

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 12: 3 Guesses!

The deathly silence lasted for about two to three seconds before it was shattered by a sharp roar.

"Impossible!"

"Absolutely impossible!"

Chief Lauke, staring at the Ouija Board, loudly rebuked it and then, his eyes fixed straight on Arthur, he shouted even more angrily.

"It was you!"

"It was you!"

"All of this, it's all your trick!"

"Are you framing me?"

As he spoke, the chief drew his longsword, flipped his palm, and the tip of the sword was pointed at Arthur.

Facing the longsword, Arthur showed not the slightest panic; his elbows rested on the tabletop, his fingers interlaced, both hands shielding his chin, his forehead slightly bowed.

"Framing?"

Arthur sighed, shook his head slightly, his voice growing colder.

"Such an accusation is really too childish, isn't it?"

After all, a simple search of your residence to see if we can find any personal items belonging to the victims would reveal the truth, wouldn't it?"

His soft counter-question caused Chief Lauke's expression to change drastically.

It was well known that the 'Axe Murderer' had plundered a large amount of valuables from the victims.

"Shut up!"

Yelling, Chief Lauke glanced again at the firearm on the table and, confirming that Arthur could not reach it immediately, he thrust his sword straight.

The sword was fast and fierce, far beyond the "Basic Swordsmanship Lv2" that Arthur knew.

But a bullet was faster.

Even if it was just a lead bullet fired from a flintlock firearm.

Bang!

Chief Lauke looked down at his chest, now dyed with fresh blood, then looked up at Arthur holding the firearm, his eyes filled with disbelief.

On the table in front of him, the firearm he had been watching was still in its original place, and the gun that fired was the one Arthur had just taken out from the drawer.

Chief Lauke's eyes widened!

There was another firearm in the drawer!

Who keeps two firearms in a drawer?

The Kledos Family does.

"The most important thing for a Spirit Medium is to ensure their own safety, so a man from the Kledos family must always carry three guns!"

Old Charlie always muttered this multiple times whenever Winters and Uncle Drake went out.

Not just muttering — he did so too.

In the drawer of the desk in the Spirit Medium Parlor, there really were two firearms, two more hidden in the bookshelf, and two in a secret compartment in the corner of the floor.

In fact, when reviewing the memories of his predecessors, Arthur had more than once marveled at the 'arsenal' Old Charlie had arranged.

Now?

It was naturally time to make good use of it.

Arthur watched Chief Lauke glaring at him, his smile broadening.

He knew very well that after his many arrangements, the other party was convinced he would be killed with one strike.

Afterward?

With the other party's years of authority as a Police Chief, it would be easy to quell the 'accusation.'

He could even bite back.

Arthur was even clearer that these things had been thought through by the other party in the instant the sword was drawn.

Except, he had not anticipated that all this was deliberately made visible to him by Arthur.

Panting! Panting!

Chief Lauke breathed heavily. The pain in his chest told him that his organs had been penetrated by fragments of the lead bullet; he knew he was beyond help, and at the brink of death, his gaze turned to Arthur again.

Sitting there, Arthur made no movement, even his expression unchanged, still with a smile at the corner of his mouth.

At that moment, Chief Lauke finally realized.

"He anticipated everything!

No!

He arranged everything!

The speed of that gunfire, faster than any gunslingers I remember!

The Kledos boy had been baiting me all along!"

Thinking this, Chief Lauke felt even more pain, his whole body faltering, staggering backward; only by using his longsword as support could he stand firm once more.

Arthur watched him, his smile unfading.

After the other party revealed a murderous intent, Arthur decided to eliminate him as quickly as possible — the other party's identity as the police chief was much too problematic for Arthur at the moment, as even a minor ploy could cause Arthur's plan to acquire XP to fail significantly.

Although the seven police chiefs of South Los were not nobles, in some respects, their power even surpassed that of the nobles.

Conveniently, the other party seemed to have concealed the identity of the "Axe Murderer."

What's more, the other was still inside the Spirit Medium Parlor.

You must understand that here, Old Charlie had not only hidden several firearms but had also set up numerous mechanical devices, such as a small board on the Ouija Board controlled by magnets, which was one of the lowest tricks.

If it wasn't necessary, no one inside the Spirit Medium Parlor now, except for Arthur himself, could escape; they would all die inexplicably.

Under such favorable conditions, Arthur felt that if he didn't kill this person who harbored a murderous intent towards him, it would be an utter waste.

Of course, killing the other party was not the end.

What's more important was —

Acquiring XP!

Arthur surreptitiously glanced at Scott, Fengter, and Wiggins.

All three still stood there stunned, obviously not having snapped out of it yet.

Among them, Scott need not be mentioned.

A journalist's identity was sufficient to assist Arthur in many ways.

As for Fengter and Wiggins?

Arthur believed that Dockler was no fool; he wouldn't have randomly picked two people to serve as witnesses. These two certainly had their exceptional qualities.

And now, they would become aids in his acquiring more XP.

Arthur believed they would not refuse him.

Even more, they would be quite willing to help him.

After all, they needed the forgiveness of this Spirit Medium, didn't they?

Arthur thought to himself, and as he withdrew his gaze, he looked again at Chief Lauke, who was still clenching his teeth, using his longsword as a crutch to keep himself from falling, the smile in his eyes growing thicker.

He thanked the other party once again.

The other's arrival had indeed solved an urgent problem for him, and deserved such gratitude.

As Arthur's smile grew brighter, Chief Lauke's eyes bulged, and he spurted out a mouthful of blood.

Splat!

Bright red stained his blue uniform. Chief Lauke very much wanted to end Arthur with a single sword strike, but when the police chief once again clenched his sword, he was completely unable to lift it.

Eventually, the longsword was only feebly raised a bit before it heavily fell to the carpet.

Consequently, having lost the support of the longsword, Chief Lauke also fell to the ground, the fresh blood spurting out as if from a fountain, staining the police cap he had been clutching tightly, which then slid onto the carpet; the cap's visor, police badge, and old-fashioned sheriff's badge were immediately covered with fresh blood.

The dazzling silver was obscured by the brilliant red, appearing extremely harsh to the eyes.

Yet, it no longer drew any attention.

Scott, having recovered from his shock, picked up his charcoal pencil and began writing furiously.

News!

Big news!

A journalist's intuition told him that the event before him would definitely shock the entirety of South Los!

Fengter and Wiggins looked at each other, each seeing the shock in the other's eyes.

They swore that they had never experienced anything as thrilling as this day in their lives before.

First, the curse of the Spirit Medium!

Then, the "Axe Murderer" turned out to be Chief Lauke!

Any of these events would have been shocking, let alone both occurring in succession.

Two young people from different social strata were completely at a loss for words at this moment.

But Marinda Julius Caesar was different.

There was surprise on the lady's face, but more so there was anxiety.

She asked hurriedly,

"Mr. Kledos, have you seen 'Anna'?"

The urgency in her voice and the anxious expression were obvious to anyone.

Arthur was no exception.

However, under the skills "Eagle Eye" and "Insight," Arthur noticed that the lady's anxious expression had lingered somewhat too long, almost as if afraid others would not notice it.

And such an expression was undoubtedly fake.

It was a disguise by the other party!

As for what it was covering up?

Arthur narrowed his eyes slightly, formulating roughly three guesses.