

Great Master 150

Chapter 150: Slinging Mud

A warm yet insincere exchange unfolded between Malz and James.

Having made up his mind, Arthur reined in his smile, his gaze intently fixed on Kuke behind James—Kuke was James's deputy, a native of South Los, and, of course, his becoming a Third-Class Officer was entirely due to his father, who had been a somewhat famous bounty hunter and had amassed considerable wealth and connections in his youth.

Unfortunately, Old Kuke had been ambushed during a bounty chase and took an arrow in the knee.

But, thankfully, the retired Old Kuke lived a blissful life, not only having a wife and a son but also owning a farm outside the city.

The reason Arthur knew about this Kuke was that he was the target Malz wanted to win over.

Compared to James's terrible reputation, Kuke's was much better—at least, he took money for his services.

Kuke soon noticed Arthur's gaze.

This bounty hunter's son might not compare to his father, but he still possessed the requisite caution.

However, the next moment, Kuke furrowed his brow.

Because Arthur was still looking at him—normally, once discovered peeping, a Peeping Tom would immediately avert their gaze, pretending nothing had happened.

Those with thicker skins might even flash a smile.

But to be caught and still stare intently like Arthur was truly unprecedented.

Moreover, more importantly, Arthur's expression was serious.

This seriousness made Kuke instinctively look down to check—he suspected his fly was open.

But it wasn't!

His fly was intact!

Kuke immediately looked up and glared angrily at Arthur—he thought Arthur was mocking him.

But by the time he looked up, he found that Arthur's gaze had already moved off him and onto James, and this time, not only was his expression serious, but his gaze also carried a grave weight.

'What's going on?'

'Did something happen?'

Kuke grew somewhat paranoid.

Not just Kuke, the scrutinized James felt the same way.

As the Police Chief of Dort District, he obviously knew the rumors about Arthur, but precisely because he knew them, he felt somewhat guilty.

'Did he see through something?'

Having committed many misdeeds and harboring ill intentions on this visit, thought James internally, but outwardly, the Dort District Police Chief smiled warmly at Arthur and greeted him enthusiastically.

"Hello, Mr. Kledos!"

Saying this, the Dort District Police Chief tried to step forward and shake hands with Arthur.

But Arthur declined.

The young 'Spirit Medium' didn't raise his hand, leaving the hand of the Dort District Police Chief hanging in mid-air.

Suddenly, the face of the Dort District Police Chief showed embarrassment, followed by annoyance.

But before the man could speak, Arthur suddenly said—

"Black and red intertwined, in the silence, I heard the wailing of Lost Souls; they crossed the ironwood groves and are now chasing your footsteps. When the bird of ill omen begins to pray, it marks the time calamity envelops you... Now, please stay away from us."

Arthur's solemn words made the Dort District Police Chief become uncertain and apprehensive.

The man couldn't tell if Arthur's words were true or false.

And at that moment—

Swish, swish, swish!

A sound like wind blowing through leaves arose behind the Dort District Police Chief.

Yet, there were no trees in the small square of the Shire District Police Station.

And there had been no wind just moments before.

But the sound had indeed occurred.

Kuke and James tensed up in an instant.

Both of them almost instinctively thought of Arthur's words 'They crossed the ironwood groves!'

More crucially—

Caw, caw!

Out of nowhere, two crows appeared, their harsh cries echoing overhead.

Under the blood-red dying sun, the black crows at that moment all took on a tint of sinister red.

Birds of ill omen!

Beginning to pray!

The words confirmed again caused James' face to blanch, while Kuke first awkwardly twisted at his back, then subtly moved a step to the side, distancing himself from James.

Malz directly hid behind Arthur.

James reacted quickly too, also subconsciously trying to stand behind Arthur, but Arthur gave him no chance.

"Back, back, back!"

Muttering lowly, he stomped his foot and tapped his fingers in quick succession.

Under the bizarre atmosphere, Arthur's fluid motions suddenly carried an air of authority that shouldn't have existed, which scared James into retreating repeatedly.

"Calamity can spread—it was temporarily frightened away, but it still lingers. When it reappears next time, it will be its time for revenge."

Arthur didn't say more and turned towards the police station building.

He remembered Old Charlie's teaching: to speak only half, keeping the rest is as crucial to a Spirit Medium's legacy as improvisation.

Plus, the effect now was far better than imagined.

Arthur was internally grateful for the cooperation of the crows.

Originally, he had wanted to bluff James at first, then find a crow to fully scare the man, but unexpectedly, two real crows flew overhead.

'Maybe I could keep two crows as the atmosphere team?'

Arthur thought to himself, his gaze sweeping over the "Bluff" skill which had just gained another experience point, and he started silently counting down.

10, 9, 8...

When the countdown reached zero, Dico's figure timely appeared at the entrance of the police station.

"Police Chief, consultant, there's been an incident at 10 Clara Street!"

Arthur turned to look at the panting Dico with an appropriately surprised expression.

But seeing Dico's state, Malz felt a drumming in his heart.

Not good!

An accident has happened!

Could it be that another person has died?

Having experienced too many 'accidents,' the Police Chief had grown somewhat accustomed to them; whenever something happened, he would subconsciously think of his partner's almost curse-like 'Grim Reaper's Favor.'

"What happened?"

"Someone, someone died!"

Facing his superior's interrogation, Dico said breathlessly.

Just as I thought!

What was I even feeling relieved about?

How could there not be a death where Arthur had been?

If there weren't any before, it was just not the time yet!

Subconsciously, Malz looked at Arthur with a resigned expression that seemed to see through everything.

Arthur sighed helplessly.

"What a terrible day—let's go to 10 Clara Street!"

Saying that, Arthur headed towards the carriage.

Malz and Dico followed closely behind.

A deputy served as the coachman.

On the way, Dico relayed everything he knew to Arthur and Malz.

Arthur already knew everything that had happened there.

But there was an unexpected development—

"You're saying James had someone following us?"

"Did this guy guess something from the newspapers?"

Malz frowned, his tone turning unfriendly.

The Police Chief glanced back, his eyes cold as he looked at the carriage from Dort District—he realized he had still underestimated the other party's greed.

This kind of greed...

It really disrupts one's peace!

We must get rid of them quickly!

Should we change the plan...

Malz thought to himself, then looked towards Arthur, his gaze questioning.

Arthur shook his head slightly.

When an unexpected intruder appears, the plan naturally has to change, but only slightly. The goal of infiltrating Dort District remains unchanged!

Plus, he wanted to make that unintentional intruder inadvertently reveal themselves!

Just push everything onto James!