

Great Master 55

Chapter 55 The Nature of the Human Heart is Gossip and Paranoia!

The young man did not suppress his shout.

Immediately, the music behind the dining table came to a halt.

Indeed, not only the musicians noticed when these young men approached from afar—the guests in the hall had also taken note.

The guests, who were dressed to the nines, were thrilled to bits.

Because they saw that these young men were seeking trouble with Arthur.

It wasn't that there was any real malice.

It was simply the thrill of spectating!

When it comes to spectating, people of all statuses share the same interest.

Because everyone has a heart that thrives on excitement.

The guests were one by one bursting with enthusiasm; they had not anticipated such consecutive excitement for one evening.

How would that Arthur react to these repeated provocations?

Would he berate these individuals?

Or would he actually draw his sword for a duel?

Or perhaps...

... a Curse?!

At this thought, under the bright lights, many faces among the guests reddened with excitement. Were it not for the fear of Lady of the Long Night's reputation, they might have already started roaring, just as they would while watching a battle in an underground fight club.

Moreover, compared to an underground fight club, they were more eager to witness a 'Curse'!

After all, they had never seen what a real 'Curse' looked like.

And now they had the chance to see it!

Instantly, they were all agog with wide eyes.

Arthur was sitting on the sofa and quickly held back Scott, who had already picked up an empty dining plate.

It wasn't that Arthur thought these young men should not be fought.

In Arthur's view, youthful impetuosity was inevitable and something every young person experienced, especially when hormones overflowed and such impulses had already clouded their judgment.

But that didn't mean there would be no price to pay.

Since they had been provoked to irrationality by the woman named 'Marinda Julius Caesar', he certainly had to properly educate the fellows.

So, a dining plate was not enough.

A slap in the face here was also insufficient.

As for a duel right here?

That was even more laughable.

Not to mention that as Marinda's collaborator, he could never carry out behaviors that would affect his own collaborator's salon and auction.

Simply doing so without gaining more XP just couldn't pique Arthur's interest.

Just as the others said, have a duel here.

The opponents knocked down, the surrounding guests surprised.

And then what?

It's just that.

It's nothing more than a topic of conversation after meals.

But what if the stage before them changed?

What if it became all of South Los?

What then?

Before, there was no such opportunity.

But now?

There indeed was such an opportunity: the 'Swordsmanship Conference'!

The forthcoming 'Swordsmanship Conference'!

Think about it, what's more sensational—winning the Champion title at the 'Swordsmanship Conference' without any fuss or, for the sake of a beloved, having to participate in the 'Swordsmanship Conference', overcoming all sorts of hardships and finally securing the Champion title?

With just a thought, the latter outranks the former.

Love between a man and a woman, the imposing third party, romance tinged with blood, life-and-death swordsmanship—all these elements combined, in the informationally secluded South Los, would surely be the center of attention!

How much XP would one gain by then?

The number would surely be incredibly exaggerated!

At this thought, even Arthur could not help but tremble.

And his gaze upon the young men before him became all the more serene.

Such a look, however, stung the young men, and the leader shouted again.

"Arthur Kredos, I want to duel with you!"

Arthur shook his head.

"Coward, scaredy-cat!"

"How could someone like you ever be worthy of Miss Caesar!"

Seeing Arthur shake his head, the leading young man immediately burst into laughter, and the young men behind him joined in the laughter as if they had won a great victory.

Arthur looked at them, his eyes filled with pity.

He was already quite certain before that with Marinda's aversion to men, these young men before him would never be able to get close to her.

And now?

He was even more certain that these young men wouldn't just be unable to approach Marinda; standing before her and breathing the same air in a room could excite them for half a day.

If Marinda condescended to speak a word to them, it would be like Grace from a deity.

Bark, bark, bark!

Strangely enough, Arthur heard the barking of dogs in his ear.

Not just one, but a pack of them.

Alas.

Arthur sighed softly.

He stood up amid the puzzled looks of the young people.

