

Great Master 170

Chapter 170: Eternal Night, Blissful Mood

On one side of the forest path, deep within the dense woods.

Lady Marinda's blue eyes glanced briefly in the direction of Cork Street before she took a whiff from the pipe between her lips.

The familiar scent brought her pleasure.

She was well aware of what would happen there.

But she was not worried about Arthur.

She knew that with Arthur's hidden identity and strength, he could easily overcome obstacles that would seem challenging to others.

After all, he was from the 'Cat Faction.Black,' the 'Black Cat Faction.'

However, it was this very fact that puzzled the lady—

What, exactly, was the Kledos Family hiding by choosing to live in seclusion in South Los?

It definitely wasn't just for collecting Cat Holes or Cat Sect Mystic Arts, as Arthur claimed.

There had to be some unspeakable purpose!

Could it be that they were coveting certain items?

Otherwise, why choose South Los?

It couldn't possibly be because South Los, with its Xisis Port and abundant farms, was simply resource-rich and offered an easy escape route, could it?

Of course not!

There had to be some deeper secret involved!

The lady took another puff of her pipe, calming her emotions even more.

Partners as intelligent, calm, greedy yet knowing their limits like Arthur were rare, and despite his hidden identity, he was still suitable in a way!

Given her own quirks, she did not want to lose him.

As for the impact of Arthur's hidden identity being exposed?

The lady was not concerned.

She disregarded both the positive impact and the dangers that might follow, even though the term 'Black Cat Faction' was taboo among certain groups.

This was South Los, after all!

So, the most important thing now was to figure out what the Kledos Family wanted!

Then, it would be time for proper assessment and decision-making.

Assessing strength.

Choosing interests.

'Such a transaction, immense yet unknown, is truly exciting!'

The corners of Marinda's mouth turned up slightly.

Edwin, on the other hand, wore a look of worry.

The loyal coachman could not see his master's smile and simply thought she was fretting over the recent events in South Los.

'What exactly is going on? Didn't the Master's divination say that everything would go smoothly? So why do problems keep arising one after another?'

'It feels as though we've encountered a calamity star!'

'Should I suggest to my lady that Arthur, the 'Spirit Medium,' should take a serious look at it?'

Just thinking about the recent events gave Edwin a throbbing headache.

First, there was the 'Axe Murderer,' followed by problems stirred by the Old Lion of Inner Bay's spies, and just when he thought they were settled and could relax for a while, members of the 'Death Poetry Society' emerged, inciting silent fears. Now, the situation had escalated to the appearance of the 'Bloodline Clan's descendants.

Although Arthur's assistance always turned danger into safety, the coachman began to doubt whether South Los was under an ill-fated year.

If not for his lady's main estates being in South Los, he would have already suggested she keep away from this calamity-stricken place.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The midnight bell tolled from Elta Square, and Edwin immediately gathered his wits.

The next moment—

Creeeak! Creeeak!

A carriage approached from the direction of Garden Street.

The horse pulling the carriage was a gaunt old mare, its mane long since lost its luster, walking shakily, while the carriage itself was in shambles, the cabin broken and the roof half-missing. Even the axle seemed unable to bear the burden, the wheels emitting a teeth-grating noise with every turn.

Yet, this very carriage caught everyone's attention in an instant.

Because there was a person on it.

Cloaked in a cape, their face shrouded in shadow, but through the shadows gleamed red light.

Blood Descendants!

Everyone knew of the notorious 'Blood Marquis,' and most strikingly, the 'Blood Marquis's' pair of crimson eyes.

Legend had it that at night, those eyes could capture one's soul.

However, the Lady of the Eternal Night remained indifferent.

Watching the carriage draw nearer, the lady let out a cold laugh—

"Heh, load the explosives!"

Edwin immediately blew a shrill whistle.

The next moment, the skilled operatives stationed nearby at No. 6 White Bird Street ignited the explosives they held.

However, just as the explosives were lit but not yet thrown, the rickety carriage suddenly vanished, leaving only a rapidly retreating fog behind. When the fog dissipated and reappeared, the carriage had already returned to the entrance of the shaded lane, with its head turned around, heading towards Garden Street.

"Follow it!"

Lady of the Long Night ordered.

Edwin blew another long, lingering whistle.

Immediately, the twelve who had just extinguished the explosives' fuse emerged from the shadows and chased after the carriage at high speed.

Yet Lady of the Long Night took her time lighting her pipe.

Whoo!

After a deep inhale, she exhaled forcefully.

The night breeze gently blew but did not disperse the smoke, which instead grew thicker, coiling around Lady of the Long Night like a fog.

With silent roars, one undead after another revealed themselves within the smog before merging back into the darkness of the night.

A moment later, a servant from No. 6 White Bird Street suddenly arrived on horseback and handed a note to Lady of the Long Night—who had been walking calmly and indifferently. When she saw the contents of the note, she was slightly taken aback.

"Master?"

Edwin, sensing something amiss, looked towards his leader.

"It's nothing!"

Lady of the Long Night said softly, but her lips involuntarily curled up—

Is this your hidden trump card?

You've mastered 'Cat's Grace.Orange' so quickly!

Marinda was certain that Arthur was bluffing.

The reason he dared to do so was surely because he had a game-changing trump card in hand.

And that trump card wasn't hard to guess—it was the 'Cat's Grace.Orange' she had traded with Arthur before, a secret technique that could significantly restore physical strength, heal injuries, replenish energy, and eliminate various negative effects in a short period of time.

How short? About the time it takes for two naps.

If two naps aren't enough, then take another one.

It was rumored that Aeolia of the 'Golden Lion Cat' could throw punches as fast as the speed of light because she relied on the recovery provided by 'Cat's Grace.Orange' to continuously practice her punches, reaching that terrifying level.

'So quickly mastered 'Cat's Grace.Orange'...

No, that can't be!

It's impossible to be so fast! It must be a ruse, a guise you've set up for your damnable Cat Sect Ritual!

Is it to lead me astray with a false judgement?

Or are you laying a trap for others?'

As Marinda thought this, she signaled to Edwin to have their men slow down.

Regardless of what Arthur intended, Marinda knew what those people who just left Cork Street wanted—they certainly wouldn't give up on this carriage since they didn't get what they wanted from Arthur.

They would surely keep a close watch on this carriage.

Earlier, she had deliberately leaked information to attract some folks—troublesome people who wouldn't be dealt with openly and aboveboard on a normal day.

She had initially planned to take this opportunity to eliminate these people once and for all.

But from the looks of it now, it was unnecessary.

Someone would do the job for her.

'I hope the two of you can get along splendidly!'

As Lady of the Long Night thought of certain scenarios, her mood became even more joyful, and her azure eyes shone brighter.

And for the next half hour, Lady of the Long Night kept her good spirits, but as time passed and she noticed the direction in which the carriage was traveling, surprise appeared in her eyes.

Because the carriage was heading towards—

No. 5 Moon Street!

The Police Chief of Dort District, James, lived at No. 4 Moon Street, which Lady of the Long Night knew.

Similarly, she was aware of his disappearance.

And now, as the carriage was heading towards No. 5 Moon Street, it was hard not to draw certain conclusions.

Suddenly, some detailed memories of James surfaced in the lady's mind, followed by a bold speculation—

Could it be, possibly...

Boom!