

Great Master 511

Chapter 511: There's Always Waiting, Like a Spring Breeze Caressing the Face, Unaware and Unafraid

Arthur automatically added the title "Leader of the Cat Sect" to himself.

He was the Leader of the Cat Sect!

Not a fake leader!

His title as the contemporary "Black Cat" had been recognized by the world, and he even had the Entry-level Atlas "Great Orange," so how could he not be called the Leader of the Cat Sect?

In some ways, he truly deserved it.

Therefore, Grindelwald introduced him with complete ease.

"Hello, Mr. Grindelwald,"

Garcia responded gratefully.

This "Cloak Society" novice, a writer who had rejected drafts a hundred times and also worked part-time as an Intelligence Trafficker, bowed again in gratitude.

Watching the "awkward" Garcia, Didian sighed slightly in her heart.

She knew the man before her was very naive.

Yes, naive.

It was unbelievable for someone working part-time as an Intelligence Trafficker to be naive—if told, nobody would believe it.

But Garcia was indeed naive.

All this time, Garcia had used the money he earned as a part-time Intelligence Trafficker to support his writing—this was sometimes even more unbelievable than a naive Intelligence Trafficker, after all, others wrote books to make a living, but Garcia wrote as a way of living.

Simply put—

Writing was Garcia's dream.

For that dream, Garcia had given up on living.

Or rather, writing was Garcia's life.

In Garcia's world, writing was the top priority.

The rest?

Not so important.

Although Garcia understood some social dealings and knew how to bend a bit for meals, he didn't get involved deeply.

So, in Didian's eyes, Garcia was very special, very endearing.

But at that moment, Didian knew she needed to step in.

Otherwise, the adorable Garcia in her eyes would just seem a fool in the eyes of others.

"Thank you for your help, Lord Grindelwald.

I am Didian from the Lotus Leaf Hotel, and if there is anything you command, I will do my best,"

Didian said, slightly bowing.

In the world, there is no hatred without reason.

Nor is there love without reason.

Didian, who had grown up after the Seven Years' War, was too well aware of the relationships between people; apart from benefits, it was an exchange of benefits.

That's why she loved her family,

because her mother had selflessly given them love, breaking the phrase "there is no such thing as love without reason."

She had once asked her mother why she had taken her back.

"I couldn't just watch you starve, could I?"

Lady Garda had said with a puzzled face.

That puzzled expression, Didian still remembered it.

So, Didian called Lady Garda mother.

So, even though Didian had long been able to leave, she still remained at the "Lotus Leaf Hotel"—it was only natural for her to care for her elderly mother since her mother had taken care of her when she was young.

This was not equivalent exchange.

It was the support among family members.

But beyond family?

Didian would not trust more.

Well, the adorable Garcia was an exception.

Grindelwald, seeing the expression on Didian's face, naturally knew what the eldest daughter of the Lotus Leaf Hotel was thinking and immediately smiled.

There was no aggressiveness, but gentleness, and even more, grace.

"This was a major's order.

He disrupted your peaceful lives, so he chose to take care of it afterward.

Moreover...

The major promises you that similar incidents won't happen again,"

Grindelwald said and, after making a graceful bow, turned and walked away.

As he passed by the ice sculpture, his cane gently tapped it.

Ding!

Crack!

In the crisp sound, the ice sculpture shattered directly.

The middle-aged man was dead beyond doubt.

After that, Grindelwald's steps did not stop, quickly disappearing into the afternoon sun.

Grindelwald had truly left.

Arthur indeed wanted to recruit Didian, his brother Sapir, and of course, Garcia.

But recruitment had to be approached in the right way.

If it were someone foolish like Garcia, Arthur would have spoken up directly.

But what about someone as meticulous and suspicious as Didian?

Then he would need the other party to initiate.

If Arthur took the initiative?

The other party would surely be on guard, even to the point of running away.

About this, Arthur was all too clear.

Because—

He had once been a similar person.

So, Arthur knew quite well what he should do.

Garcia, seeing the furrowed brows of Didian and then looking towards the direction where Grindelwald disappeared, scratched his head, somewhat puzzled.

Garcia felt that Mr. Grindelwald was not a bad person.

But why then did Didian look so grave?

Didian noticed Garcia's expression and couldn't help but say,

"The favor from such a big shot is not so easy to owe!"

Didian instinctively didn't trust Grindelwald's words, but questioned what she had that would be of interest to him.

Her looks?

She questioned herself, her looks were not outstanding, and she was already in her thirties.

More importantly, the other person's eyes were clear.

As for that big shot?

The rumored 'Lady of the Long Night' was stunningly beautiful.

So, what was he after?

The Lotus Leaf Hotel?

Her few foolish brothers and sisters?

Impossible.

The doubt rising in her heart made Didian somewhat uneasy, while Garcia scratched his head again—

"Didian, that, that..."

The hesitant Garcia made the already uneasy Didian tense up even more.

No way?

At this time?

Tense, Didian's body tightened all over.

"I broke the wine I bought with my manuscript fee, sorry!

I promise, next time I get my manuscript fee, I'll bring new wine!"

Garcia said so.

"Hmm?"

Didian was taken aback.

"Oh, you know, I'm not great at writing, so, the next manuscript fee might take a while, I promise in half a year... no, one year... or maybe three years..."

Garcia himself became increasingly embarrassed as he spoke.

Didian decisively gave Garcia a kick and then turned and walked away.

"Ah!"

Garcia, holding his shin, fell to the ground, crying out in pain.

Fallen there, Garcia watched the departing Didian and glanced at the shattered wine bottle on the ground nearby, murmuring to himself:

"I originally planned to use them to prove that I fulfilled my promise to you, and then... confess."

Looking at the broken wine bottle, Garcia was tearful without tears.

Then, getting up and running while shaking his painful shin, he shouted loudly—

"Wait for me, Didian!"

And Didian, already moving forward, quickened her pace upon hearing such a shout.

Garcia limped in pursuit.

Slow, clumsy.

The crow on the rooftop watched this scene, a smile appearing in its eyes.

Then, it spread its wings and flew.

It swept through the narrow alley, flew over the wide street.

Eventually, it landed on the rooftop of No. 2 Cork Street, scanning over Merlin and Gawain who were cleaning the courtyard, then gazing towards the approaching carriage.

Sitting inside the carriage, Marinda, who was holding an unlit pipe, made eye contact with the crow and couldn't help but snort—

"Hmph, such a pretentious guy!"

Chapter 512: New Crow!

Arthur, bleary-eyed from sleep, couldn't help but show his delight upon seeing Marinda.

And Marinda, holding a food box, had her cheeks slightly flushed.

Arthur stepped aside to welcome Marinda in.

Anyone who saw this scene would envy their relationship, after all, it's a sight usually reserved for the honeymoon phase of love.

But what happens when the honeymoon phase fades away?

Indifference begins to surface.

And when indifference appears, arguments are not far behind.

As for always being in the honeymoon phase?

Either one party is constantly changing.

Or it's...

Acting!

Just like Arthur and Marinda at this moment.

When the door of No. 2 Cork Street closed, Marinda hummed again.

"Such a pretentious guy."

The sudden remark did not leave Arthur puzzled.

He knew exactly why Marinda was irritated.

Because—

Barrier Oil!

After obtaining the Barrier Oil from Rick, Arthur immediately smeared some by the door of the 'Spirit Medium Parlor'.

As for its effect?

Seeing Marinda's current anger, Arthur knew.

"Well, I have no choice.

I have to play along with you.

After all, according to common sense, you should be at Caesar Manor right now—at least for 3-5 days, you should stay there. But you, missing me, showed up at No. 2 Cork Street right after I left for just a morning. I, suffering the pain of separation, am of course surprised."

Arthur feigned ignorance with a clear understanding.

His explanation in front of Marinda made the lady lift her foot to kick.

Unfortunately for her, Arthur wasn't the clumsy Garcia.

He not only easily avoided it, but he also knew how to smooth things over.

The young 'Spirit Medium' pointed to the 'Spirit Medium Parlor'—

"Barrier Oil."

Arthur said softly.

"Barrier Oil?"

Is it true that 'Cat Faction.Hei' has a good relationship with the Hunters?"

Marinda's attention was immediately captured.

And that was exactly what Arthur wanted.

