

Great Master 200

Chapter 200 A New Day, Hopefully Without Trouble...

Dear Mr. Kledos:

I am writing to you presumptuously, and I really shouldn't, but I have encountered the most bizarre incident in my life and have to seek your help.

If you are willing to help me, please come to 'Yumir Manor' in the Mount Gale Region. I have included the travel expenses with this letter.

I am sorry, I can't tell you more, as I'm afraid that writing it down would lead directly to misfortune.

If you're unwilling to come, please accept the gold notes as compensation.

Looking forward to meeting you: Herss

1979.9.20

...

The letter was sent out a week ago, with neat handwriting and full of politeness.

Looking at the handwriting, Arthur pictured in his mind a well-educated middle-aged person.

And when Arthur picked up the envelope with the "Hand of Void," and tapped it on the corner of the table, two gold notes with a denomination of 10 fell out immediately.

'He's quite wealthy!' Arthur added to himself mentally.

However, Arthur had no intention of going.

Firstly, it was indeed a long journey from here to the Mount Gale Region—although Arthur was not familiar with the so-called 'Yumir Manor,' he had an impression of the Mount Gale Region, which was already on the edges of South Los Territory, about 300 kilometers away from South Los itself.

With a simple pack and a fast horse, it would still take 2 days.

If he traveled day and night, it could be faster, but the horse certainly couldn't endure it.

And if he were to travel by carriage, at best it would take 3 days, and at worst 4-5 days. A round trip would be 8-10 days, which was far too long for Arthur at the moment. He needed to stay here and wait for Haite to notify another 'Blood Descendant', to complete his next plan. He simply couldn't leave South Los.

Secondly, he was instinctively cautious about such letters with unclear origins and ambiguous language.

Perhaps some famous detectives would rush over with great enthusiasm upon receiving such a matter.

Unfortunately, Arthur was not a famous detective. He was just a kind, simple, and honest 'Spirit Medium.'

His curiosity was only piqued when it benefited him.

Thirdly, and most importantly—

'Has my reputation spread so far?

Can people in the Mount Gale Region really hear my name?'

Arthur was very skeptical of this.

Although there were newspapers in this world, real communication was not developed, and most people spent their entire lives in the place where they were born.

It was only because South Los had Xisis Port that people of South Los seemed worldly. Going inland, many people only knew about the neighboring villages and towns at best.

Only the wealthy merchants and nobles had access to more knowledge.

Clearly, the blockade of knowledge was everywhere.

Even common knowledge was precious to the average person.

"We live forever in cocoons.

When you break out of this cocoon, you won't soar, you'll just be surprised to find out that you've hit a new cocoon.

And it's even sturdier than the last one...

It seems like even with all your might, you can't break through."

Arthur murmured to himself as he picked up Pendragon, rapidly tapping the cat's head with his index and middle fingers, making Pendragon raise its head and purr, while also warning the kitten.

"If you encounter such a situation, Pan, you must stay calm. Do not rush to break through that layer of cocoon. You should lie low and observe the workings of this cocoon—Where there is passage, there are traces!

With bits and pieces of clues, you will discover strands of truth, but at that moment, do not grasp at those strands.

You must turn a blind eye!

Because, you don't know if it's a trap!

You can push someone else out to grasp at that strand of truth!

Believe me, they will rush to break through the cocoon with a speed beyond your imagination, letting you peek outside the cocoon, at a new one!"

As he spoke, a light smile appeared on Arthur's face.

But Pendragon shrank its neck, feeling that its master seemed a bit scary at the moment.

Seeing Pendragon's timid look, Arthur rolled his eyes helplessly and hugged the increasingly plump waist of the kitten—

"Even though you've grown so strong, it's a pity you still can't take on more!"

Muttering to himself, Arthur did not say more to Pendragon. He just hugged his cat and lay down in the Spirit Medium Parlor, narrowing his eyes.

Although there were many unexpected events today, being able to get a little more sleep at dusk was a good thing.

Time passed, second by second.

With his eyes half-closed, Arthur's breathing became long and deep.

Under Fujin's surveillance, Harris returned from the suburbs to Shire District and did not leave again.

It was clear that the other party was waiting.

Just like those under Marinda who waited outside the Haite Furniture Store, waiting for Haite to contact that "Blood Descendant."

As the darkness receded and the morning light appeared, Arthur, who had had a good sleep for a change, carefully lifted his leg and placed a pillow under Pendragon's head before stretching languidly and getting out of bed to head to the kitchen—the firewood in the stove brought warmth to No. 2 Cork Street.

The hot milk cocoa quickly revived Arthur.

In his heart, he counted down—

'3, 2, 1!'

As the numbers hit zero, the Lady of the Eternal Night, carrying breakfast, started knocking on the door.

The breakfast was made by the original cook, Mary. Aside from the egg tarts, the rest of the food could not compare to what Amiel brought yesterday morning.

In addition, the tightness of the muscles in the Lady of the Eternal Night's arm when they touched and the goosebumps that sprang up, confirmed to Arthur that this was real and not any counterfeit.

But Arthur became even more wary.

Marinda was not a woman who had nothing better to do, and she certainly wouldn't send him breakfast for no reason.

In fact, since the moment she arrived, the lady's gaze had been sweeping around the room, though after a moment, disappointment appeared in her eyes.

Seeing that hint of disappointment, Arthur immediately guessed why the lady had come here.

Miss Qiu!

Or, more precisely, she wanted to take the opportunity to meet the dazzling center of attention, Miss Qiu.

As if he thought of something amusing, Arthur's mouth curled into a smile.

"Believe me, if it were possible, you definitely wouldn't want to meet Miss Qiu—not even in my heart, where she's incomparable," he said.

With those words, Arthur handed Marinda the letter from the man known as 'Herss' from the previous night.

"Tsk, are you bragging to me that your fame has reached Mount Gale Region?" Marinda murmured with a scornful look in her eyes.

"No!

I just genuinely want to ask if you know about this 'Yumir Manor,'" Arthur replied, shaking his head but unable to hide the smile on his lips—the sight made Marinda flip him the bird directly.

Then, she took the last egg tart from the table in one bite and stood up to leave.

Bang!

The door was shut forcefully, but Arthur was not annoyed.

He knew that Marinda would definitely go to check out 'Yumir Manor' for him, just as she knew he wouldn't leave South Los at this time.

As for the smile?

A contemporary 'Black Cat' with a youthful spirit is far more likely to relax someone's guard than a cunning, scheming, and deep-thinking youth.

It was definitely not just to show off to Marinda!

At most, it was going with the flow—sharing his joy with Marinda, an important partner. Shouldn't he?

Even Pendragon knew to listen to his sharing.

Surely one couldn't be less considerate than a cat?

And with Marinda's departure, the person the young Spirit Medium had been waiting for finally arrived.

"Good morning, Mr. Kledos."

"Good morning, Haywood."

Carrying the information about the haunted houses he had collected, Haywood, with a tired face and bloodshot yet excited eyes, re-entered No. 2 Cork Street.

Looking at the thick stack of papers placed on the desk by Haywood, Arthur thought to himself.

'Today, I'm just going to look at some houses; nothing should go wrong, right?'

As the thought had just crossed his mind, the doorbell of No. 2 Cork Street rang.

Ding-dong, ding-dong.

Amidst the clear ringing of the doorbell, an urgent plea from a lady outside came through—

"Mr. Kledos, please, you must save my son!"