

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 13 Compensation! (Please support~ Please favorite~)

Marinda Julius Caesar was concealing nothing but—

1. Anna isn't dead; the so-called "murder" by the Axe Murderer was just a setup, a feigned death to escape.
2. Anna is dead, but not killed by the Axe Murderer; it's still a setup, a ploy to frame someone else and paralyze the real adversary.
3. Anna is dead, indeed killed by the Axe Murderer.

Simply put, if the first two guesses were correct, then it would mean Miss Caesar was fishing in troubled waters!

Unconsciously, Arthur once again raised his estimation of Miss Caesar's level of danger.

At the same time, his gaze shifted back to the lady.

Her blue eyes were as pure as the sky, showing nothing but urgency, and her facial expression was impeccable, exactly that of someone searching for his girlfriend.

Even with his Skill enhancement, Arthur couldn't discern anything more.

Arthur couldn't determine which scenario applied to "Anna".

If he went by Miss Caesar's performance, Arthur leaned towards the third guess—Anna was indeed dead, killed by the Axe Murderer.

But that was just an inclination, not a certainty.

Regardless of which guess was correct, Arthur would choose the safest response, one based on the fact that this lady was still testing him.

Testing whether he truly knew "Anna"'s whereabouts.

And then?

The person in question would naturally take appropriate measures.

With a large amount of XP within reach, Arthur had no desire to complicate matters further.

So, when faced with the lady's inquiry, Arthur shook his head.

"No!"

"My 'Necromancy' ability allows me to detect lingering Lost Souls, and I can also initiate contact with them, as long as... she is in front of me.

But among those voices just now, there was no lady 'Anna'."

Despite not wanting to complicate matters, Arthur wouldn't humbly claim that his inability to find lady 'Anna' was due to his own lack of capacity; instead, he stressed that lady 'Anna' wasn't there.

After all, the young reporter Scott was recording everything on the sidelines.

Of course, more importantly, as long as Arthur said this, all three previous guesses fit the situation, regardless of the circumstances.

The first didn't need explaining—if she wasn't dead, she naturally wouldn't be detected by his 'Necromancy' ability.

The second—that she wasn't killed by the Axe Murderer—meant naturally she wouldn't appear here.

The third could also be justified—who's to say that those killed by the Axe Murderer would definitely appear before him?

Arthur responded cunningly, making Miss Marinda Julius Caesar's face turn sad, at least that's how she appeared on the surface.

On the side, Scott couldn't help but exclaim repeatedly.

"Master, you are truly astonishing!"

"Master, you are remarkable!"

"You may have even surpassed Lord Charlie in some respects!"

Having confirmed Arthur's 'Necromancy' ability, the young reporter had automatically switched to terms of respect, and amidst such admiration, Tel and Wiggins naturally echoed his sentiments.

Arthur responded with a smile.

However, most of his attention was still on Miss Marinda Julius Caesar.

The lady's brows were slightly furrowed, as if she was pondering over something.

After a moment, she sighed, stood up.

A 10 gold notes bill appeared on Arthur's desk as she rose.

"This is for your consultation fee. Please don't refuse. I know this doesn't match your worth. Later, I will have Edwin deliver the proper token of gratitude.

Thank you for everything you have done for me.

I look forward to our next meeting.

And...

I will handle the matter regarding him later."

The lady took off her pipe, glanced at the body on the ground, pointed towards the ceiling, bid farewell to Arthur, and also nodded to Scott, Tel, and Wiggins as a sign.

The patrolmen stationed outside the door subsequently entered the room, silently cleaned the bloodstains on the floor, picked up belongings, lifted the body, and quickly departed.

"Truly a fine lady, what a pity!"

Fengter ignored the patrolling officers and simply watched the lady's departing figure with a trace of longing in his eyes, but then he couldn't help but sigh.

The traditions of South Los made it impossible for Fengter to accept this lady's "rebellion."

Wiggins, however, remained silent.

Coming from the streets, he understood all too well that there wasn't a tiny bit of possibility between him and the lady. Rather than make pointless comments, it was better to stay silent.

Scott paid no attention to these matters.

The young journalist was discussing three new supplements with Arthur.

Not one supplement!

Yes, three supplements!

The recent events, whether it be the Curse or the "Axe Murderer" were all worthy of one supplement, not to mention small publications like the Horn Report, if the South Los Daily came, they would also need a supplement.

The third supplement was to be an exclusive interview!

Not like those of Dockler, who under the guise of interviews was actually scamming people.

Scott was sincere.

He even handed his draft directly to Arthur, asking where it needed revisions.

As Scott narrated, Arthur's hand unobtrusively slipped the 10 gold notes into his pocket.

Gold notes are the higher currency of Zeroes.

10 Zeroes exchanged for 1 Suo, 10 Suos exchanged for 1 Gold.

Originally, South County had an extremely complex currency exchange system, something like 16 copper Zeroes for 1 silver Suo, 12 silver Suos for 1 gold Suo, etc., and each Noble's territory had different currency systems.

It was fine normally, but with the start of the "Seven Years' War," this complex currency system caused unnecessary trouble, so it was abolished by the Duke of South County in favor of a unified decimal system, and eliminated coppers and silvers, leaving only the exchange of Suos, Zeroes, and Gold.

In fact, gold notes were also supposed to be eliminated, but after the Duke found a gold mine in his own territory, gold notes were preserved.

Before Old Charlie left for Barny, worried about his grandson, he left 10 gold notes for his predecessor, which is enough for an adult to live lavishly in South Los for a month.

But who would ever complain of having too much money?

After securing the gold notes, Arthur began to focus on listening to Scott's explanation and took the draft being handed to him.

He trusted Scott's writing ability and journalistic integrity.

This was already proven!

And the present draft was an accurate record; even as a draft with Scott's polishing, it was captivating to read.

Especially Dockler's hidden schemes and Police Chief Lauke's assertiveness made people feel the tension, and when they saw the two men die, they couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

However, when it came to the titles, they were too plain and unadorned.

Titles like "Accidental Discovery of a 'Curse'" and "The True Face of the 'Axe Murderer'" were far inferior to "Shocking!

What this male journalist did to a Spirit Medium!", but considering the acceptance level of the South Los public, Arthur had to hold back the urge to use such avant-garde titles and changed them to "The Mysteries of the Past: Spirit Medium and the Curse" and "The Spirit Medium's First Case: The Axe Murderer"!

Scott looked up and nodded, and then was caught by the phrase "First Case." He couldn't help but look up at Arthur.

"Don't worry, Scott, you need to trust me, this is just the beginning—my grandfather once said 'a Spirit Medium is always sought out by trouble'!

Meanwhile, I hope you'll call me Arthur.

We are friends, after all," Arthur replied with a smile.

For more XP, even if trouble didn't come looking for him, Arthur would actively seek out trouble—of course, as long as it was manageable trouble.

Scott's eyes shone brightly.

"Alright, Mister... Arthur!"

The young journalist had a premonition that he wouldn't be without things to do for a long time to come.

At that moment, Arthur's gaze turned to Fengter and Wiggins.

Instantly, the two men, already anxious, became even more unnerved.

As Arthur watched their reaction, he laughed.

He knew he was about to receive a substantial income.

Although he had not paid any mind to them before, Arthur had no intention of spurning extra income!

Therefore, the next moment, Arthur said softly—

"Gentlemen, I think we should talk about compensation for my troubles!"