Upsetting Marinda was because of happiness.

Placating Marinda was to make the next happiness even better.

"Hmm, initially, 'Cat Faction.Hei' and a few Hunters were quite close, but as 'Cat Faction.Hei' went into hiding, all that vanished into thin air.

As for this Barrier Oil?

It was a gift from Kuke's father."

Arthur explained.

"Kuke's father?"

Marinda slightly frowned.

She certainly knew of Kuke.

Kuke, as the new Police Chief of Dort District, also had a special identity among Arthur's subordinates.

And Marinda had also heard about his father.

A retired 'Bounty Hunter'.

Retired bounty hunters living out their days in South Los is not uncommon.

In fact, not only bounty hunters, but many mercenaries, assassins, or those who have to live under a false name, all favor South Los.

Prosperous, well-connected, and without harsh winters.

South Los is indeed a likable place.

"A 'Hunter' using 'Bounty Hunter' as a cover?"

Marinda asked.

"To some extent, that's true—and moreover, Rick is someone who brings surprises to me. I'll take you to meet him when there's a chance."

When flattering a woman, you shouldn't overdo it.

Overdoing it turns you into a sycophant.

Arthur, well aware of this, stopped at the right moment and then shifted the topic.

"What happened that made you change your plans?"

"One of your rewards, I've found it."

Having received some 'information', Marinda stopped fussing.

Her intelligence lies in knowing when to stop.

Her knack for appropriateness, in certain moments, is curiously aligned with Arthur's.

To show liveliness is merely to display an attitude.

To indicate cooling of temper is to quit while one is ahead.

Then?

Naturally, it's to deepen cooperation with each other.

Arthur and Marinda's tacit understanding always seemed to increase imperceptibly.

Thick smoke rings appeared as Marinda lifted her hand from within and took out two cages nearly as tall as a person.

Contained inside were—

Crows!

"The crows I promised you, I've found them.

This one was found at the Secret Market near Sidon Fortress; its father is an arcane creature. It hasn't awakened yet, but it already has the ability to find herbs and gems.

This one was bought from a Mystic Side merchant in North County. Its parents are unconfirmed, and its earlier history is untraceable. However, the nest it builds is admirable, and it can also command other crows to a certain extent.

These are their contracts," Marinda said.

Arthur was examining the crows in the two cages.

The former had a large body and black feathers.

The latter was average in size with sprightly eyes.

Without a doubt, Marinda had gone to great lengths and expense to find and purchase the two crows.

"Thank you, Marinda. I'm lucky to have you," Arthur said sincerely.

Marinda responded by unhesitatingly flipping him the bird.

"If you had taken the contracts from me just a tad slower, I might have believed that sentiment," she said.

"You must believe me.

For, when luck appears, one must grab it quickly.

Otherwise, luck is apt to slip away," Arthur retorted, showcasing the basic skills of a 'Spirit Medium': eloquence.

Marinda just rolled her eyes.

The lady didn't believe a word Arthur was saying.

The guy before her could even deceive ghosts.

The words he told others?

Whoever believes is out of luck.

Do you believe it?

Well, I certainly don't.

Marinda maintained her stance.

However, she couldn't help but take a curious glance when Arthur took out the "Feast of Crows"—not curious about how the "Feast of Crows" tamed the crows but curious about how Arthur was using the "Feast of Crows," considering that the growth and the amazing aspects of the two crows had already exceeded what the "Feast of Crows" should normally accomplish.

A glimmer of light shone from the ring on Arthur's left palm, while the contract in his right hand emitted a faint phosphorescence.

The two crows did not resist. As soon as the "Hand of Void" opened the cages, they hopped in front of Arthur and affectionately rubbed their heads against his pant legs.

[Name: Feast of Crows (Damaged)]

[Type: Ring Accessory]

[Quality: Hero]

[Attributes: Crow]

[Requirement: Naming]

[Remarks: Slight]

...

[Crow: You have reared two crows anew with the 'Feast of Crows.' They are of extraordinary lineage, possessing intelligence and abilities far beyond those of ordinary crows. The larger one can naturally discriminate between herbs and somewhat identify gems. The one with lively eyes is even more intelligent; it has long been able to understand human speech and has used its wit to gather subordinates.]

(Note 1: You have replaced the rule 'tamed crows must be raised from eggs' with a contract, whose effect is better. It is not just a contract, but also because your 'Breath of Death' is transforming the two crows along the power of the contract slowly. This transformation is something each crow dreams of and has never experienced before. The two crows display affection towards you and are willing to offer all their loyalty; they will evolve into arcane creatures in 17 days.)

(Note 2: Before the two crows fully promote to arcane creatures, aside from feeding Death Qi every week, you must also provide each crow with 30 pounds of meat, 20 pounds of fruits and vegetables, and 60 pounds of pure water.)

(Note 3: The damage to the damaged Feast of Crows has worsened.)

(Note 4: The two crows have not yet been truly named; you can name them.)

...

'Is the "Feast of Crows" reaching its limit?' Arthur thought, his eyes reflecting helplessness.

His plan for an 'arcane crow army' had fallen through.

As for repairs?

The previous remarks had already mentioned that unless Hercules was found, it would be very difficult to repair it.

However, the fact that the 'Breath of Death' was speeding up the crows' promotion was confirmed, bringing joy to Arthur.

When his Talent "Breath of Death" emerged, both Fujin and Wuni had immediately completed their promotion and enhancement; Arthur had speculated at the time.

And now, it had been confirmed.

Even if not instant, 17 days was still impressively quick.

And the names for the two crows?

After giving it some thought, Arthur softly said—

"Stolas, Mapa."

Chapter 513: Reasonable Utilization is Not Excessive!

Stolas was the one with a large body and lustrous black feathers, naturally able to distinguish herbs and to some extent, identify gems.

Mapa was of average build with bright, spirited eyes, possessing considerable intelligence, capable of understanding human speech, and would use their wit to gather followers.

After the two new crows were given their names, they immediately spread their wings and jumped onto the beams of No. 2 Cork Street—not the highest one, but the one just below it.

At the same time, facing Wuni's scrutiny during the rest period, Stolas and Mapa showed their respect and obedience.

The exceptional talents in Stolas and Mapa were innate to their bloodlines.

But it was also precisely because of such extraordinary bloodlines that Stolas and Mapa could clearly sense the differences between themselves and Wuni.

"Clever crows."

Marinda said softly as she watched this scene.

Meanwhile, Arthur, stroking the Feast of Crows, which now bore an additional crack, hummed softly—

"One is so sorrowful, two so delightful,

Three for girls, four for boys,

Five turn wealthy, six go broke,

Seven call the witch, no more shall I speak."

A unique cadence that drew Marinda's attention.

The lady had witnessed the process of Arthur taming Stolas and Mapa with the contract and the Feast of Crows, but what made the lady feel helpless was that she hadn't noticed any difference.

No aura as she had imagined.

No brilliance either.

Everything was quite normal.

But it was precisely because of this that everything was not normal.

Because, even with the Feast of Crows, it should have been impossible to disregard the original time required and enhance the expected quality.

This was all against the norm.

Yet it had happened nonetheless.

Marinda focused on Arthur, involuntarily pondering the rhyme he was humming.

But aside from the word 'witch,' the rest seemed normal.

As for bearing girls or boys?

Marinda didn't pay it any mind.

Arthur, on the other hand, noticed Marinda's gaze on him.

At the same time, Arthur guessed what Marinda had just tried to do.

Regrettably, under the influence of the talent Breath of Death, Marinda had discovered nothing, just like those who had met their demise before Arthur without understanding why their 'Death Qi' failed and turned against them.

But Marinda was different.

Because she had Arthur's 'explanation'—

"What you can't find, or rather, what you have found but then ignored."

Arthur looked at Marinda with a smile, exuding the enigmatic state befitting a 'Spirit Medium.'

Marinda really wanted to punch that smiling face thrice.

The first punch aimed at the nose.

The second punch targeted the eyes.

The third punch, certainly aimed at the mouth.

'No, that's not right!

The first punch should be at the mouth. When hitting Arthur, one must hit his mouth, can't let him speak another word, or else he'll deceive you.'

Marinda thought quite seriously to herself.

As she saw Arthur rising to open the food box and pick up the egg tart within, the lady snorted lightly.

