

Great Master 160

Chapter 160 Bluff!

Jennifer was stunned.

Cursed at me?

No, that's not right!

It's not cursing at me!

Then who could it be?

When this question surfaced in the mind of the lady from the Mystic Side, an answer immediately sprang forth—her employer!

The one who had spent a great deal of money to hire them for a task that seemed simple but resulted in heavy losses.

The current 'Spirit Medium' knew... no, should be quite familiar with that employer!

Only familiarity would lead to the kind of remark just made.

Clearly, that employer had done this more than once before.

Then...

Where had the people gone who had accepted that employer's hires before?

Thinking this, cold sweat climbed up Jennifer's back.

She suddenly felt the corpse of Baguha weigh a thousand pounds; she couldn't carry it at all because—looking at Baguha's eyes, wide open in death, she saw what could be her own future.

No!

She absolutely refused to accept such a future!

"Your Lordship?"

After swallowing a gulp of saliva and moistening her dry throat, Jennifer tentatively spoke up.

Arthur's brows furrowed slightly, without saying more, he simply urged.

"Hurry and leave."

"Your Lordship, I want to..."

"Hmph!"

"Do you think because I adhere to my promise not to kill wantonly, you can act recklessly within No. 2 Cork Street—Death, sometimes, is a mercy!"

Arthur interrupted Jennifer's words again.

But Jennifer couldn't hear a word Arthur said after that, because, as Arthur snorted coldly, a sound as thunderous as a peal of thunder exploded next to her ear.

The unprepared Jennifer was so startled that she stumbled backward, her chest tight with stress.

"No!"

"Lord Kledos, I have no disrespect for you!"

"I am only lost at the moment and therefore hope to exchange some information with you on an equal basis!"

Jennifer quickly sped up her speech.

She originally intended to say 'trade', but the word at the tip of her tongue became 'equal exchange'—a sign of her sincerity.

Because in the Mystic Side, there's a saying 'trades can be deceitful, but equal exchange' wouldn't be.

Moreover, to show more sincerity, the lady from the Mystic Side immediately pulled out a coin she was hiding and presented it with respect.

The coin was a copper one, its familiar patterns, its luster...

A Protection Copper Coin!

After Arthur confirmed it, he spoke immediately with a scornful look in his eyes.

"If it were one of the seven silver coins or thirteen copper coins forged based on 'Patrick', they would prove your 'fair trade', but a counterfeit being one of the thirteen copper coins...

Are you joking?"

Arthur raised his tone again, this time without using the Noise Technique, but Jennifer felt even more terrified.

Without needing to touch it, just a glance was enough to recognize the coin's origin, such erudition was terrifyingly well-read—bear in mind that on the Mystic Side, not all powerful beings possess knowledge, but those with knowledge surely possess power!

Knowledge is power!

This is regarded as the truth by everyone on the Mystic Side!

Thinking of the vast effort that she once made to barely understand the origin of this coin compared to the 'Spirit Medium' before her, Jennifer was completely convinced.

With a hint of hesitation, she took out something else.

It was a whistle.

Arthur observed the other party's expressions all along, and when he saw the reluctance on her face, he immediately guessed.

"Heh."

Arthur didn't say much.

At this point, to speak more would be to err more.

A cold laugh was enough to say it all.

In fact, right after Arthur sneered, Jennifer immediately placed the whistle on the table, while inwardly feeling uncertain—she wondered if using her employer's item for an exchange, would it not anger the 'Spirit Medium' across from her?

Jennifer felt a bit panicked.

But there was nothing she could do.

This prop was the only thing she had that was presentable apart from the Protection Copper Coin.

Fortunately, the 'Spirit Medium' didn't really get angry.

This made Jennifer breathe a sigh of relief, and she became even more convinced in her mind that the 'Spirit Medium' in front of her might be bad-tempered but was definitely a person who kept their word!

And her employer?

She couldn't be sure.

Especially after meeting Orville last night, what this companion had speculated made her even more wary of her employer.

Even though the employer had given compensation, this wariness did not disappear.

It was precisely for this reason that she chose to take out the compensation given by her employer.

Because, she could not be sure if that item had been tampered with.

While Jennifer was still thinking, the whistle she had placed on the table was slapped into the corner by an invisible force.

Jennifer was startled and immediately wanted to explain.

But Arthur spoke first.

"It has nothing to do with you, it's that guy's little trick."

Just as she thought!

There was indeed a problem!

Jennifer looked towards the whistle in the corner with lingering fear in her eyes, but suddenly her eyes narrowed because, at some point, that horrifying puppet was standing guard in front of the whistle in the corner, scrutinizing it intently.

'I was right just now!'

'This horror doll, armor, and torture devices are all transcendent items beyond my knowledge!'

Jennifer immediately averted her gaze and adopted an even more respectful attitude towards Arthur.

"The one Auburn is waiting for isn't you, you were merely being used naively. I'm not sure what that disgusting guy is planning or if he has made alliances with some others, but he's definitely not hiring you for some special paper, ink, or fake cheques.

You have been pawns for scouting from the beginning, and that's still what you are now.

Your destinies were determined the moment you were hired!"

Mimicking Old Charlie's movements and tone during his 'performance,' Arthur repeated them vividly—his elbows on the table, interlocked fingers just hiding everything below the nose, making the chanting voice even more ethereal.

Jennifer, with preconceived notions, didn't doubt Arthur's words upon hearing them; instead, she harbored resentment towards her former employer.

She immediately wanted to inquire further, but Arthur didn't wait for her to speak and said straight away.

"The only chance for you to change your destiny is to leave South Los immediately, and also... stay away from the ocean."

Jennifer was taken aback.

It wasn't that she was surprised by the guidance Arthur had given.

In her view, this guidance was the core of the 'equivalent exchange.'

What she found strange was that Arthur spoke of her.

As an individual.

Not two.

Could it be...

Jennifer immediately had a bad premonition.

"Thank you for your guidance!"

Jennifer picked up Baguha's corpse, using the parasol she carried as a disguise, and as she left No. 2 Cork Street, she saw the unguarded carriage.

'Damn scoundrel!'

Jennifer inwardly cursed, abandoned by her companion—unlike the others, she believed that she and Walice had been tested as partners, true partners indeed!

'Dammit!'

After another curse, the lady put the body in the carriage, and without worrying about being conspicuous, she drove the carriage away in a hurry.

Arthur sat in the Spirit Medium Parlor, watching all of this unfold.

He didn't use the Peeping Mirror to watch her.

With Fujin and Wuni with him, there was no need for such trouble anymore

Heading to the corner, he put 'Lady Anna' back in her original spot, then Arthur began to carefully check the whistle, making sure it was safe before he picked it up.

In the next moment, Arthur's eyes showed surprise—

Huh?