

Great Master 28

Chapter 28: The Aftertaste of the Cripple

West Mok Avenue, outside the Red Rose Restaurant.

Arthur, with a livid face, slapped Scott's back as he was vomiting.

"I'm going to expose them...ugh...they actually made me eat maggots...ugh,"

the young journalist accused angrily while vomiting.

Arthur clenched his fists tightly at his side.

When they had entered the Red Rose Restaurant earlier, Arthur had a bad feeling, not only because the name of the Red Rose Restaurant was similar to that of the White Rose Restaurant, but even the decor was somewhat alike. At that time, Arthur felt this lunch would not end well.

But what Arthur had not anticipated was it could be this disastrous.

When they cut open the served cheese, numerous wriggling maggots were moving inside it, creating an indelible visual impact on Arthur.

Of course, it was even worse for Scott.

Facing the horrific Casu Marzu cheese, the young journalist was shocked to the extent that he opened his mouth, and then... a semi-transparent, milky-white maggot jumped right into his mouth!

Next, the vomiting ensued.

"Bastard...ugh...they actually said that jumping maggots prove the cheese's authenticity... I must expose them!"

Scott nearly retched out his bile, not only was he crying, but he was also shaky when he stood up. However, when Arthur was about to support him, the young journalist gestured for him to stop.

"Arthur, sorry for bringing back bad memories!"

"Don't worry, I will certainly settle this matter for you!"

The young journalist assured Arthur, and afterward, he glared at the Red Rose Restaurant filled with disgust.

If murder was not illegal, Scott swore he would kill that chef and blow up the restaurant, too.

Who could understand?

The image of maggots wriggling every time he closed his eyes!

This would probably become the nightmare of his lifetime!

Scott's face showed pain, his features twisted.

Arthur patted Scott's shoulder to comfort him, then stated that he needed his help.

"What kind of help? Please tell me, I'll do everything I can to assist you!"

Scott, feeling guilty for implicating Arthur, immediately responded.

"I need to find a swordsmanship club with real skills, not something like 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club,'"

Arthur said.

The words Dexi uttered after being terrified, although not entirely believable, confirmed that 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club' indeed did not meet his requirements.

However, finding a truly skilled swordfighting club would also be a large project for him and would take a lot of time.

But it was different for Scott.

Being a journalist, Scott was well-informed and extremely adept at such things.

In fact, the next moment, the young journalist provided assurance.

"Leave it to me!"

The young journalist said as he bid farewell to Arthur.

Lunch ended before it even began, and since Arthur believed Scott wouldn't be able to eat anything for a while, he didn't stop him.

Instead, he watched Scott leave, then turned towards a nearby food cart.

There were also food carts on West Mok Avenue.

However, unlike Eivor's 'flexibility,' those appearing on West Mok Avenue had to pay rent, varying from about 2 to 10 Suo a day depending on the location.

After picking what seemed like the most normal one, Arthur bought two of the most ordinary egg ham sandwiches.

Considering words such as 'exclusive,' 'specialty,' 'recommended,' Arthur was now hesitant and politely declined.

And with Arthur lowering his expectations, the normal sandwich suddenly tasted delicious.

The eggs were soft-boiled, with the yolk running out as he bit into it, blending with the meaty ham, providing a subtle satisfaction at every bite along with the tomato and mayonnaise for flavor enhancement and lettuce adding texture, Arthur almost ate a sandwich in three bites.

This image-less manner of eating immediately elicited light laughter from a man and a woman nearby.

"Could that man be from the countryside?"

"Such an awful way to eat!"

"And carrying a box, he definitely must be a bumpkin!"

The gentleman, evidently trying to impress his female companion, labeled Arthur outright, then they fed each other sandwiches bite by bite.

Arthur paid no attention to them and quickly finished the remaining sandwiches. Still not fully satisfied, he bought two more.

However, one was not for himself—

Arthur saw the same beggar again.

Just like the day before, the beggar was basking in the sun on the side of West Mok Avenue.

Induced by this morning's "contact", Arthur prepared to try again with the other person.

And a portion of food was the best excuse.

What Arthur had not expected was that as he approached the beggar, without actually getting close, the man who had been foolishly sitting against the wall in the sunlight suddenly stood up, looked at Arthur with a face of terror, and kept shouting loudly.

"Don't come over!"

"Don't come near me!"

"You monster!"

The shouting alarmed the passersby around, who cast puzzled glances.

Wisely, Arthur did not move closer or speak; instead, he looked at a young couple beside him, who were whispering sweet nothings, with a surprised expression.

Instantly, the passersby involuntarily followed Arthur's gaze.

The young couple were stunned.

"It wasn't me!"

"I didn't do anything!"

The young man explained.

But such explanations were useless; they actually drew all the surrounding attention to them.

"Why would you treat an innocent person so rudely?"

"That's really rude!"

A champion of justice among the bystanders began to assert righteousness.

Once one person started, the rest followed with verbal accusations.

Nobody had figured out what initially happened, but following the crowd in criticism felt good, as it not only vented their displeasure but also garnered respect from others—there was nothing more satisfying than that.

But this had nothing to do with Arthur.

He shrugged his shoulders and blended into the crowd without any burden of guilt.

Later, when he went to look for the beggar again, the man had vanished without a trace.

'What happened?'

'Was last night's dream really the doing of that person?'

'But isn't this reaction a bit too much?'

Arthur was puzzled.

Logically, if it was really that person's doing, they should have continued playing dumb when they met today.

Such a big reaction seemed like exposing themselves deliberately.

And if it wasn't their doing, why was the person so terrified? He was no different from yesterday... Wait!

Almost instinctively, as this thought flashed through his mind, Arthur looked at his right hand.

A faint stench was still there.

'That person could smell this scent!'

'This odor must be something like a marking!'

In an instant, Arthur narrowed his eyes.

Without any hesitation, he started searching for traces of the person.

Although he still could not confirm the beggar's identity, the fact that they could smell such an odor proved they were a Mystic Side Person.

At the very least, related to the Mystic Side!

He knew too little about the Mystic Side, but now that he had found someone, he naturally wanted to communicate as much as possible—but after searching through West Mok Avenue and some nearby small streets and alleys three times, Arthur found no trace of them; the person seemed to have just disappeared.

Not until the sun began to set did Arthur choose to temporarily give up and head towards No. 2 Cork Street.

He had already contacted Wiggins, asking for help in the search.

He believed that with Wiggins's professional abilities and more personnel, there would definitely be results.

If it were any other Mystic Side Person, Arthur might not have been so confident, but regarding the one disguised as a beggar, he was very confident in Wiggins.

After all, the Golden Finger people are most familiar with beggars.

Indeed, some of the Golden Finger individuals were beggars themselves.

With expectations for Wiggins in his heart, and again reminding himself to be doubly cautious recently, Arthur took a deep breath and continued on his way home.

Of course, he had to avoid the alley where Eivor was located—during his earlier search for the beggar, he had been there, and Eivor had always waved enthusiastically, forcing Arthur to respond with a smile.

But that was an obligation for a reason; now, under normal circumstances, Arthur chose to avoid the interaction.

Social anxiety and bold social interactions always perfectly manifested themselves in Arthur.

And just as Arthur passed through Dar Alley onto Cork Street, he saw a modified Bloom Carriage parked in front of No. 2 Cork Street.

Immediately, Arthur pressed a hidden mechanism on the handle of the Spirit Medium Box he was carrying; the secret compartment silently opened, revealing two bundles of explosives inside.