

Great Master 63

Chapter 63: A Reward Filled with Sincerity (Please Follow~ Support Appreciated~)

Arthur walked back to No. 2 Cork Street from the Shire District Police Station during the afternoon, but he was in quite a good mood—

Shouts of "Extra, extra!" were attracting people's attention.

Since morning, up to now, the newsboys hadn't rested at all.

Not only had the "Lady of the Long Night Salon Murder Case" made it to the special edition last night.

The event of "Coste, Emmond haunted by Evil Spirits' Revenge" also made the afternoon's special edition following Scott's interview this morning.

It was indeed Scott's interview that caused Arthur to return late.

It definitely wasn't because he wanted to see the head chefs of the White Rose and Red Rose restaurants try their signature dishes that he came back late.

Having the other party eat the food he had prepared was what Arthur had asked Malz for.

It was not an excessive request.

It was simply to have both chefs eat his recommended signature dishes.

And they had to ensure not a single bit was left.

Leave a bit, and they would get a slap.

Administered personally by Scott.

When Arthur had left, the two head chefs looked miserable after eating half of it, and Scott had already requested an iron gauntlet—from the maggot that had jumped into their mouths had left an indelible shadow on this young journalist. He needed to swing his arms with force to vent his anger, to perfectly erase it.

By the afternoon, the morning's clouds had already scattered.

People, completely unaware of what had happened in South Los, were still going about their lives at their own pace, the warm sunlight spreading across the ground, drying the muddy terrain, and speeding the newsboys along their way.

Four groups of newsboys had already run past Arthur.

Clearly, the newspaper sales were solid.

And people were not tired of him, the "Spirit Medium."

Or maybe...

Today's special edition was just too enticing.

Whether it was the Lady of the Long Night or Coste, Emmond, in South Los, they were big names.

To these big names, whether a commoner or the middle class, all felt awe.

And with such awe, naturally came intense curiosity.

"One newspaper!"

Someone called out to a newsboy from the roadside.

The person buying the newspaper, dressed neatly and cleanly, with a brand-new top hat, looked like a middle-class individual who was doing fairly well; otherwise, he wouldn't be strolling leisurely in the afternoon.

He handed over six Zeroes and quickly started flipping through the freshly pressed newspaper after receiving it, mumbling to himself all the while.

"You wait and see, Chermy, I'm going to win Lady Linda's favor more than you will. You just rely on some news you see in the newspaper to curry favor with Lady Linda, but I'm different—I'll bring Mr. Kledos's autograph, just wait, I'll definitely find an opportunity to meet Mr. Kledos in person!"

Arthur took one look at the young middle-class man after hearing his words and quickened his pace to leave.

The socially anxious Spirit Medium, not good with words, almost ran back to Cork Street.

Of course, he had to avoid Eivor's snack stand.

Phew!

Standing at No. 2 Cork Street, Arthur finally let out a long breath.

Just as he opened the gate, he heard the sound of a carriage rolling down the street, casting a sideward glance with the corner of his eye.

A two-wheeled Hanson Carriage, with Edwin standing at the back, pulling on the reins.

The carriage came to a stable stop, and Edwin, clothed in a leather jacket, leapt down. Spotting Arthur at the door, he promptly smiled in greeting.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Kledos."

Then, he carried a large and a small box, along with a basket, out from the carriage.

There was still warmth to the touch from the basket, and even with the cover, the rich sweetness and milky aroma gave away that it contained custard tarts, puff pastry cakes, and cream cakes to Arthur.

"Thanks to Lady Mary," Arthur said as he took the basket, his lips curling up at the corners.

Who would ever refuse Delicious sweets?

Even diabetes wouldn't!

Edwin, with fatigue on his face, couldn't help but smile too at the sight of Arthur's happy expression when faced with Food.

"These were made by Mary in overtime. Mary's skills never disappoint—especially the custard tarts!" Edwin said while handing Arthur the two boxes as well.

