

Great Master 162

Chapter 162 Cats Are Born Different!

"Trouble-Free Grocery!"

Arthur said so.

Wiggins found the name quite appealing. This streetwise Golden Finger immediately wanted to echo his sovereign with courtly agreement, like a subject in a biographical novel, but he scratched his head and stammered out awkwardly after a long thought.

"Good name, really good name."

Having said that, he looked at Arthur with a face full of unease.

Of course, Arthur was not one to split hairs over such a matter.

He was well aware that Wiggins's forte did not lie herein.

If he wanted to hear pleasing words, he could randomly pull one of Malz's patrol officers, and they could shower him with compliments. However, when it came to managing the Rat Street territory and the Golden Fingers, probably the whole patrol team would not be as effective as Wiggins alone.

Arthur patted Wiggins's shoulder lightly.

"That place is in your hands now, Wiggins!"

"Yes, my lord!"

Feeling Arthur's trust, Wiggins's discomfort and anxiety vanished in an instant. He bowed and then left No. 2 Cork Street at a brisk pace.

Borrowing Fujin's gaze, Arthur murmured to himself as he watched the Golden Finger's retreating figure.

'Trouble-Free.

To unravel all worries and sorrows.

What a pity...

There's no mail slot.'

With that thought, Arthur allowed himself a self-mocking smile.

He knew all too well that, in time, 'Trouble-Free Grocery' would live up to its name—not just the assortment of good-quality, reasonably priced goods would bring joy to the residents of Rat Street and alleviate some of their worries, but as time went on, the influence of these value-for-money products would truly emerge.

And that was what he valued.

Not just the 'name,' but the profit and power beneath the 'name.'

He wanted it all!

He sighed inwardly, 'It should have been called Peaceful Grocery!'

With such thoughts, Arthur began to prepare Pendragon for the cage, pocketed 'Ms. Anna,' put on his coat—he was ready to head to the police station.

As the Special Consultant of Shire District Police Station, it was only proper to be punctual for work.

Moreover, there was some news he was waiting for.

It most certainly wasn't mealtime.

And it wasn't because he was too lazy to cook lunch.

It just so happened that he was waiting for news, his stomach just so happened to be growling, and he just so happened to coincide with lunchtime at the police station.

And besides, he who had alleviated some of the worries for the residents of Rat Street, surely he deserved two pounds of roasted pork ribs, a whole smoked sausage (around 300 grams), chicken salad, white bread (200 grams), two spoons of butter (5 grams each), a pinch of salt, black pepper (about 5 grams), and sweet beets stewed with extra sugar, didn't he?

He was indeed worthy!

So, Arthur spread Malz's butter and honey on his white bread without any reservations.

The old sheriff didn't mind at all.

Compared to butter and honey, he preferred pepper and salt.

Of course, it was also because at that moment, the old sheriff was more focused on the 'Police Chief.'

Or, to be precise, his concern arose after seeing Pendragon dive beak-first into the cat bowl and a third of the kibble disappeared rapidly, making him worry about the 'Police Chief' that was eating one piece at a time.

Why does my cat eat so little?

Could it be sick?

Should I find a veterinarian to have a look?

"Arthur, does Pan always eat like this?"

Eventually, the old sheriff couldn't help but ask.

"Mm-hm, every time."

Arthur nodded while clamping one end of a rib with his mouth, gently tugged at it, and with a slight suck, the meat from the entire rib slid into his mouth.

Watching Arthur chew with great relish, the old sheriff subconsciously glanced again at Pendragon, who was also eating heartily.

All of a sudden, he realized it might not be the 'Police Chief' that had an issue.

But it was him!

At that moment, the old sheriff's look toward the slender 'Police Chief' was filled with even more pity.

'Maybe after work I should talk with Amanda about adjusting the 'Police Chief's' diet—we might not be able to eat a lot, but we can eat more delicately.'

The old sheriff was thinking this when he heard Arthur say, his words muffled by food,

"Kuke is one of us now."

"What?"

The old sheriff was taken aback.

Surprise filled the old sheriff's eyes.

Kuke, he had been preparing to put in a great effort to win him over.

But unexpectedly, after just one meeting with Arthur, he had immediately pledged his loyalty.

Even accustomed to Arthur's "Miracle", the old sheriff couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Afterward, however, he felt a sense of relief.

After all, that was Arthur!

The old sheriff, watching Arthur wolf down his meal, had unwavering confidence in his eyes—he knew that as long as he followed this partner, he would have to learn that sense of relief.

'Arthur's "Miracle"...

It's capable of creating miracles!'

The old sheriff thought to himself, his gaze naturally drifting towards the outside of the office.

Andy, whom he had met several times, was now leaning back in his chair, dozing off, but still clutching a long firearm in his hands.

Looney, who had previously been a complete stranger, was now wrapped up like a mummy, yet biting on his finger and seriously perusing case files.

Dico, on the other hand, was checking the injuries on his face with a mirror, and whenever he looked up, he would reveal a sorrowful expression.

The three of them were completely different from before.

Gone was the lifelessness and the just-getting-by attitude; they were now full of vigor.

And under the leadership of these three, the patrol officers in the lobby were also filled with enthusiasm.

This was something he couldn't have imagined before.

And now?

It had all happened!

The old sheriff was well aware that this was all thanks to Arthur.

The old sheriff was even more aware that if things continued this way...

It would be the moment when real miracles would occur.

And him?

He wanted to see.

Just as the old sheriff was fantasizing about what that exciting moment would look like, Simon came rushing in from the small square outside, charging straight into the lobby, heading for the office.

It's happening!

The old sheriff and Arthur were both instantly invigorated.

Simon's absence from the lobby naturally meant he had a mission—keeping an eye on James!

Thud, thud thud!

"Come in!"

"Police Chief, James has disappeared; his men are all in chaos, and I've had our people take control of them.

We've also got his lover under control," Simon immediately reported as he entered.

"Disappeared?"

"He must have run away!" the old sheriff said with a laugh.

Malz wasn't surprised by the decision of James to run away.

Although the other party was from a gang background and was known for his brutality, that was when he was young—a time when he dared to fight and scrape. But now?

Apart from showing off a peculiar kind of brutality with candle drippings in the bedroom or a flourish of a whip, he could only seek the glorious days of old in his dreams.

This type of highly private information was well-known in a certain circle in Dort District.

More than one lady from the club had complained about the police chief in private.

And then?

Certain people in Shire District, Docklands, and both the new and Old Town came to know about it.

As a result, five years ago, the police chief of Dort District began to refuse going to clubs and chose to keep lovers instead.

Moreover, it seemed to prove that he was still capable, the police chief of Dort District once kept a large number of lovers for a while, but eventually he came to accept reality.

Rumors had it that there was only one lover left by the side of the police chief of Dort District.

There were also rumors that this lover was the person he trusted the most.

However, it now seemed that the police chief of Dort District always trusted himself above all.

Of course, Malz didn't care, and the old sheriff said with a somewhat playful tone—

"With so many people watching him, our James the Police Chief wouldn't die on the road, would he?"