

Great Master 135

Chapter 135 Blood x Internal Organs x Corpse

Arthur rubbed the center of his forehead, his face a mask of helplessness.

He suspected that he had been cursed with the ability to see corpses appear around him whenever he stepped outside.

Otherwise, why would he always encounter such incidents?

Could he truly be the "Grim Reaper"?

Impossible!

Absolutely impossible!

Arthur vehemently denied it to himself, while the coachman began frantically explaining among the screams of the bystanders.

"It wasn't me!"

"I don't know what happened!"

His pale and powerless explanations failed to convince the onlookers.

Especially when they saw policemen appear from the nearby police station, the coachman turned and ran.

Arthur let the "Hand of Void" grab onto the man's pant leg.

Thud!

The already damp coachman fell hard into the mud, and Simon, leading the charge like a storm, slapped him twice.

Slap, slap!

"Run! I told you to run!"

Amidst his cursing, Simon pulled him up and kicked him, holding him down with the help of another policeman before quickly walking over to Arthur.

"Consultant!"

Arthur glanced at the man's new uniform and couldn't help but smile.

"Promoted to apprentice policeman, eh?"

"Heh heh."

The tall and thin Simon immediately burst into laughter.

On the face of the apprentice policeman, Arthur noticed a trace of embarrassment and awkwardness.

Arthur understood perfectly.

Every patrolman wanted to become a policeman, and Simon was no exception.

But, Simon probably hadn't expected to become an apprentice policeman so effortlessly—just loading bullets for Andy had earned him the position. This stroke of luck made Simon think he was dreaming.

Similarly, it made Simon even more eager to prove himself.

After all, in Simon's eyes, Looney had become an apprentice policeman by exchanging his well-being for injuries.

And him?

It was purely luck.

That's why he was exceptionally energetic in his handling of the coachman.

"Take it easy, he's not a criminal. His attempt to run must be due to something else—ask him why he was driving the carriage so fast just now.

Also, find out where he came from and where he was going.

Then give him and the inside of the carriage a thorough search."

"Yes, consultant!"

Simon immediately saluted and started to do exactly as Arthur had instructed.

Meanwhile, Arthur crouched down and examined the desiccated corpse in front of him.

It was desiccated.

Not a mummy.

The corpse in front of him was quite fresh; it was desiccated because it lacked blood.

Arthur asked a nearby policeman for a pair of gloves and carefully moved the naked, desiccated corpse out of the mannequin shell, being extremely careful throughout the process—it was lighter than he had imagined.

'Not only blood, but the organs are also missing?'

'And the bones have become fragile too!'

The desiccated corpse, clearly that of an adult woman from its contours, had bones as delicate as those of a seven or eight-year-old child.

Moreover, the mannequin shell, which fit the desiccated body perfectly, did not adhere to it in any way.

It was as though it was wearing clothes.

'Exquisite craftsmanship!'

Arthur evaluated.

Not only the craftsmanship of creating mannequins but also the skill in draining blood and dissolving organs. He found no wounds on the desiccated corpse, nor any bite marks on the neck.

'Secret technique?'

'Ritual?'

'Or...'

Arthur's gaze moved to the desiccated corpse's mouth and lower body, which, according to his thinking, would be the best places to start, but the skill required would not just be exquisite; it would be considered that of a master.

'Extremely knowledgeable about human anatomy, particularly in dissection...'

"Doctor?"

Arthur thought and stood up, gesturing for the patrol officer to carry away the shriveled corpse as he turned his gaze to Malz, who had been waiting for a long time.

By Malz's side was the drowsy Andy—it was clear that this sharp-shooting policeman hadn't recovered from yesterday's battle.

"How is it?"

Malz asked directly as he approached.

Undoubtedly, the police chief had grown accustomed to being spoon-fed by Arthur.

Arthur struggled to suppress the urge to roll his eyes.

"There are no lost souls lingering nearby.

I haven't sensed any.

Neither has Miss Anna."

Arthur spoke naturally.

It's not that I am lacking in ability, but rather that the conditions don't permit it!

To earn more XP, Arthur had always maintained his persona as the 'Perfect Medium.'

Malz harbored no doubts about this.

Having witnessed Arthur's miraculous abilities on numerous occasions, Malz fully believed everything Arthur said, but it was for this reason that the police chief sighed.

"This is troublesome!"

"This lost soul, having suffered such a tragic ordeal, harbors not even a tiny bit of resentment?"

While speaking, the police chief gestured for Arthur to go to the office to talk.

Meanwhile, they waited for Simon's investigation.

Though the police chief held no hope.

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Expecting patrolmen to solve the case was as likely as expecting a prostitute to reform—not impossible, but something he never encountered.

"Tea? Plain water? Or hot cocoa?"

Familiar with Arthur's preferences, Malz asked directly.

"Plain water."

Arthur replied and took Pendragon out of the cage.

During his first visit to the police chief's office, Pendragon showed no timidity. After looking around a bit, he jumped directly onto the desk.

Then, Arthur scooped him into his arms, where he made a contented cooing sound.

Seeing this, Malz immediately thought of his own 'police chief'—yesterday had been too busy, compounded with the torrential rain, which meant the police chief had no chance to visit 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home.'

But today, he must go!

Although he didn't know what Arthur was hinting at, Malz believed this would be a fateful encounter with his 'police chief'.

In the office, the two men made small talk while waiting.

About two hours later, Simon returned.

"Police Chief, Consultant!"

The new apprentice policeman first saluted, then quickly and in detail started sharing his investigation—

"The coachman, named Truda, didn't belong to any coach service but had inherited his father's horse and carriage and came to South Los to earn a living pulling business, living mostly in his coach, which is why he fled upon seeing the patrolmen.

These mannequins come from two clothing stores in West Mok: Lilith's Clothing Store and Vivian's Clothing Store.

Camille's daughter, Linda, is about to have her coming-of-age ceremony, and her mother specially chose a gown for her, hence Lilith and Vivian's stores brought their mannequins to showcase their clothing. Eventually, Linda Camille chose an attire from Vivian's store.

However, the subsequent downpour forced the mannequins from both stores to be stored at Camille's house overnight.

This morning, both stores needed to operate normally, but the coachman, Truda, had overslept, so he had to rush."

"Overslept?"

Malz scoffed.

The police chief didn't believe such a statement.

Neither did Arthur.

He murmured the familiar name, Linda Camille, in his mind, but it didn't hinder his thoughts—

A coachman with a carriage service needed to work from dawn to dusk, and one without a service would work even harder.

Because the latter needed a better reputation to attract more clients.

Once their reputation spoiled, no one would hire them again.

Not to mention Truda, who came from outside to make a living in South Los.

He would never simply oversleep.

Moreover, because he had no fixed residence and in order to be punctual, he would have been nearby Camille's house as soon as the downpour stopped last night; the dampness on his body was the result of waiting throughout the night.

Waiting in the White Bird District or Spring Water Square would have been impossible.

So that left only one place.