

Great Master 181

Chapter 181: Stolen Luck!

"Alive, I'm just.... ah!"

The unfamiliar young man almost instinctively responded.

Then, the young man froze.

He turned around to look at Arthur, who wore a helpless expression, and his face immediately turned fierce.

"Back off, I'm just trying to grab something, I don't want trouble!"

As he spoke, he pulled out a small knife—the blade about as long as an index finger, which on a daily basis could be used to cut butter or peel apples, but it was also capable of inflicting harm; if it hit a vital spot, death was a high likelihood.

The small knife in his hand seemed to give the young man endless courage, his initial nervousness vanished, leaving only brutality.

He had just been planning to drive Arthur away.

But at that moment, he changed his mind.

With a swing of his knife, he lunged at Arthur.

Arthur sidestepped and extended his right foot.

The young man, stabbing at air, immediately took a nasty fall, nearly smashing his head on the store door.

After a two-second pause, the young man got up again, ignoring the store door close by and not choosing to flee. Instead, he turned and roared at Arthur.

"Anyone in my way redeems themselves. They deserve to die!"

Then, he rushed at Arthur again.

"It's gamblers who deserve to die!"

Arthur coldly retorted, then kicked the young man in the stomach.

Instantly, the young man flew back even faster.

This time, luck was not with him, and the young stranger smashed through the 'Tate's Wand Store' door, his body riddled with shards of glass as he groaned on the ground.

Arthur didn't pay him any mind and walked towards the wand store's backroom.

Only when he opened the door to find Tate just unconscious did he finally relax a bit.

Not dead.

Indeed, all this talk of the 'Grim Reaper's Favor' was mere foolishness.

Just coincidences, all of it!

Arthur thought to himself as he surveyed the backroom—there was a bed, a sofa, and basic amenities. What surprised him most was the soundproofing.

'Professional level!'

Otherwise, I definitely wouldn't have missed hearing Tate's breathing!

Creating such a soundproof backroom... tsk!

He glanced at some of the delicate decorations in the backroom, guessing their purpose.

But what did it have to do with him?

He was just a 'Spirit Medium' here to pick up his wand.

The patrol speed on West Mok Avenue was much faster than other areas. Approximately three minutes later, two patrol officers ran into 'Tate's Wand Store'.

Upon seeing Arthur, both saluted simultaneously.

"Consultant!"

With Arthur's growing reputation, everyone at the Shire District Police Station had come to know this powerful 'Spirit Medium,' including these two patrol officers.

Arthur glanced at the two apprehensive patrol officers and couldn't help feeling a headache coming on.

That kind of nervousness was not normal.

'Could there be more trouble?'

Arthur wondered, then recounted the events that had just occurred.

Immediately, the two officers sprang into action.

One escorted the robber back to the station, while the other began to wake up Tate to inquire about the incident.

However, having suffered a blow to the back of his head, Tate was quite dazed.

His speech was disjointed and occasionally paused, which significantly extended the questioning duration.

Arthur patiently waited in the sofa area—

When Malz walked in, Arthur was playing a coin guessing game with Pendragon, moving the coin back and forth between his hands, hiding it in one hand and letting the cat guess which one.

The game where if guessed right, a small piece of fish was given.

From the start until Malz appeared, Arthur and Pendragon had played 10 rounds, and the current score was 10:0.

Arthur 10, Pendragon 0.

At the eleventh round, Malz was right beside them and saw with his own eyes his partner hide the coin in his left hand. Pendragon also placed his paw on the left hand.

Then...

Nothing!

The palm of the left hand was empty!

Arthur opened his right hand, and a coin suddenly appeared there.

"Meow?"

Pendragon showed his confusion.

Malz also showed his confusion.

"In the sleeve? Was it in the sleeve, right?"

Malz suddenly thought of something.

Arthur immediately rolled up his sleeve, but it was empty.

"It shouldn't be."

Malz muttered to himself. After Arthur silently put the coin back into Atos's Box, he hugged the bewildered-faced Pendragon into his arms—it was just a little trick while playing with the kitten. He, the "Spirit Medium," had no ill intentions.

"How did you get here?"

While stroking Pendragon, Arthur asked.

"Heard you encountered a robbery, and then, no one died!"

Malz looked at Tate with a curious face as if marveling at the shop owner's luck in escaping the "Grim Reaper's Favor."

Arthur immediately rolled his eyes.

"I think you're thinking of something rude!"

"No, no, no!"

"I'm just purely curious!"

Malz said and walked toward Tate, signaled the patrolman to continue questioning, and began to wander around the shop. Soon, the old sheriff discovered the lounge.

By the time the old sheriff returned to the sofa area, he was clicking his tongue.

"Quite hidden, good place."

"Who do you think this place is provided for?"

The old sheriff asked.

"No one has died here; how should I know."

Arthur shrugged.

At that moment, the previously departed patrolman came back, followed by apprentice policeman Simon.

"Police Chief, consultant."

"Did that guy talk?"

"He did—he's just a pure gambler. Heard a rumor about 'Tate's Wand Store' and got interested, then he came here to rob."

Simon said, his expression somewhat peculiar.

Then, under the watchful eyes of Arthur and Malz, the apprentice policeman said.

"Three days ago, a gambler stole a few wands from 'Tate's Wand Store' and then started to turn his luck around—whether playing cards, dice, or betting on horses, he won every time. When someone asked him why he always won, the guy said he had stolen the luck from 'Tate's Wand Store.'"

"Three days ago? Stealing from the wand store?"

"Was it the guy taken back in the middle of the night?"

Malz seemed to think of something.

"Right, that guy named Frank!"

Simon nodded affirmatively.

Obviously very impressed.

Facing Arthur's puzzled look, Malz immediately explained.

"Frank too was a gambler, lived in Old Town, after accumulating a huge debt, his house was taken to cover the debts, then he sold his wife and child for capital and came to Shire District to try to recover, but he ended up completely broke again—however, for such a guy to make a turnaround? It's truly a mockery of destiny!"

The old sheriff said, angrily waving his fist.

"According to that guy, Frank won about 400 gold notes these last three days, especially yesterday at the horse races, he won 200 gold notes in just one go, last night he even treated a bunch of people to drinks at the pub."

Simon added.

The three conversed quietly in the sofa area, while the questioning about Tate also was coming to an end. Just then, Dico ran in, and upon seeing Arthur and Malz, he immediately said—

"Someone found a charred body in the back of Mule Street. According to the inquiries at the scene, the body is believed to be that of Frank, whom we had previously apprehended."