

Great Master 29

Chapter 29: Compensation Just After Lunch

The unexpected encounter with the beggar had already put Arthur on high alert.

At the moment, Arthur seemed as usual, but his internal vigilance was ten times the norm, with every rustle of the wind and movement of the grass stimulating his nerves.

After placing two bundles of dynamite inside his overcoat, Arthur walked along the wall and slowly approached the modified Bloom carriage.

The special effect of "Shadow Concealment" from his Talent "Dark Serpent" was exerting its intended function.

With a +3 Stealth modifier, Arthur approached the rear of the carriage almost without sound.

Relying on his 1.7 Physique for enhanced hearing, Arthur could clearly pick up the conversation inside the carriage.

"Bern, are you sure he can really perform Necromancy?"

"Yes, boss!"

"I and a dozen others saw it with our own eyes!"

"Arthur Kredos is a true 'Spirit Medium' Master!"

The conversation within the carriage, and the voice belonging to Bern, made Arthur pinch out the just-lit fuse of the dynamite.

Just as silently as he had approached before, Arthur returned to his initial position, reinserting the two bundles of dynamite into the Spirit Medium Box, before heading boldly toward No. 2 Cork Street.

This unabashed advance was immediately noticed by the people inside the carriage.

Bern, whom he had seen once before, jumped down from the carriage and waved at Arthur.

"Master Kredos, over here!"

The young swordsmanship coach gave Arthur the respect he deserved, his gaze filled with deep reverence.

Without a doubt, the incident before had greatly impacted the young coach, who under normal circumstances, would definitely not show up in front of Arthur again so soon.

However, there are always surprises.

After exchanging greetings, the young swordsmanship coach stepped aside to reveal the middle-aged man standing behind him.

Unlike Bern, this middle-aged man was dressed elegantly, with a prominent belly and two shiny black mustaches above his upper lip.

Without waiting for Arthur to come closer, the middle-aged man came forward and removed his hat.

"I've been waiting for you, Master Arthur Kredos."

In response to the man's enthusiasm, Arthur offered a smile.

"Welcome to No. 2 Cork Street."

Arthur opened the gate and stepped in; the man immediately signaled the coachman to mind the carriage and beckoned Bern to follow him inside.

As he listened to the footsteps behind him, Arthur began to ponder what the man could offer him.

The man was Bern's boss, the owner of the 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club,' and now that someone had died in the club, the man didn't deal with the trouble but instead waited for Arthur on Cork Street. What did that indicate?

Linking this with the previous conversation, the answer was obvious.

What Dexi said about the murder was true.

Littler really had secured the third place in the last 'Swordsmanship Competition' through bribery.

And being able to communicate with the dead, he naturally knew more.

To silence him, that's why the man had waited here.

So what would the man use to silence him?

Money, was a must-have.

Besides money, could there be swordsmanship?

Owning a swordsmanship club, the man had close contact with swordsmen; perhaps he had something of value to offer.

Anyway, if he was going to extort, might as well ask for the moon and settle for the coins!

Arthur thought without the slightest burden on his conscience.

Although the man was not one of those he imagined harboring ill intentions, judging by his actions, he did not fall into the category that would soften Arthur's heart.

Moreover, this was in line with the 'Spirit Medium rules' set by Old Charlie: ill-gotten coins ought to be purified, turned into food, clothing, housing.

That's why the Kredos Family had a residence on Cork Street and received food, clothing, and an education that seemed quite expensive to the average person.

Many people envied them.

But they were not jealous.

Because Old Charlie was indeed helping the poor when he had the means.

Of course, there will never be a shortage of ingrates.

You give him a little, and he asks for more, you give him more, and he will want your life.

When dealing with such people, Old Charlie would generally choose either "Exorcism" or "Purification."

The former leaves a complete corpse.

The latter leaves no remains at all.

"Truly a respectable elder."

Through the memories of his previous life, Arthur subjectively evaluated his own grandfather.

And following behind Arthur, Todd Gili grew increasingly uneasy.

The owner of the Swordsmanship Club was equally frightened by the setup at No. 2 Cork Street.

In fact, it wasn't just Todd Gili who was scared, Bern walking next to him was also frightened.

This tall and robust swordsmanship coach not only had a panicked look in his eyes but walked with an incredibly stiff body, his clenched fists looking like they were ready to strike at any moment.

Fortunately, the corridor wasn't long, and upon entering the Spirit Medium Parlor, Bern let out a long sigh of relief while the club owner quickly took out 10 gold notes.

"Please forgive my impudence. I simply cannot express in words the excitement I felt upon meeting you. This is a small recompense for what you endured at the club today. Please accept it."

Todd Gili, with his background as a businessman, spoke with cunning words and a respectful attitude.

Arthur, however, offered Bern a smile that was not quite a smile.

Clearly, Bern was unaware of his boss's true thoughts; otherwise, his boss wouldn't have spoken so 'evasively.'

Arthur averted his gaze, not even looking at the 10 gold notes on the table, but said with an equally 'evasive' tone,

"Indeed, it is a small recompense. You should know that Litter's Lost Soul is following you."

"Ah?!"

The owner of the Swordsmanship Club seemed startled and exclaimed, swiftly taking out another 10 gold notes.

"The Undead is still lingering!"

Arthur continued.

Without hesitation, the club owner took out another 10 gold notes, yet Arthur did not speak again; he simply stared straight at the man. After less than a second's pause, the club owner emptied the remaining 70 gold notes from his pocket and laid them on the table.

By then, fine beads of sweat had begun to appear on the man's forehead.

With the skill "Insight" activating, Arthur perceived the man's distress.

100 gold notes, converted into Suo, amounted to 1000 Suo, enough for a common family in Old Town to struggle for three years.

"The Lost Souls have departed."

After putting the gold notes into his wallet, Arthur said this.

Todd Gili immediately breathed a sigh of relief, but then Arthur added,

"But he still has an obsession—an obsession with swordsmanship. I hope you can help him fulfill it. He does not wish to be used only for ordinary, basic swordsmanship; he desires something better."

"That... is very difficult!"

"But please believe that I will do my best. Just give me some time!"

The face of the Swordsmanship Club owner showed difficulty.

Arthur was not surprised by this.

Knowledge in South County was expensive, and swordsmanship was naturally a form of knowledge. Moreover, considering the 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club,' the value of swordsmanship far exceeded that of ordinary knowledge.

"Alright!"

With Arthur's nod, Todd Gili finally relaxed.

Bern also showed a smile. To the young swordsmanship coach, it seemed worthwhile to compensate Arthur and appease Litter's Lost Soul, even if 100 gold notes were expensive.

Having obtained what he wanted and in a particularly good mood, Arthur personally escorted the two men out and watched them as they moved away.

Only when they were out of sight did Arthur turn and head back into the house.

But just as he turned, he felt a weight on his shoulder.

And there—

A palm suddenly appeared on it.