

Great Master 147

Chapter 147: Bait!

Fake cheques!

Or more accurately, the paper and ink used to make fake cheques!

These two items alone were enough to entice James!

Mals guessed at the bottom of his heart and glanced at Arthur, lowering his voice to reveal the address of the painter apprentice.

"Docklands, 10 Clara Street—I've had someone keeping watch there since last night," he said.

Mals's intent was quite straightforward: he was worried about any mishap with the gold and silver jewelry at No. 44 White Bird Street, his partner's place.

Arthur, who had been aware of his partner's arrangements for some time, responded with a smile and a nod—he knew well that having ample time meant he couldn't do without partners.

Of course, he was still quite far from leisurely days.

Mals needed to continue to grow!

He was just over fifty; he shouldn't be thinking about retirement, as it was his time to shine!

His grandfather went on 'exorcism' commissions at the age of seventy-two!

While reflecting on this, Arthur searched his memory for anything he knew about that district.

Fortunately, his predecessor had visited there.

And to some extent, it had really left a deep impression.

Unlike the most dockworkers' shanties in the Docklands, it was a neighborhood close to the sea yet away from the busy port streets, mostly consisting of one-and-a-half-story buildings with various shops, offering better living conditions than Xisis Port and becoming the preferred location for the more affluent folk of the Docklands.

Moreover, it was home to a significant number of self-proclaimed painters, sculptors, and writers.

It seemed as if the seaside was imbued with inspiration, mysteriously attracting such people.

His predecessor had gone there simply out of curiosity.

Only to be gravely disappointed.

The painters there mostly created odd and bizarre works.

The sculptures made by its sculptors were equally incomprehensible.

The writings produced by its authors were even more obscure and difficult to understand.

When his predecessor wondered why their art was so strange, he was scorned for not understanding art, and then promptly kicked out—which was why it was so memorable.

But to Arthur, these details were inconsequential.

What mattered was that 10 Clara Street in the Docklands fit perfectly with the profile Arthur had deduced the first time he met Jenkins—it was not merely Elron's residence but also James's former hiding spot.

In the prior 'fake cheque' case, Elron had to timely 'notify' Jenkins if he wanted to 'control the timing' just right.

And what location could be more suitable than one's own abode?

Especially when the street where the residence was situated housed a group of eccentric artists, it was all the more ideal for concealment.

Naturally, to enhance the hiding, that one-and-a-half-story building was bound to have underground facilities or the like.

After Jenkins 'came out', that location naturally turned into an excellent place to store items, and according to Arthur's deduction, the delicate gold and silver jewelry from No. 44 White Bird Street, as well as the paper and ink used for making fake cheques, all had to be there!

As for the delicate gold and silver jewelry from No. 44 White Bird Street being consumed by the fire?

Impossible!

In Elron's eyes, the fire had already devoured the bodies of Jenkins and Jones, incinerating all leads; and those valuable jewelry pieces next to it were there for the taking.

He wouldn't pass them up.

If it were Arthur?

He would naturally take most of them with no distinguishing marks, leaving behind a small portion that would be easily remembered—making everyone believe both jewelry and counterfeit materials were destroyed in the fire.

Of course, if there were enough time, he would strap the small portion of jewelry with explosives, prepare the kerosene, place it on the right hand of Jenkins's corpse, then ignite the explosives to make

every witness believe that although Jenkins killed Jones, he didn't anticipate Jones's trap and ended up blasted and burned to death.

Standing on the shoulders of giants, Arthur had seen far too much.

It was just like now, when Arthur spat words of urgency but didn't rush off hurriedly; instead, he gestured to Mals and walked straight into the mansion.

Upon seeing Arthur's gesture, the Police Chief immediately lost his urgency.

This Police Chief trusted Arthur, and his trust in Arthur had long since surpassed Arthur himself.

He knew that Arthur must have a complete plan.

And him?

He just needed to cooperate.

At this point, Simon began leading the patrolmen to check the scene for the last time, then proceeded to take the physical evidence, corpses, and the perpetrator back to the police station.

Mals approached and whispered.

"Bring the owner of 'Haite Furniture Store' in for questioning later."

"Yes, Police Chief."

Simon immediately hastened his pace.

Instantly, Wil Koss, who still required questioning, was thus released on the spot.

But the young man felt being taken away by the police might have been better. Thinking back on his embarrassing behavior just then, he recoiled into a corner, ceaselessly fidgeting with his toes inside his shoes.

Linda Camille noticed and came over.

"Wil, I want to talk to you."

"Hmm."

The young man timidly nodded.

Arthur noticed that after the old butler Oer gestured to a servant in the corner, the servant followed discreetly without making a sound.

Clearly, the old butler exercised corresponding caution.

Similarly, the old butler did not forget his previous promise to treat the two of them.

"Definitely next time."

"I'm a bit tired today..."

Some news, even for me, is a bit too shocking."

A wry smile appeared on Arthur's face.

The old butler immediately displayed an understanding expression.

"Some truths we must eventually face—The master has already made it clear that the doors of No. 22 White Bird Street will always be open for you and welcome you at any time."

"As for No. 2 Cork Street, I cannot promise more, I hope you can understand. After all, I am the youngest in the Kledos Family."

Arthur looked apologetic.

The old butler immediately shook his head.

"You've done more than enough."

The old butler escorted Arthur and Malz to the doorstep of No. 22 White Bird Street. As Arthur got into the carriage, an envelope was quietly placed into Malz's pocket.

"I hope you can treat Dr. Chermy justly and fairly."

"Of course!"

The Police Chief smiled and nodded slightly.

He was very clear about what the other party wanted him to do.

It was within the rules, and naturally, the Police Chief would not refuse.

However, after getting into the carriage, Malz handed over 90 gold notes to Arthur, keeping only 10 for himself—this was the prior arrangement, where if he had not exerted any effort, the split would be ten to one.

But Arthur then handed 10 gold notes back to Malz.

"You'll be exerting effort soon."

Arthur emphasized.

"That has nothing to do with you, Arthur..."

"It does!"

Arthur spoke softly.

And in his heart, he added another sentence.

'Put it on my grandfather's account.'

Arthur, who advocates fairness, then handed over the cage containing Pendragon to Malz.

'I need to retrieve the paper and ink ahead of time.'

Arthur didn't say it out loud, but wrote it with his hand.

Immediately, the Police Chief knew what Arthur was going to do.

First, retrieve the paper and ink.

Then, go for them again, this time deliberately showing a tiny bit of a flaw—be it anger or frustration, but it was important to let James know that the paper and ink had been lost.

And this was not going to be easy!

Rum might be a scoundrel, but he was no fool.

In order to get Rum on the hook, it had to seem real, to make Rum believe that everything was happening as he had foreseen.

Previously, such conditions were not met.

But now, with 'Haite Furniture Store,' it was different.

A perfect and reasonable excuse was enough for James to witness with his own eyes.

However, in the follow-up plan, another key character was needed.

Malz looked at Arthur, and both began to write on the other's palm with their fingers.

With every stroke, a name that was identical appeared in each of their palms.

The two shared a smile.

The next moment, the carriage door opened and closed.

The whole process took less than a second, but Arthur had already vanished inside the carriage.

Only Malz's soft voice remained, with occasional pauses, as if he was listening to Arthur's suggestions.