

Great Master 182

Chapter 182: Beneath the Corpse!

Frank is dead?

Suddenly, the three people in the sofa area showed different expressions.

Simon was simply surprised, after all, they had just mentioned this gambling addict.

Things were a bit more complex for Arthur and Malz.

Arthur rubbed his temples, firmly denying that he was favored by the Grim Reaper—how could it be that people died wherever he went?

Such a thing was too far-fetched, it was all just a coincidence.

It was like finding a loose thread on a sweater and pulling it only to turn the whole sweater into a ball of yarn.

What are the chances of that?

Very low, very low!

Almost nonexistent!

As for the 'Spirit Medium's' intuition just now?

One couldn't trust the words of a 'Spirit Medium', let alone the 'Spirit Medium's' intuition.

Even less trustworthy!

It was all the 'Spirit Medium's' fault, not his.

Arthur breathed a sigh of relief, straightened his body, while the old sheriff beside him sighed slightly—he was marveling at the wonders of destiny.

Indeed, his own partner was indeed favored by the Grim Reaper.

Strangers who met his partner were highly likely to undergo a 'test of death'.

Pass the test, and they lived.

If they failed, then it was death.

Thinking of this, the old sheriff glanced at the silent Tate.

The proprietor of the wand store was clearly suffering from both a headache and the torment of secret exposure—the former causing him physical pain, the latter his anxiety.

"Tate, I think you need to be more cautious recently."

The old sheriff felt obligated to warn this decent shopkeeper—everyone had some secrets, and besides, such secrets hadn't harmed anyone. Moreover, as he knew, many shops offered similar services to attract ladies from wealthy families to relieve their loneliness.

Otherwise, wouldn't those lady's wands displayed inside become mere decorations?

As for men?

Clubs were a better choice.

Or perhaps renting a room.

After all, in South Los, those men were freer and had more choices.

"Okay, sheriff, thank you,"

Tate was stunned, then nodded.

Then, he packed two wands belonging to Arthur, along with the previously promised matching sleeve, wristband, and wand cloth into a high-quality box.

However, he didn't hand it directly to Arthur but instead gave it to the old sheriff.

"With what has happened, I temporarily cannot face my real customer—please help me to pass this to Mr. Kledos."

Tate said, while subtly gesturing towards the lounge with his eyes.

"Of course."

It was no trouble at all, the old sheriff wouldn't refuse.

As the old sheriff took the box, Tate bowed slightly to show his gratitude, and then, he bowed to Arthur to apologize.

Arthur slightly lifted his hat in response.

Afterward, the group left 'Tate's Wand Store', Arthur and Malz got straight into the carriage, with Dico and an officer driving.

Simon stayed behind to handle the aftermath.

Sitting in the carriage, Malz commented,

"Tate is too sensitive, he should be more relaxed, right?"

Perhaps it's the signboard that's giving him too much pressure?"

The sign the old sheriff mentioned was the one saying 'Come rain or shine, from 8:30 AM to 5:00 PM, we never miss a meeting'—20 years of commitment, enough to turn certain honors into burdens.

To this, Arthur was non-committal.

He didn't find anything amiss in Tate's expressions.

Everything was normal.

"Not all shops can be like 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home'—245 years of persistence, truly frightening!"

Arthur was certain that 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home' was a secretive society.

Such power is definitely not something ordinary people could possess.

Could it be one of the Cat Faction?

Arthur was still unsure.

However, whether it was or not didn't hinder him from purchasing cat food and feline accessories—he believed that the 'Amanda's Cat Best Friend's Home', open for 245 years, definitely had its own rules and way of survival.

After all, not everyone who keeps cats could be just an ordinary person, right?

While chatting with the old sheriff, Arthur checked his two wands. Their bodies, made of Iron Birch, had a hardness that satisfied him.

A strong strike on an ordinary person would definitely cause fractures and severe injuries.

And the crafting of the wand's head was vividly lifelike, capturing the essence of Pendragon's expression, as if looking at a lazy little cat.

Without hesitation, Arthur learned the 'Wand Combat Technique' with his new wand.

[Wand Combat Technique Lv1: Midway through the Silver Age, a Master Alchemist named 'Lady Abel' created this secret technique. Initially, the purpose was only to compensate for her lack of physical strength, making her material gathering trips safer. However, as time went on, she continued to perfect this technique, eventually reaching its current level: Effect: Consumes some physical strength, employs the Glyphic Language 'Ga' to cast the secret technique, endowing the wand with magical power, which for 1 minute becomes a wand capable of combat capabilities]

(Note 1: The caster can have only one 'Magic Wand')

(Note 2: Only when the wand in hand completely breaks can a new 'Magic Wand' be chosen)

(Note 3: The 'Magic Wand' cannot leave a radius of 5 meters from the caster)

(Note 4: Level 1 'Magic Wand Combat Technique' is akin to that of a combat apprentice.)

