

Great Master 48

Chapter 48: Poison of the Vulture, Like Purgatory!

Arthur discovered something amiss.

When he just saw the textual prompt, his instinct told him that he should burn that painting——it was an instinct from the depths of a being's soul, as if it were a reaction imprinted in his soul by countless ancestors, even though he had never encountered anything like it before.

Burn it! Burn it!

Only when the blaze rose did the unease in his heart completely disappear.

However, Arthur's gaze shifted to his attribute column——

[Spirituality: 0.2]

...

Every change has its reason!

Everything that happens has its cause and effect!

It cannot be without reason!

Arthur had never encountered such a thing before, but ever since his [Spirituality] went up by 0.1, he began encountering these strange occurrences.

In an instant, many speculations surfaced in Arthur's mind.

Arthur's expression gradually grew unsightly.

Because these speculations were not at all good.

Especially the worst one, which made Arthur raise his hand to rub his brow——

The higher the Spirituality, the higher the probability of encountering mystic events!

The Mystic Side doesn't just have the power that people yearn for, it's filled with a life of wonder, like romantic adventures, but also...

Danger!

These dangers often come with Death.

And the cause of Death might be the power you long for, the life of wonder you want to enjoy, or the adventure everyone seeks but cannot find.

Of course, the most likely is that 'indescribable' thing Arthur just encountered.

Arthur also didn't know what kind of soul would be integrated into his painting.

But burning it was the best choice.

At this moment, he very much wanted to know more about the 'Mystic Side' of things, including but not limited to his speculations about Spirituality and many rules.

His speculations regarding Spirituality were particularly crucial because if he was right, he would inevitably be stuck in a viscous cycle:

He sought power, but power would bring Spirituality, and Spirituality would bring unknown things, thereby posing a threat to him!

What if this threat exceeded his ability to cope?

Death!

Undoubtedly, Death!

And a terrible one at that!

Very likely, it would be a fate worse than Death, like...

That beggar!

The thought of becoming like that beggar, silly one moment and mad the next, made Arthur's scalp tingle.

As for giving up power?

For Arthur, that was even more impossible.

In the world before him, without power, one would be at others' mercy.

Even, more likely than the former to die faster.

'Is this why the Mystic Side is gradually waning?'

'Have they not found a way to protect themselves?'

'Or is there a similar method, but they keep it secret?'

More speculations appeared, and after several deep breaths, Arthur managed to suppress his chaotic thoughts.

He knew that being anxious would only lead to mistakes in his judgment.

And wishful thinking would surely lead to his downfall.

What he needed to do now was to wait patiently for Wiggins' message, as well as...attend the salon of Marinda Julius Caesar.

The salon of the 'Lady of the Eternal Night' was an arrangement made beforehand.

Arthur wouldn't go back on his word.

When night fell completely, Edwin knocked on the door of No. 2 Cork Street, and Arthur put on his black double-breasted coat, its silver buttons gleaming under the bright lights of the landau carriage, paired with clean shoes, made the already handsome Arthur look even more spirited, his Spirit Medium Box in hand adding an extra touch of mystery.

"Good evening, Mr. Kledos."

Edwin greeted Arthur, bowing as he opened the carriage door.

"Good evening, Edwin."

Arthur responded, but couldn't help frowning inwardly.

Edwin was Miss Caesar's coachman and should only serve her exclusively.

Yet now her coachman was driving her carriage to pick him up.

This was the courtesy afforded only to the most honored guests, exceedingly formal, but Miss Caesar's formality did not flatter Arthur.

On the contrary, Arthur's wariness rose another level.

He distinctly remembered the coachman's tone when he said he would come to pick him up, that polite tone, in Arthur's mind, meant that Miss Caesar would send a carriage, not that she would send her own coachman, driving her own carriage.

This was too conspicuous.

And at that moment, Edwin spoke.

"I apologize."

The lowered voice could only be heard by the two of them.

Arthur boarded the carriage impassively, but deep down, he found the situation increasingly strange.

Because he knew that this was Edwin apologizing on behalf of his master.

It must have been Miss Caesar's intention.

While committing a reckless act, she immediately expressed an apology to him.

