

## Great Master 138

Chapter 138: Overthinking!

Arthur looked at his confident partner, his feelings quite complex.

In the end, a myriad of thoughts converged into a single sigh—

You are quite good, aren't you?

"Not a Lost Soul,"

Arthur said with certainty.

Then, he walked from where the carriage was parked towards the direction of Spring Water Square, bending down to touch the still moist soil.

Cold.

A coldness not belonging to this season.

Immediately, Arthur understood.

He continued to bend and search.

About a few minutes later, he raised his hand to signal Malz.

"Is this...ice?!"

Following the direction Arthur was pointing at, Malz saw some tiny, still-melting crystals and was utterly stunned.

Subsequently, the police chief glanced at the carriage and then towards the direction of Spring Water Square, and blurted out,"

"Paving the way with ice!

Such a cunning fellow!"

The patrol officers exchanged glances, their faces filled with surprise.

Before this, they had not thought of paving the way with ice.

It was already autumn, and after last night's downpour, the temperature in South Los had dropped rapidly—using ice to pave the way could last a considerable amount of time, until the sun rose and the temperature increased, causing the ice to melt, truly making it undetectable!

Unconsciously, the patrol officers cast admiring glances at their consultant.

The person who could come up with such a scheme was impressive.

But their consultant, who could see through such schemes at a glance, was obviously more impressive.

Under everyone's gaze, Arthur maintained a nonchalant demeanor, for him, standing on the shoulders of giants, this really was just routine, Arthur thought it completely unworthy of attention.

Yet this nonchalance, this indifference, made the patrol officers even more admiring.

Because if they had uncovered such a scheme, they would have been excited to shout it out, wanting the whole world to know.

But their consultant's calm indicated something.

It showed that what they considered a great scheme was insignificant, something completely unworthy of attention.

Yes, if an opponent could be seen through at a glance, why pay them any mind?

The patrol officers' view of Arthur changed again.

It was no longer just admiration but respect!

Arthur noticed such glances but still didn't care, not that Arthur didn't enjoy being looked at with such admiring eyes.

A normal person would enjoy this kind of attention.

Arthur was indifferent because his mind was preoccupied with a 'deduction', a more pressing issue had emerged—

It was certain someone helped Truda load the mannequins onto the cart.

Moreover, this person had made arrangements for Truda—alcohol, drugs, or perhaps both. A coachman would definitely not refuse "free" drinks.

This was the only way to have Truda sleep through it all, allowing the other party to smoothly transfer the mannequins.

As for Truda, who 'overslept'?

When the effects of the drug wore off and he woke up panicked, thinking he was doomed, he was shocked to find the mannequins already on the cart.

The person panicked even more, thinking they had done something wrong and encountered something bizarre, but, needing to work, chose to deliver the mannequins first to Lilith's Clothing Store and Vivian's Clothing Store.

That was for sure!

What Arthur was pondering was not this!

What Arthur was truly thinking about was the timing chosen by that 'good samaritan' who moved the mannequins for Truda!

Using ice to pave the way was a very good strategy, but carrying a large amount of ice, it would usually be impossible to pass through Spring Water Square.

You must understand, normally there would be a whole squad of fully-armed patrol officers there.

But not yesterday! Enjoy new stories from empire

Yesterday, this entire squad of patrol officers had been wiped out by attackers!

Although more personnel were later added, most of their attention was on White Bird Street 14—not only was manpower needed to blockade that place, but also to handle the numerous corpses.

It was because of this that the other party had the opportunity to pave the way with ice.

Even, they could effortlessly pave the ice and then cover it up with soil afterwards.

And then?

Naturally, in the name of Truda, they openly went to Linda Camille's house to pick up the mannequins while it was still dark before dawn.

The dim light of dawn and some cover were enough for the other party to pass through smoothly.

The servants at Linda Camille's house wouldn't care about such trifling matters.

"Was the other party just a coincidence from yesterday?"

"Or..."

Did they already know?"

Arthur thought to himself, but instinctively leaned towards the second possibility.

Because if it were a coincidence, it would be too much of a coincidence!

The body could have been kept fresh using cold, also fitting the other party's scheme of paving the way with ice, but what about the human-shaped mannequin covering it?

It's not possible that it was prepared in just a few hours, right?

Scooping out a solid wooden mannequin and fitting a body inside with the right size... definitely can't be done in a few hours.

It must have been prepared in advance!

"An oversight?"

"What does this guy want to do?"

Arthur squinted his eyes in thought, his gaze shifting to Malz.

"Let someone go back and inform Simon, and ask about the Truda wine," he said.

"Wine?!"

The Police Chief was startled at first, then thought of something, instructed a patrolling officer beside him, and approached Arthur.

"Is it related to yesterday's events?"

The Police Chief asked in a lowered voice.

"Likely related — otherwise, this timing would be real divination... and such people on the Mystic Side are generally known as 'Prophets'!

A 'Prophet' wanting to kill someone wouldn't bother with such complications.

There are far too many ways to make someone disappear without a trace."

Arthur answered with a light laugh.

He was very certain that the culprit wasn't a Mystic Side Person.

It's not that the 'Mystic Side' couldn't do something like this.

It's that it's too easy for the 'Mystic Side' to do something like this, they wouldn't need to bother so much, and with the Mystic Side's mode of operation, unless it was for a ritual or similar, most of the time, they would directly eliminate the target and destroy the body.

Simply put, if a Mystic Side Person took action, it wouldn't be recognized as a murder in South Los.

Because you wouldn't even find the body!

At most, it would be classified as a disappearance!

"Why keep coming?

Isn't it over yet?

Shouldn't Lord Count have sorted everything out?"

The Police Chief muttered with a slight furrow of his brow.

"Yes, Lord Count took care of everything, but only the things that were exposed — the Old Lion's financial advisor gave up all spies to divert Lord Count's attention.

But who can assure that the spies the financial advisor knew about were all there were?"

Arthur reminded.

Immediately, the Police Chief's eyes sharpened.

Ever since 'seeing' his partner's true strength yesterday, he had been thinking about how to cooperate with his partner.

And now, as he watched Arthur's smiling face again, he finally understood his partner's meaning —

Their power structure was too simplistic!

They couldn't put all their eggs in one basket!

They needed multiple layers of coverage!

Even, they could completely nurture two seemingly opposing factions that could become daggers thrust into the enemies' hearts at critical moments.

So, just the Shire District Police Station and Rat Street were definitely not enough!

They must expand their influence, not to mention taking over Dort District, the Docklands also should have their people!

And...

'Daredevil Camp'!

Mystic images of the 'Daredevil Camp' from the Seven Years' War Period floated in Malz's mind, he didn't know how to train the Daredevil Camp or about the rumored 'Daredevil Camp Potions', but one of his old friends did.

Should the reclusive person still be alive?

Malz wasn't sure but decided he would write to his old friend later.

Phew!

The Police Chief took a deep breath, slightly bowed to Arthur, and said—

"Thank you for the reminder, I understand now."