

## Great Master 121

Chapter 121: An Ominous Sign!

Scott was not interviewing Arthur for the first time.

Also, given the nature of their relationship, the interview felt more like a casual chat between friends—it came to an end after Jenkins' wife's body had been taken care of.

"Is this going to be your new home?"

"If there's a salon or a banquet, you must invite me!"

Scott said, in the capacity of a friend.

"Of course!"

"However, I don't plan on living here regularly, maybe just occasionally on weekends—most of the time, I'll still be at No. 2 Cork Street.

After all, that's my home."

Arthur explained.

This was no lie.

No. 44 White Bird Street was nice.

But No. 2 Cork Street was safer.

With the myriad mechanisms installed by Old Charlie, Arthur could sleep soundly.

And at No. 44 White Bird Street?

I'm afraid he'd have to sleep with one eye open.

Of course, more importantly, Arthur felt that there was something inauspicious about No. 44—it seemed to harbor an ill omen.

"Home?"

"Is it because of Mr. Charlie?"

"You really are a dutiful person, Arthur!"

The young reporter clearly misunderstood, but Arthur didn't explain.

The two continued to chat for a while, and after Arthur promised that the first salon or banquet at No. 44 White Bird Street would certainly include an invitation for him, the young reporter was ready to leave—he had already delayed for some time chatting with Arthur, and he was likely going to have to eat his lunch at the newspaper office to get the afternoon special edition out.

However, the young reporter didn't mind.

He had received a formal invitation from a friend, and his heart was satisfied.

At that moment, Chief Malz returned.

The Police Chief, with a serious look on his face, came in ready to say something, but stopped upon seeing Scott.

"What happened?"

"Do you need me to leave?"

Scott was very self-aware.

Although journalists chase after news, he considered Chief Malz a friend, and Scott had no intention of making things difficult for him.

Chief Malz did not answer immediately but glanced at Arthur without a trace.

After seeing a slight nod from Arthur, the Police Chief spoke.

"Scott, it's not necessary, I trust you."

Chief Malz's expression was serious, and his tone was sincere.

Immediately, the young Scott was touched.

"Rest assured, I swear on my name that without your permission, I won't divulge anything I hear."

Scott began to make his vow.

Chief Malz smiled and nodded, then looked at Arthur and said.

"Elron is dead—he had hidden poison in his teeth for a long time and suddenly crushed the hidden poison during his transfer!"

"Ah!"

Arthur sighed, seeming as if he had anticipated this all along.

And with Arthur's previous warnings, the young reporter was not surprised, muttering to himself.

"Perhaps this is his atonement!

If it weren't for his father's accident, he really could have been a wonderful person!"

"Perhaps that accident still holds secrets!"

Chief Malz suddenly interjected.

Immediately, Scott was taken aback.

Even Arthur showed surprise in his eyes.

Instantly, Arthur's mind was filled with speculation—

No way, no way!

My 'Grim Reaper' reputation isn't about to be confirmed, is it?

The uneasy premonitions flooded the young Spirit Medium's heart.

In fact, most premonitions aren't very useful, except for the bad ones.

Too many things in this world work in a way that good predictions fail, but bad ones come true.

This time?

It was no exception.

The Police Chief continued to speak—

"Someone just reported, that cheque expert...

is dead!"

The Old Lion of Inner Bay's former financial advisor is dead?

Even though he was prepared, Arthur still felt a throbbing in his temples when he heard the news—he could swear on his grandfather's name that this definitely involved the Old Lion and Mother Tigress.

Chances are, it was yet another trap.

No!

It's not a matter of uncertainty!

It's a certainty!

Yesterday, Mother Tigress had just crushed the 'Mouse Council.'

Was Old Lion prepared to retaliate today?

Arthur felt that the throbbing in his temples wasn't just swelling but actual pain.

"What happened there?"

Although he knew it was a trap, Arthur still asked.

Because he knew that this was a trap he couldn't avoid—Jenkins had come to him first.

To put it simply, the whole matter started with him.

If he tried to avoid it, he'd end up like someone who "had dodged a bicycle only to be hit by a manure truck," so he might as well take the initiative as quickly as possible.

"When I just got back, Freeman's butler suddenly rushed out to find me, informing me that Mr. Delong had died in his own bedroom.

Before dying, he had been shouting 'Cheque! Cheque!'

I have already sent Dico and Andy to seal off the scene.

The specific circumstances will have to wait until they come back to report."

As Malz spoke, he also gave Arthur a meaningful look.

It couldn't be clearer.

'Run away?'

The Police Chief had also sensed something was wrong.

The death of the cheque expert was too coincidental.

'Wait a bit longer, but be ready for anything!'

Arthur answered, then stood up and walked out—since he wanted to take as much initiative as possible, sitting here waiting wouldn't do.

Of course, if things turned impossible, he would choose to flee.

Before leaving, Arthur took another look at his new home.

'Number 44, huh?'

'It's really unlucky!'

Arthur murmured to himself.

He didn't take a carriage. Freeman's villa, the property of the horse track owner, was also in the Swan District and at the forefront with an address like number 14.

But looking at the house number, Arthur felt it was even more ominous.

At the front of No. 14 White Bird Street, a middle-aged butler had already been waiting there.

Upon seeing Malz, the middle-aged butler immediately came over.

"Chief Malz, is this Lord Kledos?"

Please follow me, the body has not been touched as per your instruction."

The middle-aged butler immediately beckoned with his hand.

"Where's Freeman?"

Malz asked.

"My master has fallen ill—Mr. DeLong's corpse was truly horrifying, and my master, who has always been in poor health, was frightened to the point of collapse and can not get out of bed now."

The middle-aged butler explained.

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Malz curled his lips, clearly disbelieving.

It was obvious that Geronte had also realized something was amiss.

He probably had already taken a carriage to the dock by now.

'Cunning old bugger!'

Malz assessed, feeling some urgency in his heart, but the Police Chief had faith in Arthur's abilities and began to regulate his emotions with his breathing.

Arthur, however, remained silent.

Scott, following alongside, was thrilled.

The young journalist had no worries; he was simply excited to witness a crime scene for the first time.



However, such excitement turned completely into shock as the door to DeLong's room was opened.

Blood!

The bed, the curtains, the walls—there was blood everywhere.

The old man's throat was cut wide open, and his head hung down at an exaggerated angle, stretching the muscles and skin of his neck to an extreme.

Yet the body sat upright on the bed, a bloodstained sword still in hand.

At the head of the bed was an opened suicide note, and Arthur, with his superior eyesight, saw at a glance—it clearly read:

I harbor guilt.

I can't believe I didn't know gratitude like a younger person.

Now, I have decided to tell all.

It was my fault what happened those years ago.

I have wronged His Highness the Grand Duke of Yan Fort.

I was threatened at the time, forced to pass that judgment, and then, I even left my beloved homeland of South Los to seek refuge in Inner Bay, not daring to return until my old age...

...

Arthur didn't finish reading, but a single glance told him what this former financial advisor of the Old Lion of Inner Bay intended to do.

A deathbed confession!