

Great Master 46

Chapter 46 The Thrill of Guessing!

Upon hearing the newsboy's shout, Wiggins stood thunderstruck.

His eyes widened, mouth agape, disbelievingly turning his head.

He saw the smiles on Arthur's face.

Did Middel and Gite really have connections with the Earl of South Los?!

Although upon hearing about the new law 'the Adherent,' Wiggins had already grasped the critical point.

Even so, why was Malz able to confirm that the reclusive Lord Count would help?

What if the Lord Count refused?

After all, aside from collecting taxes, the Lord Count had previously been indifferent to the affairs of South Los.

More doubts surfaced in Wiggins' mind.

Then, Golden Finger reflexively looked up and once again gazed toward No. 2 Cork Street.

Arthur!

It must be Arthur!

It was Arthur who convinced the Lord Count to agree!

As for the method used?

Don't forget Arthur's identity!

Arthur is a 'Spirit Medium'!

Hiss!

Before the doubts could dissipate from the depths of Golden Finger's heart, more baseless speculations emerged. Consequently, Golden Finger, who had already walked a good distance away, once again faced the direction of No. 2 Cork Street and deeply bowed before finally departing.

Arthur saw this scene clearly.

Even, Arthur guessed what Wiggins had just imagined.

To this, Arthur had no intention of explaining.

For Arthur, reverence was a positive term, and he was quite happy to have Wiggins maintain such reverence.

Watching Wiggins leave, Arthur, dressed in pajamas, bought a neatly pressed newspaper from a newsboy—one that cost an additional Zeroes, but was more popular.

After all, hiring a butler would be much more expensive than that.

Of course, the newspaper was not the Horn Report.

This kind of major news was beyond the reach of the Horn Report; it could only be from the South Los Daily—the Earl of South Los had shares in this newspaper.

Arthur stood at the door, flipping through the newspaper.

It was divided into two parts—

Officer Alaid was the murderer of Police Chief Woolter and Officer Otto and had been killed by Malz.

At the same time, several officers from Shire District were implicated and were detained by Malz.

This was the first half, briefly written in just a few sentences—it was kept as simple as possible.

But the content was chilling enough to send shivers down one's spine.

Alaid was a Third-Class Officer, one of only two in Shire District. In the absence of the Police Chief and without a Deputy Chief, Third-Class Officers were the highest rank.

'To make everything seem logical?'

With this thought in mind, Arthur continued to read the newspaper.

The second half of the newspaper introduced Malz.

This part was incredibly detailed, almost starting from Malz's infancy and took up four full pages to chronicle Malz's life.

Undoubtedly, this was paving the way for Malz.

At this, Arthur felt a bit envious.

Although he frequently appeared in the Horn Report, the South Los Daily was obviously superior, both in circulation capability and its range of influence.

Even in Inner Bay, one could find the South Los Daily.

The XP it brought was naturally higher than that of the Horn Report.

But getting into the South Los Daily was not easy for him.

It wasn't just that the South Los Daily had its thresholds, but also due to the 'exclusive reporting' rule, Arthur didn't wish for Scott, whom he now considered a friend, to lose the 'Spirit Medium Case Investigation' exclusive.

Of course, Arthur wanted it all!

He wished to continue appearing in the Horn Report as well as to make it into the South Los Daily.

'It's a bit difficult, but not impossible!'

Arthur thought of the 'Swordsmanship Competition'!

That was where his real harvest would be!

But more preparation was needed.

Subconsciously, his gaze turned to the text only he could see—

[The twists of the baby kidnapping case shocked the people; their hatred for human traffickers made them wish they could replace you in taking them down; XP+20]

[More people have heard your name; XP+2]

...

Without hesitation, Arthur immediately upgraded [Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo].

This had been decided yesterday, and Arthur had no plans to change it.

[Spend 20 points of XP, Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo Lv2→Lv3]

[Swift Bird Swordsmanship. Pseudo Lv3: The form of Swift Bird Swordsmanship has reached its peak under your constant recollection and practice. Before acquiring more secrets of swordsmanship, you cannot advance further; Effect: When using your self-comprehended Swift Bird Sword Posture, the speed of your next strike is additionally increased by +0.3]

(Note: This skill level has reached its limit.)

...

The synchronization of body and knowledge began.

A familiar warmth once again filled Arthur's body.

And with it came...

Birdcalls!

Upon hearing the call, Arthur felt as if he were flying, surrounded by countless other birds in flight.

These birds were huge, incredibly fast, with crimson eyes and mouths full of fearsome teeth.

And him?

His body was elongated, winding and coiling, with a set of wings on his back.

But before Arthur could get a clear look...

He was back in front of No. 2 Cork Street.

[Physique +0.1]

[Spirituality +0.1]

...

The feeling of growing stronger in all aspects returned. Although the specifics of how [Spirituality +0.1] had changed were unclear to Arthur, the effects of a 1.8 [Physique] on his hearing were immediate. Even with the doors shut, he could clearly make out the neighbors' discussions.

"What do they want to do?"

"Are they planning a rebellion?"

"A bunch of parasites!"

"Damned Blue-Skin Dogs!"

What started as reasoned speculation soon degenerated into curses.

Arthur shook his head.

Upon hearing these curses, Arthur knew that the South Los Daily had achieved its goal... no, it was the Earl of South Los who had achieved his goal.

'It seems he should be able to smoothly take over those properties now!'

Arthur felt no envy.

However, the Earl of South Los, originally just a 'symbolic figure' in Arthur's mind, had gradually become more tangible.

'Power, ah, it's not simply about what it gives you, but the terrifying ability to take everything from you — the nobility who wield such power...

What else do they control?'

Without realizing it, a hypothesis began to form in the depths of Arthur's mind.

A hypothesis that people often overlook, yet is real to the point of cruelty.

'If that's true...

'That would be the biggest problem!'

Arthur rubbed his temples, feeling an increased sense of urgency.

He needed the complete Swift Bird Swordsmanship or sword techniques of a similar level.

Merely having Scott and the owner of the 'Joel Jock Swordsmanship Club' wouldn't be enough.

'Do I need to find her?'

Arthur thought of Marinda Julius Caesar.

Experience tales with empire

With her influence, finding similar sword techniques should be quite easy.

But almost immediately, Arthur shook his head.

She was too dangerous.

Without sufficient strength or an appropriate entry point, he did not wish to become too closely involved with her.

Which left him with only one option...

Malz!

After last night's events, his partnership with Malz had progressed further.

In fact, the two of them, holding each other's secrets while also relying on each other's support, could be said to have become the closest of 'allies.'

What about their relationship moving forward?

It would be mutually beneficial!

He believed that Malz would certainly not mind helping him find some sword techniques or the like while 'planning a comfortable retirement.'

After all, he would make sure that Malz's 'comfortable retirement' would be just that — comfortable!

'I need to discuss our plans in detail with Malz!'

As Arthur thought about this, his gaze shifted towards the door behind him.

The next moment, the doorbell rang—

Ding, ding!

A group of unexpected visitors appeared outside No. 2 Cork Street.

When Arthur saw them, his eyes were full of surprise.