and brought back two cups of hot chocolate with milk—his cup still had sugar in it.

The steaming drink quickly restored Kuke to normal.

"Sir, what should I do now?"

Without any hesitation, Kuke changed how he addressed Arthur.

"Wait!"

"Wait for James's death!"

Arthur said lightly.

Those people had even probed Malz, how could James possibly be safe?

It isn't that James would definitely die when probed.

Rather, after James was probed, he was bound to die.

He said, even the Countess of South Los could not keep him.

Anticipating this, Kuke showed no surprise.

This Third-Class Officer of the Dort District thought for a moment before continuing to ask.

"James's assets after his death?"

"Given to you, to develop your men—I don't expect these men to die for you in a short time, but at least when I need you, you should have people you can use."

Arthur stated outright.

The situation in the Dort District gradually became clear.

Wiggins behind the scenes, Kuke publicly.

If the two cooperated, the Dort District would, in some sense, also become his turf.

This would make his actions all the more convenient.

As for Harris?

His existence was not a hindrance.

On the contrary, at critical moments, he would become his asset—how could a scapegoat who likes helping others not be considered an asset?

Finishing his cup of hot cocoa, Kuke tactfully stood up to take his leave.

Although he had signed what seemed to most a forced 'contract', this Third-Class Officer of the Dort District felt inexplicably secure.

Because once again, someone had made decisions for him.

Once again, someone had protected him.

Just like his father had.

Um...

No, it was the sir!

As he corrected his thoughts, Kuke quickly left No. 2 Cork Street.

Since the sir had granted protection, he naturally had to do his best—James's confidantes in the Dort District Police Station, he would find a way to handle them.

And this was not difficult.

Arthur watched Kuke leave.

He was quite satisfied with this subordinate.

Because, as long as the "contract" remained undiscovered, there was no doubt about the other party's loyalty—Arthur was confident that in the days to come, he would find similar power, allowing the other party to sign a real contract.

Simultaneously, Arthur silently thanked the Hand of Void for its sacrifices.

If it were not for the Hand of Void manipulating the parchment, pen, white phosphorus, touching the temple with a finger, and using a needle as punishment, he could never have made the "contract" seem so real.

He glanced at the XP, which had recovered to 112.

The 300 XP needed for the Hand of Void to level up was not an unattainable goal.

Subconsciously, Arthur began to imagine how useful the Level 5 Hand of Void would be.

But Arthur also understood that his physique must keep up.

And this was not difficult for Arthur.

Both Cat's Grace.Orange and Silent Successive Steps would improve his physique!

So—

'Pan, shave your beard off quickly!'

Thinking this in his heart, Arthur was about to return to No. 2 Cork Street to indulge in his orange cat and enjoy a rare leisurely morning when Fujin and Wuni on the roof suddenly fluttered their wings.

'Huh?'

Arthur immediately scanned his surroundings without a trace.

Then, he saw someone who should not be there—

The Mystic Side Person who had appeared on Cork Street last night, but was scared away by Fujin and Wuni.

Though the person covered themselves with a cloak last night, now they had changed their attire and even rode in a carriage, Fujin and Wuni were still able to recognize them.

Leveraging the transmission of Feast of Crows, Arthur confirmed this and mulled over it in his heart.

If the event at 10 Clara Street last night, where the Mystic Side Person had died, was a decisive action explained by maintaining one's "dignity,"

then the reappearance of this person today deserved further consideration.

From their escape, including testing that guy Malz, returning after the escape with vengeful intent, it was clear that these Mystic Side people were not from any strict, demanding organization but were likely a loose alliance, possibly even brought together just for a mission.

Simply put, Mystic Side Persons are human too, and they fear death!

Even more, owners of more Mystic Side Persons are often even more fearful of death than ordinary people!

And that person, scared away last night but returned today,

must have been promised great benefits, therefore they must have some reliance.

Arthur's gaze turned to the coachman driving the carriage.

Though the coachman had lowered his hat, one could still tell his face was somewhat pale.

Had he been injured?

The neighborhood was of familiar faces.

Then it must be not a person, but...

A powerful artifact!

Arthur thought to himself but did not retreat back into his room. Instead, he stood in front of No. 2 Cork Street waiting for the carriage to slowly stop—Arthur knew very well that it was deliberate, that they had waited for him to send Kuke out before suddenly arriving.

It was to watch his reaction.

'So, the power of that artifact is limited, it's very likely a one-time use artifact!

If possible, they wouldn't use it!

Otherwise, they would definitely choose to visit directly like last night, not using this roundabout way of disguising as a customer visiting No. 2 Cork Street!'

However...

The person who gave them this artifact is very generous!'

Arthur thought to himself.

This artifact couldn't possibly be theirs.

If it were, they wouldn't possibly have fled so disgracefully last night.

Therefore, they must have obtained it after returning last night—borrowing from someone else is unlikely unless they were direct blood relatives, otherwise such an artifact wouldn't be carelessly lent.

It must be that someone who originally sought his "cheque" proactively lent it to them.

To let them complete the unfinished task—

Testing him!

'Tsk, some guys are really cautious about the appearance of a descendant of the 'Blood Marquis' family!

But, if you're so generous with your own chess pieces, I wouldn't be a qualified 'Spirit Medium' if I didn't trick them out of everything, even their underpants!

Arthur smirked inwardly, already thinking of how to deal with the situation.

At that moment, the carriage stopped, and the lady seated inside stepped down as the coachman opened the door.

Her posture was graceful, her face young and beautiful, dressed in a light-colored leg-of-mutton sleeve dress and white leather shoes accentuating her playful nature, making her immediately draw the gaze of the men of Cork Street as she appeared.

Which naturally led to them being pinched by their wives in the soft flesh of their back.

There are no bachelors on Cork Street; everyone resides here as a family unit.

Even Arthur has a nominal girlfriend.

"Forgive the interruption, Mr. Kledos."

She spoke with a slight crisp as she lifted the corner of her skirt.

Arthur, however, wore an expressionless face, his eyes cold, voice indifferent—

"I already gave you one chance!"