

Great Master 120

Chapter 120: The Terror of the Human Heart!

The gaze came from behind.

It truly felt like a thorn in his back.

Arthur, without revealing anything on his face, held Pendragon as if playing a game of lifting him high, while the corner of his eye caught Elron glaring at him in a veiled manner.

The look in his eyes brimmed with strands of hatred.

Clearly, the other party was far from as 'resigned' as he appeared to be.

Indeed!

How could someone like Elron simply resign himself to his fate?

If he had been resigned, he would never have laid out a plan to commit murder.

If he had been resigned, he would never have raised a hand against that innocent coachman.

The moment he acted, the last remnants of his conscience dissipated like smoke.

What remained?

It was named 'revenge,' but in truth, it was the thrill of dominating others' lives and deaths.

Of course, there was also a hint of pleasure in toying with others.

The combination of these two pleasures made Elron consider himself supercilious, believing he was above others. How would such a person react to someone uncovering his schemes?

Naturally, he would relish in killing them afterward!

Even more likely, he probably wished he could tear them to pieces!

More importantly, he really had the potential to do so.

Let's not forget his occupation: forging cheques!

And in South County, the biggest cheque operations initially belonged to the Old Lion of Inner Bay, but as time passed, many nobles joined in as well.

Even though they were anchored by gold, the deception involved was numerous and frightful.

Especially as the Old Lion aged, many nobles harbored their schemes in secret.

Now, with the emergence of a proficient cheque forger, many would be tempted—perhaps they wouldn't use it to strike at the Old Lion's fortune, but they definitely harbored the mentality of 'might not use it, but must have it.'

Even the Countess of South Los would entertain such thoughts.

Therefore, from a certain perspective, Elron was highly sought after.

And being targeted by such an individual could truly make one's life unbearable, and Arthur did not wish to become the next Jenkins.

'Sigh!'

Arthur silently sighed at the terror of human nature.

He watched as Dico directed the patrolmen to start moving the corpse, among them, Andy took the lead—this patrolman knew that Malz valued him, but the more that was the case, the more he needed to show his worth.

At the very least, he had to leave the other patrolmen speechless on the surface.

Butlers and servants, on the other hand, were avoiding the scene.

"You may go outside and wait for a bit."

Arthur said to the butlers and servants.

"Thank you for your kindness."

The butlers and servants left as if they had received a great pardon.

Immediately, only Arthur, Malz, and Elron remained in the hall.

Elron sat with his head down, as if he truly had resigned himself to his fate.

Malz, however, spoke with a smile,

"I'm afraid you're going to need to hire some special 'cleaners' now!

Would you like me to recommend someone?"

Coffin shops were the one place where death and corpses were not shunned by ordinary people; most apprentices at coffin shops doubled as these kinds of 'cleaners'!

And because of its professional nature, the Shire District Police Station had quite extensive collaboration with several coffin shops.

It was certainly not due to the coffin shops' gratuities but because these shops were skilled at their craft.

"Of course!"

"You're the professional!"

As Arthur spoke, he raised his right hand and gave a thumbs-up, lightly drawing it across his neck.

Malz instantly understood what Arthur meant. Surprise flickered in the Police Chief's eyes, yet he asked no further questions and continued with a smile,

"Leave it to me."

Then, he picked up Elron and headed toward the carriage.

The carriage moved slowly forward as the patrol officer cracked his whip, but Arthur was no longer paying much attention to it.

Not only did he trust Malz, but also because Scott had arrived.

"My friend, I'm really curious about your sources of information— they've been staring at the police station entrance all this time, haven't they been beaten by the patrol officers?"

Arthur sighed with a mix of sincerity and sarcasm.

Journalists wanting to get news in advance needed not only a large, reliable network of informants but also clever stalkers—just like those in White Bird District right now. The residents here, who could all be considered wealthy, were not the type to inform journalists for a bit of money.

Therefore, they had to rely on staking out the police station to judge where the news was.

However, they needed to be clever people, or else they would have their legs broken.

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As for Scott being able to do this?

Arthur was not surprised.

Because Scott knew Wiggins.

And Wiggins had plenty of clever stalkers.

"I need to thank Wiggins, the people he recommended are really impressive!

But the most impressive is you—Arthur!

Can you tell me what happened?"

Scott asked with eager anticipation.

"It's a story of an avenger."

Arthur sighed and began to spin a tale.

To say it was spun wasn't quite right, as there were no alterations; the facts remained as facts. It was just that Arthur recast Elron slightly—resilience was essential, conscience naturally had to be present, and the inner torment was obligatory. For revenge, Elron had given up so, so much.

Until...

He gave up his life, too.

But Arthur didn't say this last part outright.

It wasn't that he was holding back.

It was simply not yet time.

Listening to Arthur's story, which borrowed from many character cores, Scott was deeply moved, his loathing for the Jenkins couple growing, while his admiration for Elron increased.

But he felt even more regret.

"If only he had chosen another way..."

"No!"

"He must have tried other ways, but those alerted the Jenkins, and only then did he have no choice but to take the most helpless path."

Arthur emphasized, with a meaningful undertone.

Jenkins was dead.

And so was Elron, surely.

Now that he was dead, naturally, he should still be put to some use.

After all, that Old Lion's former financial advisor, the cheques expert, seemed very interested in him—he swore he meant no harm.

Him, a small 'Spirit Medium', just seeking peace of mind, what was wrong with that?

"Are you saying, Arthur?"

The young journalist had taken the bait.

"Some things... are too coincidental."

Arthur mentioned and shook his head, saying no more.

Meanwhile, the carriage carrying Malz and Elron had already driven onto a tree-lined path.

Looking at the young apprentice painter in front of him, Malz kept a poker face, maintaining the attitude of an escort, but in the next moment, he suddenly leaped at the apprentice painter.

Before the other party could react, Malz had already prepared a drug-soaked rag, which he slapped across the other person's face, pressing down hard on the mouth and nose.

In just ten or so seconds, the apprentice painter completely passed out.

Having secured the rag, Malz then took a small flask from his coat pocket and, pinching the other person's nose, he carefully poured the cassava extract inside the flask into the apprentice's mouth.

The nose-pinched apprentice painter kept making swallowing motions with his mouth, as the cassava extract was entirely ingested.

Malz watched closely; only when he confirmed the other party had stopped breathing and the heartbeat ceased did the police chief slow down. He pulled out one of the other person's teeth.

Then, he waited several more minutes to confirm death once again, before the police chief finally cried out—

"Elron? Elron?"

"What's wrong with you, Elron?"