

Great Master 103

Chapter 103 Overreaction?

When the knocking came late at night, Arthur was embracing the warmth of holding Pendragon, writing about the mystical knowledge he had discussed with Alberts three days prior—a warm kitty, softly purring, far better than a hot water bottle, which gave Arthur an inexplicable sense of comfort.

As for writing?

Even the best memory could not compare to writing.

Unless you possess a constant "Memory Technique" or a similar secret technique.

If not?

Then writing would be a remedy.

Moreover, Arthur was well aware that he was "fundamentally weak." Such writing was not only a better record but could also help him effectively organize his framework of mystical knowledge.

However, the knocking interrupted him

But Arthur was not annoyed at all.

Because that was the secret code with Wiggins.

'So fast!'

'Worthy of the 'Mouse Council'!'

Regarding why Wiggins had come, Arthur had some guesses—considering the influence of Rat Tail Alley on Rat Street, wanting to find out about Wiggins and his relationship was all too simple: one only needed to investigate carefully to easily obtain all the information.

As for the 'Mouse Council'?

That was a surprising piece of information he had heard from Alberts.

This young detective had come to South Los, and his uncle had informed him not to provoke the 'Mouse Council'.

To this, the young detective was disdainful.

To this, however, Arthur took it to heart.

For this, Arthur had even made some preparations in advance.

However, when he opened the door, he was taken aback by the sight of Haywood standing next to Wiggins.

Haywood's appearance was something Arthur had absolutely not anticipated!

'Something unexpected happened!'

Arthur thought inwardly, but he maintained a calm expression, acting as if he had known all along.

For Arthur, who possessed a Lv3 "Bluff," this was not difficult,

However, the two people outside the door, staring at Arthur holding an orange cat, wearing baggy pajamas, with a palm print on his face, were completely stunned.

As a sworn subordinate, Wiggins was quite conscientious and immediately lowered his gaze to his own shoes.

Haywood, however, was a bit slower to react.

It wasn't that Haywood wasn't smart enough; it was just that the stark contrast in Arthur's before and after appearances was too great—if it wasn't for the same face and the lead of Wiggins, this heartless landlord from Mule Street would have had difficulty connecting the Arthur in front of him, who had a palm print on his face, with the previous Arthur who was carrying a Spirit Medium Box and an umbrella, and cradling a terrifying puppet.

Yet, the heartless landlord from Mule Street quickly recovered his composure.

"I deeply apologize for disturbing you this late, Lord Kledos!"

Haywood bowed and apologized, his face full of guilt.

Ordinary people would have felt it to be genuine, but in Arthur's eyes, it was full of flaws, and he didn't even need any skills to confirm the pretense.

However, Arthur didn't bother with these details.

Insincere pleasantries are understandable by anyone.

Arthur nodded slightly, then stepped aside to clear the corridor leading to the 'Spirit Medium Parlor'—he trusted that Wiggins wasn't someone who didn't understand the gravity of situations.

Since he had brought Haywood, there must be a reason.

Indeed, there was—

"You are willing to pay 30 gold notes to hire me for an investigation?"

Arthur looked at Haywood with a bit of surprise.

Not that it was too little money.

But rather, it was too much.

30 gold notes was not a small amount, even for Arthur—his entire assets added up were only 762 gold notes, 12 suos, and 3 zeroes.

30 gold notes could hire 3-5 detectives.

Hiring mercenaries?

It would only be more.

Moreover, with more connections, one could even hire some desperadoes.

"It's, it's a slightly complicated case."

Walking through that fearsome corridor, Haywood was clearly frightened out of his wits, especially after seeing so many bodies before, which always led to too many grim thoughts for Haywood, in addition to the subconscious pressure when facing Arthur, making this normally eloquent heartless landlord somewhat stutter.

And listening to Haywood's narrative, Arthur furrowed his brows slightly.

"Pine Street explosion, fire, ten bodies?"

"When did the explosion occur?"

Arthur inquired further.

"At one ten in the morning, I was awakened and looked at my pocket watch!"

Haywood pulled out an old second-hand pocket watch—he had picked it up from a thrift store after moving to the Shire District.

To celebrate achieving a life milestone.

And likewise, to appear more respectable.

'Walking from here to Pine Street would take about half an hour, so that would mean the visitor representing Rat Tail Alley left my place at 12:35 AM; I confirmed the time with the lobby's grandfather clock, so that means...

