

Great Master 33

Chapter 33: Gentleness Above Crimson

Arthur naturally knew that carrying that puppet doll made his appearance weird, and even frightening.

After all, the doll itself was designed by Old Charlie to scare people.

Just looking at it alone was unsettling, let alone being carried out on a rainy day; Arthur wouldn't be surprised if it made children cry.

But faced with that beggar, how could Arthur not use his trump card?

In fact, if time had allowed, he would have ordered more puppet dolls and scarecrows to encircle the beggar with them.

Of course, the one in his arms was enough.

There's a use for having many, and a use for having few.

Therefore, Arthur felt sorry for those he scared, but he did not regret it.

However, the scene before him made Arthur puzzled—

The puppet doll could scare most people, but it absolutely did not include infants.

Especially infants only a few months old.

Infants this age have not fully developed their vision and are highly nearsighted; they can't clearly see their surroundings.

Let alone the puppet doll in Arthur's arms.

Moreover, even if the infants saw it, would they or she understand the fear of the puppet doll?

Not at all!

Infants this size only fear two things:

Hunger and pain.

And only these two things could make an infant cry out loud.

Which type was the infant before him?

Arthur narrowed his eyes as he observed the man and woman with the infant before him. Both were dressed like middle-class but their clothes were slightly worn-out; the man's sleeve was frayed, and the woman's skirt style was from several years ago.

About to go bankrupt middle-class!

Anyone looking at the two would think the same.

Thus, they overlooked the coarse cloth wrapped around the infant.

Using coarse cloth to wrap an infant is probably something a common family would do.

The middle class, even those about to go bankrupt, far surpass common families and would not use such inferior coarse cloth to wrap their children.

Especially the middle class about to go bankrupt, who would try their utmost to retain the last ounce of dignity, thus they certainly would not use coarse cloth.

Most importantly, a mother would not, out of nervousness, clench her hand and hurt her own child.

Even if this mother were extremely careless, she should still hold her child tightly and hide it in her bosom, not clench it tightly as if to throw it away anytime.

It was an item.

Not a child.

With "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" flickering, Arthur took everything into account. When he saw the man and woman panic after being startled, he more or less confirmed their identities.

Human traffickers!

Specifically, those who steal infants!

In South Los, stealing infants is a major crime punishable by death!

But still, some are willing to take the risk.

Because the profits are enormous.

A healthy infant can easily be sold for 10 gold notes. After all, some buyers with special needs don't care about the price; if urgently needed, the price can be further increased—the purity of infants' blood is well-known, and in South Los, there are rumors that consuming infant blood can cure diseases and restore health.

Moreover, some believe that eating newly born infants can extend their lifespan.

Although after the "witch hunting", such atrocities have subsided.

But in the face of interests, there's no shortage of audacious individuals.

The man and woman before him were clearly such people.

Phew!

Arthur withdrew his gaze, took a slight breath, methodically put away his umbrella, placed the Spirit Medium Box at his feet, letting the puppet doll sit on his lap, and then lightly tapped the carriage.

The coachman of the public carriage heard the sound and immediately stopped the carriage.

Arthur whispered to Wiggins.

"I need a little time," he said.

Although Wiggins did not understand what Arthur was planning, he immediately jumped down from the carriage and closed the carriage door, buying time for Arthur.

This was not difficult; in public carriages, the fare was paid on disembarkation, and as long as no money was given, the coachman would argue for quite some time, followed by the passengers' verbal and written backlash.

Of course, the most important thing was that public carriages' coachmen were physically strong young men.

During the early operations of the public carriages in South Los, there were no clear rules about the coachmen's age or strength. However, after several public carriage robberies, the situation changed. Young, strong, especially those skilled in swordsmanship, became preferred and received better treatment.

But Wiggins did not need those.

Wiggins' identity alone was enough to earn him the 'respect' of the coachman.

Compared to ordinary citizens, these public carriage coachmen knew well who could be provoked and who could not.

A Golden Finger like Wiggins was definitely the type to avoid if possible.

With the carriage door shut, the conversation between Wiggins and the coachman was barely audible. Meanwhile, Arthur meticulously fiddled with the puppet doll.

He turned the puppet to face the man and woman, lifted its arms to point at them, and asked softly,

"Hmm, is it them?"

"Did you feel pain?"

"Don't worry, they will feel worse soon!"

Arthur's voice became low and slightly ominous. Raindrops continued to pelt on the carriage, akin to striking the heart, making the man and woman's faces change dramatically. The woman's face was already pale, trembling all over, while the man was also frightened, but still drew a dagger aiming it at Arthur.

