

Great Master 163

Chapter 163: A person must rely on themselves!

Who wanted James dead?

Many.

Although others were uncertain, Malz knew that he wanted James dead.

So did his partner.

As the old sheriff tore off the napkin from his collar, his eyes met those of his partner, who had already begun to wipe the grease and sauce off his palms.

They exchanged a smile and a look of understanding—

If they had chosen to disappear, then they might as well disappear completely!

About three minutes later, the Shire District Police Station's carriage left the small square and headed straight for Moon Street.

Although James was the police chief of Dort District, Moon Street was in Shire District.

When something happened on Moon Street, naturally, the Shire District Police Station had jurisdiction.

Unlike other middle-class districts, Moon Street didn't rank high in the list of favored properties in Shire District. In fact, it could be said to be at the bottom of the list.

It wasn't that Moon Street was bad.

On the contrary, the environment here was beautiful, the public order was good, and the houses were spacious enough to live in comfortably.

But it was exactly because the houses here were so large that many middle-class families were deterred.

With the same unit price, the increase in area was an unbearable burden for the middle class walking on thin ice.

What about the wealthy?

Even though the size of the residences on Moon Street was almost enough to rival the villas in White Bird District, real wealthy people would still choose White Bird District.

Even if someone boasted that originally this was the real White Bird Street, and for some reason, it changed into Moon Street, it made no difference.

Moon Street was always Moon Street.

Between it and White Bird Street, there was an insurmountable chasm.

As soon as Arthur and Malz jumped off the carriage, the four gagged and tightly bound subordinates of James began to struggle.

Simon went over and kicked each of them, and immediately, they quieted down.

Naturally, Arthur and Malz ignored these fellows—how could anyone who could become a confidant of James be of any good substance?

It wasn't prejudice!

Rather, when selecting his confidants, the first criterion set by Police Chief James was a gang background.

In South Los, bullying the weak, fearing the strong, and having no bottom line were almost the labels the common people stuck on gangs.

Correct!

The common people!

Some precarious commoner families became broken because of these guys. Especially wealthy commoners or families with beautiful wives and daughters became their preferred targets. These fellows had way too many methods to get everything they wanted.

Including but not limited to drugs and gambling.

But, it was only the common people.

These fellows wouldn't dare touch anyone with a bit of power.

What about the real wealthy and nobility?

When these guys spoke to them, they turned into 'woof, woof, woof.'

Arthur and Malz walked straight into number 4 Moon Street.

Then they both frowned simultaneously.

It was too dazzling!

The entire room was decorated primarily with gold, and under the sunlight, the golden reflections made it blinding for anyone who walked into the room.

"Hiss!"

"How much money did this guy rake in?"

Even Malz couldn't help but take a sharp intake of breath at this moment, especially when he discovered the peacock statuette, completely carved from gold and encrusted with gems, on the mantelpiece, he couldn't help but express his amazement.

The body of the peacock statuette in front of them was made of pure gold, but each feather of its spread tail was inlaid with a gemstone.

Each was a different color, yet when put together, they did not clash. On the contrary, as the sunlight shone upon them, the gemstones immediately emitted various colored glows, seemingly in concert with one another.

'This Golden Peacock could probably exchange for two three-masted ships!' Arthur appraised internally.

It wasn't just the gold and gemstones themselves, but also the person who made this peacock, who must be of master level, that with both factors combined, its price was self-evident.

But Arthur frowned to himself.

Would someone running away not take something of this level with them?

Could there be something even more valuable?

Impossible!

Even if James was the police chief of Dort District, it couldn't be possible!

This Golden Peacock represented most of his fortune.

Moreover, the fact that the Golden Peacock was placed in the most conspicuous location, exuding a sense of show-off, also indicated the value of this item.

And also...

The surroundings were too clean, too tidy.

It was difficult for a house to maintain cleanliness and order when someone running away was trying to take valuable items.