"Anyone who loves sweets has blood filled with sugar, inviting...

Blood, bloodline?

Are you saying that it's because of your bloodline, that you have such an effect on the crows?

The Eternal Monster? A rebellious bloodline?

What exactly is it?"

Caught off guard, Marinda found a fitting answer under Arthur's 'hint,' but even more doubts emerged.

To this, Arthur could offer no help.

After all...

He hadn't decided yet.

"Let's eat."

Thinking too much can lead to hair loss.

"Tsk, Lady Mary's version of clay pot beef?"

Arthur's eyes lit up as he lifted the clay pot beef from the lunchbox.

Unlike Grandma Andor's clay pot beef, Lady Mary's version not only featured a crusty pastry lid but also boasted more cheese and crushed peanuts.

Inside the pot, besides diced beef, there were also oxtails.

The broth was fresh with a hint of sweetness, enriched with spring onion and coriander, which were not only garnishes but also thoroughly infused into the soup.

The meat was tender.

The soup was savory.

This made Arthur praise Lady Mary's cooking skills once again.

"I feel like I could eat ten pots."

"You don't need to feel it; you really could eat ten pots."

Having learned a lesson from a previous dining experience, Marinda placed her own portion in front of herself ahead of time.

Bringing a lunchbox was not just for appearance's sake.

Marinda truly hadn't eaten.

After Arthur and the guests had left Caesar Manor, she had thrown herself into work—as there had been delays in progress due to the title inheritance ceremony, she needed to catch up.

Arthur scoffed at Marinda's lack of trust in him.

While eating his food, he suddenly said—

"Madam Susan had come by earlier."

"Hmm?"

Marinda immediately straightened her posture with a serious look.

She remembered the housekeeper of the Countess of South Los quite well.

Not for her strength.

But for her tact.

She had experienced that silent 'balancing act' firsthand.

"She came for the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition' in Inner Bay.

To ensure my smooth participation in the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition,' the lady brought me the Entry-level Atlas of 'Cat Faction. Orange' and the requisite materials on behalf of Lord Count."

Arthur spoke selectively, listing the details.

And with Marinda's intelligence, she immediately grasped the crux.

"What happened at the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition' in Inner Bay?"

"The Grand Duke has changed the champion's prize to a title and land."

Arthur said straightforwardly.

From Marinda's expression, Arthur confirmed that this news was still spreading within a small circle of nobility, but he didn't mind informing Marinda.

Firstly, with Marinda's network of information, she would likely know by nightfall at the latest.

Secondly, he needed to use this news to gain some support from Marinda.

Besides—

"Could it really be?"

Marinda muttered to herself, somewhat dazed.

Although Marinda was well aware of the difficulty Arthur faced in actually becoming the champion of the 'South County Swordsmanship Competition,' the thought that her own hard-won title and manor could be matched by Arthur in the blink of an eye still made the lady feel slightly 'unbalanced'—in other words, despite the formidable challenge, Marinda still believed Arthur could win.

To this, Arthur expressed his appreciation for Marinda's support.

Then, seizing the moment of Marinda's distraction, he took away the clay pot beef in front of her.

Before Marinda could snap back to attention, he quickly continued—

"So, as the mother of the child, it's time for you to take action."

The sudden reference left Marinda startled, not coming to her senses immediately.

After swallowing two pieces of beef and sipping the soup, Arthur spoke deliberately.

"Inner Bay has its own favorite contender—

Joel Colman!

He has the home field advantage!

So, as the mother concerned about her child's father, you might do something a tiny bit irrational!"

Marinda's eyes sparkled.

Then the lady narrowed her eyes slightly, probing tentatively—

"Are you suggesting?"

Chapter 514: Chaos and Bewilderment Are Gold Coins!

Arthur looked at Marinda as she squinted her eyes and watched the light that flickered within her deep blue eyes. He immediately shrugged his shoulders and said—

"The 'Bounty Tavern' we just acquired should be related to the 'Bounty Tavern' of Inner Bay, right?"

I didn't say you'd use our newly obtained 'Bounty Tavern' to communicate with the 'Bounty Tavern' of Inner Bay and launch any excessive bounties on Joel Colman.

I certainly didn't say you might use the 'Bounty Tavern' to infiltrate Inner Bay's underworld.

I absolutely didn't say you could also use the 'Bounty Tavern' to eliminate those who have been troubling you in Inner Bay or elsewhere."

As Marinda listened to Arthur's words, she glanced at him lightly, and the corners of her mouth began to curl up slightly.

That's precisely what she had been thinking just now.

Joel Colman's situation wasn't important.

What mattered was infiltrating Inner Bay's underworld and using this opportunity to get rid of those who were always leveraging local advantages to trouble her.

In Inner Bay, she owned only two stores.

It wasn't that she didn't want to open a commercial enterprise or even a guild.

But she faced layer upon layer of obstacles.

Obstructions, both overt and covert, ensnared the lady like a spider's web, to the extent that even the professional managers she had sent were already two fewer in number.

These two professional managers were trusted confidants that the lady had painstakingly cultivated.

Unlike those followers who only knew how to fight and kill, these two confidants were smart, knew the ways of the world, and had unique insights into business management, playing a critical role in the lady's schemes.

However, before these two managers could fulfill their roles, one was stabbed in the back, fell down the stairs, and died on the spot, while the other was attacked by robbers during a carriage ride, got shot with a firearm that riddled him and the coachman with bullet holes before even reaching for his wallet.

This blatant provocation made the lady smash cups numerous times into the deep of the night.

Due to helpless rage.

The lady simply couldn't send anyone there.

That place was Inner Bay. If the lady sent someone there, she would be playing right into the hands of those who had been eagerly waiting, escalating the situation to a point that shouldn't be reached.

For instance, a struggle between the Old Lion and the Mother Tigress.

This was not speculation.

It was highly likely.

Because too many people were looking forward to this day.

There would definitely be a horde of people stirring up trouble when that time came.

So, Marinda endured.

But such repression was unbearable, especially for someone like Marinda who concealed a strong personality; it felt as uncomfortable as being punched and not being able to punch back.

And now?

There was no need to hold back any longer!

She hadn't used 'one of her own.'

And this certainly wasn't South Los's 'invasion' of Inner Bay.

It was just...

The allure of money!

The lady thought to herself, unable to help but look at Arthur again, and said involuntarily.

"You really are a bad guy!"

"So, do you like this kind of bad guy?"

Arthur asked, smiling.

"Hmm," Marinda nodded affirmatively without hesitation.

The unexpected straightforwardness made Arthur pause for a moment.

You see, Arthur hadn't been expecting Marinda to answer.

The young Spirit Medium had only used that retort to 'shift' Marinda's focus slightly.

Because he had achieved his goal.

Arthur certainly knew a thing or two about Marinda's commercial empire.

And he was all too clear about Marinda's 'business acumen.'

So, upon learning about Joel Colman, Arthur was prepared to use Marinda to test the man and, if possible, to dispose of him once and for all.

As for recklessly charging into Inner Bay and waiting for the opponent to make a move?

Don't make me laugh!

The Spirit Medium always took the stage fully prepared.

A Spirit Medium who isn't fully prepared is no different from streaking, right?

Arthur had a strong sense of shame.

Streaking? Absolutely out of the question!

However, Marinda's response had taken Arthur by surprise, but soon enough, "Insight" and "Eagle Eye" flickered within him, allowing Arthur to see the cunning hidden in Marinda's deep blue eyes.

Clearly, the lady was toying with him.

Or perhaps...

...

Testing!

Facing this test, Arthur harbored no resistance.

He even felt like laughing.

Since this test was completely different from the previous ones.

The basis of this test was...

Marinda was flustered.

The lady was a bit confused about their 'collaborative status,' a series of events had led her judgment astray.

The lady realized this.

While she worried about her own problems, he was having issues too.

That was the reason for this test.

'With that attitude, you still dare to fancy women?'

The young 'Spirit Medium' from South Los revealed a smile that was one part scorn, one part contempt, and another part disdain, mixed with a touch of indifference.

Arthur was certain that if the world before them didn't involve the Mystic Side, with miracles akin to 'magic,' then with Marinda's mindset, she would absolutely have half her fortune snatched by those women, maybe even more than half; after all, in an unfounded marriage, you can lose 170,000 out of 200,000, let alone considering being together for more than 8 hours a day qualifies in a way as 'cohabitation', which makes dividing your house, company, and fortune seem natural.