Was it Marinda who made her move?

Then, Rat Tail Alley retaliates?'

Arthur thought to himself, then adjusted his thoughts back to the conventional mindset for cases—

"Did you see the house's owner and the agent standing face to face?"

"Yes!"

"They were standing face to face in a row of five!"

Stay connected via empire

Haywood nodded repeatedly, his face once again showing fear.

The scene just now was too terrifying, Haywood estimated he would never be able to forget it in his lifetime.

"Besides the homeowner on Pine Street who just bought the house like you did, and the real estate agent you know, do you recognize the other eight bodies?"

Arthur asked again.

"I don't recognize them, the eight bodies were all decayed."

Haywood shook his head.

"All decayed?"

Arthur continued to inquire.

"No!"

"Four were decayed, and two were almost reduced to skeletons."

Haywood recalled seriously again and then affirmed.

"Were the bodies that were almost skeletons also facing each other?"

Arthur asked.

"Yes!"

Haywood immediately nodded, even demonstrating the posture of the skeletons in front of Arthur and Wiggins.

"Go get your junior to help me find Chief Malz—have him bring the records of the homeowners and agents of that property."

Arthur said to Wiggins—aside from Haywood, the meticulous Wiggins had also brought three half-sized boys, who were waiting outside No. 2 Cork Street.

As for the murderer?

Having so many references and knowing what Pine Street was like, Arthur roughly understood what was going on.

"Yes, my lord."

Wiggins turned and walked away.

Haywood immediately showed a pleading expression—he had come to find Arthur precisely to avoid the police knowing; if they were going to call the police, there was no need for such trouble.

"Don't worry."

"Chief Malz is involved in this case as a friend of mine."

"Thank you for everything you've done for Pine Street."

Haywood immediately bowed in thanks.

Then, this responsive Mule Street ruthless landlord carefully inquired,

"Do you mean to say, the eight dead bodies hidden in the pit were also past owners and agents of that house?"

"Of course, I'm just curious, no other implication.

If you prefer not to say, that's fine!"

Haywood appeared extremely cautious.

Arthur, however, showed a kind smile.

"Probably!"

"Who is the murderer then?"

Haywood asked again.

This time Arthur did not directly give an answer, but instead counter-asked,

"Can't you guess?"

Far from being foolish, the extremely clever Haywood instantly guessed who the killer was.

The previous owner of that house—the skeleton's previous owner.

The person had moved to the Shire District with great difficulty, but had to leave due to bankruptcy, sickness, and so on; yet, he often came back to check on his house and, seeing its new owners, the former owner finally lost his balance. He not only killed the new owner but also the agent who had introduced the house— in his eyes, these two had stolen his house, and both deserved to die.

Then came the second pair, the third pair, the fourth pair, the fifth pair.

Thinking of this, Haywood's scalp tingled.

Why he was so obsessed with that house.

Initially, it was that house he had his eye on.

If it weren't for the lack of money, he would have chosen that house.

Luckily! Luckily!

Haywood sighed with relief.

Arthur, quietly observing the other's expression, now finally confirmed that the man should have no connection with Rat Tail Alley—it seemed that he had just accidentally gotten involved in this incident, not arranged by the 'Mouse Council'.

But the ten bodies in this incident didn't just happen to be there.

They were carefully selected; someone must have known there were ten bodies there to choose that place—Arthur began to adjust his thinking again, incorporating Marinda and the 'Mouse Council' into what was a normal event.

Suddenly, the whole thing became complicated.

Suppose, the visitor from Rat Tail Alley whom he had expelled was killed by Marinda on Pine Street, and the aftermath of the fight unexpectedly revealed ten bodies, what would happen?

Pine Street would be shunned by people.

House prices on Pine Street would plummet.

Pine Street would be unofficially excluded from the Shire District.

The residents of Pine Street would lose everything.

Then?

If someone were just to instigate a bit, some Pine Street residents, unable to face reality and mentally fragile, would choose suicide—generations' efforts turning into bubble isn't that easy to accept.

Maybe there would even be mass suicides!

Such an incident would definitely cause a huge uproar in South Los—this was what Arthur didn't understand: Was the retaliation from Rat Tail Alley, the commotion, not a bit too much?

Such actions, with the slightest carelessness, could provoke the fury of the Earl of South Los—

"Hey, wait a minute!"

"Could it be..."