

## Great Master 54

Chapter 54: Benefits, Cold Meals, and Hot Pot

Ilena would eventually die.

When someone chose to commit murder on the day the salon was convened, it was destined that the person would die.

Marinda would not let them get away with it!

But definitely not now!

Because, it did not suit Marinda's interests.

After finally turning the situation around, cornering both Coste and Emmond, how could she just simply let Ilena go?

Similarly, Coste and Emmond would not just sit back and wait to be killed.

They would try everything to be exonerated.

The best way, naturally, was to "persuade" Ilena.

And this was the moment Marinda was waiting for.

Only then, with Ilena's death, could she maximize her benefits.

Imagine, when Coste's and Emmond's persuaders met Ilena, and she then died, what impression would it give?

Silencing by murder!

According to common sense, that's what Marinda would do but recalling the killing intent Marinda had shown before, Arthur was uncertain.

But there was one thing, Arthur was certain of—

"I've said before, my 'Necromancy' ability can allow me to detect wandering lost souls and actively contact them, provided... she is in front of me."

As he spoke, Arthur shrugged.

At a very close distance, facing Arthur's shrugging shoulders, Marinda instinctively stepped back, quickly putting distance between herself and Arthur.

However, the lady was not annoyed.

For a partner she wanted to further cooperate with, she naturally granted considerable tolerance.

Moreover, this was also a test from her.

She heard Arthur's heartbeat.

It was very stable, with no acceleration.

It should be true.

Meaning, Arthur truly possessed the Talent of a Spirit Medium!

But, this lady was not one hundred percent certain.

At the same time, she knew that she must stop testing tonight, otherwise, she might lose a very suitable partner.

Therefore, after a pause, the lady asked with a smile.

"Do you want to eat or drink something? I can have Edwin get it for you, there's an auction later."

That's right!

The auction would continue.

Even though someone had died, it did not impact the latter half of the salon.

After all, the murderer was found, and a reasonable excuse existed.

Is there any reason not to continue?

Even if Marinda wanted to stop, the guests that evening wouldn't allow the auction to cease.

"I'll go down and choose myself."

"And you?"

Arthur refused Marinda's kind offer, and instead asked her.

"I think for grieving me, it's better to stay here alone, and meanwhile, to comfort the grieving me, you will definitely bring me some food back later, won't you?"

Marinda looked at Arthur with a pleading face.

"Of course!"

Arthur nodded and then walked out of the lounge.

The door, closed behind him.

A door, separating two worlds.

Inside the room, under the bright lights, Marinda drew deeply on her pipe, exhaling smoke that curled mysteriously as she smiled, her eyes twinkling with an indescribable look.

Outside the room, standing in the dim shadows, Arthur also curled his lips, his mind turbulent, but his facade remained unaltered, not even a tiny bit.

Marinda's choice to collaborate with him wasn't just to paralyze the opposition.

There was also...

The identity of a "Spirit Medium"!

She needed the abilities of a "Spirit Medium"!

"Being so cautious, it must not be simple exorcism!"

"And furthermore..."

"It won't just be this simple or a one or two-time probe!"

Arthur pondered, his breath steady, identical to how it was within the room; his footsteps never faltered, moving directly downstairs.

Facing such a lady as Marinda, in Arthur's view, no amount of caution was excessive.

Even if they were partners, it was the same.

He had witnessed this lady's methods with his own eyes.

As he descended the stairs, a smile maintained, a flicker of surprise passed through Arthur's eyes.

Words only he could see danced before him—

[Bluff Experience +1]

[Bluff Lv2: 2/5]

...

[Bluff] had once again earned experience.

Arthur wasn't sure whether it was because of dealing with Marinda or the guests who had just been there.

Or perhaps, was it both?

Although Arthur couldn't confirm which it was for the moment, one thing he was sure of was that his skills could be upgraded through training.

For him, that was naturally good news.

Already blessed with exceptional talent and reliant on his own efforts to enhance his strength, he certainly wouldn't mind striving a bit more to become stronger!

Even though he still hadn't figured out the [Mission] mechanics, the good news at hand brightened Arthur's smile considerably.

And when he saw an acquaintance among the guests, Arthur's smile became even happier.

"Arthur!"

Scott, holding a plate in one hand, waved at Arthur with the other.

"This is yet another fateful encounter!"

The young journalist said exaggeratedly, seeming to be at any place where there was news related to Arthur.

In fact, it was Malz who had returned and informed Scott, who was preparing to continue his exclusive interview with the 'new Sheriff of Shire District.'

That was why Scott had hurried over.

He wanted to get firsthand materials.

As for his entrance into the salon?

Scott was there on behalf of the Shire District Police Station.

Arthur guessed these things.

However, he didn't expose them.

"To destiny!"

Arthur turned around, picked up a glass of ice water that had no ice cubes and no strange smell, signaled to Scott, and then directly took the young journalist's plate and headed towards the corner.

With Brody's life tips, Arthur increasingly knew how to choose the right food.

Just like Scott's plate, which was already filled with food.

Especially the egg tarts, they were quite enticing, their rich aroma drilling right into one's nose.

Lady of the Long Night's salon was always cold-dish style, only adding some heat-sustainable dishes such as stews or porridge when winter arrived.

Now, being far from winter, the main dishes were cakes, sausages, chicken breasts, fruits, and vegetable salads.

Regarding fruits and vegetable salads, which weren't to Arthur's usual dietary preferences—he didn't like them, but cakes, sausages, and chicken breasts were different.

Arthur bit into the egg tart, its crispy surface and smooth filling giving him immense pleasure.

Sweets and meat, truly irresistible.

Meanwhile, Scott, seeing Arthur already starting dinner in the corner, felt helpless and had no choice but to head back to the buffet to choose his food again.

But just as he was bringing his food back, Arthur raised his hand and took it over again.

"Thank you, Scott!"

"Seriously, I wouldn't know what to do without you!"

Faced with Arthur's sincere expression, the young journalist silently turned back towards the buffet table.

Fortunately, this time Arthur didn't reach out to take more.

Not because he was full.

But because Arthur felt that at this point, he should be eating some hot food.

For example: Hot pot.

Cold dishes, after all, lacked a certain appeal.

Even if they included Arthur's favorite sweets and meats.

After all, hot pot complements sweets and meats far better!

The inner exclamation made Arthur unable to help but recall whether South Los had sesame paste, and how the hot pot base should be fried.

Of course, he hadn't forgotten to discuss the 'rules of delicious food in consultation fees' with Scott.

To this, Scott naturally had doubts but did not ask further.



However, Arthur was muttering softly.

"Food full of goodwill should not be taken for granted; it not only delights my mood but also helps me deal with the troubles in exorcism—naturally, as food itself, it is far more important than money."

When he discovered that 'real gourmet food' could yield +XP, such an insight dawned on Arthur from the bottom of his heart.

Scott, clearly with the potential of a gourmet, immediately brightened up.

He picked up from Arthur's words Arthur's love for food and his compassion for those who could not afford the consultation fee.

If not for such compassion, how could Arthur possibly consider using 'food' as part of the consultation fee?

With a slight misunderstanding, Scott's look towards Arthur grew more respectful, and just as the journalist was about to discuss in detail how to refine the 'rules of food in consultation fees' with Arthur, a few uninvited guests walked over.

They were not strangers.

They were the same young people who had targeted Arthur during Brody's death.

Now, the leader, angry like a bull, not only breathing heavily but with red cheeks, walked into the corner and directly shouted at Arthur—

"Arthur Kredos, I challenge you to a duel!"