

Great Master 73

Chapter 73 Vanity Interwoven!

In the room next to the main hall of 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home,' more cats appeared.

This room was larger than the main hall, equally bright and warm, and although it lacked the luxurious decorations, the solid wood cat climbing frames and Cat's Nests made Arthur feel it was more genuine.

When the door opened, some cats quickly gathered around the old woman, while others looked on with caution.

And some were kept in cages.

It wasn't that the old woman intended to restrict their freedom; rather, these cats had injuries, and being in individual 'rooms' would help them recover faster.

"Those meow-meows who want dried fishies have to show your tummies!"

The old woman took out a handful of dried fish from her pocket.

Suddenly, all the cats crowded around her, including the cautious ones.

While the cats were busy eating the dried fish, the old woman took the opportunity to pet the two most cautious ones.

The two cats, fully focused on the dried fish, did not resist.

Arthur glanced around and decided to buy more dried fish when he left.

Then his gaze turned to the cages on one side.

In the top cage, there was a tiger-striped Orange Cat that appeared to be an adult but was very thin, especially around the cheeks, which were gaunt, and its hind leg was bandaged.

"It was a pitiful stray that I found with injuries all over its body, especially the hind leg which was almost broken."

"However, it is recovering well."

The old woman handed Arthur a piece of dried fish, her intention clear.

Arthur took the dried fish and fed the Orange Cat through the bars of the cage.

The Orange Cat, which had seemed to lack energy, came over immediately upon smelling the dried fish, chewing eagerly and making a rumbling sound in its stomach.

"It is very gentle and affectionate."

"For a guest who is a novice at keeping cats, it would be the best choice."

The old woman explained.

Just now, Arthur had already revealed that he was a novice cat owner.

"I'll take this one. How much do I need to pay?" Arthur asked directly after confirming the tiger stripes on the Orange Cat.

"As I said, you will be adopting it. Please leave your address, I will visit every week, and you must promise never to abandon it," the old woman said seriously.

"Of course."

Arthur promised.

Having decided to adopt, Arthur would never give up, even if his original purpose was just for the ritual "Orange Cat."

"Please remember your promise."

"And please take these."

"They are a token of my good intentions."

The old woman advised.

Then she took out a pre-packed cage, cat litter box, cat litter, and a week's supply of cat food from the corner of the room—they were neatly arranged there.

Clearly, the old woman had prepared a set for every willing adopter.

"You are truly a kind person," Arthur exclaimed sincerely.

Just taking in these stray cats was proof enough of the old lady's kindness, to say nothing of the free adoption and complementary full set of cat necessities.

"No, I'm just doing long-term business."

"You will only buy from me if the products are good," the old woman said with a gracious smile, bending down to pick up a raccoon-patterned cat, which enjoyed the embrace and kept rubbing against her neck and chin.

"Is that so?"

"Could I buy some dried fish then?" Arthur asked with an equally light tone.

"Of course!"

"You're most welcome!"

After speaking, the old woman carried the cat and walked outside.

However, upon reaching the door, she suddenly stopped and asked,

"Guest, what do you plan to name it?"

Arthur looked down at the Orange Cat, and the image of a Little Lion brandishing a kebab suddenly flashed in his mind. Almost subconsciously, he said,

"Pan, Pendragon!"

"Pendragon?"

"That's a fine name!"

"Guest, I hope you will remember your promise!"

The old woman reminded him again.

Arthur smiled and nodded once more, and just as he was about to say something to ease the old woman's worries—

Bang!

The sound of something heavy hitting the ground followed by sharp, piercing cries.

"Dead, someone's dead!"

"Jesse is dead!"

The old woman's face changed color, she put the cat down, and burst out the door.

Arthur's brow furrowed.

'What's happening?'

'Have I truly become the Grim Reaper?'

'Where I go, death follows?'

'Impossible!'

'Absolutely impossible!'

'It's all just an accident... No, no, too many coincidences in a row!'

Arthur's eyes showed contemplation, but his actions did not stop.

He temporarily set the cage containing Pendragon on the ground and stretched out his finger to scratch Pendragon's chin. Amidst the gentle meowing of the Orange Cat, he picked up his Spirit Medium Box and returned to the hall.