But Arthur was different.

As a qualified 'Spirit Medium,' Arthur viewed Marinda, his important collaborator, with considerable importance.

So, Arthur stood up and reached towards Marinda's forehead with his hand.

Marinda froze slightly but did not dodge.

The lady was affirming her inner feelings.

Then—

Ugh!

"No fever, what nonsense are you spouting?"

Sounds of retching and Arthur's voice rang out simultaneously.

Watching Marinda rush to the bathroom, Arthur continued eating his beef.

That's all you got?

Arthur rolled his eyes at Marinda's retreating back.

About five minutes later, Marinda came back.

She had washed her face.

The cold water had completely sobered her up.

"You did that on purpose!"

The lady protested loudly to the now-empty dining table.

It was, of course, an excuse to avoid embarrassment.

Arthur saw through it but didn't expose her.

After all, he truly had eaten, and moreover, he had witnessed Marinda's discomfited moment.

So—

"No choice, Lady Mary's cooking is just too astonishing, I couldn't help myself."

Arthur wore an innocent face.

Marinda, however, raised a middle finger.

"Do the dishes! I'll get them when I'm done!

And...

No 'Barrier Oil' allowed here!"

Pointing at the Barrier Oil under the door of the 'Spirit Medium Parlor,' Marinda said, and then she stepped forward and scraped a notch in it with her foot.

Next, she lit her pipe, blew a large smoke ring, and vanished into it.

Inhaling the lingering hint of mint, Arthur couldn't help but stretch lazily.

"Sigh, women."

Muttering such a sigh, the young 'Spirit Medium' laid back down on his bed.

As for doing the dishes?

Impossible, he would never do the dishes in this lifetime!

Sitting at the desk silently flipping through books was Ms. Anna. She looked at Arthur as he fell asleep instantly, a hint of helplessness appearing on her impassive face. She gently closed the book, hopped off the desk, and made her way to the dining table.

Moments later, the sound of running water echoed from the kitchen.

Arthur turned over and slept even more soundly.

Meanwhile, Marinda, who had returned to Caesar Manor, summoned her coachman Edwin and issued her orders—

"Through the South Los Bounty Tavern, issue a bounty at the Inner Bay Bounty Tavern—

Whoever can bring me Joel Colman's head, I'll give them 100,000 Gold Coins!

Plus, they will have access to all the treasures from the Lady of the Eternal Night's auction, with the choice of any three items they please, even the 'Entry-level Atlas'!"

...

Chapter 515 Gratitude to Ms. Anna!

100,000 Gold Coins!

A brand-new Kirk Sailboat costs only 25,000 Gold Coins!

And now, offering the price of four ships as a bounty for one person?

Even Joel Colman, who has quite a reputation in the Inner Bay, wouldn't be worth that, right?

Edwin thought to himself, but he didn't voice any opposition.

This coachman knew that his master had come to inform him, not to ask for his opinion; thus, he bowed in assent.

"Yes, my Lord."

Having said that, the coachman turned and left.

Two minutes later, Urs walked in.

In contrast to Edwin's openness, this designated Head Hunter of Ms. Marinda was as silent as a shadow, nearly sticking to the wall to sneak in.

"My Lord!"

Urs greeted softly, bowing his head.

"You'll use the South Los Bounty Tavern to offer a prize at the Inner Bay taverns for those guys, then activate the Spy, and also put a bounty on some individuals in South Los, Seberlin, Ainhars, and the Bert Territory Bounty Taverns who have targeted him before.

The bounties for those guys start at 1,000 Gold Coins.

For targeting him, bounties start at 10,000 Gold Coins."

Marinda instructed softly.

"Yes, my Lord."

Urs left as silently as he had appeared.

As for 'him'?

Urs naturally knew who that was.

Earl of South Los!

Compared to Marinda, who was targeted, the targeting of the Earl of South Los by the Inner Bay was truly bloody. Every time it was a flurry of blades and swords.

And Marinda, in order to confuse matters, naturally didn't mind shelling out some extra cash, taking the roundabout way.

What?

Was she making the Lord Count take the blame?

No, no, no!

This wasn't about taking the blame.

This was merely venting for the Lord Count.

Moreover, I'm just trying to protect Arthur and, in the process, get rid of those who have troubled me in the past; I don't know about the rest!

It must be someone taking advantage of the chaos to cause trouble!

Ms. Marinda picked up her pipe, the corners of her mouth upturned slightly, displaying her own innocence.

However, she soon put the pipe away.

Her brow furrowed further.

She thought of Arthur.

In a way that she couldn't help.

She was very aware of the 'concession' Arthur had just made, which is why she decided to repay him with a substantial bounty.

But...

'Who's the idiot who said using "jokes" can test sincerity?

That's an idea only a lifelong single person would have!

If you really use "jokes," there's a high chance it will all end as just a joke!'

Marinda sighed to herself.

At the same time, she reminded herself once again.

Then, the lady walked over to the study again, looking through the window at the other side of the estate—where Arthur's room once was.

Her heart felt a bit chaotic.

...

After sleeping from the afternoon until dusk, Arthur lay in bed for a while longer before he petted Pendragon and got up to freshen up.

In the washroom, toothpaste, a toothbrush, a cup for warm water for brushing, and towels were all neatly arranged.

"Thank you, Ms. Anna."

Arthur poked his head out and thanked Ms. Anna, who was making the bed.

Meanwhile, the lady was folding with her mind while speaking with a gentle voice—

"Merlin and Gawain have already delivered the food from Grandma Andor's Kitchen. I've placed it by the stove in the kitchen to keep it warm.

There have been no visitors this afternoon.

I've also fed Stolas and Mapa."

"Thank you for everything you've done for me!

I've found that I cannot do without you!

Without you, this house would fall into complete disarray!"

Arthur was flattering her.

Graceful Ms. Anna smiled and, after tucking the folded linens into a hidden compartment, she picked up the broom with her mind.

As a member of the Kledos family, Ms. Anna believed it was her duty to maintain a clean and tidy atmosphere at No. 2 Cork Street.

Arthur was unwilling to do it?

Then she would take care of it.

And when Arthur emerged from the washroom, Ms. Anna was directing the broom to clean the 'Spirit Medium Parlor' while simultaneously raising her palm and hooking her fingers to make the food that had been kept warm in the kitchen appear on the dining table.

"Remember to drink your soup before you eat,"

Ms. Anna reminded him.

"Mm-hmm,"

Arthur nodded vigorously, immediately picking up a piece of steak.

It was impossible for him to protest.

And it was impossible for him to be obedient.

His main act was to keep nodding earnestly, though his attitude was sincere, he was determined not to change.

Ms. Anna saw this and couldn't help but sigh.

However, she didn't say much more.

Just like a mother doting on her child or a sister spoiling her younger brother, the lady flew up into the air to wipe the wall lamps in the hallway.

Under the warm light, Arthur, who was eating 'breakfast', and Ms. Anna, who was cleaning, actually did give No. 2 Cork Street a homely feeling.

At least, that's what Arthur thought.

But the neighbors strolling around after dinner didn't think so.

The next-door neighbor, 'Mr. Duer', stared wide-eyed at Ms. Anna flying back and forth, his entire face turned pale.

Although Ms. Anna was a gentle and elegant lady, her terrifying visage was enough to scare any shallow-minded fellows to death.

Mr. Duer was clearly such a person.

Stumbling backward, when he ran into his house, he even knocked over the shoe cabinet in his hallway.

In the ensuing mess, the gentleman scurried back to his bed and shivered under the covers.

Arthur expressed his apologies for this.

After he was ready, he went to apologize.

And he brought Ms. Anna with him.

He believed that the gentle and ladylike Ms. Anna could definitely make the neighbor, who regularly tipped off the press about him, understand what attitude they should use to treat their 'new neighbor'.

Of course, that would be later.

Now?

Fujin, who was on duty, watched from the rooftop to the figure pacing back and forth at the street corner.

This was the guest Arthur had been waiting for a long time.

Seeing the hesitant guest, Arthur instructed Kuliqi—

"Go, invite our guest over."

