

Great Master 180

Chapter 180 'Spirit Medium's Premonition?

Inside the carriage, just as Amiel's voice fell, ripples began to oscillate on the seat opposite him, then a hand reached out and subsequently lifted to remove a hood, revealing Freeman's tall and robust figure in an instant. At this moment, the 'Blood Descendant's' brow was deeply furrowed as he stared at the lady from the Talin Faction with great dissatisfaction.

"No!

And...

Please show some respect to my father."

Having said that, the eyes of the 'Blood Descendant' began to turn fierce.

"Hah!"

Amiel let out a cold laugh, raised his left hand, and crossed his middle finger over his index finger, causing a cloak that could make him invisible to tightly bind the Blood Descendant, especially around his neck, sinking deep into the flesh.

'I might not be able to defeat Arthur, but how could I not defeat you?'

The lady from the Talin Faction was roaring in her heart.

And on the surface?

She still maintained a cheerful demeanor.

Similarly, the 'Blood Descendant's' gaze remained unchanged, still fierce.

Neither of them backed down.

And thus they confronted each other.

As the carriage gradually disappeared into the streets of the Shire District, two apprentices from Grandma Andor's Kitchen came to clean up the leftovers from the previous night.

Arthur took out two Twin Zero Soles, handing them to each in turn.

"Thank you for your generosity. You are welcome at Number 16 Dar Alley anytime — we will serve you with all our hearts!"

As the two stepped out of No. 2 Cork Street, they bowed towards Arthur.

This was the etiquette they owed him.

But without the influence of money, they definitely wouldn't have been so enthusiastic.

And this is the allure of money.

It can make the disrespectful polite.

It can make the polite enthusiastic.

And it can even make the enthusiastic...

grovel!

"Truly the root of all evils!"

Arthur muttered to himself as he raised his hand to call the newspaper boy, buying today's editions of the South Los Daily and the Horn Report — the prompting from XP had already appeared earlier, but Arthur still needed to confirm more news through both newspapers.

[The Horn Report's follow-up on the 'Human Chair' case was shocking, no one could believe that James from the Dort District would be one of the culprits, and people were once again astonished by your keen sense; XP+30]

[The South Los Daily, in issuing a warrant for James, praised your capabilities, making you more known to the people, XP+40]

[More people have heard your name; XP+10]

...

Compared to yesterday's 'fresh reports', today's follow-up, while surprising, had lesser impact due to the buffer from yesterday, however, as time passed, the dissemination was beginning to increase.

This was a good thing for Arthur.

He was looking forward to the XP income that would come when his name spread beyond South Los.

And having confirmed the contents of the two newspapers, which did not include last night's associate 'Jian' in the events, Arthur narrowed his eyes slightly.

If you run fast enough, the former will likely be fine.

And the latter?

'What kind of secret technique or prop can achieve such a level of 'shielding'?'

Arthur had just been listening intently.

None of the neighbors mentioned anything about what happened last night.

It seemed, last night was just a 'quiet Christmas Eve'.

But only he knew how lively and intense last night had been, to a degree that could indeed be described as 'fierce'.

Yet even so, all of South Los remained eerily quiet.

'Truly, the Countess of South Los has a profound background.'

Arthur couldn't help but marvel.

The young 'Spirit Medium' was unsure how a wide range 'shield' like this had been accomplished, but he was certain about who had done it.

Apart from that Countess, there could be no other.

This unknown made the young 'Spirit Medium' even more cautious.

Once again, Arthur replayed yesterday's events in his mind and, confirming everything was correct, he pocketed "Anna" and headed out the door with Pendragon secured in a cage.

Today was the day he would pick up his wands.

Walking along Cork Street and bypassing 'Eivor's Mobile Snack Stand' at the alley's entrance, Arthur made his way onto West Mok Avenue.

Bathed in the rare sunlight of South Los, Arthur's mood also brightened.

He had a feeling that today would be a pleasantly enjoyable day.

No murders.

No spies.

And certainly no peculiar occurrences.

He would collect his two wands from 'Tate's Wand Store,' and then, after practicing "Wand Combat Technique," he would validate his inner conjectures.

After that?

Naturally, he would choose a nice-looking restaurant and enjoy a hearty lunch.

The afternoon?

If the weather remained clear, he would go for a walk by the sea.

If the weather turned bad, he would return to No. 2 Cork Street to catch up on sleep.

'What a beautiful day!'

Arthur couldn't help but smile brightly.

However, when he entered 'Tate's Wand Store,' that smile vanished.

Instead of seeing Owner Tate, he saw a young, unfamiliar face standing in the shop. Upon seeing Arthur enter, the stranger appeared very surprised and flustered, exhibiting a completely clueless demeanor.

"Hello, I'm here to pick up my wands."

Arthur initiated the conversation.

"Okay, sure."

The unfamiliar young man nodded and turned to walk toward the wand cabinet that resembled a beehive.

"You'll need my voucher."

Arthur reminded him, taking out the voucher Tate had given him—11.11.

"Sorry, it's my first day, and I'm not quite familiar with everything."

The young stranger offered an excuse to Arthur.

Understanding this, Arthur nodded slightly. Then, the young 'Spirit Medium' suddenly asked,

"Where is Owner Tate?"

"My uncle isn't feeling well today, so he's resting at home—I was called in last minute to cover for him."

The young stranger explained.

"I see."

Arthur scrutinized him, noting the burlap lining, bib overalls, and a thick coat that was both durable and capable of ignoring light rain. His hair was messy, obviously unkept for a long time, and his shoes were covered with gray mud that hadn't dried. His fingernails harbored dirt, and there were some stains on the back of his hands, though the fingertips were very clean.

And his eyes were bloodshot.

He also smelled strongly of smoke and alcohol.

The smoke wasn't of one kind, but each was of poor-quality tobacco.

It was clear that he must have been staying in a confined space for a long time, wiping something with his fingertips—

'Playing cards, perhaps?'

Arthur speculated.

He then sighed internally.

Given the meticulous nature of the owner, even if he suddenly fell ill, considering the shop, he wouldn't choose such a nephew to fill in.

Alcoholism was terrifying enough.

But to be drinking and gambling was beyond terrifying.

It was...

Deadly!

Deadly enough to cost someone their life, whether his own or someone else's.

Just as the young stranger's fingers were about to touch Arthur's wand in the beehive cabinet, the young 'Spirit Medium' sighed and asked—

"Is Owner Tate still alive?"