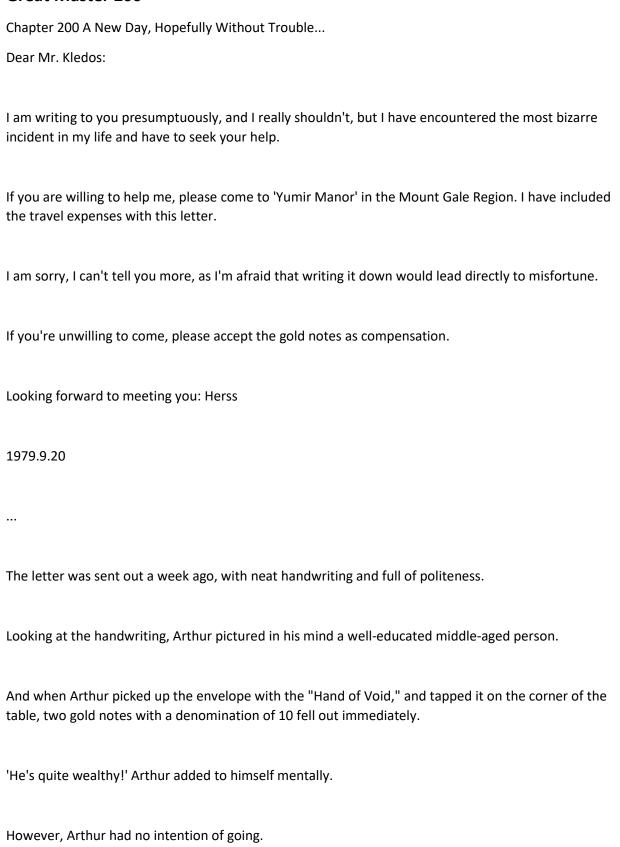
Great Master 200



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.

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.



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!"