After all, those in a hurry to escape couldn't possibly clean the house before leaving, right?

So, James must not have been running away!

Arthur's eyes narrowed slightly as he followed Malz upstairs.

"Chief, Advisor!"

The patrolling officer inside immediately saluted them.

"Where's the person?" Malz asked directly.

"In the room!"

The patrol officer pointed to the room next door—the door was not closed, but wide open. From this angle, one could clearly see the woman sitting there.

Brown long hair, delicate features, her big eyes filled with timidity; a single glance could evoke pity in any man's heart.

When Arthur and Malz's gaze swept over, the lady immediately wrapped her arms around herself, hunched her body and shrank back.

She was James's lover, Jane.

"Miss Jane, there's no need to be alarmed, we just have a few questions,"

Malz reassured her.

Arthur hung back a step, his gaze fixed on her.

The young 'Spirit Medium' could be sure that she was not acting, but was genuinely afraid.

"Miss Jane, do you know when James disappeared?"

"I don't know, when I woke up in the morning, James was already gone."

"Did James say anything to you before he went to sleep last night?"

"He did, he said he had run into a bit of trouble."

"Anything else?"

"That's it, James has a bad temper, I didn't dare to ask more."

Throughout the questioning, the lady answered truthfully, without any hint of performance.

But Malz always felt something was off.

However, he couldn't quite put his finger on what was wrong.

Subconsciously, the old sheriff looked to his partner.

Seeing the indifference on Arthur's face and the smile at the corner of his mouth, the old sheriff immediately made up his mind.

"Miss Jane, as per procedure, we need to search the house."

"Okay,"

James's lover immediately nodded her head.

Almost as if she were eager.

And this behavior reinforced certain assumptions for Arthur.

The search began, but Arthur didn't join in, instead watching two rats scuttle across the lawn downstairs, he shook his head and said.

Clearly, with the "wide spaces and few people," some small animals had bred rapidly.

"Miss Jane, living on Moon Street, you should prepare some rat poison."

"Yes, I have prepared the rat poison, I will go scatter it shortly,"

Facing Arthur's reminder, the lady nodded repeatedly, even pointing to a chest of drawers nearby.

"Yes, that's right."

"One must rely on oneself!"

Arthur nodded with a smile.

After that, there was no more communication until the search was over.

The search yielded no results. Though some crossbows and firearms were found, these were normal for James's residence.

In short, everything at 4 Moon Street was normal.

As the patrol officer finished the registration, Arthur, Malz, and their party were about to leave 4 Moon Street when suddenly Arthur paused.

He looked at James's lover and said quietly,

"Miss Jane, the rat poison needs to be scattered as soon as possible otherwise this place will be overrun with rats. Don't hesitate, and don't expect help from others—one must rely on oneself."

With that, Arthur quickly walked away.

Also leaving were James's henchmen.

However, as they left, their gazes lingered on 4 Moon Street—they knew well how valuable the things inside were.

But they also knew they couldn't make a move just yet.

They had to wait a little longer.

Afterward?

Heh!

Everyone had left; James's lover, the lady named Jane, became increasingly tense and fearful.

The lady knelt down and prayed in a low voice.

Time passed second by second.

As the sun began to set, suddenly—

Squeak!

The bedroom terrace door was pushed open.

Instantly, Jane, who had been praying all this time, wore a look of despair on her face.

She knew.

He had returned.

She could not escape.

She would die like the others.

But she...

Did not want to die!

Like a zombie, Jane served the man as she always had, helping him change clothes, bringing him tea, listening to his cold sneer.

"Heh, is this the famous 'Spirit Medium'?"

Not much to speak of, I... ugh!"

Before he had finished speaking, the man was paralyzed, struggling to breathe, and he fell to the ground, never to rise again.

In his final moments, he saw the woman slowly approaching him with a long, narrow kitchen knife in her hand, continuously mumbling to herself—

"One must rely on oneself!"