

THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

Chapter 9 Visitors. Part 2 (Please follow~ Please favorite~)

The hunt for murderers was on, the Spirit Medium utilized their ability to communicate with souls to directly find the murderer.

Old Charlie had done this before, but it was not often.

To speak seriously, it had only happened twice.

Because not only was hunting a murderer itself full of too many variables, but it also required a lot of preparation in advance.

Simplifying it, those two 'hunts' included one after Old Charlie moved to South Los in order to establish his reputation as a necessity, and the other was to prove that he indeed could undertake a 'hunt'.

However, Arthur didn't need such behavior.

This morning's special issue of the Horn Report had already opened up the situation for him!

Moreover, for Arthur, even if he needed to perform a 'hunt', he would have to be the director, not just passively join in.

So, Arthur was preparing to tactfully decline the offer.

And to lay the groundwork, Arthur furrowed his brow slightly, ready to speak, but Marinda spoke first.

"Are you wondering if I have a girlfriend?"

As this lady spoke, she placed the pipe back into her mouth, her nose slightly wrinkled in a frown, her blue eyes looking towards Arthur.

In the somewhat traditional South Los, and even in the entire South County, her behavior was met with prejudice.

Thus, before she even began to speak, the lady was prepared mentally and had readied her approach.

It's best ignored by ordinary people.

As for those like Dockler who gossip too much and maliciously mock and insult her?

Just let them die.

However, Arthur smiled and shook his head.

"Not at all strange."

"I've seen stranger."

This wasn't pandering, nor was it dismissive. For Arthur, who had encountered orientations as bizarre as motorcycle exhaust pipes, the sexual orientation of the lady in front of him seemed purely innocent.

Immediately, curiosity flared in the lady's blue eyes, and just as she was about to inquire about what was stranger, a knock came from the door. It wasn't the doorbell—

Thump, thump thump!

The heavy and forceful knocks drew Arthur's gaze past Marinda towards the door. Through the slightly ajar door of the small parlor, he saw a middle-aged man in a deep blue police uniform. The man's face was stern, his steps firm, and clasped in his left arm was a police cap bearing both the modern police badge and the old 'Sheriff' badge.

Moreover, unlike the patrolling officers who just carried batons, this man wore a longsword, all of which distinctly declared his identity: Police Chief.

More importantly, Arthur recognized this Police Chief.

In his predecessor's memory: the man was named Lauke, one of the seven Chiefs of South Los.

Old Charlie had once dealt with him.

Stubborn, rude, and overbearing—this was Old Charlie's assessment of him.

As for more?

That was all there was!

You wouldn't expect a Spirit Medium to interact with police under normal circumstances.

Interactions between Spirit Mediums and police always happened out of necessity.

Indeed, Old Charlie's previous encounter with him had left quite an unpleasant memory.

And this unpleasantness was spreading even now—

"Arthur Kredos, are you using those little tricks again to drum up business for your family?"

"Do you know I could arrest you right here for that?"

"Or...

do you want a memory that's even more unforgettable?"

The tone of the Police Chief who walked into the Spirit Medium Parlor was distinctly unfriendly, especially the look he gave Arthur, as if he was staring at scum, a liar, a pest.

Moreover, this Chief was even ruder than Old Charlie had described.

With those words, he drew a section of his longsword.

Clearly, if Arthur didn't give him a satisfactory explanation, he was ready to draw his sword and slay Arthur on the spot.

Don't doubt whether he had the courage to do so—in South Los, and indeed in all South County, the Chiefs were privately nicknamed 'Blue Devil', 'Bloodlust Lover', preceded by prefixes like 'tyrannical', 'overbearing', 'cruel'.

Even the new Police Act, recently introduced, made no difference.

After all, compared to the new Police Act introduced just three years ago, the old Sheriff system had appeared before the Seven Years' War, with at least a fifty-year history.

Seeing that Chief Lauke still wore the old Sheriff badge pinned to one side of his police cap showed the status of the Sheriff system in people's hearts.

But that didn't stop Arthur from pulling out a loaded firearm from the drawer and aiming it at the intruder.

"Barging into someone's home uninvited, under the new law I can shoot you dead without punishment!"

Arthur didn't want trouble, but when trouble came knocking, it had to be dealt with quickly, not avoided. Avoidance only led to more problems—in his hometown, he had seen too many cases where dodging a bicycle only to dash onto a motorway resulted in getting hit by a sewage truck, drenched in filth.

Facing the barrel of the gun, Chief Lauke's body stiffened, a look of surprise flashing in his eyes; he clearly couldn't believe Arthur had drawn his gun so decisively.

"I am the Police Chief!"

Despite the surprise, the Chief still tried to display his toughness, emphasizing it with a raised tone.

"Police Chief or not, under the new law, you need to get a judicial order to have the right to enter my home, and in South Los you would need to apply to the Lord Count."

Arthur smiled, completely ignoring him, his thumb nonchalantly cocking the hammer, making ready to shoot.

This caused Chief Lauke's breathing to become rapid and his face to turn slightly pale; watching this, Arthur silently thanked Old Charlie in his heart.

The reason he knew about the so-called new law was due to the books that Old Charlie had forcibly made him read.

'Being a Spirit Medium isn't an arbitrary career—knowledge gives us power!'

As Old Charlie's words echoed in his ears, Arthur agreed deeply.

He resolved to finish reading all the books in the parlor.

But that was for later; for now?

Arthur was waiting.

The room wasn't just occupied by him and Chief Lauke; there was also an unknown lady: Marinda Julius Caesar.

Normally, she would definitely intervene.

But what if there was an unexpected situation?

Arthur was prepared to turn pirate and set sail.

Though it was allowed by the new law, if he really shot a Police Chief now, moving around in South Los would be extremely difficult. Instead of being obstructed or even ambushed later, it was better to leave directly.

Arthur never doubted human kindness, just as he never doubted human evil.

Luckily, the worst scenario didn't occur—

"Wait!"

The lady spoke up.

She stood up from her chair and positioned herself between the two men.

"Chief Lauke, I came to Mr. Kledos regarding 'Anna's' issue. I hope Mr. Kledos can help me find the killer."

Marinda looked at the Chief with utmost seriousness.

"Necromancy to chase a murderer? It's a trick!"

Lauke said this, but he sheathed his longsword.

The Chief knew very well that he was not in control of the situation and naturally had to step down.

Arthur likewise raised the firearm.

Immediately, Marinda gave Arthur a grateful smile.

Whether it was for show or sincere, Arthur, out of courtesy, nodded in response.

But that made Lauke frown.

"Regarding the 'Axe Murderer' case, Miss Caesar, you should trust the police more!"

"I assure you, we will catch the killer!"

The Chief raised his voice again, showing his seriousness.

"I do believe in your abilities!"

Marinda nodded, not stinting on her praises, and continued as Lauke's embarrassed expression eased, "But you are already too distracted by the upcoming 'Swordsmanship Competition.' As one of the judges, you won't be able to devote yourself entirely to the 'Axe Murderer' case for a long time."

Saying this, the lady sighed.

Her timing was quite precise, at least in Arthur's eyes, as the Chief's face showed a prideful smile after the compliment.

"I will try to balance time between the two!"

The Chief declared, puffing out his chest.

Arthur, sitting quietly by the side, paid no more attention to him. His interest was piqued by the information in Marinda's words—

A Swordsmanship Competition?

An Axe Murderer?