

Great Master 194

Chapter 194: Mandatory Course for Spirit Mediums - Scare!

Hearing Dico's words, Haite immediately knew what the officer in front of him wanted to do.

The other party wanted more!

That's why he was 'enthusiastically hosting' himself.

'Damn bastard!'

Feeling the pain in his body, an uncontrollable killing intent surged in Haite's heart—he immediately bowed his head.

He hid his gaze.

However, in his heart, he had already decided what to do.

Dealing with someone fat and robust like that face-to-face was the stupidest thing; what he needed was to find the person's home address and then...

Seal the doors and windows, and burn everything to ashes with a fire.

Coincidentally, the house he left in Garden Street was perfect for this—he had left more than one 'secret passage.'

Of course, this was just a precaution.

Like: This time!

"Yes! More!

I know more than one cheap house on Garden Street!"

Thinking this, Haite kept shouting aloud.

Dico dropped the whip, nodded in satisfaction, turned, and left the cell; Hunter and Newt also followed, and when Haite was finally alone in the cell, the former pirate turned furniture store owner stopped pretending—his eyes turned sinister, and his left cheek started twitching uncontrollably.

Then, his gaze inadvertently swept over his right arm.

But the next moment, he returned to normal and became quiet with his head bowed.

"Tsk, this guy really had a trick up his sleeve,"

Marinda couldn't help but laugh as she watched this scene with a pipe in her mouth in the 'secret room.'

"Anyone who has raised a dog knows that to make a dog obey, besides a stick, you also need food— I haven't met that 'Blood Descendant,' but as a member of the 'Bloodline Clan,' the person must be proficient in training 'Hounds.' Otherwise, a man like Haite would not be so devoted to serving him."

Arthur said slowly, sitting beside her.

His words appeared to be merely a lament about how the 'Bloodline Clan' used to train 'Hounds.'

But as everyone knows, the 'Hounds' trained by the 'Bloodline Clan' are not real dogs but 'Blood Slaves' that are mainly humans!

And the reason Arthur said this was to extract more about the 'relevant people's' attitude toward the public creation of a 'Blood Gladiator' by the 'Blood Descendant' last night from Marinda's mouth.

Like: the Countess of South Los.

Marinda took a deep draw from her pipe, exhaled a thick cloud of smoke, and then glanced at Arthur with probing blue eyes.

"Are you worried about your friend from the 'Bloodline Clan'?"

"We just met briefly,"

Arthur explained, seemingly with a helpless shrug.

But the young 'Spirit Medium' had already gotten his answer.

The Countess of South Los probably had a wait-and-see attitude before that 'Blood Descendant' last night could create a larger impact — otherwise, Marinda wouldn't have asked so straightforwardly.

It would have been more cryptic.

Or simply talked about 'Blood Slaves' or similar.

And the Countess of South Los's 'conservative attitude'?

Perhaps it was because the 'Blood Gladiator' Freeman revealed a spy, leaving the Countess with no energy to deal with this matter, or perhaps the Countess had extreme confidence in her own strength and power.

However, whichever it was, it was good news for the young 'Spirit Medium.'

"Ha, the words of a man who whips others into serious injury to better control them, making them unable to leave South Los on their own, while increasing their physical pain and psychological pressure...

I wouldn't trust them easily!"

Marinda said with a soft laugh.

As for why Arthur made Dico whip Haite, she was well aware.

In this respect, the lady expressed her admiration.

She liked this method of achieving aims quietly and silently.

Of course, the idea of dipping the whip in alcohol was a bit beyond her expectations.

Next time...

She planned to try it herself.

"I did this to make it a bit more convenient for your followers to track, right?"

"Characters like Haite would definitely leave a letter and flee. Once he's out of South Los, I'm afraid your men would encounter great trouble, wouldn't they?"

Sparse trackers in vast lands are too conspicuous.

Or do you plan to have your men impersonate robbers and strike ruthlessly once again?

For instance, by breaking Haite's legs?"

Arthur looked at Marinda with a smile.

Marinda also smiled broadly as she looked at Arthur.

The sight of them smiling at each other made Malz's scalp tingle, and he silently sighed for Haite—he knew this guy was about to suffer a fate worse than death.

The old sheriff had seen his share of brutal, cunning, and calculating characters, but those who embodied all three traits were exceedingly rare. In his lifetime, he had only encountered two and a half such people, including Arthur. Meeting all three in one was a first for the old sheriff!

Watching Arthur and Marinda, the old sheriff always felt that every word, every glance they exchanged held different meanings.

He felt as if the three of them together had eight hundred deceptive intentions.

Arthur and Marinda, five hundred each.

He, owing each of them a hundred.

As the old sheriff was musing to himself, Arthur stood up.

"The rest is up to you now. I need to go collect my other payment—if anything arises, please notify me promptly. You know where to find me."

Marinda nodded slightly, raising her hand, and the secret room reverted to the police chief's office.

Arthur pocketed 'Miss Anna' and, carrying Pendragon, headed straight for the exit of the police station—the young 'Spirit Medium' did not take the police's own carriage.

In a place like Rat Street, a police carriage wouldn't be treated with respect.

Every place has its rules.

Especially a place like Rat Street.

Arthur chose to follow them, because...

It was more advantageous for him!

The carriage stopped steadily at the entrance to Rat Street. After Arthur paid the fare, the driver hurriedly left, while several individuals standing at the street corner eyed the area with ill intent.

In fact, had Arthur not paid triple the price, the driver wouldn't have dared to come here.

Meanwhile, Arthur nonchalantly surveyed his surroundings—Rat Street was truly unfamiliar to him, having only visited once before.

In a street network like this, woven like a spider web with hundreds of alleys, one would certainly get lost without a local to lead the way.

Arthur wouldn't—he had Fujin and Wuni.

But he still needed a 'guide'.

And he believed the guide would arrive soon—

As the driver left, Arthur remained.

Naturally, the gazes of those men swept toward Arthur.

But upon seeing Arthur, or more precisely, upon recognizing 'Miss Anna' in Arthur's arms, their faces changed color. Then, instinctively, they lowered their heads—recently, it was rumored that a group under Pick had been wiped out by boss Wiggins because they had troubled a guy carrying a terrifying puppet.

It was also because Pick's group had been wiped out that they now held their current positions.

And among these men was a quick-witted one who was now rushing into the depths of Rat Street.

Soon after, Wiggins appeared in Arthur's view.

Arthur smiled.

Wiggins was his man, but not the 'guide' he was waiting for.

Thus, Arthur stood silently, waiting for Wiggins to approach and greet him respectfully.

But Arthur's step did not move.

Approximately ten seconds later, clear footsteps came from behind the young 'Spirit Medium.'

Hearing the intentionally made footsteps, the young 'Spirit Medium' knew the person he was waiting for had arrived. He turned back slightly, looking at the man who appeared to his side, seemingly young but with wrinkles still at the corners of his eyes—the new leader of Rat Street, Harris. A more genuine smile appeared on his face as he greeted,

"Long time no see, my friend!"

The already bewildered Harris instantly froze, his eye wrinkles squeezing together at that moment.

The steps he intended to move forward halted in place.

And before Harris could recover, the young 'Spirit Medium' had already taken large strides towards him, reaching out to shake hands amicably with the new leader of Rat Street, then quickly stepped forward one more step and in a very low voice, rapidly said—

"Harris, you're in big trouble!"