

Great Master 117

Chapter 117: Poor and Desolate in Life, Revered by Thousands in Death!

Jenkins's wife died, what does it have to do with me, Arthur?

It's not like I cursed her.

Your next read awaits at empire

Or do you think I'm the Grim Reaper?

Do ordinary people kill whoever they touch?

Arthur rolled his eyes at Malz.

Malz, on the other hand, composed his expression before asking quite seriously.

"Shall we go to the crime scene?"

"Yes!"

Arthur nodded definitively.

He needed attention, and Jenkins's case was not to be abandoned. Moreover, he was curious; it was clearly a case of forging cheques, so why did someone die?

It shouldn't have much to do with him.

What was the catch?

As Arthur was thinking, he still picked up the Spirit Medium Box from before. "Atos's Box" was hidden at his side, carried by the "Hand of Void" — since the 'Mouse Council' incident happened just yesterday, it would be too conspicuous to switch boxes directly. It needed some time, to wait until things calmed down.

"Good morning, 'Anna'!"

As Arthur tucked 'Anna' into his coat, Malz greeted her quite naturally — Arthur's acquaintances had become used to 'Anna's' presence, setting aside their initial fear and subsequent curiosity, they now treated her as they would any person.

However, 'Anna' still didn't respond.

After putting Pendragon in the cat carrier as well, Arthur finally left the house.

Previously, Arthur had been worried that Pendragon would have the stress response that Lady Amanda had described, but after several outings, including one long trip, there was no such issue. As long as there was food, Pendragon didn't seem to care, displaying an uncommon endurance and... absorption ability.

"Pendragon, have you gained weight?"

Malz scrutinized Pendragon with a critical eye while on the carriage.

"Not fat, just plump."

Arthur explained, scratching Pendragon's head through the carrier, and Malz, finding it amusing, reached out his hand, but was met with disdain as Pendragon turned around to show his backside to the Police Chief.

After Malz scratched Pendragon's body, he said half-jokingly.

"When I retire, I'll get a cat too!

A black one!"

Arthur looked at him and thought about his job, an image of a 'black cat' spontaneously appearing in his mind — hmm... not purely black, but more of a cow-patterned cat.

"You should get a cow-patterned cat, name it 'Police Chief'."

Arthur too said it half-jokingly.

But Malz immediately took it seriously.

He always took Arthur's words seriously, especially those seemingly offhand remarks, which required unparalleled attention — his life experience told him so!

And about this life experience, the Police Chief had an exceptional trust.

After all, it was what had enabled him to survive the Seven Years' War.

'After work, I'll go to "Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home" and find a cow-patterned cat, name it 'Police Chief'!

Malz considered this.

Arthur didn't mind; he had already started to ask for more information about Jenkins —

"Jenkins and his wife were from Yan Fort and had settled in South Los ten years ago. In Yan Fort, Jenkins was a painter... well, self-proclaimed. At the time, Jenkins did not have the skill he has now, but fortunately, after coming to South Los, his painting improved — he himself said that South Los gave him inspiration.

Jenkins also had an apprentice named Elron, a talented trainee, who demonstrated his painting skill a year ago. During Jenkins's kidnapping, Elron did not give up searching, paying to put up notices in the newspaper and coming to the police station every month. Meanwhile, his painting skill won the praise of many professionals, and some wealthy businessmen were willing to sponsor his exhibitions.

Freeman, that miser, was one of them.

Although he's a Scrooge, he has an eye for talent, so, more people are paying attention to this young man."

Malz recounted everything he knew.

The police carriage turned into the shaded avenue, and as Arthur observed the nearby Spring Water Square and the premium neighborhood behind it, White Bird District, a look of surprise appeared on his face.

"Jenkins could afford a villa in Swan District?"

There were no leases for houses in White Bird District, only purchases.

And their value was astronomically high, the kind of price ordinary people wouldn't even dare to dream of.

Although Jenkins was a somewhat famous painter in South Los, there was no way he could afford that kind of money—most people either have it from birth in White Bird District or they don't, truly don't.

As for money obtained through a fake cheque?

Wouldn't that be too high-profile?

It would be hard to escape the watchful eyes of those who are vigilant.

"A year ago, Jenkins couldn't afford it, but a year later, Jenkins absolutely could—after Jenkins disappeared, the prices of his paintings skyrocketed!

Especially as the time of Jenkins's kidnapping grew longer and fewer paintings remained in the hands of his wife, their prices had increased by hundreds of times over the original!"

Malz said with a bitter smile.

Arthur understood then.

When is a painter's work worth the most?

After the painter has died!

Only when it meets the condition of being irreplaceable does its price start to ferment.

If there's a gimmick too, that's even better.

Jenkins undoubtedly met both criteria.

Just like the saying—

Poor and struggling in life, revered by thousands in death.

You, who severed an ear, stood under the starry night.

Of course, Jenkins couldn't compare to him, but Jenkins was clever enough not to wear a sheepskin coat to an art exhibition because he bought some paint and oil colors; he would only choose a much more spectacular stage!

Arthur thought of something and his eyes narrowed slightly.

No. 44 White Bird Street, the new villa purchased by Jenkins's wife, though ranking second-to-last in the district and not as big as No. 6 White Bird Street, still had a beautiful, peaceful environment that was comforting. However, the many blue uniforms made the surrounding residents cast doubtful glances—the police officers earnestly performed their tasks.

There's an adage among police officers: Don't act rashly before you're sure.

And now?

It wasn't only certain, but also absolutely confirmed that those living around were people they couldn't afford to provoke.

Andy was standing outside, responsible for maintaining order and answering inquiries.

Dico was inside, questioning the villa's servant.

Upon seeing Malz and Arthur, Andy immediately saluted.

"Police Chief, Mr. Consultant!"

Arthur's role as a Special Consultant for the Shire District Police Station didn't need to be kept secret—in fact, since it was signed personally by the Countess, this order had long since spread throughout the police station.

After Arthur nodded to Andy, he walked into the villa. Meanwhile, he signaled to Dico, who heard them arrive, to continue the questioning, and he began to look around the villa.

This place was completely different from Marinda's restrained decoration style, with wide corridors lined with gold trim, a huge sparkling chandelier overhead, a long sofa covered with two bear skins, and not only a deer head but also two elephant tusks hanging above the grand fireplace.

In short, all these details were telling every visitor that this place was expensive.

Yet Arthur felt something was off.

"The body is on the second floor in the master bedroom, and I didn't let anyone touch it, everything has been preserved as it was," said Malz, who was leading the way.

Arthur followed him upstairs to the master bedroom and, upon entering, he finally understood what was amiss.