

## Great Master 195

Chapter 195: The Rise That Disappears into the Invisible and Silence!

After voicing those unsettling words, Arthur stepped back and smiled while watching Harris.

Harris, on the receiving end of Arthur's gaze, felt like he had encountered a shaman — greeted immediately with words that nearly resembled a curse; this approach was all too familiar!

But Harris knew Arthur was definitely not a shaman.

Perhaps Arthur had the identity of a 'Spirit Medium', yet wherever he was, his words had substance.

Otherwise, such a lie would only lead Arthur to a loss greater than any gain.

After a moment of thought, the new head of Mouse Alley turned his gaze towards Wiggins, then squeezed the wrinkles at the corner of his eyes inward before relaxing them outward, revealing a smile.

"Could you take me to your newly opened grocery store to have a look?

I remember it's called Relief Grocery Store, right?

It's been quite famous on Rat Street recently."

Whose property was the Relief Grocery Store?

Harris was well aware it belonged to Arthur.

And he could also guess why Arthur opened a grocery store on Rat Street.

Everyone in South Los knew the people from Rat Street were very useful.

Not just Arthur, but other forces would also choose some reliable hands from here to undertake certain perilous tasks, so for the Relief Grocery Store, Harris had always maintained an attitude of deliberate ignorance — Rat Street had its own rules, and it wasn't just kindness that allowed one to survive there, but strength was necessary too. Perhaps the Relief Grocery Store would give the commoners of Rat Street a glimmer of hope, but it would also brush against the interests of other forces.

In Harris's mind, the plan was to inform Arthur about these forces' moves at the very last moment, thus exchanging this information for a favor.

Best case scenario, Arthur would ask for his help in assisting the Relief Grocery Store through its troubles.

This would leave Arthur owing him an even bigger favor.

At that time, the 'misunderstanding' between them would be resolved and further opportunities could emerge.

As for Wiggins surviving the crisis?

Out of the question!

As the new head of Mouse Alley, Harris had complete control over everything on Rat Street; perhaps Wiggins's newly recruited twenty-one lads were decent enough.

But their decency was only relative to the bottom-feeders of Rat Street. To those who had surpassed this layer, Wiggins's crew were just a new power that could be destroyed at will.

Even if it included Wiggins's original seven closest subordinates, the situation would remain the same.

There would be no change.

Harris had already thought of everything, but now he had no choice but to change his plans.

Looking at the new head of Mouse Alley, a flicker of regret passed through his eyes, Arthur kept the smile on his face, turned around, and gestured with his hand for Wiggins to lead the way.

The young 'Spirit Medium' certainly knew what the new head of Mouse Alley was thinking, which was why he had taken the initiative to show up on Rat Street beforehand.

Facing a character who believed in 'guilt by association', he did not want to lose the initiative.

Because he was well aware how much those accustomed to 'blackness' disregarded the rules.

A slight misstep could not only spell the end for the Relief Grocery Store but likely spell doom for Wiggins as well.

Or rather, Wiggins might be the primary target for those individuals.

Arthur absolutely did not want to see Wiggins lose his life.

Firstly, Wiggins was an exceedingly useful subordinate to him.

Secondly, if Wiggins were to lose his life, it would trigger a chain reaction — everyone would be watching how he handled these matters.

This included Harris at his side, as well as Marinda, and even that Countess, in addition to the countless greedy individuals lurking in the shadows.

Put simply, he would have to deal with these attackers with the force of Thunder.

At that point, there would be no room for fanciness; it would be a matter of sheer force, and he would have to reveal more of his cards, one or two of which might be discerned by Marinda... that was something he absolutely did not want to happen.

The two were close partners.

He certainly did not wish to change the nature of their relationship in the short term.

And to remain indifferent?

Even less possible.

He, Arthur, the contemporary "Black Cat," with countless members of the Black Cat Faction under his command, how could he possibly remain indifferent to this kind of situation?

So, he came.

He came with a win-win mentality—not only to shake down the place but also to address any potential troubles that might arise.

Following Wiggins through the alleys that allowed only one person to pass, Arthur carefully avoided the filthy water mixed with feces. Unlike his last time on the outer streets of Rat Street, this time Arthur entered the middle streets, where the roads were even narrower. In some places, even a single person had to sidle through sideways.

Moreover, the complexity of the roads was astounding. You might be following a winding path forward, then suddenly enter a house next door, climb up to the second floor, and walk across to the opposite side on boards laid outside the windows. Although the windows had been cut in half to make passage more convenient, essentially transforming them into narrow doors, it was still no easy endeavor. Every step Arthur took was accompanied by creaking and groaning sounds.

Arthur didn't ask what lay at the end of the winding path, but he knew that simply by removing one of these boards and posting someone to guard on this side of the house, it would be enough to make any

ordinary person feel helpless—and he took such "roads" from the outer streets to the middle streets seven times.

And this was only the middle streets, not the backstreets that led to Mouse Alley.

Speculating about the appearance of Rat Street's backstreets, Arthur felt the covert peering eyes around him—since "bringing" Harris into Rat Street, such gazes had become increasingly frequent.

Arthur was not the slightest bit annoyed.

On the contrary, his smile grew a bit wider.

After all, this was exactly what he wanted.

About three minutes later, the group stopped in front of a wooden two-story building that looked slightly more intact than the buildings around it—the original half-floor terrace was entirely enclosed with wood, and a sign for the "Relief Grocery Store" was hung on the outside.

For Harris, this place was very familiar.

Because it was once one of the bases of the "Liaison" Dotas.

With the once "Mouse Council," Dotas had bases in the outer, middle, and backstreets of Rat Street, and this was one of the best in the middle streets.

Even though Wiggins took over the place by exploiting the fame of the figure who had wiped out the "Mouse Council," quite a few people were still eyeing it.

And as time passed, the deterrence of that figure would decline sharply.

By then, many would jump out.

Even if those guys were patient enough, they would be incited by forces whose interests were impacted.

Unfortunately for them, that was before, but now...

No more!

Harris knew very well that with his arrival, the Relief Grocery Store would no longer face any danger.

Wiggins would also firmly establish the fact that he was backed by a big shot.

The name of the "Spirit Medium" Arthur Kredos would become known to the people of Rat Street.

As the new head of Rat Street thought about becoming the backdrop for the young Spirit Medium, he felt uncomfortable inside, and his brows involuntarily furrowed slightly.

But just then, Arthur, who was half a step ahead, suddenly said in a low voice—

"It's 'Tate's Wand Store.'"

Having said this, Arthur stepped straight into the Relief Grocery Store.

'Tate's Wand Store'?!

The item of Isidore!

Thinking of this, Harris quickly followed Arthur inside.

The new head of Rat Street was simply too curious about what had happened.

However, as he took the first step, he sensed a subtle shift in the covert gazes around him, a shift that made the heart of the new head of Rat Street skip a beat.

'By following him now, wouldn't I seem like a follower of Arthur Kredos?'

'Damn it, that guy did it on purpose!'

A grim expression appeared in the eyes of Rat Street's head.

Being a mere backdrop was nearly unbearable for him, let alone being demoted to an even lower level of follower. Just as he was about to explode with fury, Arthur, standing inside the Relief Grocery Store, out of sight of those peering eyes, and directly in their field of vision, silently mouthed two words—

Gold.

Harris was instantly shocked.

Could he have discovered something?

In the next moment, the new head of Rat Street was overcome by a surge of murderous intent.