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After spending 20 XP, a faint and blurry wand shadow appeared above Arthur's heart, which was only one-fiftieth the size of the adjacent palm shadow representing the 'Hand of Void' but was still visible.

Simultaneously—

[Spirituality+0.1]

...

'As expected, +100 XP increases Spirituality by 0.1!'

Previously, when the 'Hand of Void' was upgraded to Lv4 at an expense of 100 XP, it increased by 0.1 Spirituality, which Arthur had noticed. Realizing this, he decided to test if this was precise when choosing secret techniques that consumed a total of 90 XP.

Afterward, the 1 XP consumed by 'Stone Bullet Technique' had no effect.

But upgrading 'Stone Bullet Technique' to Lv2 would affect it at a cost of 100 XP.

If it truly was 100 XP for a 0.1 increase in Spirituality, then randomly upgrading 'Stone Bullet Technique' to Lv2 would push his safe spirituality range to its limits.

After all, 'Balanced Blood' had limited tolerance.

A cold feeling appeared again, and Arthur could faintly hear whispers near his ears. He couldn't discern the content of the whispers, but instinctively wanted to pursue the sound.

However, the burning sensation on his left fingers calmed Arthur down and dissolved the chill into nothingness.

Arthur glanced at his Spirituality, which had reached 0.4, and thought to himself.

"So a safety margin of 0.2 Spirituality, 200 XP, huh?"

Not much, but enough to do some things.

At least, it would provide him with more self-protection.

Arthur was most grateful that auxiliary skills weren't included in the Spirituality calculations; otherwise, with his plans for 'Bluff', 'Intimidation', 'Eagle Eye', 'Insight', his resources would be far from sufficient.

With a hint of relief, Arthur chose the wand nestled in the cat's lap as the carrier for his 'Wand Combat Technique' and placed the other wand back in the box.

By this time, the carriage had arrived at Mule Street.

The carriage could no longer pass through the narrow streets, so Arthur and Malz followed Dico on foot—And why did a case on Dort District's Mule Street require intervention from Shire District Police?

It wasn't that Cook had gained full authority and Arthur was unrestrained.

Instead, it was because Frank had left a case file at Shire District Police Station three days ago.

It was being handled by the book.

"Police Chief, Consultant,"

the patrol officers greeted Arthur and Malz with salutes.

As they were closer geographically, Cook from Dort District Police Station had arrived first.

The only Third-Class Officer left in Dort discreetly bowed to Arthur before leading Malz further in—into an alley narrower and more fetid than the first, ending in a vacant lot, which surprised Arthur.

To his understanding, the crowded residents of Mule Street would have made full use of this vacant lot.

Noticing Arthur's surprise, Cook fell a step behind and said,

"There are rumors that this place is haunted!"

"Haunted?"

Arthur touched his chin.

"Yes, there was a massacre here more than twenty years ago, and since then there have been rumors of ghosts. As time went by, the rundown houses only added to people's fear—the nearby residents avoid this place."

Cook nodded.

"How was the body discovered?"

Malz asked.

"Screams!"

"It was the screams just before the body died that drew people here," Cook pointed ahead.

Immediately, a charred corpse came into view.

The remaining warmth of the corpse mixed with an acrid smell of burning flesh made the surrounding patrol officers steer clear, some even retched up their breakfast.

Instantly, the stench intensified.

Arthur, Malz, and Cook, however, nonchalantly approached the charred body—for them, it was just another charred corpse; they were used to it.

The charred body lay flat on the ground, beyond recognition, and its belongings were burned clean, with only a ring remaining on its finger.

"Was Frank's identity recognized by this ring?"

Arthur asked.

"Yes, it's the gold ring Frank won yesterday. He boasted about it to many people, and those who heard the screams confirmed it was Frank's voice," Cook answered.

As Malz put on gloves and began inspectively examining the charred body, hoping to find clues,

Arthur frowned.

He looked at the ground beneath the charred corpse, surveyed the surroundings once more, and then stated decisively to those beside him,

"Move the charred body, dig below."

Malz and Cook were slightly puzzled but did not question Arthur's instruction and immediately directed the patrol officers to get to work.

The charred body was moved aside.

The patrol officers dug down.

After a moment, another body appeared before everyone.

Of course, that was not what mattered.

What mattered was the exclamation Malz let out upon seeing the body—

"Frank?!"