

Great Master 193

Chapter 193: Plan: Shadow Earl!

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In some sense, "Death Warriors" could be considered a severely fragmented miniature version of "Miss Qiu."

They are far too inferior to the real "Miss Qiu."

And they are even further from Arthur's true plan.

Fifty qualified Death Warriors are just the beginning!

Arthur needs these fifty Death Warriors to form the initial skeleton of the "Black Cat Faction," and then fill it up with people from Rat Street.

What's next?

Naturally, assemble a small fleet!

He has no bad intentions, just to buy foreign goods for the locals of South Los—many fleets do similar things, but troubles often arise. Some sailors take the money and disappear, never to return, while others bring back the goods but can't find the original client.

It's utterly chaotic.

Therefore, the young, kind-hearted, upright, and well-intentioned "Spirit Medium" decided to create a small platform to serve everyone—clients put their money with him, and only when they are satisfied with the goods delivered, they pay through his platform.

If they are not satisfied, they agree to a refund.

This platform is known as "Mr. Wu's Exchange."

After all, only with "Mr. Wu" guarding "Miss Qiu" can the desired effect be achieved for Arthur.

What about losing money?

That won't happen!

As long as the money is prepaid at "Mr. Wu's Exchange," there will be a complete cycle, and the young "Spirit Medium" will definitely not lose money.

On the contrary, he will become increasingly wealthy.

His small fleet will grow into a large fleet.

His merchant ships will turn into armed merchant ships.

And what he needs to do is to install 100 cannons on each of his armed merchant ships.

Sailing Battleships?

No, no, no!

They are just armed merchant ships, there to ensure that the goods Arthur buys for the residents of South Los are not coveted by pirates!

After all, his fleet will sail to the islands, Yan Fort, North County, and even the cities of the West Coast, where pirates are rampant.

So, it makes sense for him to continue to build more armed merchant ships.

Ten such armed merchant ships, plus 36 frigates, and expanding to 3,000 Death Warriors—no, the "Black Cat Faction"—to cope with pirates, that's his second-step plan.

And the third step?

That is to establish the "South Los Commercial Bank" atop the overseas trade!

Money never sleeps!

He'll make money from money!

And then, use money to buy truth!

By then, the numbers of his armed merchant ships and the "Black Cat Faction" should be able to soar.

Only then, under the protection of hundreds of armed merchant ships, tens of thousands of "Black Cat Faction" members, and within the range of his cannons, could he sleep peacefully in the South Los nights.

But that is a long way off.

Even the name of the plan, "Shadow Earl," just briefly flickered through Arthur's mind.

This is not ambition.

It's just pure fear.

One hit by a muck cart is enough for anyone!

This time—

He will keep his feet on the ground!

He will step by step ascend to the top.

He will ensure that in the darkness of South Los, only one voice remains!

And that will be him...

Arthur Kredos!

But, for now?

Arthur, holding a cup of clear tea, extends a cordial invitation to Marinda with a faint smile—

"Would you like to see a rather unique interrogation?"

"Certainly!"

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In the cell, Haite crouches in the corner with his eyes half-closed, ignoring the rats and cockroaches scurrying around and even the stench mixed with the smell of urine.

Having anticipated such misfortunes, Haite was well-prepared mentally and practically.

Although he relied on James's "Deterrence", he knew that someone like James would eventually run into trouble—so he entreated that noble for a Mark.

A just-in-case Mark.

By using this Mark, Haite is confident he could leave this place immediately.

But that Mark is too precious.

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He only had one.

Once used, it was gone.

Therefore, he preferred to use "conventional methods".

At the same time, he grew increasingly hateful toward that bastard William!

To think that they had been the first to step into that world, if it weren't for his second thoughts and the decision to defect to that respected figure with "utmost sincerity", he would probably still be kept in the dark just like the fools Fornac and Nack—obtaining 100Kg of fresh, healthy blood, even for him, took an unimaginable amount of effort.

Fortunately, there were plenty of people in South Los.

Especially in places like Mule Street and Rat Street, the disappearance of a dozen or so people every now and then wasn't a big deal.

But for that reason, he cherished this Mark all the more.

So, he preferred to wait silently.

Step, step-step!

Bootsteps echoed through the prison corridor.

They're here!

Haite opened his eyes, and a sycophantic smile naturally spread across his face.

When he saw that it was Hunter and Newt, the ingratiating expression intensified—Haite recognized these two patrol officers known for their bribes and extortions.

He would have abhorred them in normal times.

Now, he was exceedingly glad.

"Seeing the two officers gives me a real sense of rebirth. It even reminded me of the time I buried something under the one hundred and eleventh tree to the left of the shaded path.

It's truly delightful!"

As Hunter and Newt opened the cell, Haite said in a lowered voice.

There, he had buried a box.

The box contained 20 gold notes.

Naturally, Hunter and Newt revealed the all-too-familiar greedy smile to Haite.

But the next moment, their expressions turned serious.

"Officer Dico will be interrogating you. Be honest, you got it?"

"Got it! Got it! Of course, I got it!"

Haite nodded vigorously.

Being caught up in James's case, even as an accessory, it wasn't possible to just bribe two patrol officers and be released. The corresponding police officers and Police Chief all needed to be taken care of.

Therefore, he had prepared plenty of stuff.

Haite was confident he could persuade them with it.

However, upon seeing Dico, the pirate-born fellow couldn't help but flinch.

Dico's big and burly stature, the scars on his face were really too intimidating.

Especially when Dico was holding a whip, Haite, who had no desire to be hit, didn't hesitate to open his mouth—

"Officer, your stature is truly magnificent. It must be very uncomfortable living in a cramped room, right?"

I happen to have a house for sale on Garden Street at a low price. If you wish, you can take your wife and children to have a look.

Rest assured, as soon as you buy this house, everything inside, including the safe, is yours."

With the Police Chief's instructions, Dico naturally knew what he was there to do.

Still, he was taken aback by Haite's offer.

This guy is so rich?

I really want to squeeze him dry.

But Dico knew what he should and shouldn't do.

He glared fiercely at Haite and lashed out with his whip.

Whack!

Just a single strike, and Haite's skin was ripped apart.

Whack!

For the second blow, Dico skilfully targeted the previous wound.

At this, Haite's whole body began to shudder.

The pain was far beyond what Haite had imagined.

Not just Dico's skills, but also...

Alcohol!

Haite twitched his nose and immediately recognized the familiar scent, and at that moment, the pirate-born man cursed inwardly.

'Damn it, which conscienceless bastard came up with the idea of dipping a whip in alcohol?'

Even as he cursed internally, Dico's whip didn't stop.

Whack, whack-whack!

After a dozen or so lashes, just as Haite was about to use that Mark in utter inability to endure any longer, he suddenly heard Dico utter two words in a deep voice—

"Not enough!"

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