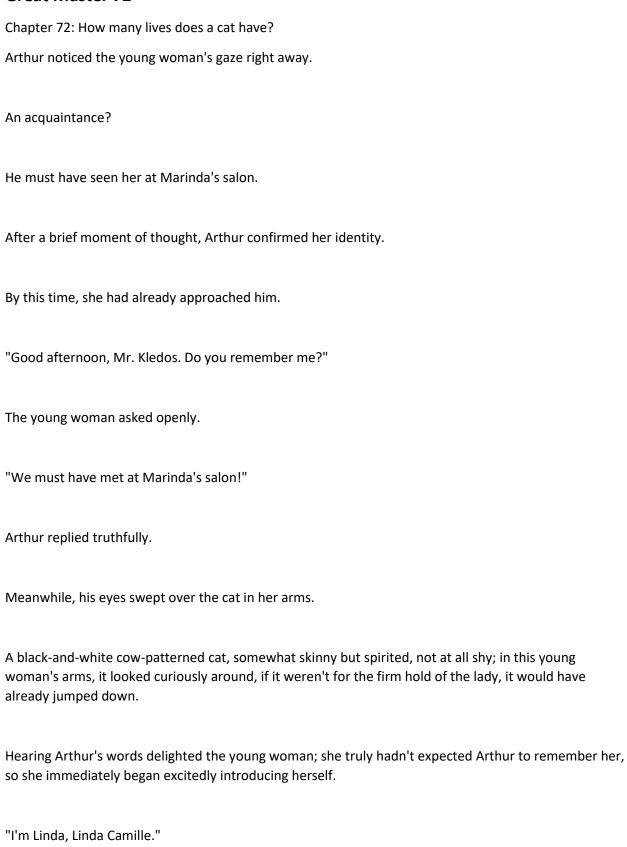
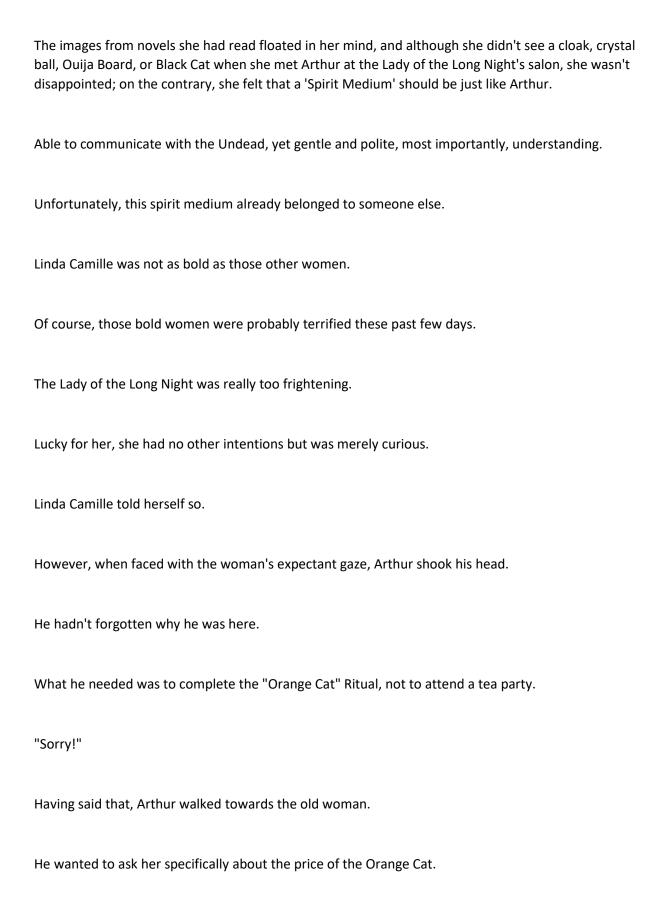
Great Master 72

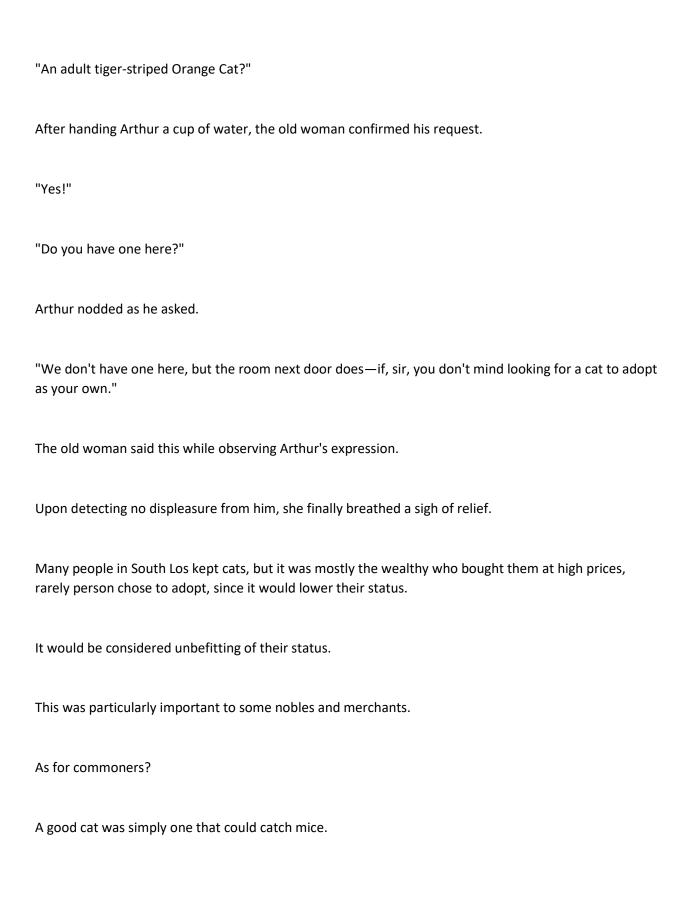


"Are you here to choose a cat as a pet?"
"A Black Cat! It must be a Black Cat!"
"Only a Black Cat can complement your 'Spirit Medium' abilities!"
The woman in front of him spoke enthusiastically on her own.
In the local legends of South Los, there is a belief that Black Cats are favored by 'Spirit Mediums' 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."



"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?





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 Arthu 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.



"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.