

Great Master 159

Chapter 159: Act!

The indifferent voice carried no hint of emotion, as if it were the cold wind from the farthest north of North County, freezing not only the body but also the soul.

The lady holding the hem of her skirt felt a chill in her heart.

Yet, she did not panic.

She had dared to come today, naturally having considered this possibility.

Moreover, she believed that the prop in her embrace would keep her safe.

Therefore, the lady with origins from the Mystic Side had a sweet smile spread across her face as she said subconsciously.

"I can explain to you..."

As she spoke, the lady looked up.

And then...

She saw Arthur's piercing eyes.

Murderous intent!

Unconcealed murderous intent!

Having seen such a gaze several times before, the lady's words halted abruptly, while the coachman beside her clenched the whip in his hand and silently slipped the other into his pocket.

Arthur saw this, but pretended not to.

He continued speaking to himself.

"If not for a promise, do you think you would still be able to stand here and talk to me?

The one who attacked my friend's house last night was one of your people, right?

Follow me.

His body is inside!

Now, take his body and leave this place!"

After finishing his words, Arthur headed straight into No. 2 Cork Street.

At this moment, the lady who had just stepped down from the carriage exchanged a look with the coachman beside her, both revealing shock on their faces, their hearts racing with panic—their comrade Baguha, who left last night to probe Malz, had not returned since, and they had speculated many possibilities this morning, including running into the Bloodline Clan by accident or sensing danger and fleeing, but they had not considered that he might actually be dead.

It's worth noting that with the secret techniques at his disposal, Baguha should have been like a fish in water within a densely populated city like South Los, being able to amass a large number of 'guards' given just a bit of time.

In fact, they had joked before that if anything were to happen, Baguha would surely be the last one standing.

But to their disbelief, Baguha was dead!

Dead without a sound!

How powerful was the 'Spirit Medium' from the Kledos Family who killed Baguha?

Unknown!

Indeterminate!

But one thing they could be sure of was that Baguha must have been instantly slain, as otherwise, Baguha would have used his trump cards to buy some time, and with that time, even if he were to die, it wouldn't have been in such silence.

The lady who had stepped down from the carriage and the coachman exchanged glances.

Both saw regret in each other's eyes.

They regretted that their greed had put them in peril.

Both wanted to turn around and leave immediately.

But...

They didn't dare!

A Mystic Side Person who could instantly kill Baguha with ease would probably not have much trouble with them either.

As for relying on the crowd during the daytime to avoid pursuit?

That was a decent option.

But the day would eventually end.

The night would inevitably come.

What would they do then?

The lady who stepped down from the carriage took deep breaths, trying her best to calm down.

While the coachman with furrowed brow and drooping eyes seemed to have lost in thought—before yesterday, he had absolute confidence in his abilities, believing that everyone and everything would bow down before his Blaze, but the encounter with the Lady of the Eternal Night last night taught him what a real gap was.

Having only met the Lady of the Eternal Night once, he had not only exhausted his trump cards but had also sustained injuries.

After that?

It was an utterly disheveled escape, had it not been for the secret techniques of his companions, he would have already been captured by the Lady of the Long Night.

That's right!

It was capture!

The Lady of the Long Night had no intention of taking his life.

Otherwise, he would have long been dead.

"Damn it! Damn it!"

"What a dreadful South Los!"

"Why is it that just anyone here is so powerful?"

"And..."

Who the hell said that Arthur Kledos was just a new toy found by the Lady of the Long Night? What kind of toy is this terrifying!"

With these thoughts raging inside, the coachman made up his mind.

Thereupon, his companion spoke in a hushed tone.

"Remember the 'Spirit Medium's' words, bring back Baguha's body, and we'll leave South Los at once!"

"Mmm!"

Hearing her partner Walice's words, the frantic Jennifer steadied her heart and immediately strode towards No. 2 Cork Street — that's right, hadn't the 'Spirit Medium' also said to take her companion's body and leave immediately?

There would be no danger!

There certainly would be no danger!

Jennifer kept reassuring herself.

However, outside the gate of No. 2 Cork Street, Walice, disguised as a coachman, silently apologized in his heart.

'Sorry, Jennifer!

It's better for one person to die than for two.'

Nevertheless, Walice didn't immediately leave; his secret technique didn't require such a fuss.

As he watched Jennifer enter No. 2 Cork Street and the door close behind her, the Mystic Side Person disguised as a coachman began to take out tobacco and pack his pipe.

Arthur's pace back to No. 2 Cork Street didn't quicken, nor did he show any panic, for he had already set up the scene with the "Hand of Void," and he was confident in his plan — as soon as he concluded that these Mystic Side people belonged to a loose organization, he was certain their strengths were not too disparate, or else their organizational structure would have been different.

Therefore, he immediately thought of using the body to his advantage.

But Arthur was not reckless, he didn't simply throw the body out carelessly.

Instead, he meticulously observed the expressions of the two people.

Only after confirming, did he start to use the body as a bait to 'intimidate' them.

Undoubtedly, Arthur was successful.

With Eagle Eye and Insight for investigation, the foundation laid by Intimidation, and a performance centered on Bluff, neither of the two Mystic Side people doubted Arthur's words.

Just as Arthur had anticipated, the sight of their companion's body had frightened them.

It made them lose their composure, leading them to involuntarily think that his nonchalant demeanor was a quality unique to the strong.

Arthur sat in the Spirit Medium Parlor, holding a copy of the South Los Daily he had already read, with the body he had examined thrown right at the entrance of the parlor.

Jennifer carefully made her way down the corridor and immediately saw Baguha's body.

Seeing her companion's eyes wide open with disbelief to the end, Jennifer became even more convinced that her partner had been killed instantly without any chance to fight back.

And precisely because of this reality, this lady of Mystic Side origins regarded the 'Spirit Medium' sitting there reading the newspaper as even more unfathomable.

Even the previously ordinary-looking horror puppets, armors, and torture devices seemed extraordinary at this moment.

How could the items collected by such a 'Spirit Medium' be ordinary? It was only ordinary because she failed to perceive their true nature.

"Thank you for your generous forbearance. My name is Jennifer, you..."

"I'm not interested in what you're called. Now take this body and leave immediately."

Arthur waved his hand dismissively to interrupt Jennifer.

Jennifer didn't show any annoyance, but rather breathed a sigh of relief. Just as she was about to turn around and leave with Baguha's body, she suddenly heard Arthur let out a cold laugh—

"Heh, what a disgusting fellow!"