This suggested—

'The other party is in some kind of unavoidable situation!'

'Are they under surveillance?'

Arthur's eyes narrowed, as he pondered the meaning behind this and assessed the risks and rewards.

Soon, he concluded that the risks were low and the rewards, quite attractive.

Quite simply, if the situation were truly life-threatening, the other party's carriage driver would not have appeared at all, and even the salon would have been cancelled.

The other party must be in a situation where they 'know they are being watched but cannot afford to break cover, only able to divert the watcher's attention.'

With this in mind, Arthur breathed a sigh of relief.

But his contemplation did not stop there.

'Assuming the other party is in a constrained situation and also needs me to attract others' attention, then... what does the other want to do next?'

Arthur frowned deeply.

His knowledge of Miss Caesar was too limited, and even at this point, he could not make any predictions.

However, one thing was for certain to Arthur.

The lady was seeking cooperation!

Immediately, a spark of light shone in Arthur's slightly squinted eyes.

He seemed to see a large amount of XP waving at him.

"Mr. Kledos, we are off!"

After exchanging greetings, Edwin cracked his whip.

Crack

With a sharp snap, the carriage started moving, progressing smoothly and steadily, without causing Arthur to feel the slightest jolt.

Knowing the condition of Cork Street's roads well, Arthur couldn't help but inwardly praise Edwin's driving skills; anyone else driving this horse-drawn carriage would surely not maintain such stability.

And as the driver for Miss Caesar, such driving skills were essential.

The carriage smoothly passed along West Mok Avenue, travelled down Garden Street, turned into a shaded lane at the end of Garden Street, passed Spring Water Square, and finally arrived at the destination for this trip: the White Bird District.

If Garden Street was a residential area for the average middle class, and Cork Street was the prime choice for affluent middle-class families, then the White Bird District was the selection of the true wealthy.

Not only was the environment beautiful, closely adjacent to Spring Water Square, but it was also a short distance from that Earl's residence.

Of course, the most important aspect was safety.

There was a guardhouse near Spring Water Square.

An entire squad of patrol officers stationed there, keeping away anyone who wasn't a resident of the White Bird District from approaching the square.

That's right!

Starting from Spring Water Square, the one-kilometer stretch of road leading up to the White Bird District also fell under its jurisdiction.

With the familiar face of Edwin, it was natural that the carriage Arthur was in would not be stopped.

Seeing this, Arthur grew even more confident in his earlier speculation.

Miss Caesar was under surveillance, but her situation was not dangerous.

For him, this was truly good news.

Because this indicated that if the two of them cooperated, then it would be—

Low risk, high reward!

This was what everyone desired!

Arthur was no exception.

The carriage continued to advance, unobstructed all the way to No. 6 White Bird Street, without stopping, directly entering the courtyard.

The opened iron gate, the servants at the entrance, welcoming one guest after another.

The horse-drawn carriages that would congest the entirety of Cork Street were perfectly suited here in the courtyard. Even with three other carriages parked alongside, the courtyard did not appear crowded.

Despite the number of people standing in the courtyard.

There were servants, as well as guests.

The servants smiled and served each guest diligently.

The guests, in groups of three or five, engaged in lively discussions or strolled around the yard in pairs, all while the music from the hall made everything seem so pleasant and desirable.

When Edwin opened the carriage door and Arthur stepped down, both guests and servants alike turned their attention to him at the same moment.

Clearly, these people recognized Edwin and the carriage of Marinda Julius Caesar.

As they watched Arthur alight, many speculated about his identity.

Especially the young ladies, who eyed Arthur's handsome features and giggled behind their hands.

The slightly older ladies were bolder, clustering together to critique Arthur openly.

The stir among the ladies naturally triggered a chain reaction among the men.

The older ones just watched the scene with a smile, as if reminiscing about youth.

Motivated by their hormones, the younger men eyed Arthur as if they were in a cockfight.

The spotlighted Arthur remained completely at ease.

For Arthur, a crowd devoid of danger was akin to a bunch of pumpkins.

Compared to these, he was more concerned about the Lady of the Eternal Night.

Because, at this moment, he finally understood what Marinda Julius Caesar wanted to do!