The cream-colored Labrador immediately stood up at the door, used his paw to open the latch, and quickly ran towards the street corner.

"Ms. Anna, prepare some tea for our guest,"

Arthur turned his head and said to Ms. Anna.

"Certainly, Arthur,"

Ms. Anna immediately flew into the kitchen.

...

In the evening, Longbain arrived near Cork Street with Garcia.

One moment they walked to Dar Alley.

Another moment they walked to West Mok Avenue.

Then, they circled back to Dar Alley again.

They never set foot on Cork Street.

It wasn't that they didn't want to.

They didn't dare to.

After hearing the report about today's events from his subordinate Garcia, Longbain, who was originally meant to attend an art salon, immediately canceled the invitation and came to the vicinity of Cork Street with Garcia.

As the head of the Cloak Society in South Los, Longbain certainly knew what 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos represented in the dangerous and bizarre 'Mystic Side'.

An entrant!

And most importantly, his family!

That made Longbain aware that he must express his formal gratitude.

Therefore, Longbain had brought a gift.

It was just that Longbain was worried the gift wasn't valuable enough to please the 'Spirit Medium'.

Or rather...

He was worried the 'Spirit Medium' had ulterior motives.

With this in mind, the Cloak Society's South Los head couldn't help but sigh inwardly, and then he turned to give Garcia some instructions.

But just as the Cloak Society's South Los head was about to turn around, he heard his subordinate Garcia call out with joy—

"Didian!"

Chapter 516: Night Visit to the 'Spirit Medium'!

Didian?

Lady Didian of the 'Lotus Leaf Hotel'?

Longbain turned curiously.

He had long heard of this Lady Didian.

As the head of the Cloak Society in South Los, he knew that she was Garcia's beloved—Garcia hadn't spelled it out, but how could Longbain not recognize it from the way Garcia mentioned the name "Didian" with that expression and look in his eyes, unless he were blind?

Her burgundy hair, like flames under the night sky, enhanced her lovely mature face, making it all the more charming, and her agile figure moved with such lightness and grace, making not even a tiny bit of sound.

But in the next moment, Longbain's gaze was drawn to the shadows behind Didian.

A tall figure blocked the cold night wind.

His eyes, stern with vigilance, swept across the surroundings.

Most importantly...

The aura of the Mystic Side!

Longbain instantly confirmed it.

Immediately, the gaze of the Cloak Society's head in South Los softened.

According to Garcia's usual descriptions, this tall man should indeed be Didian's brother, Sapir.

If Sapir is a person from the Mystic Side...

Then...

Is Didian also a Mystic Side Person?

Immediately, the Cloak Society's head in South Los grew cautious.

Normal people and Mystic Side Persons are two entirely different concepts.

Without a trace, Longbain stepped forward, positioning Garcia behind him.

At the same time, Sapir also stepped forward to shield his sister behind him, unconsciously tightening his grip on the mace in his hand.

In Longbain, Sapir sensed a hint of danger.

For some reason, starting from noon, Sapir felt his senses sharpening—things that used to be blurry and unclear were now visible and crystal clear to him.

Especially in terms of power!

The mace that used to have just the right weight now felt as light as a small wooden stick.

Sapir did not know why this change occurred.

But, Sapir knew it was a good thing.

At least, after growing stronger, his prowess had been recognized by his sister, Didian, and he could now accompany her.

Just as Sapir was eager to demonstrate his newly acquired might to Didian, his sister held him back.

Sapir looked down, puzzled.

"He's one of us."

Didian said this as she looked towards Longbain.

Didian was also aware of Longbain.

More than once, Garcia had mentioned his boss to her.

Although there were no more specific details, Garcia's gratitude was abundantly clear.

As for Longbain's identity?

Didian did not know which organization particularly.

But that he was a Mystic Side Person, Didian was sure.

'This guy is really lucky.'

Didian said this, then raised her arms, showing her harmlessness to Longbain.

"Boss, it's Didian, no problem."

Behind Longbain, Garcia even directly spoke out.

Hearing his subordinate's words, Longbain almost facepalmed.

The head of the Cloak Society in South Los really wanted to grab Garcia by the collar and tell him not to get carried away, otherwise, he would completely lose the initiative.

Originally, the head of the Cloak Society in South Los had wanted to test Lady Didian a bit on behalf of his subordinate.

And now?

It was no longer possible.

Garcia had volunteered himself.

Longbain slightly turned his head, catching a glance at Garcia's silly smile, secretly thinking his subordinate was beyond help.

With this thought, Longbain quickly adjusted his mood and stepped forward, extending his hand—

"Longbain."

"Didian."

The two shook hands, thus getting acquainted.

And at that moment—

"Ah... Hualulu..."

A loud yawn, mixed with a series of unintelligible noises.

The four people were startled and immediately looked towards the source of the sound.

They saw a cream-colored Labrador yawning while rapidly shaking its head.

The noise was due to its head-shaking motion, resonating from its mouth.

Looking at the Labrador, Sapir was puzzled about where the dog had come from, while Garcia was about to go over and pet the dog's head.

Lady Didian clutched Garcia with a vigilant expression.

"Don't move, something's off!"

In response to Garcia's confused look, Lady Didian was serious.

Compared to the stern Lady Didian, Longbain already looked terrified.

"Death, Death... Hound!"

The Cloak Society's South Los head stuttered.

Death Hound?!

Garcia and Sapir had never heard of it.

Lady Didian had heard of it and almost instinctively pulled out a crossbow arrow.

An unyielding and fearful hunter!

Rumor had it, any prey targeted by the Death Hound had no other escape except death?

As for killing the Death Hound?

Impossible!

The rumors claimed the Death Hound was undying!

Or rather...

Human means could not possibly kill a Death Hound!

Because the Death Hound itself was a pet nurtured by 'Death'!

Wait a second?

'Death'!

Lady Didian instantly thought of something, her gaze subconsciously shifting towards No. 2 Cork Street.

Kuliqui noticed Lady Didian's gaze, nodded at this relatively clever human female, and then yawned again—compared to the two interesting fellows it had invited last time, this time's invitees were doubled in number but were so dull.

A foolish one.

A timid one.

And a big man and a woman.

The big man's taste should be good.

And the woman?

Was she the target of the master?

Kuliqui thought to itself, then turned and slowly sauntered home.

"Lady Didian, boss, this doggy doesn't seem to mean any harm!"

Garcia said.

Lady Didian and Longbain, however, turned a deaf ear.

The two were staring intently in the direction Kuliqui was heading.

No. 2 Cork Street!

That was the residence of the 'Spirit Medium'!

This Death Hound couldn't possibly belong to the 'Spirit Medium,' could it?

If that was the case then...

The gift was really too modest!

Lady Didian and Longbain thought simultaneously.

But at this point, it wasn't possible to turn back and prepare another gift—The appearance of the Death Hound already signified that the 'Spirit Medium' had noticed them.

And moreover, had extended an invitation.

If they were to leave now, it would indeed be a grave discourtesy.

Even, it could be said to be an offence.

Lady Didian and Longbain exchanged a look, their expressions grave.

After seeing the determination in each other's eyes, they moved towards No. 2 Cork Street together.

Garcia and Sapir simultaneously scratched their heads and simply followed.

With the boss (big sister) there, they were used to not thinking.

The group of four followed Kuliqi to the front door of No. 2 Cork Street. Both the courtyard and house doors opened almost simultaneously, and a young, gentle voice called out from the depths—

"Welcome, the four of you, to the 'Spirit Medium's Home'."

Chapter 517

The dim corridor, the crimson mural, the fierce deer head—all entered their field of vision.

At the end, behind the armor, a tangerine light filled the area with brightness.

The light shone upon the armor, and the unique sheen of the metal began to spill forth, as though narrating its own past splendor and glory—though it was only handmade by Old Charlie.

However, in the eyes of Longbain, Garcia, Didian, and Sapir, it was already something different.

With the backdrop of that terrifying corridor.

The armor looked like it belonged to the hero who had once defeated the Demon King.

Especially that light, which made one involuntarily long for it.

Longbain and Didian walked at the front.

Garcia and Sapir walked behind.

Garcia carefully surveyed his surroundings, this newcomer from the 'Cloak Society' always worried that some monster might jump out from that crimson painting.

