

Great Master 191

Chapter 191: Heartless X Tacit Agreement X Cannon Fodder!

A puff of smoke drifted into the office through the crack of the door, followed by a slender, pale hand that emerged from the smoke and yanked forcefully.

Suddenly, the smoke formed a ring.

Dressed in black hunting attire, Marinda, clenching a pipe in her teeth, stepped out from the ring of smoke.

The lady's deep blue eyes, filled with red veins, did not hesitate upon seeing Arthur's plate. She reached for the smoked chicken leg and stuffed it into her mouth.

While stuffing, she asked,

"What happened?"

Rough, impolite.

This was the true face of the Lady of the Eternal Night, whom all the young men in South Los were infatuated with. Arthur had gotten used to it, but it was Malz's first encounter.

For the old sheriff, the mere appearance of a living person from a smoke ring was shocking enough, but the scene that followed was even more unacceptable to him.

So much so that he failed to notice his smoked chicken leg was taken by Arthur.

Arthur ate the chicken leg leisurely, looking at Marinda without a word.

Immediately, the lady rolled her eyes.

"Such a petty man!"

As she spoke, the lady licked her fingers, and with a raise of her hand, a contract appeared — she opened and placed it in front of Arthur.

It clearly stated:

Arthur Kredos was entitled to 1% of Caesar Commerce's annual profit dividends (this did not include the revenue from the Lady of the Night's auctions, the Long Night, and other three fleets, as well as shops and commerce in places such as Inner Bay, Seberlin, Ainhars, Bert, Rude, and Norvia, but only the revenue from the restructuring of other commerce in South Los led by Marinda Julius Caesar).

Furthermore, Arthur Kredos must not act in a way that fundamentally harms the economic interests of Marinda Julius Caesar. Breaking this term would mean he could never be attracted to women for the rest of his life.

Arthur scrutinized the terms of the contract.

When he reached the last clause, he snorted irritably at Marinda.

He was sure Marinda did it on purpose.

The lady then proudly wiggled her little finger at Arthur.

After reciprocating with a middle finger, Arthur lowered his head to continue scrutinizing the intricate details of the contract — checking for things like hidden layers in the paper, trickery in the patterns, or the use of invisible ink.

Marinda felt both dissatisfaction and satisfaction at this action.

She was dissatisfied because Arthur did not trust her.

She was satisfied because Arthur did not trust her.

Quickly finishing the smoked chicken leg she held, Marinda then turned her attention to the roast beef, choosing salt and black pepper as her seasonings.

But instead of sprinkling it right away, she first spat out,

"Pah!"

Only after spitting did the lady start to season the roast beef.

Malz covered his face at this unbearable sight.

To the old sheriff, this was a complete disappointment regarding the goddess of South Los according to the rumors — a lady who spoke crudely, gestured roughly like a sailor, and spit casually.

She almost resembled a street thug.

However, Marinda, who considered herself successful in protecting her food, did not care.

She began munching on the roast beef.

Time ticked by.

After Marinda had eaten half of her roast beef, Arthur raised his head.

The young 'Spirit Medium' surreptitiously eyed the Lady of the Long Night.

The terms of the contract were detailed and complex but still abundantly rewarding. Considering last night's commotion, Marinda could easily reorganize at least one-tenth of South Los's commerce under her command. To increase speed and for a 'quieter' operation, certain exchanges and compromises were necessary, especially the major contributions from that countess, but nevertheless, an annual 1% profit dividend could amount to 10,000 gold notes.

'This is a significant investment in me!'

Arthur understood very clearly why Marinda did this.

Not just because of his several unexpected performances, which made the lady up her stakes.

But also because of his 'Cat Faction. Hei' identity.

'Tsk, such a world that values lineage!'

Arthur curled the corners of his lips inwardly, but he did not hesitate to sign his name.

As for breaking the rules?

He absolutely wouldn't harm her interests intentionally.

"Ha, you're so cautious, I thought you wouldn't sign!"

Marinda voiced her mockery.

"Why take it out if you're so reluctant to part with it?"

As he said this, Arthur handed the Golden Cane to Marinda.

The lady paused in surprise.

She would never assume Arthur did anything pointless, just as she wouldn't expect him to wield a golden staff, so...

'Tate's Wand Store'!

The lady immediately thought of something, then asked directly.

"When did this happen?"

"Just right, three days ago!"

Arthur replied.

Immediately, the lady began to think deeply.

Three days ago, it must have been Harris...

But before the lady could plan her next move, Arthur interrupted her.

"There's also a 'Blood Descendant' involved, and...the massacre of the Sank family 20 years ago—this family was most likely 'Witch Hunters'."

Arthur briefly recounted the series of events from this morning.

The young 'Spirit Medium' of course knew what the Lady of the Long Night was thinking.

Earlier, when Marinda was being countered by Harris, she had expressed her displeasure.

If there was a chance now, naturally she would want to 'strike back' a bit.

That's why Arthur was so frank!

That's why Arthur was confident he could win twice!

Listening to Arthur's words, Marinda's eyes brightened.

"So, Harris might have been colluding with a 'Blood Descendant' for a long time, not to mention, he might even have gained benefits from the 'Sank family'?"

Marinda whispered to herself.

"Pirates, there are pirates too!"

Arthur reminded her.

"Yes, and pirates!"

Marinda clapped her hands.

"But as an important member under Lord Count, we should trust this man from the same camp, so we need to give him a chance—let him know all this, and, strive to prove his innocence!"

Arthur emphasized the word 'strive' as he spoke.

"In that case, it makes sense for him to voluntarily fight that 'Blood Descendant', right?"

Marinda inquired.

"Of course!"

Arthur nodded affirmatively.

Then, the two exchanged a knowing look, both corners of their mouths turning upwards.

Malz, watching this scene, shivered down his spine.

He was incredibly glad to be on the same side as Arthur, never having stood against the Lady of the Long Night.

Otherwise, who could outmaneuver these two?

In just a few words, they had reduced someone to cannon fodder!

And, that person used as cannon fodder would have to be grateful to Arthur, paying a hefty price.

'Terrifying! Terrifying!

But...

These two are quite a match!'

The old sheriff sat in the corner thinking to himself, yet he said nothing.

He was only old, not dead.

He didn't dare speak carelessly about such matters.

After finishing the remaining roast beef in just a few bites, Marinda, in a great mood, looked again at Arthur, who was smiling silently at her, and immediately said—

"Tell me, what do you want? Within means, I won't refuse."

Arthur smiled.

He had been waiting for just those words.