"Be smart! We don't want trouble," the man yelled, his voice stern but fearful.

This situation dispelled Arthur's last trace of doubt.

Everything up until now had only been conjecture.

Despite numerous clues, conjectures could still be wrong.

But threats were not mistaken.

Arthur was simply watching the other person with a smile.

The next moment, his eyes began to emit a faint golden color as his round pupils started elongating.

When the gold filled his eyes, the vertical pupils' light became cold and sharp.

A man and a woman who made eye contact with Arthur's eyes began to scream.

"Snake!"

"Snake!"

The two, panic-stricken like mad, were about to flee outside the carriage.

But Arthur was faster, he first snatched the baby from the woman's hands, and then took the dagger from the man.

Next?

The dagger swept across the throats of the two people.

Puff!

Blood sprayed, turning the inside of the carriage crimson.

When Wiggins, who heard the sound, opened the carriage door again, he almost knelt down.

"Th-th..."

"These two were stealing babies, they must be habitual offenders."

Facing Wiggins, who was somewhat stammering in speech, Arthur carefully held the baby, deliberately lowering his voice.

He was worried that the baby would wake up and start crying, which would be troublesome—he was merely imitating when comforting children, and if the baby really cried, he would definitely be in a panic and utterly clueless.

Wiggins nodded blankly, he knew he should call the police now, but he still couldn't help but stop and look at Arthur, who was sitting in the midst of crimson, cradling the baby.

At the feet of that man, two bodies were still gushing blood, yet the infant was in that man's arms, sleeping soundly, breathing evenly.

The man was treating the newborn baby with unprecedented tenderness.

This tenderness and purity were blossoming a faint light amidst the gloomy rain.

This unusual scene attracted Wiggins's gaze.

Such a gentle person!

Wiggins thought to himself.

But the next moment, he shook his head forcefully.

Because...

The blood of those two child traffickers had dripped onto his shoes.

It wasn't out of pity for the child traffickers; in the eyes of Golden Finger, such people were not worth pitying, but the shoes were his own.

However, Wiggins knew what was most important to do now.

Golden Finger turned around and ran to find the police.

Delayed by twenty minutes, once everything had been handed over to the police, Arthur switched to a new carriage, continuing forward under Wiggins's guidance.

Inside the carriage, Scott, who was drawn to the scene of the incident, expressed his astonishment.

"Arthur, you really are a gentle person, that baby in your arms just now did not cry or fuss at all."

Wiggins, hearing this, secretly curled his lip.

Gentle?

Are you blind, didn't you see those two bodies with slit throats?

It's true that those two deserved to die, but Arthur, gentle?

Even if there was any gentleness, it was overshadowed by the crimson.

Wiggins was muttering to himself.

Scott, however, did not pay attention to these details, as he was inquiring in detail about Arthur's recent encounter, which was relevant for the next day's special edition.

"Arthur, how did you realize something was amiss?"

"It was 'Anna' who told me."

"Anna?"

Scott was taken aback, and then saw Arthur pointing at the puppet doll in his arms—when it came to earning more XP, Arthur was an old hand.

Spirit Medium Arthur had repeatedly appeared before the eyes of South Los's masses, which could cause aesthetic fatigue among the newspaper readers.

People are inherently seekers of novelty.

Knowing this, Arthur naturally maintained a sense of novelty.

Thus, the puppet doll had a brand new name.

But Scott was unaware of these matters.

He saw the young reporter appear somewhat self-conscious after glancing at Arthur and, upon seeing Arthur nod slightly with encouraging eyes, he promptly nodded towards the puppet doll.

"Hello, Ms. Anna."

The skirt on the puppet doll warranted such a form of address by the young reporter.

And to the young reporter's greeting, the puppet doll naturally did not respond, but the young reporter found a plausible explanation for himself.

"Um, it must be that I lack the Talent, so I cannot hear Ms. Anna's response, although she has already responded to me."

"I am really sorry, Ms. Anna."

Saying this, Scott bent over apologetically.

Watching this scene, Wiggins felt an unnatural tingling sensation in his scalp and involuntarily twitched a few times.

He had always thought Scott was a bit abnormal.

This now proved it.

Being around someone not quite normal, plus that horrifying doll, and especially a Medium who looked normal but was anything but, Golden Finger felt an immense pressure coming at him.

In his heart, Golden Finger was praying they would quickly reach their destination.

However, the journey did not shorten despite Wiggins's prayers.

It was still fifteen minutes before the carriage finally stopped.

Before the carriage had completely halted, Wiggins already pushed open the carriage door and jumped down, saying—

"We've arrived!"