

## Great Master 148

Chapter 148: The Grudge-Holding Kitten, Interest Calculated at Tenfold!

At 10 Clara Street, Dico stood with a gloomy face, lowering the atmospheric pressure around, and the two patrol officers who were originally tasked with guarding the place didn't dare even breathe too loudly.

There was no helping it.

Although Dico was originally tall and sturdy, with a chubby and friendly face, after yesterday's battle, not only had he been wounded all over, but he also had a blood scar stretching from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth. After being stitched up, the wound itself was not serious, but the scar on his face had become even more frightful.

With Dico's smiling and talking, it was like a ferocious centipede was wriggling on his face.

Even when Dico stood there expressionless, it made anyone who saw him feel a tingling on their scalp.

However, despite feeling intimidated inside, the patrol officers still had to face Dico.

Because—

"Boss, it's those guys peeping here again!"

"Should we call for backup?"

A patrol officer came over and whispered.

The policemen didn't understand why the Police Chief had them stationed here, but since Dico had rushed over in the middle of the night, and people had been spying this morning, they realized there must be some secret in the house behind them.

"No need!"

"You two stay here!"

After speaking, Dico charged towards the Peeping Tom across the street.

His hefty body, like a charging rhinoceros, collided with that guy—there was no mistaking the person; this was the third time today he had seen him and his accomplice loitering here.

Bang!

The spy was sent flying by the impact.

But his accomplice pulled out a small dagger and aimed it at Dico.

However, he didn't go through with the stab.

Instead, he was trembling, the whole person somewhat jittery.

Dico's face was simply too terrifying.

Slap!

Dico swatted the small dagger away, and then with a backhand slap, he struck the man's face, sending him spinning in place, about to fall, when Dico grabbed him by the collar and yanked him back—

"I told you to spy!"

"I told you to be scared!"

"Is my face scary?"

"Will my face make a child cry?"

He alternated each statement with a slap.

The spy spat out teeth as he was hit, but instead of feeling a speck of joy, Dico became increasingly uncomfortable—after returning home yesterday, the centipede-like stitched wound on his face made his daughter cry.

Facing attackers with knives and bullets, fearless Dico, upon seeing his loudly crying daughter, became instantly frazzled and at a loss, and it wasn't until his wife signaled him to leave the house that the daughter stopped crying.

Listening to his daughter's gradually quieting sobs from outside the door, Dico was extremely heartbroken.

He then aimlessly returned to the police station and was aimlessly assigned here.

Even now, Dico felt as if the world was about to abandon him.

That was his dearest daughter, who would open her arms and shout, "Daddy, hug!" when he came home from work—how could she dislike him?

"It's all your fault!"

"It's all your fault!"

Dico dragged back another spy he had captured earlier, stomping on the two of them while muttering to himself.

The two patrol officers kept their lips tightly sealed and said nothing, shrinking their necks.

Arthur, lurking in the shadows, was also somewhat surprised.

In his memory, Dico was quite a gentle person, with certain principles; otherwise, Malz wouldn't have taken a liking to him.

'What could have happened?' Arthur wondered to himself, but his actions were swift.

He easily climbed into the interior of 10 Clara Street after opening a one-and-a-half-layer window with the "Hand of Void" entering from the chimney and using another "Hand of Void" as a support for leverage.

But he didn't land on his feet.

The remaining two "Hands of Void" supported the soles of his shoes, and the one that had served as support quickly swung back, steadying his left arm.

The "Hand of Void" that opened the window now closed it, and swiveled back towards him, stabilizing Arthur, who was suspended in mid-air.

In front of 10 Clara Street, the two patrolling officers were completely unaware that someone had entered the building behind them.

The people around them were even less likely to notice.

They were all watching Dico teach someone a lesson.

Arthur adjusted his breathing, conserving as much physical strength as possible, and quickly searched through the attic-like top floor before heading down to the first floor.

Soon, Arthur made a discovery in the corridor outside the kitchen.

It was a worn cover plate.

Clearly, this cover plate was frequently opened and closed, but there was no handle on it, indicating it should be opened from the inside—in Arthur's mind, he could already envision Elron softly tapping the cover plate, followed by Jenkins pushing it open each time he delivered food.

Similarly, without Jenkins inside, it wouldn't pose a problem for Elron either.

As the owner of the house, Elron had far too many ways to open this cover plate.

Be it through force or finesse.

Luckily, Arthur was not short of methods either.

Under his command, the "Hand of Void," which supported Arthur's right arm, took out a thin dagger directly from Arthur's "Atos's Box" with ease—a standard item from Old Charlie's inventory, which Arthur had previously carried on his person but now stored inside "Atos's Box."

Of course, to deal with various emergencies, "Atos's Box" currently also contained a variety of tools, miscellaneous items, food, and water.

If only "Atos's Box" had been big enough, Arthur would have wanted to fit the Little Emperor Cannon inside it as well.

The "Hand of Void" deftly opened the cover plate.

Next, Arthur used this "Hand of Void" to scout ahead, ensuring there were no dangers before descending into the chamber beneath the floor—

It was about 20 square meters, with a bed, tables and chairs, bedding on the bed, candles and books on the tables, and a chamber pot in the corner.

The room was not stuffy and had no strange smell.

Clearly, ventilation ducts had been installed.

Using the faint light, Arthur scanned the room and then found what he was looking for.

Three square boxes, placed beside a pile of gold and silver ornaments, were strikingly conspicuous.

Arthur opened two of the boxes, which contained the special paper and ink that he was looking for, but the contents of the third box took him by surprise.

Cheques!

To be precise, complete cheques—with stamps, signatures, ready to use by filling in the numbers.

The stamps and signatures varied.

There were those of the Mother Tigress of South Los, the Old Lion of Inner Bay, as well as many Nobles and wealthy merchants of South County.

Arthur picked up a few cheques, trying to discern their authenticity. He was no cheque expert, but he was certain that the cheques in this box were more genuine than the ones he saw that day.

Suddenly, Arthur's eyelids twitched.

He guessed what Elron was planning to do.

One had to admit that the other party was indeed audacious and reckless.

But the corners of Arthur's mouth curved upward.

At that moment, an even more audacious and reckless plan popped into Arthur's mind—

'I've seen quite a few of those involved in the division of the "Cat Faction.Black" back in the day, right here... Perhaps their appearance is signaling that it's time for the "Black Cat Faction" to step back onto the stage!

Heh, cats hold grudges!

You think you can sleep soundly after eating the 'Cat Faction's' food?

I want you to pay back everything...

Tenfold!'

Thinking this to himself, a cold light began to twinkle in Arthur's eyes.

Then, he placed the three boxes containing the paper, ink, and cheques into "Atos's Box."

Afterward, he returned the same way he came.

However, just as Arthur was putting the cover plate back in place, a faint noise came from above him—

Footsteps!

Someone had infiltrated!

Arthur squinted his eyes, but then his expression changed slightly.

No, that's not right!