"This is your well-deserved reward," he said in a hushed tone.

"Thank you, Edwin, and also for Marinda's upholding of the agreement... no, she actually fulfilled the agreement ahead of time—do you need to come in for a cup of tea?" Arthur expressed his appreciation for Marinda's early fulfillment of their deal.

At the same time, some customs from his homeland made it impossible for Arthur to casually let someone who had delivered something for him stand at the door.

...

"No, Mr. Kledos,"

"You know, I have too many things to deal with. Can I leave these with you in the corridor?"

Edwin apologetically declined Arthur.

It wasn't an excuse; the unmistakable fatigue on Edwin's face and the lingering scent of blood on his body were telling Arthur the situation wasn't over, and that lady was still in action.

However, it no longer concerned him.

In this matter, his part had already ended.

Even though he knew that the lady's actions to come were where the real gains of the incident lay, he would not be tempted.

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

It wasn't that he didn't dare to.

It was that he couldn't.

If he got involved with his current situation, he would have nowhere to be buried when he died!

'Strength! Strength!'

Arthur lamented in his heart, holding tightly onto the two boxes, one large and one small, and only returning to No. 2 Cork Street after watching the coachman drive away.

When the door closed, Arthur didn't immediately open the boxes.

Instead, he softly chanted—

"Ei a!"

With the appearance of two "Hands of Void," Arthur immediately retreated to the extreme distance of 6 meters. Then, holding a longsword with the Hands of Void, he used its tip to pry open the two boxes.

Pop!

Both boxes were pried open.

The large box contained a scroll and two books.

Clearly, they were the secret techniques and mystic side knowledge that Marinda had promised.

Surprisingly, the small box contained something that Arthur hadn't expected. Inside was a pipe, the same long-shank billiard pipe as Marinda's.

Obviously, Marinda was still thinking about the time he refused to share a pipe with her.

Of course, the lady also remembered that he had a fondness for sweets.

"How thoughtful!"

Arthur muttered such words and then used the Hand of Void to pick up the basket filled with pastries and put it in the kitchen.

He didn't eat the pastries but instead broke off a little of each pastry after setting down the basket and used the Hand of Void to scatter them in a corner outside the yard.

According to the predecessor's memory, that spot was often frequented by rats.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Marinda, he just thought it was best to be cautious.

Just like what followed, he still used the Hand of Void to rinse the pipe over a dozen times and checked that there were no centipedes, spiders, or other poisonous insects hidden inside it before placing it on the Spirit Medium Parlor's desk.

After all this was done, Arthur sat behind the desk. He first took a pair of gloves from the drawer below and neatly put them on before, following his initial instinct, he picked up the book furthest from him out of the two books and the scroll.

Just then, as he was about to flip through the book—

"[Glyphic Language (Basic) detected, assessing...]"

"[Possesses spirituality, assessment passed!]"

"[Do you wish to spend 10 XP to learn Glyphic Language (Basic)?]"

...

'It's the Glyphic Language!'

Looking at the text before him, Arthur's lips curled into a smile.

When he saw the notation of the Glyphic Language in the Hand of Void, Arthur knew that to truly understand the mystic side, he needed to know this language.

Even more, Arthur speculated that Glyphic Language must be a language exclusive to the mystic side.

Arthur glanced at an earlier notification—

"[The Lady of the Long Night Salon murder case shocks the people of South Los; XP+20]"

"[Coste, Emmond avenged by an Evil Spirit, shocks the people of South Los; XP+20]"

"[More people have heard your name; XP+3]"

...

With the unexpected slew of gains plus the remaining 13 XP from before, Arthur now possessed 56 XP points, an unprecedented wealth. Under such circumstances, there was nothing to hesitate about.

But as Arthur was about to learn, he suddenly paused.

He frowned, tapping his fingers lightly on the desk.

"Something isn't right! Something isn't right!"

"It shouldn't be like this!"

Arthur murmured to himself, squinting slightly.