

Great Master 183

Chapter 183: Putting Together!

Malz's brows were deeply furrowed, his face wearing an expression of disbelief as he stooped low to carefully examine the body that had just been unearthed—though the coat and trousers were gone, the face was unmistakable, and that prominent beard was striking enough to have left a deep impression on him.

And so the question arose.

The body buried underground was Frank.

But who was the charred body?

Could it also be Frank?

It certainly couldn't be that there were two Franks, could it?

The gaze of the old sheriff subconsciously turned to his partner, and upon seeing Arthur's indifferent expression, the old sheriff immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

He didn't know what Arthur had seen, or what he had "heard."

But the old sheriff knew that as long as Arthur was there, nothing would be a problem.

Kuke felt the same way—although he had never truly witnessed the abilities of a 'Spirit Medium,' the newspapers had reported on them more than once.

Therefore, at this moment, Kuke's eyes were full of anticipation.

Yet Arthur, the focus of both men's attention, did not show any sign of panic—his own abilities might have been average, but standing on the shoulders of many giants, he had already begun to form some ideas.

Firstly, Malz couldn't possibly be mistaken.

In that regard, Arthur was extremely confident.

The old sheriff's age might have diminished his physical strength, but definitely not his memory, and his eyes were sharp enough as well.

He absolutely could not confuse someone he had seen within the past three days.

Not to mention someone with such distinctive features.

Thus, the body buried underground was certainly Frank's.

Secondly, as for the charred body.

In a sense, it was also Frank!

Or to put it another way—the Frank in the eyes of those gamblers.

It was a trick set up by someone or some people.

As for why?

"Turn this body over."

Arthur's gaze turned to the body that had been dug up from the ground—the reason he sensed something was amiss just now was because of the soil around it.

This place was behind Mule Street, and because of the 'haunting' rumors, it was desolate and unvisited, with the soil presenting a 'uniform, smooth' appearance.

Only the soil underneath the burnt body showed signs of having been disturbed and tamped.

While the person who buried the body had done a thorough job, the artificial tamping was still vastly different from the natural smoothness of the surrounding soil.

This time, not waiting for the patrolmen to assist, Malz and Kuke directly took to the task themselves.

The two cautiously flipped the body that had been unearthed, and immediately, a wound came into everyone's view—an injury on the back of the skull, inflicted with such force that it was fatal from a single blow.

"Is this... from a club?"

Kuke speculated, examining the shape of the wound.

At the same time, he searched for any possible wood shavings.

If a club or similar weapon was used to strike the back of the head, such force would likely leave behind more clues, unless the weapon was made of Iron Birch.

Strangely, however, no wood shavings were found around the injury, only soil.

Kuke immediately started searching the burial pit.

Malz, on the other hand, was moving the hair on the body, looking for more clues.

And Kuke, who found nothing in the pit, once again turned his gaze to the charred body—compared to the unearthed body, it was much easier to make a judgment: there was a stab wound in the chest.

'Clearly, the killer had stabbed the victim to death, and the victim's cry of pain before death had attracted the attention of others.'

Then, the murderer burned the body to destroy the evidence.'

Kuke was thinking this in his head but felt something was off and unconsciously mimicked Arthur's chin-rubbing gesture from earlier.

Then, Kuke's expression changed.

He hadn't removed his gloves, and he had been moving the bodies back and forth.

Immediately, the Third-Class Officer from Dort District felt his stomach churn, but he forced himself to maintain composure in front of Arthur and Malz.

Arthur noticed Kuke's distress, but he was more focused on the pile of soil that Kuke had just cleared off the body—with the flicker of 'Eagle Eye,' he keenly spotted a hint of black.

Bending down to pick up the black speck, Arthur's fingers twirled it, and a look of surprise appeared in his eyes.

'Paint?'

Arthur narrowed his eyes.

The unexpected incident involving the young Spirit Medium wasn't related to the case at hand, but rather some other unforeseen event, however, that didn't stop Arthur from continuing his interrogation.

"Who arrested Frank that night?"

"It was Hunter and Newt,"

the old sheriff replied.

"Bring those two guys over here, I have some questions for them,"

Arthur said.

"Sure, Dico! Dico!"

The old sheriff nodded and then called out to a subordinate in the distance.

In the time it took Dico to bring the two men over, Arthur had walked over to the charred corpse, casually pulling away some nearby weeds and reaching into the corpse's mouth and nose—there was no soot.

At the same time, Arthur discovered a different kind of knife wound on the chest of the charred corpse.

Even with the fire's scorching, the knife marks were still discernible.

'Blade laid flat, thrust straight through the ribs, accurately piercing the heart—quick, precise, and vicious; the victim probably didn't even realize what happened before dying.'

Arthur thought to himself as he stood up and began to wander around the reportedly haunted wasteland.

He still needed to find some evidence—and soon enough, Arthur found what he was looking for amidst the rubble and overgrown weeds, the first piece of evidence he wanted.

Blood traces, dragging marks.

It was the angle formed by a wall that had collapsed, resembling an inverted '7'.

Clearly, the murderer had hidden the body here.

Then, Arthur looked for the second piece of evidence—he first inspected the inverted corner of the collapsed wall, confirming there was nothing of interest, before he continued his search.

Compared to the body, this evidence was much harder to find.

Arthur searched the entire wasteland of rubble and found nothing.

Consequently, Arthur turned his attention to the two bodies.

Not to mention the charred corpse, the buried body's physique was clearly visible.

Not particularly tall, but with a small belly.

'So that's what it is.'

Arthur immediately guessed what had happened.

For this, he thanked a certain giant.

A trail of clues started coming together, leaving only one piece of the puzzle missing.

Arthur wasn't in a rush about this.

He began teasing Pendragon, of course, not playing the coin guessing game again; this time, it was guessing the cat kibble—one pellet in one palm, a handful in the other.

To make the process more interesting,

Arthur let Pendragon see him take that single pellet of cat food.

"Pan, guess which hand has the cat food?"

The Orange Cat, without hesitation, pawed at Arthur's left hand, the one with the single pellet of cat food.

Arthur flipped his palm, opened his hand, and revealed the single pellet of cat food. Pendragon meowed and quickly snatched the pellet with his mouth, then Arthur flipped his right hand over, spreading it open to reveal a handful of cat food.

Plunk!

The pellet in Pendragon's mouth dropped to the ground, and the cat sat there, dumbfounded, beginning to question its feline existence.

"Haha, Pan, remember this—people are wicked!"

Arthur laughed heartily as he pocketed the remaining cat food.

Feeding?

Out of the question.

He was teaching Pendragon cat life philosophy, one remembers best when they have lost.

After clapping his hands, Arthur stood up—within his view, Dico was already walking over with two patrol officers.

Those two must be Hunter and Newt.

The two men shivered as they approached Arthur, their faces turning pale and simultaneously saying when Arthur looked their way—

"I'm sorry, I was wrong!"