Sapir, on the other hand, scratched his head, occasionally looking back.

For some reason, ever since he saw that tree, he had been trembling with fear, as if the slightest movement might get him killed by that tree.

'Is that tree alive?

How is that possible?

How can a tree be alive?'

Sapir wanted to ask his sister, but seeing her fully on guard, he wisely chose not to disturb her—Sapir wasn't fond of thinking much, but that didn't mean he was brainless. This second child of the 'Lotus Leaf Hotel,' could still distinguish the situation clearly.

Didian, however, was completely unaware of her brother's expression.

The eldest daughter of the 'Lotus Leaf Hotel' was checking the traps in the corridor.

At least, she had already confirmed two.

Inside the deer head, there should be a flamethrower.

In that painting, there should be a spear.

Beyond these, there should be a pitfall concealed beneath the floor.

And these were just the conventional ones, not involving the 'Mystic Side'.

Subconsciously, Didian looked towards Longbain at her side.

Didian was well aware that she didn't know much about the 'Mystic Side,' but Longbain beside her was different; as a 'Mystic Side Person,' he naturally knew much more.

And when she saw the tension and fear in Longbain's face, Didian involuntarily gasped inwardly.

'Hiss, is it that dangerous?'

Didian thought to herself, then narrowed her eyes.

'Indeed, I have overestimated myself!

If even a true 'Mystic Side Person' is so frightened, what am I really worth?

The 'gift' I prepared is simply not enough!'

Didian reflected to herself, unable to help but lament—

Is this the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los?

Similarly, such a thought also occurred in Longbain's mind.

As the leader of South Los's 'Cloak Society' and although a 'Mystic Side Person,' Longbain had already accustomed himself to stop in the face of the bizarre and dangerous of the 'Mystic Side.'

At this moment, the thought of visiting the renowned figure 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos of South Los unsettled him.

Especially having just seen a Death Hound, it added immense pressure on this leader of the 'Cloak Society' of South Los.

Thus, now, this leader of the 'Cloak Society' of South Los, viewing everything inside No. 2 Cork Street, felt everything was imbued with hidden meanings, complex and intricate.

In simple terms...

He was frightened.

And this was precisely the effect Arthur sought.

Taking advantage of the devices in the room and watching the expressions of the group of four, Arthur expressed his satisfaction.

He took a liking to Didian and Sapir.

And to the 'Cloak Society' as well.

To conquer both was simple and yet difficult.

The former's weakness was obvious: family.

The latter?

The weakness was even more obvious.

After spending some time observing them with Fujin and Wuni, Arthur had already confirmed that Longbain was the kind of fellow who 'did not seek progress.'

Moreover, he was very fond of sculpture, painting, writing, etc., every day either at the art salon or on his way there.

For someone like this, Arthur was clear that as long as he did not honestly disrupt his lifestyle, Longbain would 'faithfully serve him.'

However, exploiting weaknesses like this, was really quite the move of a major villain.

He, Arthur, the 'Spirit Medium' of South Los!

A companion of justice.

The baseline of South Los.

He was the epitome of Cork Street's morality.

He absolutely could not do such a thing.

Thus, he chose what he was best at: acting!

Listening to the approaching footsteps, Arthur put down the book in his hand—not for show, but genuinely reading the book moved from Geppetto's temporary laboratory under the beach.

Knowledge is power!

And at no time is that an empty phrase.

Didian, Sapir, Longbain, and Garcia, however, were astonished as they watched Arthur put down the book.

Because—

Ms. Anna was also reading a book at the side.

Watching the bizarre puppet flipping through the book, the four of them felt a chill up their spines.

Garcia even speculated that the book in Ms. Anna's hands was a Book of Curses.

In fact?

The book merely recorded some techniques on how to perform rituals similar to the Minor Curse Technique, certainly not the terrifying Book of Curses imagined by the common folk.

"Good evening, gentlemen,"

Arthur first greeted the four astonished men.

Then, he looked to the side.

"Ms. Anna, please bring us four cups of clear tea."

"Hmm."

Ms. Anna nodded gently.

She then flew directly to the kitchen.

The four men, blocking the doorway, immediately dodged to the left and right, clearing a path.

"Rest assured, Ms. Anna means no harm.

She is an indispensable member of our household.

Without her, our home would fall apart,"

Arthur joked and gestured for the four men to sit down.

The Spirit Medium Parlor was indeed Old Charlie's place for receiving guests; besides high-backed chairs, there were long benches, and sitting down Didian and his party of four was not a problem at all.

Once the four men were seated, Arthur looked at them curiously.

Then, a perfectly appropriate puzzlement emerged.

"Gentlemen, have you encountered some trouble?

Rest assured, in South Los, as long as you enter No. 2 Cork Street, you are in a place of absolute safety."

Arthur soothed the four men, and then, he took the tea tray from Ms. Anna's hands.

He placed the tea cups in front of the four men, one by one.

"Thank you."

The four immediately expressed their thanks.

Didian and Longbain couldn't help but size up Arthur.

Young, mild, and could be considered handsome.

And...

Absolute confidence!

Just now, the statement 'In South Los, as long as you enter No. 2 Cork Street, you are in a place of absolute safety,' was not something the two men thought Arthur was merely saying in passing.

In their eyes, Arthur could truly guarantee it.

Inexplicably, a sense of security rose from within.

Especially Didian, whose eyes were twinkling.

This lady, thinking of her past experiences and the power that Arthur was displaying now, immediately made up her mind.

Thus, just as Longbain was still organizing his language, Didian spoke out directly—

"Lord Kledos, Sapir and I are willing to pledge our loyalty to you."

Longbain was startled.

He hadn't expected Didian to be so direct.

But...

Why was Lord Kledos's expression so strange?

Not just Longbain, Garcia, Didian, and Sapir all noticed the astonishment on the face of the Mystic Side Person of South Los.

While the four men stared, the expression on Arthur's face softened again, and his voice became very gentle—

"My 'Black Cat Faction' is presently full."

After saying this, a slight sense of guilt and embarrassment appeared on Arthur's face.

It was the guilt and embarrassment stemming from a 'lie.'

Instantly, Didian, Sapir, Longbain, and Garcia were all taken aback.

Chapter 518 Lies Always Come from Life. Part 2!

Arthur's voice was gentle, and his tone even more courteous, but with a tinge of guilt and a bit of embarrassment, even Sapir could see that this "Spirit Medium" was lying.

As for why lie?

They looked down on them.

He and his sister had come seeking refuge, but they were looked down upon.

Instantly, Sapir couldn't stand it anymore.

He had already changed!

He had even shown his sister his power!

He had even received his sister's praise!

Why was he rejected then?

Just as Sapir could no longer restrain himself and was about to emphasize, Arthur on the other side seemed to realize that his own reasoning was somewhat far-fetched.

The young "Spirit Medium" softly said again—

"'Whale Slaying Sword' Kangsion and 'Storm Sword' Deljo swore allegiance to me after the Swordsmanship Competition.

Kangsion's Whale Island has already been adorned with the Kledos Family's flag.

Deljo's entire squad has also begun to serve me."

Language, is always an art.

In Arthur's uniquely ambiguous phrase, it seemed as if 'Whale Slaying Sword' Kangsion and 'Storm Sword' Deljo had bet all their fortunes to swear allegiance to him, and he had only reluctantly agreed.

"Hiss!"

On the side, Longbain sucked in a cool breath.

Unwittingly, Garcia looked toward his superior.

"'Whale Slaying Sword' Kangsion and 'Storm Sword' Deljo are both 'Great Arcana Level' powerhouses!"

Longbain explained in a low voice.

Although his voice was low enough, the Spirit Medium Parlor wasn't very large.

Everyone in the room heard it.

Especially Didian, whose body trembled.

'Great Arcana Level'!

This lady had heard about it.

In South Los after the war, for a long time, the underworld boss was a 'Great Arcana Level' powerhouse.

And it was during that time this lady learned quite a few rumors from the Mystic Side.

So, this lady knew well what a 'Great Arcana Level' powerhouse meant.

But because she knew, this lady found it hard to believe.

'Joining the Black Cat Faction requires 'Great Arcana Level'?

When did 'Great Arcana Level' become so 'cheap'?

No!

It's not that 'Great Arcana Level' is cheap, but rather that the Kledos Family is far too powerful, powerful beyond our imaginations.'

