

Great Master 198

Chapter 198: Idea x Purpose x Identity

Under Fujin's watchful eye, Harris left Rat Street, exited the Dort District, and returned to the Shire District. He entered Moir Street, located four kilometers west of Elta Square—this street had emerged as one of the middle-class neighborhoods in the Shire District over the past decade. Unlike Pine Street, where most new middle-class migrants to the Shire District settled, this area boasted a more established middle-class, though it still fell short of areas like Xilin, Garden Street, Cork Street, and Moon Street.

About ten minutes later, the new leader of the Mouse Council reappeared.

Having changed clothes and donned a wig, and after making a simple disguise, he left through the back door of 71 Moir Street and headed straight for Garden Street—to the "Haite Furniture Store."

Clearly, he wanted to verify the truth of Arthur's words again.

After hurriedly passing by the "Haite Furniture Store" and receiving an answer, he returned to Moir Street, but this time, he entered number 81.

A well-maintained old-style Broom carriage, drawn by a muscular horse, came out of the yard.

Next, Harris started loading items.

Two large square trunks, each half a person tall, were loaded onto the carriage, and even through Fujin's sight, Arthur could clearly see the carriage's axles sinking under their weight.

The heaviness made Arthur's eyes twitch.

"This guy didn't hold back all of Isidore's gold, did he?"

Arthur was astonished by Harris's greed.

But then something felt off.

Given the deference he showed to the Countess, he didn't seem like someone capable of such a grand scheme, unless there was a reason—

"When Isidore planned a mad quest with the Old Lion's spy to overthrow the entirety of South Los, Roschek was the first to flee, taking with him most of the treasures of the Mouse Council, leaving behind some trivial items like gold. The returning Harris, witnessing this scene, immediately developed a plan to seize all the gold under the pretense of the Old Lion's spy arriving first and could even frame Roschek for it!

So...

Why does he need so much gold?"

Arthur pondered, stroking his chin.

While Harris had been influenced by bad company and had an intense *modus operandi*, he was not insatiably greedy; otherwise, the Countess would not have put him in charge of Rat Tail Alley.

"Wait a second, Rat Tail Alley!

The Secret Assembly!

Could it be that he wants to exchange this gold for something from someone at the Secret Assembly?"

Suddenly, Arthur's eyes lit up.

He felt this was very likely.

Harris coveted something at the Secret Assembly in Rat Tail Alley, and the owner of that something was too significant for Harris to provoke, leaving him no choice but to opt for a fair trade—after all, even Arthur harbored thoughts of 'robbing the rich to help the poor,' so how could Harris, who had been tainted by association, not?

And his actions were likely much more excessive than Arthur's.

As for affecting the business of Rat Tail Alley?

Impossible!

The businesses in Rat Tail Alley weren't exactly legitimate.

Especially before the Countess took over, it was quite normal for a few people a day to die or disappear here, and even after she took charge, it seemed she had no intention of changing Rat Tail Alley's ways, or else she wouldn't have sent Harris.

If she was worried about chaos in Rat Tail Alley, she would definitely have paired Harris with a deputy, first allowing Harris to help the "deputy" transition smoothly before letting the deputy take over from Harris.

"Marinda leads the public business.

While Harris leads the secret business.

Lord Count, you just sit back and collect money, how nice... However, it looks like you'll need to pick a newcomer to take over the secret business."

Arthur was eager to know what Harris was interested in, but it was utterly impossible to ask.

Not only was it impossible to ask directly, but even indirect probing would alert him given how much he cared about the item.

So, it was best to eliminate him.

After eliminating him, the Countess would undoubtedly send someone to take over Rat Tail Alley.

And right now, the Countess's Staff Group, the 66th Staff Group, and the 16th Staff Group, due to Freeman's disclosure about a 'spy within the 66th Staff Group,' were in a puzzling standstill.

There weren't many people she could send.

The most likely candidate was that guy with a round face and light blue eyes.

He could impersonate Marinda, so naturally, he could impersonate Harris.

However, Arthur was skeptical about the other party's capabilities. When the time came, they would inevitably need help, and who better to assist them than Freeman, who came from a gang background in his early years?

No one!

They would definitely ask Freeman for help.

Who is Freeman?

That's his 'son'!

By then, through his 'son', knowing about that object wouldn't be difficult—it required a lot of gold and was extremely conspicuous.

Thinking of this, Arthur's lips curved into a smile.

The young 'Spirit Medium' continued to follow Harris, who was heading away from South Los, through Fujin's sight while picking up the three scrolls the other left behind.

One Fireball Scroll.

One Phantom Scroll.

One Ghost Technique Scroll.

The Fireball Scroll shoots out a fireball at a locked target. This fireball can explode and continue to burn. It resembles flame arrows, but its power is more than tenfold stronger. The shockwave generated by the explosion of one fireball significantly harms any beings within a 5-meter radius, not to mention the subsequent blaze that could reduce ordinary people into quartered charred corpses.

The Phantom Scroll, like before, can create a phantom that has no attacking power.

The Ghost Technique Scroll, however, is different—

[Name: Ghost Technique]

[Type: Scroll]

[Quality: Hero]

[Effect: When you tear open the scroll, you can summon specters from within a 100-meter radius to serve you. The number of specters can exceed one, but not more than three. Also, you can only issue one command to each specter. Afterward, the specters will disperse on their own. If there are no specters within a 100-meter radius, the scroll will be ineffective.]

[Remarks: This is a 'Tower of Mist' one of the 'Four Wizards' transcribed scrolls]

...

Unlike the previous arcane-level scrolls, the [Ghost Technique] scroll, like the [Touch of Death] scroll, was of hero quality and was not only exceptionally unique in its effects, but also included a notion of being ineffective.

However, Arthur was more focused on the prior effects.

'Specters?

Have those deceased Master Alchemists, Potion Masters, and Noble Elders become specters?'

'If they have turned into specters, asking them for alchemical formulas, potion formulas, and noble secrets as a diligent, inquisitive 'Spirit Medium' wouldn't be too much, would it?'

Arthur thought quietly to himself.

In Arthur's view, using a scroll like [Ghost Technique] for battle is a waste of its true potential; communicating with lost souls to gain knowledge is the correct usage.

Of course, he also needed to be concerned about 'backlash'.

But Arthur firmly memorized 'Tower of Mist' and the 'Four Wizards' deep in his heart.

'Being able to transcribe such scrolls, no wonder they are feared by the Holy Empire!'

Arthur thought to himself, becoming increasingly curious about mystical knowledge and rumors.

However, as the current 'Black Cat' and leader of 'Cat Hole,' and the future inheritor of the Kledos Family Bloodline, he had to maintain restraint.

Or rather, to possess the latter two identities, it was only reasonable that he should already know this knowledge and rumors.

'Cat Hole' has a long heritage that can be traced back to before the Empire era, in the 'Disaster Era'.

The 'Kledos Family' bloodline is even older, originating from the Mythical Era.

'To fit the latter two identities, I need to find another disguise to learn mystical knowledge and understand more secret rumors.

Where are those two swindlers now?

Do they still have something like human puppets?'

Or...

'Where is the knowledge of alchemy for human puppets left by that Robin?'

Arthur pondered intensely.