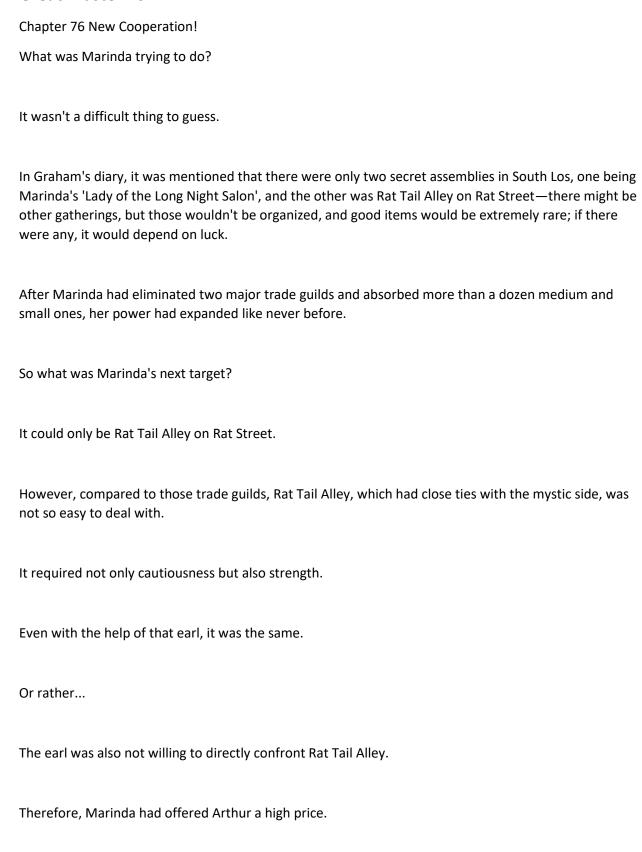
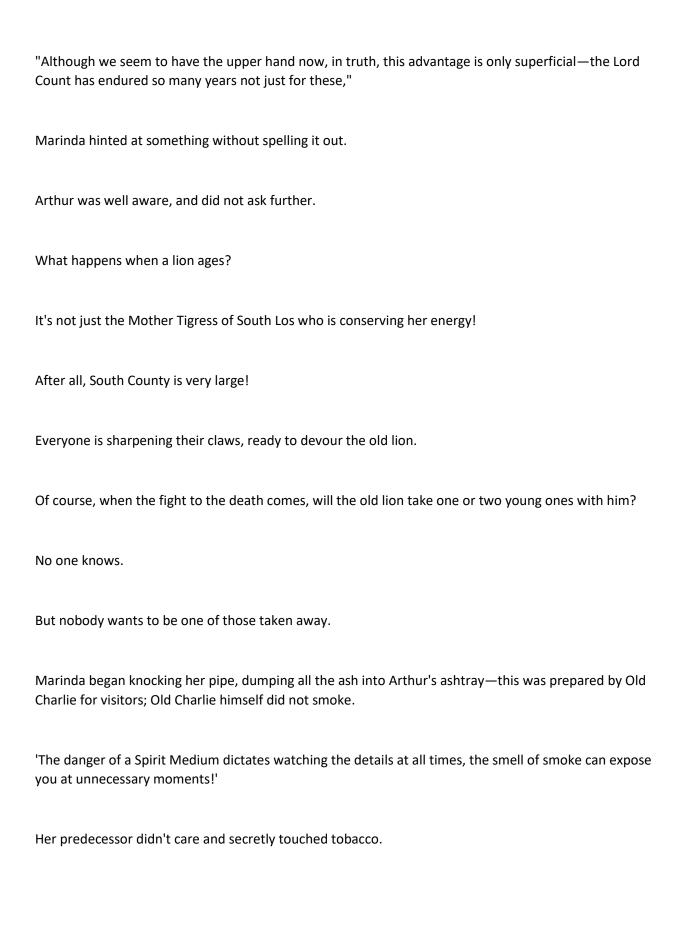
## **Great Master 76**



