

Great Master 157

Chapter 157 In the Name of the Father!

The person outside was Kuke.

The Third-Class Officer of the Dort District.

According to Arthur's original estimation, the man should have appeared here only after James's death—and that, too, after some deliberate leading on.

However, he had shown up directly.

'Did someone give him a tip?'

'Was it his father, the one mentioned in the rumors?'

Arthur speculated, yet he did not slow his actions.

He did not go to open the door.

Instead, he prepared some necessary props.

Standing at the door of No. 2 Cork Street was Kuke.

The Third-Class Officer of the Dort District, having not slept well the previous night, wore an expression of deep fatigue, and his heart was filled with anxiety and unease—following Malz's warning yesterday, this Third-Class Officer did not return to his home next to the Dort District Police Station but left the town straightaway to go to his father's farm.

Kuke believed it was safer to stay by his father's side, even though Old Kuke had taken an arrow in the knee, he could still toss him out with one hand.

Moreover, there were eight strong hired uncles and over a dozen hounds on his father's farm.

These uncles were much more reliable than his subordinates in the patrol.

And the hounds were even more reassuring.

Of course, apart from that, Kuke also needed his father to give him some advice.

He could sense that James was finished.

Whether it was Auburn, who was 'betrayed', or those Auburn wanted to eliminate, none would let James off.

So, here came the question!

What about him?

He might be targeted as well!

Even though the likelihood wasn't high.

But when it came to his own life, Kuke dared not gamble.

Having the family business left by Old Kuke, and growing up wealthy, Kuke was not as aggressive as other officers; he preferred to gain benefits in a safe way.

So, at that time, Kuke thought of seeking Arthur's help—only, he wasn't sure if Arthur could really protect him, and...

what he would need to pay.

Kuke shared all his concerns with Old Kuke.

Even knowing his son's character very well, Old Kuke was quite helpless; if they didn't look so similar, Old Kuke would almost think he wasn't his own biological son.

The retired bounty hunter then said—

'The Kledos Family?

I've heard of their reputation. I hadn't expected them to actually be from that world. Judging by the young heir's behavior, their family must have chosen a life of secrecy in the past.

In South Los, such a family could definitely protect you!

And what you need to give in return?

Secure the position of the Police Chief and provide the necessary conveniences to them.

Remember, only by securing the position of Police Chief would you be worthy of giving them your loyalty!

And this is not difficult!

The Dort District has no Second-Class Officers, you and another one of James's confidants are the only Third-Class Officers. If James doesn't survive, this guy won't either.

As soon as James dies, this guy must die.

At that time, the position of Police Chief will be yours."

'Don't we need to think it over a bit more?'

'Think it over?'

Do you have any more options?

Or, do you think the people from that world would be as young and easy to speak with as that 'Spirit Medium'?

You will never understand how terrifying and brutal the people from that world can be!

Even when facing that 'Spirit Medium', you must keep a wary respect—if you can't handle that supposed colleague, bring an uncle from the farm, he'll take care of everything for you.

Kuke, my son, remember, I can't protect you all your life. When I and your uncles grow old and can no longer wield a gun or knife, you will need to protect everything here!

Of course, the choice is yours!

If you want to give up, we will leave this place together and choose somewhere else to start anew!

Kuke remembered the conversation he had with his father last night.

Under the candlelight, his father, who he remembered as robust, was somehow hunched over, and although his arms were still astonishingly thick, when his father's large hand landed on his shoulder, he could feel the diminishing strength in it, and those temples, unbeknownst to him, had sprouted white hairs.

His father was getting old.

He guessed that in another two years, he might not be able to wrestle a horse down so easily anymore.

Then, who could he rely on?

Must his father step in to resolve everything for him?

As for leaving?

Even more impossible!

Starting everything anew required significant sacrifices, and Kuke knew it all too well. Rather than gambling on the unknown, he would rather seek refuge with Arthur.

Kuke believed what his father had said.

Phew!

Taking a deep breath, Kuke made his final decision.

Thus, when Arthur opened the door, this Third-Class Officer of Dort District said very politely,

"Good morning, Advisor Kledos."

"Good morning, Officer Kuke."

Arthur smiled in response and invited him into No. 2 Cork Street.

After taking a seat in the 'Spirit Medium Parlor', the Third-Class Officer from Dort District began to consider his words carefully, and then said.

"Advisor Kledos, what do you think about the incident at 10 Clara Street?"

'I'm just sitting here watching.'

Arthur thought to himself, but outwardly he feigned silence.

"Please forgive my rashness and rudeness."

Noticing Arthur's silence, the Third-Class Officer from Dort District immediately apologized—unlike the decisiveness of Wiggins and Malz, there was a dragging indecisiveness in Kuke's character.

Even with a decision made, this characteristic still influenced the way Kuke behaved.

Because, most of the time, Kuke habitually let others make decisions for him.

'What a good father he must have!'

Arthur could entirely guess that, in this era, someone of a hesitant nature like Kuke still managed to become a Third-Class Officer in South Los's Dort District because of the extreme efforts and protections his father must have provided—many people saw Kuke's ways as easy to bully, especially within a police station where the 'Sheriff' co-existed with the new laws.

Faced with such a Kuke, Arthur gestured dismissively.

The young 'Spirit Medium' spoke softly—

"The incident at 10 Clara Street was an accident. I do not want to be involved, therefore, I must maintain my neutrality."

Arthur stated his position very directly.

He knew very well that if he allowed Kuke to continue asking questions, they might talk all day without conclusion, and perhaps, in the end, it might even bring Kuke's father into the matter.

And Kuke's father was not as easy to deceive as Kuke himself.

So, Arthur almost made it explicit.

Though hesitant in character, Kuke was not foolish; he picked up on the meaning in Arthur's words.

He instinctively opened his mouth, wanting to inquire more about yesterday's incident to make a judgment. But at that moment, he remembered the conversation with his father the previous night and his resolve at the doorstep.

Suddenly, the Third-Class Officer from Dort District clenched his teeth and said.

"Could I also maintain such neutrality?

If I choose to join under your command.

I could swear allegiance to you!"

The Third-Class Officer from Dort District spoke a 'daring speech' that he would never have uttered before.

"I prefer the constraints of a contract over the solemnity of a vow—"

Arthur raised his hand.

Immediately, a parchment floated down from the bookshelf onto the desk.

At the same time, a steel pen hovered in front of Kuke.

Kuke stared blankly at the pen in front of him, his brain momentarily froze as he signed his name, only realizing afterwards what had happened.

That world!

This was the world his father had talked about!

But before an excited Kuke could inquire further, the parchment soared into the air.

Under Kuke's gaze, it burst into intense flames.

The flames churned, and the parchment turned into nothingness.

An invisible force lightly tapped on Kuke's forehead at that moment.

It wasn't an illusion!

It was real, a tactile click!

"Ah!"

Kuke exclaimed, jumping up from his chair in fright.

Meanwhile, Arthur, sitting in his chair, leaned slightly back and shifted his gaze onto the startled face of the Third-Class Officer of Dort District, and said with a faint smile,

"The contract is established!"