

Great Master 192

Chapter 192: Miss Qiu's Security Company!

Arthur took out a brand-new cup from Malz's cabinet, and the tea was made to Marinda's taste, with a little rock sugar and mint leaves added.

Immediately, Marinda looked at Arthur with suspicion and wariness.

"What do you want to do?"

"As I said, only within my capabilities!"

Remember, only within my capabilities!"

Marinda emphasized, as she picked up her pipe and put it in her mouth.

To Marinda, a cup of sweetened mint tea wasn't enough to make her change what was appropriate. Likewise, Arthur didn't think that a cup of sweetened mint tea could get him more—if that really happened, he would instead be wary that Marinda might be setting a trap for him.

And...

This cup of tea wasn't for Marinda.

"Don't flatter yourself."

Arthur said, and then he finished the tea in his hands in one gulp.

Right away, Marinda realized that this fellow was doing it on purpose, retaliating for her just now claiming the roasted beef with her saliva.

"Childish!"

Marinda commented with a cold face.

At the same time, in her heart, this lady had already thought of three strategies to counter Arthur's ensuing remarks, but unexpectedly, Arthur stopped dwelling on the issue.

Old Charlie had said that the most important things for a 'Spirit Medium' were to adapt to changes and... to know when to stop.

Arthur, well aware of Old Charlie's 'old shrewdness', kept that firmly in mind.

Effect?

Naturally, it wasn't bad—

"I want to start a security company!

I need you to help me get the full set of procedures.

Of course, if you want to invest, you must provide the corresponding venue and initial funding."

Arthur stated his request.

"Security company?"

Marinda was caught off guard, somewhat unable to snap back to reality. She had been ready to refute him, but Arthur had changed the subject, leaving her with the frustration of punching at air.

At the same time, she was also surprised that Arthur actually wanted to start a security company.

After all, in Marinda's view, Arthur's 'Spirit Medium' business had nothing to do with security.

As soon as Arthur had begun speaking, he had been discreetly watching Marinda, and upon noticing that the lady was somewhat confused, he immediately started to speed up his speech—

"Exactly!

You've seen for yourself the state of security in South Los, the police power alone is plainly insufficient to protect all the civilians in need. Add to that the recent and inexplicable rash of accidents, the police force has long been stretched thin. Therefore, recruiting a group of reliable people to establish a security company would be an extremely profitable business.

Moreover, Malz's old friends can also act as instructors, making it a win-win situation."

Arthur spoke very candidly.

Poor security in South Los was true.

Lack of police manpower was also true.

Malz's old friends serving as instructors for the security company was also true.

Whatever was said, was the truth.

The unspoken, naturally, could not be said.

For example: the original professions of Malz's old friends.

For example: the shortage of police manpower because some were feigning their presence.

For example: the majority of South Los's security troubles were indirectly caused by him.

As for the frequent unexpected incidents in South Los?

Everyone could prove that those were indeed accidents!

"How many people?"

Though a bit bewildered, Marinda still grasped the key point.

The most important aspect of a security company was the number of people. A company with just a few or a dozen people hardly mattered, and a company with several dozen could be acceptable, but if it was a matter of hundreds, she would have to be cautious.

"Initially, 20-30 people."

Arthur announced a number.

Immediately, Marinda breathed a sigh of relief.

Just a small company of 20 or 30 people, that shouldn't be an issue then.

However, the lady did not take it lightly.

"And later?"

"It should be kept around 50 people—after all, I need to consider the costs!

Rest assured, 'Miss Qiu's Security Company' is a legitimate security firm, and we definitely won't mess around!"

Arthur gave his assurance.

Marinda nodded slightly.

50 people, unless they are all Mystic Side Persons, would otherwise be within manageable limits.

Then, another question arose in the lady's mind.

"Who is 'Miss Qiu'? Is she good-looking?"

When asking this question, there was not only curiosity about Arthur in the lady's eyes but also a hint... of brightness—such brightness, Arthur had only seen in teenage boys whose hormones were raging.

Boys of that age are filled with incomparable curiosity about the world and the opposite sex, restless and eager to transform at the slightest change, even if it was just the sweetness in the scent, displaying their shiny sides with unprecedented passion.

Even, with such support, they could achieve a life turnaround.

In the past, people would say it's the magic of love—they saw the successful ones who won the beauty's heart.

And nowadays, they say it's being a 'lick dog'—they see the failures who cry out to seal their hearts with concrete.

Winners would attribute it to their efforts and luck.

Loser would complain about the injustice of the world and their own bad luck.

It seems both success and failure are giving weight to luck.

And there's nothing wrong with that.

Simply put, you are lucky, and you are good-looking.

Or, you are lucky, and you won the lottery for five million.

The former allows you to take the initiative and gain the right to choose first.

The latter?

Stack the money under your feet, stand taller, and let more people see you; someone will notice your merits and throw themselves at you.

Arthur didn't deny the element of luck either.

In fact, he believed luck was extremely important, so important that it could make the difference between success and failure in an instant.

So, he chose a position between success and failure—watching the fun.

Therefore, when faced with the lady's inquiry.

Arthur said seriously—

"Miss Qiu, wherever she appears, will be dazzlingly brilliant, the center of everyone's attention, and her temperament is unmatched, leaving people in awe."

In his earnest expression, there was still no trace of a lie.

Marinda could tell that what Arthur was saying at this moment couldn't be more true.

Thus, the lady's eyes widened with earnest attention.

Unable to help herself, she leaned in, blinked, and a ripple of excitement immediately surfaced in her deep blue eyes.

"Are we friends?"

"Since you had the idea of publicly announcing our breakup and disassociating from me, we're not anymore,"

Arthur said with a smile.

"I'm planning a party, you bring 'Miss Qiu' with you... never mind, forget it, you womanizer would definitely keep her to yourself.

Plus, you are starting this 'Miss Qiu's Security Company' definitely to win this lady's favor!"

Facing Marinda's conclusions, Arthur didn't deny it.

The real purpose behind founding 'Miss Qiu's Security Company', only he himself knew.

After all, those trained by Malz's friend were all from 'Daredevil Camp'.

Or to put it more bluntly, in the Silver Age, these people were referred to as—

Death Warriors!