"Marinda is exhausted because of what just happened, and I don't hope nor wish to make her feel uneasy at this moment.

I hope I can give her a sense of security.

I want to be the one she can lean on when she is tired, to let go of everything and rest on my shoulder.

Rather than creating trouble out of nothing and leaving her a mess to clean up after being honored for bravery!"

Arthur said, enunciating each word.

His voice was neither humble nor arrogant, but it filled the entire hall.

Hearing these words, the gaze of the ladies fanning themselves with their feathers shifted towards Arthur.

Before, they had been surprised by Marinda's choice of Arthur.

Some even bluntly thought it was because of Arthur's status as a 'Spirit Medium'.

But now, they realized they were wrong.

Marinda chose Arthur purely because of his reliability.

Like other young people, if their male companions faced such a challenge, they would probably have thrown their gloves at the challenger's face already.

But Arthur, for Marinda's sake, held back.

That was Arthur's sacrifice for Marinda!

The ladies' gaze towards Arthur was filled with admiration.

However, they still felt a tinge of regret, admiring Arthur's thoughtfulness but feeling it lacked something.

And this expression had already been noted by Arthur.

He, was waiting for this very moment!

The next moment, Arthur spoke up loudly.

"But I cannot ignore your challenge, so—"

'Swordsmanship Conference'!

I will sign up for the 'Swordsmanship Conference'!

There, we shall decide the winner!"

If a warm-up before the match was needed, it certainly couldn't do without broadcasters, and who better to spread the news than those wealthy and leisurely ladies?

Arthur wouldn't pass up these free laborers.

So, after a slight pause, he opened his mouth again.

"Excuse me, I need to bring some food for Marinda; she is hungry."

With that, Arthur pushed aside the young people in front of him.

The other party fell thud onto the sofa, mumbling with a pale face.

"How could this happen? Why didn't I think of this? Will Miss Caesar despise me? What should I do? What should I do?"

The young man seemed to have lost his soul.

However, besides his companions, nobody else in the hall paid any more attention to him.

Everyone was looking at Arthur.

Especially the ladies who had been attracted by Arthur before, now using their feather fans to cover their faces, their exposed eyes shone even more.

At that moment, they were completely captivated by Arthur's displayed reliability, thoughtfulness, and gentleness, especially when they thought of Arthur's 'Spirit Medium' identity, which added an air of mystery that made their breathing quicken. Only when Arthur picked up a plate and started selecting food did they suddenly realize that Arthur also had a handsome appearance.

This... Isn't this the perfect lover?

Immediately, many of the ladies became envious.

Initially, they thought Arthur and Marinda were mismatched, but now they felt that Marinda was too fortunate to have encountered Arthur.

Of course, with envy came jealousy.

Why should Marinda be so lucky?

Why not me?

Still, most of the ladies remained rational.

They didn't dare to overstep with Marinda.

But there were one or two who thought they could.

So even after Arthur took the food upstairs, their eyes still clung to him.

Arthur also felt the burning gazes behind him.

'Did I overdo it?' he wondered but knocked on the door unhurriedly.

Marinda looked at him with a smile that was not quite a smile as she clutched her pipe.

Clearly, this lady was aware of the happenings below.

But this lady did not mock or scoff. Instead, she put away the smile on her face and said in a very serious tone.

"Arthur, thank you for everything you have done for me!"

"I will keep it in my heart and compensate you for it."

Arthur appreciated Marinda as a partner who understood the bigger picture and was clear about right and wrong. He immediately set the plate down beside her and said with a smile,

"Try the egg tarts, they are quite good."

"Aunt Mary has a praiseworthy talent!"

Marinda affectionately called the cook, evidently sharing a special relationship with her.

And when this lady picked up the egg tart, there was a knock at the door.

It was Edwin.

After the chauffeur came in and saw that Marinda waved a hand indifferently, he lowered his voice and said—

"Coste, Emmond, both are dead!"