

Great Master 65

Chapter 65 Transfer Station and Foothold!

Arthur's face instantly lit up with a touch of joy.

According to the agreement he had with Wiggins, Wiggins would only return to No. 2 Cork Street when he found the whereabouts of that toad.

Streetwise Wiggins was definitely not one to make a fuss over nothing.

So, had Wiggins found that toad?

Arthur, filled with anticipation, opened the door.

Wiggins did not disappoint that expectation—

"Good afternoon, Mr. Kledos."

"Are you heading out?"

Wiggins' smiling greeting confirmed to Arthur that this streetwise Golden Finger had brought him good news.

Instantly, Arthur's somewhat repressed mood lifted.

"Of course!"

"Because 'Anna' told me you were coming!"

Arthur joked, his mood lightened.

But the sight of the terrifying doll in Arthur's arms wiped the smile from Wiggins' face.

He always felt like the doll's eyes were watching him.

Instantly, Wiggins felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

With an uneasy twist of his body and without any hesitation, the streetwise Golden Finger spoke up directly.

"I found the place where the person you're looking for is staying."

"Please follow me!"

Having said that, Wiggins immediately turned and led the way.

This Golden Finger really did not want to look directly at 'Anna'.

Moreover, he felt uncomfortable even with his back turned to Anna.

To dispel this awkward feeling, Wiggins continued talking.

"That guy is far more cunning than we thought, he doesn't just have two hideouts, he has multiple identities!

He uses these identities to shuttle through South Los, and if he hadn't set up the transfer station just on the outskirts of Rat Street, which was seen by one of my men by chance, I would never have been able to find his whereabouts!"

Wiggins was leading Arthur to the toad's hideout.

As for the transfer station being set up on the outskirts of Rat Street, Arthur was not surprised.

Such a chaotic place as Rat Street was a natural shelter for people like the toad.

As for a transfer station rather than a hideout?

The chaos of Rat Street affects not just the trackers, but also the residents themselves, meaning aside from safety considerations, that toad must have something important on him!

He didn't trust keeping these important items in Rat Street, so he found another hideout.

At this thought, excitement surged in Arthur's heart.

He quickened his pace, yet did not forget to glance at the spot where he had thrown the cake earlier.

No dead rats.

Not too bad.

Still, Arthur decided to wait.

He would check again on his way back.

Following Wiggins, Arthur crossed Dar Alley and hailed a public carriage on Cicico Ruins Road, heading straight for Mule Street.

This time they were in luck; the public carriage only carried Arthur and Wiggins.

After a bumpy half-hour ride, they reached their destination, and Wiggins sighed with relief.

The last public carriage journey had left a deep impression on this Golden Finger, who dreaded encountering any trouble—thanks to Scott's propaganda, the Golden Finger knew all too well that troubles always seemed to find the 'Spirit Medium'.

In fact, if not for being broke, he would definitely not be wearing his current shoes.

"This way!"

Wiggins led Arthur through the uneven and narrow streets, rounding a corner before pointing to a low house on Mule Street.

The house didn't look big from the outside, only two fists wider than the door, as narrow as a hallway, made entirely of a mix of brick and stone, with a wooden roof, no yard wall, no windows, and facing directly onto the small path.

Arthur even wondered if the original location of this house was an actual yard.

Unlike Dar Alley, where affluent commoners lived, Mule Street was a gathering place for commoners from the Dort District.

Most of the residents were newcomers, living on the factories of the Dort District, with little property to their names, and their homes were mostly small cubicles rented from one large house that was divided up.

Some of these cubicles were even patched together from planks of wood.

After working day and night, their meager salaries maintained the bare necessities of their households, and even then, they had to save money.

Because most of them had dreams.

They dreamed of owning their own house in South Los one day.

However, the vast majority of them would never fulfill that dream by the day they died.

Then, with death, they would quickly be forgotten.

Because more people would flood into South Los, taking over their previous roles, repeating their lives and... dreams.

Looking at the street before him, filled with despair and hope, Arthur shook his head slightly, then signaled for Wiggins to keep watch.

He hurried toward the low house—although it was daytime and the residents had likely all gone to work, there was always the chance of an exception.

The door was closed tight, not locked, but barricaded from the inside.