Suddenly, Didian thought of the tale 'The Emperor Must Use a Golden Hoe'.

Now, isn't she just like those peasants guessing about the Emperor's lifestyle?

It's not really ignorance.

But rather, her perspective limited everything.

'Is my perspective completely unable to keep up with the Kledos Family?

To think that before, I had been so cautious, preparing to haggle.'

The result was, I didn't even qualify.'

A strong sense of frustration emerged, causing Didian to wear a self-mocking expression.

Similarly, Longbain felt frustrated.

'Is the difference between people so vast?'

This 'Cloak Society' head of South Los wondered to himself.

'Great Arcana Level,' ah!

That is the 'Great Arcana Level'!

If he had the 'Great Arcana Level,' he would have long joined various literary salons without any worries and even dared to travel the whole continent by carriage.

After all, 'Great Arcana Level' is an influential power that cannot be ignored anywhere.

In any organization, 'Great Arcana Level' also represents senior members or the leadership tier.

To be an ordinary member within the "Black Cat Faction"?

Moreover, one has to make contributions or possess special abilities to become a member of the "Black Cat Faction."

'What was I worrying about before?

Me!

It seems I've never truly understood this "Mystic Side"!

The manager of South Los from the "Cloak Society" couldn't help but doubt his life.

An eerie silence had fallen over the entire Spirit Medium Parlor.

Sapir, initially eager, dared not make a sound either.

For he had heard from his sister about the terrifying nature of the "Great Arcana Level."

Although he considered himself strong now, he was definitely not a match for a "Great Arcana Level" fighter.

But Garcia was different.

This newcomer to the "Cloak Society", a down-and-out writer doubling as an intelligence trafficker, stared unblinkingly at Arthur.

"Mr. Garcia, is something the matter?"

Arthur touched his own cheek with a curious look.

"Lord Kledos, do you wish to become the male lead—shhhhh!"

Garcia's words were cut off as Longbain and Didian simultaneously covered his mouth.

Knowing Garcia well, the two were very clear that they absolutely could not let Garcia finish his words, otherwise, they were truly doomed.

"Thank you for your warm hospitality, Lord Kledos, and for your previous assistance."

Longbain spoke and pulled out the gift he had initially brought.

3 Healing Potions.

One for minor, moderate, and severe injuries respectively.

Originally, the manager of South Los from the "Cloak Society" had not planned to present such 'meager gifts' and had instead opted to pledge his loyalty.

But after the recent episode, this manager from the "Cloak Society" of South Los had decided to back down.

And the 'meager gift', which initially seemed inappropriate to offer, had become the only gift he could present.

"Thank you for your previous assistance. Although it might not be needed, Sapir and I are always ready to repay your kindness."

Didian also spoke up.

Originally, Didian had thought of repaying by "working for Arthur or the Kledos Family once or twice," but such words were definitely not utterable at this time.

She had to change her phrasing.

The gap between heaven and earth...

Made Didian's face turn slightly red as she spoke.

It was out of embarrassment, as well as shyness.

Had she known earlier, she should have brought something with her.

"I helped you because the situation started because of me, and it's only right that I should end it!"

Arthur spoke very earnestly.

There was nothing momentous or forceful about his words; they were still gentle, but Longbain and Didian believed what Arthur said, that his help was truly only because the situation had started because of him.

But the more he spoke, the more Longbain and Didian admired Arthur's nobility.

Immediately, Longbain and Didian, along with Garcia and Sapir, solemnly bowed to Arthur.

Compared with the previous mere formalities,

this moment was truly heartfelt.

Therefore, the gifts they had given were absolutely impossible to take back.

"Lord Kledos, you once said, 'Spirit Mediums believe in fairness, don't they?"

You saved us, we repay you, is that not fair?

Even if the situation started because of you, we must still repay what is due."

Didian spoke earnestly as well.

Longbain, Garcia, and Sapir nodded repeatedly alongside.

Lord Kledos is a good man, we can't let a good man suffer losses.

A troubled expression appeared on Arthur's face.

Suddenly, as if struck by an idea, the "Spirit Medium" called out to someone nearby—

"Grindelwald!"

Chapter 519: The Show Goes On!

As Arthur called out, the man with white hair, an elegant posture, and icy gaze whom Didian, Garcia, and Longbain had once seen, stepped out from the Shadows.

However, his gaze was not as cold as they remembered.

At this moment, the man's gaze also filled with helplessness.

"My Lord, please leave everything to me.

I will handle it properly."

Grindelwald said, his eyes sweeping over Didian, Garcia, Longbain, and Sapir.

It was Sapir's first time meeting Grindelwald, and upon encountering that gaze, he tensed up immediately, his hand involuntarily tightening around the mace.

The gaze of this white-haired man reminded Sapir of a snake.

The kind that is about to swallow a frog!

It was dangerous!

Didian, Garcia, and Longbain immediately crowded around Sapir, taking out their weapons.

This action made Arthur cover his face.

The voice of the young 'Spirit Medium' then rose slightly, saying —

"Grindelwald, you are now a 'Black Cat,' not who you were before.

So, you need to follow my rules.

Didian, Garcia, Longbain, Sapir, they mean no harm, they are not enemies!"

Arthur emphasized.

Grindelwald immediately looked perplexed.

Then, the face of the white-haired middle-aged man immediately showed guilt.

"I'm sorry, my Lord, I've gotten used to it.

I...

will do my best to accommodate them properly."

Greenwald said, looking at Didian and her companions once more.

This time, there was no killing intent in his gaze.

But,

it was still malevolent!

Didian and her companions could all distinctly feel the 'resentment' in the heart of the white-haired middle-aged man.

Moreover, Didian knew where this 'resentment' originated from.

The previous time this white-haired middle-aged man had 'greeted' her and Garcia, his seemingly cordial demeanor was mistakenly perceived by her as a pretentious attempt at recruitment.

Thus, she had misunderstood.

It wasn't just a misunderstanding of that incident.

It had also led to the current awkward situation.

And at its core, it had been a simple greeting.

He could not have cared about her or Garcia at that moment.

Involuntarily, a sense of bitterness and regret surged in Didian's heart.

Subconsciously, the lady looked towards Arthur.

"Madam, please rest assured, Grindelwald is trustworthy.

You can trust him just as you trust me.

Moreover, I assure you he will not harm you, nor will he do anything to harm you— I'm very sorry, although I would love to chat more with everyone, my time is extremely limited.

If I get the chance, I will visit you and the others at the 'Lotus Leaf Hotel.'"

Arthur noticed the plea in Didian's eyes.

It was the distrust towards Grindelwald.

Immediately, Arthur gave a promise.

At the same time, Arthur also issued a dismissal.

This dismissal was not abrupt; rather, to Didian, Garcia, Longbain, and Sapir, this was the most normal response.

Arthur's time was valuable.

That he could spare a moment of this valuable time to meet with them was already a huge favor.

More?

Impossible.

Because they were not worthy enough.

Didian and the others consciously accepted this.

And that was why Arthur had chosen to 'act' in that manner.

It wasn't the time-consuming process of long-term relationships that couldn't reach his stature, but rather the direct and cost-effective method of PUA.

If it were the former, with Didian's personality, they would probably need several adjustments, and that too, based on a 'life-saving grace.'

Without the 'life-saving grace,' they would truly be waiting for a prolonged battle.

Longbain was in a similar situation.

Both had their weaknesses, but both also had their persistence.

So, it is not difficult, yet it's not simple either.

However, none of that matters now.

Arthur, who sat down and began to reread his books, did not look at Didian and his group again.

Grindelwald was the one the four had followed.

As he stepped out of No. 2 Cork Street, Grindelwald carefully closed the door without making a sound and then turned to face Didian and the others.

Afterward, his gaze fell on Didian.

"Do you know who dies the quickest?"

Grindelwald asked coldly.

"The conceited ones,"

said Didian, his face bitter.

"Good!

You know the answer!

I also hope you'll remember this answer firmly—and likewise, you must remember, it is only through the adults' mercy and compassion that you are able to stand here and continue speaking with me.

And us?

While gathered here by the adults' mercy and compassion,

we will absolutely not allow some individuals to think they can make mistakes over and over again, relying on the adults' mercy and compassion.

