

Great Master 102

Chapter 102: The Cannibal's House!

Late at night, the rare moonlight shone on South Los.

The staggering steps of the shadowy figure named Boka were stretched exceedingly long.

Even, the shadow had touched the previously empty house.

And when Boka approached, his shadow even entered the courtyard and projected onto the house.

However, just as this middle-aged man's palm barely touched the door, an invisible force violently flung him several meters away and pinned him firmly to the ground.

Roar!

Boka arched his head, struggling violently, a bestial roar emanating from the middle-aged man's throat.

"Shh!"

A man in a thick cloak within the shadows extended his right hand and put a pale finger to his bloodless lips—which seemed to be solidified by shadows, utterly indiscernible.

With the cloaked figure's silencing gesture, Boka immediately quieted down.

Because Boka's head had been taken off.

The cloaked figure held the middle-aged man's head in one hand, bringing it up to eye level to inspect it closely.

But the blood that should have spurted out like crimson turned into a viscous, oil-like black liquid, dripping slowly from the neck, with the body on the ground deflating like a punctured ball.

Yet, this middle-aged man was not dead.

Even, a voice resonated from his mouth.

"Stay away from him!"

The voice was sharp, belonging to a female.

At that moment, the severed head began to inflate rapidly.

Boom!

The light of fire mixed with the roar of the explosion assailed the man in the cloak.

But Shadows were faster, enveloping the cloaked figure just as the flame was about to engulf him.

Shadows not only isolated the explosion but also whisked the cloaked figure away from the spot.

However, the neighboring empty house wasn't so fortunate.

The impact of the explosion caused much of the building to collapse, and the residual flames clung to it, burning fiercely and illuminating most of Pine Street's neighborhood.

The explosion woke the residents of the area.

Seeing the flames, they ran out to fight the fire one after another.

In the process, they even exchanged greetings, some of them awkwardly bowing—these people, who had just moved from other districts to the Shire District, fancied themselves a part of the affluent class and felt it necessary to display culture and decency.

After the flames were extinguished, those around began to express their sympathies.

"Such bad luck, a perfectly good house gone just like that."

"The agents should compensate, shouldn't they?"

"They're the ones who caused this—I warned them before to pay attention to the safety in using the houses; otherwise, it would betray the trust of the homeowners!"

Standing amidst the crowd, Haywood, who had helped put out the fire, raised his voice—armed with Arthur's compensation and his own savings, this landlord from the Dort District's Mule Street was no longer renting in the Shire District and had instead chosen to buy outright a one-and-a-half-story house on Pine Street.

As for the house on Mule Street?

He would, of course, not abandon it; after a basic repair using the simplest methods, he rented it out again—if the price was about ten to twenty percent lower, many people would be willing to live there for the sake of their dreams.

And him?

He was, of course, using this power of dreams to continue climbing up.

Just like at this moment!

The house damaged by the explosion should be sold at a low price, right?

Despite the serious damage, the location was excellent; with just minor repairs, he could move in, and then rent out his newly purchased house—another rental income.

Plus, he helped the homeowner demand compensation from the agents; the homeowner should be grateful, right? So, it would only be fair to offer him a reduced price as well, wouldn't it?

Haywood's words resonated with the surrounding residents—they had either struggled immensely to move here, purchasing their homes through the efforts of two or even three generations, or they had come upon hard times, moving from the Core of the Shire District to this more peripheral area.

Stay tuned with empire

But regardless of the situation, coming into these premises, they were all very particular in their dealings with the local real estate agents.

Naturally, the relationship between the two parties would not be great.

Now, seeing one side's misfortune, the other side obviously took pleasure in it.

Haywood, of course, had anticipated this.

Concealing his delight, he prepared to continue fanning the flames.

But just at that moment—

"Aaah!"

"A body!"

"So many bodies!"

The neighbor suddenly let out a wail as they cleared the charred wreckage.

Haywood ran over immediately, and when the unscrupulous landlord finally saw what lay before him, his whole body started to shiver—in a deep pit hidden beneath the bedroom, ten bodies were neatly arranged, five in a row, facing each other in two lines, seemingly standing.

Of course, this was not the most important thing.

The most important thing was that he recognized the two freshest bodies.

One was the homeowner, and the other was a real estate agent.

When he bought the house here, the real estate agent had taken him to familiarize himself with the entire block, just as the homeowner happened to be taking a walk in the yard.

They had even greeted each other.

From the agent, he knew that the other had just moved in as well.

"Call, call the police!"

While Haywood was still shivering, a neighbor by his side started to shout, but Haywood quickly covered his mouth.

The previously trembling Haywood now stood out with a stern expression.

"We can't call the police!"

"If we do, we're all finished—you all used up your entire fortunes, generations of savings to buy houses here, right? If the property values drop, our losses will be unimaginable.

We might even become a laughingstock just for living here; those who once envied us will now mercilessly mock us at this moment!

Is this what you want?"

Haywood challenged the people around him.

No one spoke.

Because they all didn't want such an outcome.

Some who had emptied the savings of two, even three generations to move here were already lost and bewildered, especially a young couple who began sobbing in the crowd.

"We have to protect our property!

We cannot expect help from others!

We can only rely on ourselves!"

Haywood spoke again.

"But, but the bodies..."

Someone pointed at the corpses in the pit, their face filled with helplessness, almost everyone here had the same expression.

They knew that concealing the bodies was wrong.

Yet they couldn't really abandon the homes they had worked so hard for.

"So shall we burn the bodies?"

Someone suggested.

Immediately, there were those who were tempted by the idea.

"Right, burn them!"

"After all there's just been a big fire here, burning them won't show anything!"

"Exactly!"

"No one will find out!"

More people began to echo the sentiment.

Then, all eyes turned to Haywood—because of his actions just now, Haywood had unwittingly become the leader of everyone present.

Haywood sensed such a shift.

But he wasn't pleased.

He knew that such a leader, at this moment, had no actual benefit; should any issues arise, he would be the one to be sacrificed as a scapegoat.

But even if it meant being hanged, he had to save his house.

"Some of you go and keep those damn patrolmen away."

"The rest of you, quickly deal with the bodies."

"I will go ask for help from someone who can save us—it might cost a substantial amount of money. Are you willing?"

At such a time, what choice did the surrounding people have? They were already nodding in agreement.

"I will return as quickly as possible!"

Haywood said and turned to leave, while the image of that man carrying a suitcase, holding an umbrella, and clutching a horrifying doll sprang to his mind.

After that day, out of caution, he had inquired about some information.

And now was the time to put it to use!

Haywood did not head directly to Cork Street.

Instead, he rushed towards Rat Street!