

Great Master 72

Chapter 72: How many lives does a cat have?

Arthur noticed the young woman's gaze right away.

An acquaintance?

He must have seen her at Marinda's salon.

After a brief moment of thought, Arthur confirmed her identity.

By this time, she had already approached him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Kledos. Do you remember me?"

The young woman asked openly.

"We must have met at Marinda's salon!"

Arthur replied truthfully.

Meanwhile, his eyes swept over the cat in her arms.

A black-and-white cow-patterned cat, somewhat skinny but spirited, not at all shy; in this young woman's arms, it looked curiously around, if it weren't for the firm hold of the lady, it would have already jumped down.

Hearing Arthur's words delighted the young woman; she truly hadn't expected Arthur to remember her, so she immediately began excitedly introducing herself.

"I'm Linda, Linda Camille."

"Are you here to choose a cat as a pet?"

"A Black Cat! It must be a Black Cat!"

"Only a Black Cat can complement your 'Spirit Medium' abilities!"

The woman in front of him spoke enthusiastically on her own.

In the local legends of South Los, there is a belief that Black Cats are favored by 'Spirit Mediums' and 'Witches'—because Black Cats themselves can communicate with Lost Souls.

Some people are convinced of this.

Others?

They simply believe that the connection of Black Cats to Necromancy is merely a misconception spread by some people who were frightened by Black Cats in the dark.

After all, cats themselves move silently, and with the cover of night, it is no wonder someone could be scared by a Black Cat.

Especially when a Black Cat appears in a graveyard, it leads to many speculations.

However, Linda Camille clearly belonged to the former group.

Faced with the young woman's expectant gaze, Arthur simply shook his head.

"Not a Black Cat, an Orange Cat."

"Ah?"

"An Orange Cat?"

"However, Orange Cats are very cute, chubby..."

Linda Camille was taken aback, instinctively searching for a new topic as Arthur's unexpected answer rendered her prepared speech useless, naturally leaving her somewhat at a loss for words.

The two young women accompanying her quickly noticed this.

They immediately came forward to aid their friend.

Like Linda Camille, the two young women clearly came from well-to-do families, one with a round face and moist eyes, looking very adorable, cradling a plump-faced pure white cat that purred contently in her arms.

The cat lay lazily, completely reluctant to move, just lying in its owner's arms, its belly rumbling softly.

The other woman, however, was wearing a veil, her face unclear, but the cat in her arms drew Arthur's attention—it was a long-haired cat with light coffee-colored ears, a perfectly open face, and azure eyes.

Even while being held by its owner, the cat emanated a fairy-like aura.

'A very beautiful cat.'

'But it must be expensive.'

Arthur glanced at the pearl embellished on the center of the cat's forehead by its owner, as well as the pigeon egg-sized crystal pendant hanging around its neck, and he made a quite accurate judgment.

"Anxi, Jesse, this gentleman is none other than the famous 'Spirit Medium' Mr. Kledos of South Los these days!"

"Mr. Kledos, these are my good friends Anxi and Jesse."

Linda Camille immediately began introducing her friends with a boastful tone, but round-faced Anxi involuntarily frowned upon hearing Arthur's name.

Although it was fleeting, Arthur noticed it.

At the same time, the veiled Jesse also took a small step back.

Arthur clearly saw both reactions.

Subconsciously, Arthur thought of Amy, the receptionist at the Jorge Jock Swordsmanship Club.

Without a doubt, both women had secrets that absolutely could not be discovered.

Linda Camille didn't notice her friends' reluctance; she still wanted to include Arthur in their afternoon tea gathering.

To Linda Camille, Arthur was inexplicably fascinating.

Upon seeing the newspaper, she had continuously imagined what a 'Spirit Medium' would look like.

A cloak? Crystal Ball? Ouija Board? Black Cat?

The images from novels she had read floated in her mind, and although she didn't see a cloak, crystal ball, Ouija Board, or Black Cat when she met Arthur at the Lady of the Long Night's salon, she wasn't disappointed; on the contrary, she felt that a 'Spirit Medium' should be just like Arthur.

Able to communicate with the Undead, yet gentle and polite, most importantly, understanding.

Unfortunately, this spirit medium already belonged to someone else.

Linda Camille was not as bold as those other women.

Of course, those bold women were probably terrified these past few days.

The Lady of the Long Night was really too frightening.

Lucky for her, she had no other intentions but was merely curious.

Linda Camille told herself so.

However, when faced with the woman's expectant gaze, Arthur shook his head.

He hadn't forgotten why he was here.

What he needed was to complete the "Orange Cat" Ritual, not to attend a tea party.

"Sorry!"

Having said that, Arthur walked towards the old woman.

He wanted to ask her specifically about the price of the Orange Cat.

"An adult tiger-striped Orange Cat?"

After handing Arthur a cup of water, the old woman confirmed his request.

"Yes!"

"Do you have one here?"

Arthur nodded as he asked.

"We don't have one here, but the room next door does—if, sir, you don't mind looking for a cat to adopt as your own."

The old woman said this while observing Arthur's expression.

Upon detecting no displeasure from him, she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Many people in South Los kept cats, but it was mostly the wealthy who bought them at high prices, rarely person chose to adopt, since it would lower their status.

It would be considered unbecoming of their status.

This was particularly important to some nobles and merchants.

As for commoners?

A good cat was simply one that could catch mice.

Arthur understood the old woman's inquiry, but as far as he was concerned, as long as it was an adult tiger-striped Orange Cat, it was fine.

Other things?

He didn't care.

"Please follow me."

After greeting three young ladies, the old woman signaled to an assistant at the side and then led Arthur to a nearby room.

Behind Arthur, Linda felt somewhat disappointed.

Nevertheless, her friends quickly involved her in a new topic.

Under the warm light, three elegantly dressed young ladies sat around the tea table, each holding their own cats, softly conversing.

The laughter was continuous, the atmosphere harmonious.

Further enhanced by the kittens in their arms, this scene had a soft, glowy filter added, making it all the more alluring.

Suddenly—

"Achoo!"

Jessie, wearing a veil, sneezed.

"Jessie, are you okay?"

Linda and Anxi looked at their friend with concern.

"I'm fine, I'm fine."

"Still allergic to cat fur?"

"I used to be fine before, I don't know why I suddenly started being allergic."

"Even though I wore a face cloth, it still didn't help."

Jessie waved her hands repeatedly.

"Jessie, you should have completely recovered before coming to 'Cat's Best Friend Home'!"

Linda sighed.

"If possible, I would love to stay here every day, this place is simply paradise—just a minor allergy, right, Lily?"

Without a care, Jessie picked up her cat and kissed it again.

This scene made Linda sigh once more.

Meanwhile, Anxi took out some homemade snacks she had brought.

"Try this, my special treats!"

"Delicious, are they not?"

Linda praised them.

Jessica also praised them highly.

The three continued to drink tea, eat snacks, and pet cats.

As usual, every customer who entered the shop took notice of the trio, then, upon seeing Lily in Jessie's arms, they looked enviously and began to inquire with the shop's assistant if there was a similar cat available, and as they received negative responses, that envious gaze grew even more intense.

Jessie, wearing her veil, couldn't see their expressions, she just placed Lily on the table, allowing everyone to see more clearly, her eyes reflecting intense amusement.

Suddenly, the amusement paused.

It then disappeared completely.

Only pain remained.

Jessie clutched her throat and collapsed on the floor.