Understood?"

Grindelwald's voice was as cold as his gaze at that moment.

Didian and his companions felt as if the temperature was plummeting rapidly, as if their whole persons were about to freeze stiff.

No!

Not as if!

There was actual frost!

Garcia, watching the frost spread from Grindelwald's feet to in front of them and then stop, began to shiver uncontrollably.

As a novice of the 'Mystic Side,' it was his first time witnessing such power.

"Longbain, Garcia, pass the messages to Didian every week, and I will head to the 'Lotus Leaf Hotel' as often as possible to listen to Didian's reports.

If I fail to appear on time, Didian, you should have Sapir deliver the messages to No. 2 Cork Street, to a child named Merlin.

Similarly, if there is any urgent matter, Longbain, you are to come here first hand to inform Merlin,"

Grindelwald instructed.

"Merlin? A child?"

Sapir was taken aback.

Whether it was an illusion or not, the second son of the 'Lotus Leaf Hotel' felt that the man before him was comparing him to a child.

Such a feeling irritated Sapir.

That's right!

You are strong!

But to compare me to a child?

Am I not even comparable to a child?

"Ah, perhaps it was the accidental 'Awakening' that made you feel powerful, this sudden surge of power causing you to inflate your ego, thinking yourself mighty.

But this kind of might...

Here, it's less than a child.

If you don't believe it, you might try it with Merlin when you see him.

However...

If you die, don't say I didn't warn you."

Grindelwald glanced at Sapir with contempt.

Arthur had long been considering a trial against Merlin.

Now, it was just the right opportunity.

As for whether Merlin would be in trouble?

No, he would not.

His Uncle, Gaius, was keeping a close watch.

Following that, Grindelwald waved his hand to signal the four to leave quickly, the disdain in his manner once again making Didian and his group uneasy, yet soon after, they felt a tiny bit relieved.

Perhaps...

That was the best outcome!

Arthur, watching this scene through Fujin's perspective, curved the corners of his mouth slightly.

Then, the young 'Spirit Medium' took a deep breath.

This side of the show was over.

But tonight's drama was not yet over.

With a thought, Arthur's vision shifted—

At this moment, 'Glast' cloaked in a cloak, was striding toward Baron Harold's Manor.

Chapter 520

Nightfall shrouded Baron Harold's Manor.

Unlike Oak Manor, owned by the Doyle family, which was meticulously detailed, this manor was similar to the former Kemir Manor; it expanded outward from the central building, boasting beautifully decorated plazas, fountains, and driveways, particularly the area where carriages were parked by the plaza and the nearby stables, which occupied a large area, large enough to accommodate twenty carriages.

And now?

The ground was covered with overgrown weeds.

The once glorious beacon fires and bustling voices had been replaced by a lone oil lamp and an eerie silence.

But the next moment, that silence was shattered—

Whoo!

The whistling sound of the wind tearing through the air rushed forth.

Immediately, two gentlemen burst out of the main building.

The middle-aged man held a longsword and a firearm.

The elderly man clutched a walking stick, which, unlike others that served merely as ornaments, truly supported his body.

The middle-aged man was Titon, the steward of Harold Manor, the son of the former steward, and the only person Baron Harold trusted.

And the elderly gentleman was Baron Harold himself.

Like Baron Kemir, Baron Harold had a similar experience and was already advanced in years, his eyes even somewhat cloudy at this moment.

"Who's there? Come out!"

Steward Titon called out urgently, his gaze sweeping around continuously, his underlying anger making him seem murderous.

The steward knew it must be those "autumn thieves" again!

As Harold Family had fallen into decline, they could no longer defend their lands in South Los, only retaining Harold Manor, and these "thieves" had appeared repeatedly.

The steward's father, the old steward, had been injured in a skirmish with these "thieves" and died without receiving timely treatment.

Thus, the steward harbored a deep hatred for these "thieves."

At the same time, his heart was filled with sorrow.

How glorious was the Harold Family in the past?

They had over a hundred servants and guards, and a private army of five hundred men, property across the lands yielding carts and carts of Gold Coins to the manor every year.

Whenever a banquet was hosted, dignitaries from all over South Los attended, even the ruler of South Los would send gifts.

However, with successive Barons Harold being "duds," unable to awaken their Bloodline, the Harold Family no longer held power, and their properties gradually declined. Yet, the old Baron, relying on "Noble Honor" and a fiercely loyal private army of five hundred, had kept the Harold family operating normally until...

The Seven Years' War broke out!

Not only did the private army suffer heavy casualties, but the old Baron also died in battle.

From that time, the Harold Family began their precipitous decline.

Servants and guards became fewer and fewer.

Their lands steadily fell into the hands of others.

Latterly, as the last few private soldiers died of old age at the manor, Harold Manor had become "undefended."

Every few days, "thieves" would come to try their luck.

The shame Titon felt at this thought surged to his head, mingling with his prior fury.

Immediately, the steward could not help shouting out again—

"Come out! You bastards!"

And standing behind the steward, the elderly Baron Harold appeared to be nearly deaf and blind, barely able to see what was happening or hear any noise.

Even when...

Shadows enveloped them.

A massive shadow loomed overhead.

The already furious steward Titon immediately looked up.

A bat!

With its wings spread wide, the gigantic bat, ten meters across, hovered overhead. The gale it stirred with its flapping wings was enough to prevent ordinary people from standing, and its ferocious visage struck terror in everyone.

"'Blood Bat'!"

Titon's face turned pale.

Without a second thought, the steward pressed his back tightly against his lord.

"My lord, quickly, to the secret chamber!"

The butler shouted loudly, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the 'Blood Bat'.

Titon didn't know why the 'Blood Descendants' 'Blood Bat' appeared here, but the butler knew that this time the Harold Family might not be able to hold on.

Then...

He would give it his last ounce of strength!

Huh!

Titon adjusted his breathing, tossed the firearm aside, and instead grasped his sword with both hands.

The bullets of the firearm were of no use against the 'Blood Bat'.

It was well known that the 'Blood Bat' was impervious to blade and bullet.

Only a true secret technique could possibly break its defense.

Normally, Titon couldn't achieve it.

But that was under normal circumstances. If he fought desperately...

'I can do it!'

Titon's gaze was firm, his face resolute, his footsteps never retreated, his breathing between his nose and mouth grew faster, a unique heat was about to ignite, when suddenly a hand landed on his shoulder.

It was the elderly Baron Harold.

"Your Lordship?!"

The sight of his own lord, who had not left, immediately changed Titon's expression, and the determination in his eyes turned into utter panic.

He was prepared to fight to the death, naturally to create a chance for his lord to escape.

But now that the lord hadn't left, his death would be in vain.

"Titon."

A smile emerged on the elderly Baron Harold's face.

Titon was taken aback.

Because, ever since falling seriously ill two years ago, Baron Harold had become unable to speak clearly, and there was also a time when his mind was not very clear. Although his mind had recovered recently, his speech had not.

Titon hadn't heard such clear speech for two years.

Uncontrollably, Titon's eyes reddened.

The butler believed this was a miracle before death.

'After such a miracle, it is time to face death.

But, that's alright.

To fight to the death alongside His Lordship is the final honor of my life!'

Thinking this in his heart, Titon once again gripped his longsword tightly.

But then, Baron Harold once again patted Titon's shoulder.

Next, the baron stepped forward, raised his head to look at the 'Blood Bat' in the sky, reminiscence flashing in his now clear eyes.

"Is it you, Lord Auburn?"

The baron asked aloud.

Full of vitality, showing no trace of being a frail old man.

And with such a question, the 'Blood Bat' lowered its head, and a figure appeared atop the 'Blood Bat.' 'Blood Descendant' Auburn looked down at Baron Harold, a hint of surprise appearing in his crimson eyes, and then, seemingly recalling something, he nodded and muttered—

"Indeed, the Harold Family also prepared some contingencies.

That is wonderful!

Now I can really unleash my strength."

Between his words, a cold chill began to envelop the entire Harold Manor.

It wasn't just a feeling.

It was real.

Even now, snowflakes had begun to fall between heaven and earth.

Watching the snowflakes before him, astonishment that could not be hidden flashed in the eyes of the butler.

But the next moment, something even more astonishing happened.

Suddenly—

Baron Harold raised his hand with a wave.