But such a price was not enough for Arthur. Hearing Arthur's words, "You'll need to pay more," Marinda, who knew Arthur had guessed her intentions, was not at all annoyed but rather spoke with a smile on her face. "As long as you're not asking me to find a complete set of 'Swift Bird Swordsmanship' or similar techniques, we can talk." As expected, 'Swift Bird Swordsmanship' or similar techniques were monopolized by the nobles! But what was the purpose of such a blockade? What exactly were these techniques hiding? Arthur pondered in his mind while smoothly saying, "I need secret techniques related to the 'Cat Faction', of course, if it's from the source of the 'Cat Faction', the 'Cat Hole' mystical knowledge and techniques, then all the better." Marinda then took another look at Arthur, cigar pipe in mouth. She was considering if Arthur was just 'going with the flow'. The fragrance she gave to Arthur originated from the 'Cat Faction'. Also, Arthur had adopted an orange cat. Were these things Arthur truly needed?

Or was he misleading her?
Marinda pondered deeply, uncertain but vigilant.
At the same time, she had already agreed verbally.
"It's possible!"
"The mystical knowledge and techniques of the 'Cat Faction' and 'Cat Hole' are rare, but if you can help me eradicate Rat Tail Alley, I will give you a surprise."
Marinda promised.
Even if he was misleading her, as long as Arthur got the job done, she didn't care.
"It must be done my way."
"And the spoils are mine."
Arthur continued.
"Of course, everything will be according to your methods, and you can handle the spoils—but likewise, I cannot offer you more help."
Marinda nodded her head.
"That sounds fair."
Arthur raised his hand.

Marinda immediately grasped it.
Their collaboration began once again.
But afterwards, the two of them didn't discuss this topic further, just making small talk mostly about the Swordsmanship Competition happening between late autumn and early winter.
As daylight broke and Cork Street saw a few passersby, the conversation drew to a close.
"Lord Count is taking this Swordsmanship Competition very seriously," Marinda suddenly said.
"Is it because of the Old Lion of Inner Bay?"
"The Lord Count isn't planning to break off relations with him at this time, is he?"
Arthur feigned surprise.
It was well known that the winner of the South Los Swordsmanship Competition would advance to participate in the South County Swordsmanship Competition at Inner Bay!
If the master of South Los directly confronted the Grand Duke of Inner Bay in acts like 'declaration of war', 'assassination', or 'harsh verbal attacks', destroying the last shred of decency between them, Arthur would absolutely not dare to secure first place in the South Los Swordsmanship Competition.
That would be no different than going to meet one's death!
"Of course not!"



After being discovered by Old Charlie, he started to make excuses, only to be hung up and beaten by Old Charlie, which made him remember the so-called 'exposure' thereafter.
And Arthur?
He did not need such education.
He cared about his own life more than anyone else.
After putting away the pipe, the lady began to adjust her hair—she deliberately made her golden short hair lean to one side, making it look as if it was flattened by a pillow.
Then, she walked toward the front door.
Picking up the ashtray, Arthur saw Marinda out.
"Is it really necessary to fuss over some ash?"
Marinda glanced at it.
"Is it really necessary to fuss over some ash?"
Arthur responded with a smile.
The same words, yet with different implications.
Marinda thought Arthur was too obsessed with cleanliness.
Arthur simply did not want anything belonging to Marinda in his place—not out of malice, but merely perceiving it as dangerous,



But to Arthur's surprise, even as he watched Marinda's carriage disappear down Cork Street, the so-called surprise never came.
And Marinda was not someone who misspoke.
As Arthur was guessing—
"South Los Daily! South Los Daily!"
"The Pioneer Era—the true 'Spirit Medium' Arthur Kredos!"
The shouts of newsboys began to echo through the streets.
South Los Daily!
Arthur was startled, then a smile spread across his face.
This really was a surprise!
Without hesitation, Arthur pulled out six Zeroes to buy a newspaper and was just about to see how the South Los Daily reported him, and how it differed from the Horn Report, when a carriage stopped in front of No. 2 Cork Street.
A young man named Fengter, whom he had met once, jumped down from the carriage and directly said—
"Lord Kledos, I come on behalf of Oak Manor and request your help!"