

Great Master 69

Chapter 69 'Fragrance'!

After a brief hour of sleep, the door to Marinda's study was knocked.

Thud, thud thud!

"My lady?"

Outside, the cook Mary inquired.

Marinda quickly rubbed her face, dispelling the tiredness, and then picked up her pipe again.

Tobacco helped Marinda swiftly regain her spirit.

"Come in, I'm awake,"

Marinda said.

Cook Mary came in with the food.

Large boiled beef, fresh cherry tomatoes, pickled onions, cucumbers, radishes, and a cup of extra strong coffee.

That was the menu Marinda had requested.

The coffee was for stimulation.

Lots of fruit were beneficial for her after consecutive nights without proper rest.

And the beef?

Essential for bodily energy.

Without knife or fork, and forgoing all manners, Marinda grabbed the food with her hands and stuffed it into her mouth, while her gaze fell upon the letter Mary had brought in.

Seeing Arthur's signature, Marinda was somewhat surprised.

But upon reading the content of the letter, the lady couldn't help but laugh.

The letter read—

Dear Marinda,

Could you arrange some reading essentials for me?

I believe I am entitled to this.

Don't you think so?

Always expectantly, Arthur.

...

There was no specific date, but the handwriting and ink were fresh, carrying a faint cocoa scent along with sweetness.

Marinda already envisioned in her mind Arthur sipping hot cocoa while writing to her.

"When was this delivered?"

Marinda asked.

"Fifteen minutes after breakfast today, brought by a Cork Street newsboy,"

the cook answered precisely.

"Ha, a smart and meticulous fellow."

"Go to the storeroom, cabinet number 2, third row, the sixth drawer, and take a potion for Arthur."

"Have Edwin deliver it personally."

Though Marinda expressed her discontent verbally, she wasn't stingy.

"Yes, my lady,"

the cook hurried away.

Marinda didn't give further instructions.

To Marinda, both the cook Mary and the coachman Edwin were people she could trust unconditionally.

With the study door closed again, Marinda picked up the letter once more.

Distracted by many things, and without proper rest for several days, Marinda was not in the least bit careless, as she meticulously studied Arthur's handwriting.

Clear, steady, not a bit sloppy.

She lifted her hand and carefully felt the paper.

Confidence!

Full of confidence!

No probing!

Undoubtedly, Arthur knew that the "Glyphic Language" needed to be accompanied by "Fragrance" to be learned.

'Fragrance,' though slightly different in formula among various societies and schools, mainly serves to block 'Peeping' and has no usage restrictions.

Of course, during meditation, it must match the school's profile.

But most people do not know these things.

Only the true Mystic Side Person is aware.

"The Kledos Family, huh?"

"Indeed, that Old Charlie must be a Mystic Side Person!"

"Drake and Cassandra's respective departures, they must be because Old Charlie sensed the beginning of the clash between the Earl and that Old Lion, seeking to minimize the Kledos family's losses."

"As for Winters, who left three years ago..."

"Beck farm, hmm?"

Marinda's expression grew solemn as she unconsciously picked up the pipe and took two deep puffs.

Amidst the rising smoke, recalling some information about Beck farm, the lady couldn't help but frown deeply.

That place...

Was terrifying!

She absolutely did not want to get involved!

However, Marinda then smiled.

This lady thought of Arthur again.

"Old Charlie, you might have anticipated everything, but you definitely did not anticipate your grandson's age, that Arthur, right?"

"Young Arthur, loves the spotlight more than you might imagine."

Marinda muttered to herself softly, seemingly imagining Old Charlie's shocked and helpless expression upon hearing the news, finding it quite amusing.

Immediately, she pulled on the handle on the desk.

The bell connected to the other end started ringing.

"My lord?"

The servant entered and asked with a bow.

"Contact the editor-in-chief of the South Los Daily for me, I believe Arthur Kredos's deeds are worth publishing in the South Los Daily."

Marinda said with a serious face.

"Yes."

After bowing again, the servant left.

As the door closed behind him, Marinda's laughter lightened up.

For a moment, the fatigue from continuous work began to fade.

Marinda then immersed herself back into the work following the 'Coste, Emmond suicide case'—a matter involving two large trading companies and more than a dozen small and medium-sized ones.

And she had to sort it out in the shortest time possible.

Only by doing so could she reap the greatest benefit.

Of course, she would never take what she shouldn't.

After all, that Countess was no fool.

"Those guys must be getting impatient, right?"

"Come on! Come on!"

"Don't let me down now!"

Thinking of something, Marinda's smile grew wider, and her pen flew across the paper.

For a moment, Marinda was in high spirits.

Similarly, Arthur was also in high spirits.

The potion that Edwin had just delivered confirmed the truth of what was written in Graham's diary—although everything was a spoil of war he personally acquired, who could guarantee that Graham wouldn't lie?

After all, who writes diaries in earnest!

Therefore, only after reconfirming with Marinda could Arthur be reassured.

Of course, the most important thing was the potion in his hand!

Unlike the empty bottle labelled "Drool of Apophis" which had only the label left, the potion Marinda gave revealed detailed information as soon as he held it.

[Name: Orunkaite's Potion]

[Type: Potion]

[Quality: Secret Technique]

[Attributes: Isolation]

[Remarks: Before the collapse of the Holy Empire, it was discovered that studying Glyphic Language without preparation could lead to dreadful peeping. However, the Holy Empire denied this fact. Unfortunately, the Pope's authority was inadequate to cover up the entire matter, and more information began to spread.

It was from 'Cat Hole' that the leader of the 'Cat Faction', Orunkaite, was the first to create an effective means of isolation—a secret medicine.]

...

[Isolation: Consuming 15 milliliters of the secret medicine will make you unnoticed by those existences for 1 hour]

(Note: This is a 30-milliliter test tube but contains only the standard 15 milliliters of potion)

...

"The fragrance of the Cat Faction?"

"Lucky me!"

A hint of surprise flashed in Arthur's eyes.

As for taking advantage of Marinda's offer?

To be honest, it wasn't really taking advantage without giving anything in return since Marinda had incurred a favor upon him by testing with Glyphic Language, which naturally required compensation.

But Arthur still felt joy!

Afterward, Arthur's gaze subconsciously drifted to the book recorded in Glyphic Language with the "Cat Hole Theory.Cripple."

According to Grom's diary, it contained at least one ritual for harmonizing spirituality.

This was especially important to him!

And the "Orunkaite's Potion" received from Marinda, also originating from the 'Cat Hole' and extending from the 'Cat Faction', does that mean Marinda had more things related to the 'Cat Faction'?

Or even things from the 'Cat Hole'?

With these thoughts, some plans began to form in Arthur's mind.

But that was a matter for later.

Now?

Having learned that studying Glyphic Language would not increase his spirituality, Arthur boldly proceeded to the secret chamber with Orunkaite's Potion and the basic Glyphic Language in hand.

He chose an opaque and windless secret chamber as described in Grom's diary, drank the potion in one gulp, and then chose to study the basic Glyphic Language.

And then—

Darkness descended!