Mule Street was poor, but there were still locksmiths like Golden Finger slipping through to pick locks, and the toad made these simple arrangements to avoid unnecessary trouble.

At least, such arrangements deterred most locksmiths from coming to probe.

But there were downsides too.

Having the door unlocked for a long time, if noticed by someone with intent, made everything a bit too suspicious.

In fact, Wiggins quickly zeroed in on this point.

Arthur scanned his surroundings and as soon as he spotted a chimney on the roof, unfamiliar syllables slipped from his lips.

"Ei a!"

Two "Hands of Void" flew straight into the chimney, wormed their way into the house, and unlocked the inner bolt for Arthur—a door bolt made from a square piece of wood.

Then—

Creak!

The door opened!

And this scene took Wiggins by surprise.

Though tasked with keeping watch, Wiggins had been keeping part of his attention on Arthur; when he saw Arthur utter a spell and the door magically opened, he began to doubt his own life.

Wiggins had never doubted Arthur's abilities.

Nor did he doubt Arthur's identity as a Spirit Medium.

But was Arthur a bit too omnipotent?

He had been expecting to be asked by Arthur to open the door.

You must know, he was the number one locksmith in the Shire District!

Any door, any safe, he could open, but definitely not as effortlessly as Arthur, who just needed to recite a spell.

'Can I learn such a spell?'

The thought suddenly arose in Wiggins's mind.

In an instant, the locksmith shook his head and completely cast the thought out of his mind.

Hanging around the streets as he often did, he had heard many people say 'mysteries bring misfortune,' including one individual who shared such words, his own teacher.

A person who lost both legs, missing a right hand, left with only a pinky on his left hand, yet still able to pick locks with his tongue.

He had said that he ended up in such a condition because he had dabbled in 'mystery.'

Wiggins didn't want to end up like that.

So, he stopped paying attention to Arthur and threw himself wholeheartedly into his watch duties.

Meanwhile, Arthur was not aware of Wiggins's psychological activities.

He was fully focused on inspecting the house in front of him.

Who could guarantee that the toad hadn't laid traps here?

The house was a bit wider than it appeared from the outside, but still limited in space; with a bed, a cabinet, and a stove inside, anyone walking in would have to sidle through.

Undoubtedly, it was a room that would feel cramped even for a single occupant.

After pausing for a second on the cabinet, Arthur had the two "Hands of Void" begin a thorough, no-dead-angle probing.

Within the maximum distance he could maintain, the two "Hands of Void" tapped and explored bit by bit.

Whoosh!

As one of the "Hands of Void" touched the floor about two meters in front of the door, the sound of a bowstring suddenly rang out.

A crossbow bolt located above the door and out of the line of sight fired out.

The strong force made the bolt violently pierce through the floor, triggering the next piece of machinery.

Whoosh!

Another bolt shot out from the blind spot above the door.

Due to a different angle, this bolt aimed further inside.

If someone dodging flung themselves forward, they were sure to be hit by the arrow.

Having calculated a forward movement, of course, the contraption would have anticipated a retreat as well!

Without a second thought, Arthur dodged to the side.

Just as Arthur completed his dodge, a crossbow bolt hidden under the bedclothes fired out.

Whoosh, thump!

The bolt embedded itself into the ground right in front of Arthur.

This scene made Wiggins's heart race.

Swallowing hard, the locksmith moistened his dry throat and became even more vigilant— he had realized this job was more dangerous than he had imagined!

After a quick glance at the vigilant Wiggins, Arthur continued to direct the "Hands of Void" to explore the room.

Minutes later, having combed through the entire room, only the cabinet remained.

When the two "Hands of Void" opened the cabinet doors,

As expected, another crossbow bolt.

The arrow struck the wooden wall opposite, embedding deeply and knocking down a large cloud of dust.

Arthur immediately covered his nose and mouth, retreating several meters until all the dust had settled, and not a tiny bit of it was out of the ordinary. Only then, did he control the two "Hands of Void" to take out the only item in the cabinet.

It was a wicker basket, quite heavy, challenging to carry with one "Hand of Void" and requiring the combined effort of both.

However, just as both "Hands of Void" lifted the basket together, Arthur's expression changed.

He distinctly felt something under the basket snap!