Jesse was sprawled on the ground.

The warm light shone on the body, giving it the texture of an oil painting, yet it certainly did not invite people to linger.

All there was, was horror and grief.

Linda and Anxi had already cried themselves into a state of utter incoherence.

The servants of the three individuals had even gone directly to call the police.

"Mr. Kledos, Jesse died of anaphylactic shock due to an allergy."

Seeing Arthur, Linda Camille wept as she spoke.

Arthur nodded and crouched down to examine Jesse's body.

By this time, the cloth covering Jesse's face had already been untied, and the swollen visage and lips were all corroborating that indeed, Jesse had died because of an allergy.

"Jesse has been allergic to cat fur recently, and we all advised her to rest up, but..."

Anxi continued to speak.

Allergic to cat fur, yet keeping a cat?

And visiting Cat's Best Friend Home?

How much did she love cats?

No!

More accurately, how much did she love to show off!

Although he couldn't see from the next room, Arthur's 1.8 "Physique" allowed him to clearly hear the conversations here, especially when other guests were complimenting Jesse and Arthur heard her laughter more than once.

Without using his eyes to see, just listening, Arthur could sense the pride in her demeanor.

That façade of vanity, Arthur kept his distance from.

However, all these were unimportant now.

At present, Arthur's concern was focused on the weeping Anxi.

The lady curled up as she spoke, her demeanor one of fear and unease.

But from Arthur's angle, Anxi's hands tucked under her arm were clenched in fists, and she struggled to suppress a slight upward curl of her lips.

Skills "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" both flashed in tandem.

'Hostile toward me?'

'Yet feeling triumphant?'

'Because...'

Arthur looked toward Jesse's corpse.

His ears were filled with the sighs of the onlookers.

"Such a good lady, why did she have to die like this?"

"I heard it was an allergy, caused by that cat!"

"What?"

"I was just thinking of getting a cat just like that one!"

"You should be grateful, otherwise you would be the one dead!"

"Shut up, not everyone is allergic, Miss Jesse was just too unfortunate... Lily... what a pity!"

...

The owner dies from an allergy to cats.

What happens to the cat?

It goes without saying.

Standing on the shoulders of the Giant, Arthur's mind instantly conjured up too many similar cases, their perpetrators' twisted emotions allowing him to grasp quite a bit on the spot.

His gaze then turned to the desserts on the table.

Leaning in slightly, he stealthily broke off a piece.

The faint scent of peanuts lingered at his nose.

Then, Arthur looked at Lily.

The confounded cat sat there, attempting to approach her owner, but was repeatedly shooed away by people nearby.

The rebukes coming from their mouths left the cat clueless about her own wrongdoing.

Ding Dong!

The doorbell rang, and the door to the shop was pushed open once again.

It was Malz.

Not alone, with the necessary patrol officers and, following behind the Police Chief of Shire District, was a middle-aged couple, both dressed impeccably, but their faces bore a look of sorrow.

With just one glance, Malz saw Arthur.

'Why is it always you?'

'I didn't want it to be like this either!'

Arthur shrugged his shoulders to signify his innocence.

The middle-aged couple trailing behind him, however, rushed to Jesse's side, crying out loudly.

The two were Jesse's parents.

The woman, overcome by grief, passed out.

The man lifted his wife and placed her on a sofa beside him; then he saw Lily, who had finally taken the chaos as a chance to return to her owner's side and kept rubbing against her.

Instantly, the middle-aged man's eyes reddened as he grabbed Lily, who was completely oblivious to what had happened and just wanted to be near her owner.

The man roared.

"I'll smash you to death, you murderer!"

And with that, he was about to throw her down.

But a palm caught hold of him.

It was Arthur.

The enraged middle-aged man, upon seeing Arthur, paused for a moment—more precisely, when he saw the 'Anna' in Arthur's arms, he was startled into a brief silence.

Taking advantage of this moment, Arthur took Lily from the man's grasp.

He sighed softly and said—

"Alright, I've saved your cat. Can you tell me everything now?"