

## Great Master 184

Chapter 184: The 3rd!

"What went wrong?"

Arthur asked with a smiling demeanor.

"We shouldn't have gotten greedy."

"We shouldn't have taken the wands from 'Tate's Wand Store'."

Hunter and Newt said one after another.

Facing Arthur, who could perform 'Necromancy', the two dared not conceal the truth and, moreover, this morning Lord Count had signed off on Arthur receiving the privileges of a first-class officer.

This was ample proof of Lord Count's trust in Arthur.

Moreover, a first-class officer already had the authority to fire any patrol officer.

This point was particularly critical.

The two were well aware of what would face them once they were no longer patrol officers—the gang members who had been extremely respectful in the past would be the first to devour them, bones and all.

And the fate of their families would be even more tragic.

Just thinking about that scenario made them on the verge of tears.

Arthur was unmoved by this.

He continued to inquire.

"Anything else?"

"Ah?"

The two men were stunned for a moment, while Malz couldn't hold back any longer.

"Ah? What do you mean by 'ah'!"

The old sheriff kicked both of their buttocks and scolded loudly.

"Not knowing what you can and cannot take, you two ignorant fools—both of you, three months' pay is gone."

As the old sheriff scolded, he covertly asked Arthur with hand gestures.

After confirming that Arthur had no objections, he then made his decision.

Arthur was all too familiar with what the patrol officers of South Los were like.

It would have been the same with anyone else.

Even, it would have been more excessive.

Better to keep the two men.

Of course, this was definitely not because the two men who made mistakes were easier to control; the young 'Spirit Medium' had simply chosen to follow the rules of South Los.

It was really just that.

Hunter and Newt began to cry again.

However, this time it was tears of joy.

Though they lost three months' pay, their status as patrol officers was preserved, and that was enough—even if life was difficult, it was enough to live on.

The two men quickly wiped the tears from the corners of their eyes and continued.

"That day, we took some things from 'Tate's Wand Store' and left, then returned about twenty minutes later, just to see Frank stealing things.

We rushed in, and Frank ran off with the stolen goods."

Hunter stated truthfully.

"Actually, we let Frank get away on purpose.

He was holding several wands in his arms, which looked very nice; our plan was to let him go, and in his rush to escape, he would definitely throw the wands away, so we remembered the location.

Once we caught him, we could come back and pick up the wands to make some extra money."

Newt added.

This addition made the old sheriff so angry that he kicked them each again.

It was not their greed that angered him.

But the fact that their greed triggered the subsequent events.

Although unsure why his partner was asking these questions, the old sheriff could be sure that the questions being asked were definitely related to the two bodies beside them.

Greed is fine.

Greed causing trouble, that was a problem.

"You two go back and write a 20,000-word self-criticism!"

The old sheriff yelled.

Suddenly, the two men's faces soured.

They could read, but not much.

20,000 words, that was a massive task, most likely they would have to hire someone to write it for them, and that naturally entailed yet another expense.

After the old sheriff had finished berating them, Arthur continued to ask.

"So, did you find the wand when you went back?"

"No!"

"We couldn't find a single one—we confirmed the location, right in the area from West Mok Avenue to Garden Street, but by the time we got back, they were gone."

Hunter and Newt shook their heads together, very certain of their statement.

"I see."

Arthur murmured softly to himself.

Such remarks immediately attracted everyone's attention, especially Malz and Kuke—by this moment, looking at the two bodies, they were still completely baffled.

"Hunter, Newt, do you know of any fence in the Shire District who is slim and has been active in South Los for at least 20 years?"

"It's Faulkner!"

"This old guy is quite a famous 'fence' in the Shire District, not only dealing in stolen goods but also selling some information, and he has been living in South Los for at least 20 years."

Facing Arthur's inquiry, Hunter and Newt responded in unison.

"What about the casino on Garden Street? Do you know it?"

Arthur continued to ask.

"Yes!"

The two again responded in unison.

"Good, then Newt, you take Dico and sweep through the casino, bring everyone back to me."

"Hunter, you take us to find Mr. Faulkner."

Upon hearing Arthur's assignments, except for the necessary personnel to guard the scene, everyone sprang into action.

Arthur, Malz, and Kuke took a police carriage.

And after the carriage door closed, while Malz was still pondering, the young Kuke couldn't help but ask.

"Lord, what exactly is happening?"

"Seeing money made them act."

Arthur said softly.

"Seeing money made them act?"

"Just for a few wands?"

Kuke looked incredulous.

Although the wands weren't cheap, in the eyes of this third-class officer from Dort District, the money was hardly worth killing over.

Malz, however, appeared thoughtful.

Suddenly, the old sheriff looked at Arthur, who slightly nodded and gestured with his hand.

Immediately, the old sheriff narrowed his eyes.

The entire exchange was silent and traceless; Kuke on the side didn't notice anything.

...

After a hot bath, Faulkner felt refreshed. He stood in front of the mirror to begin shaving—the glue adhering to the stubble had already fully bonded with his facial skin. Despite the hot towels applied several times, the whole process was excruciating, but even with a sore face, the fence wasn't annoyed.

Because it was all worth it.

'Those fools probably have already concluded someone robbed and killed Frank by now.

After all, I left plenty of clues.

Ha, tomorrow's newspaper will probably carry the news of poor Frank's tragic death.'

Faulkner feigned sadness and shook his head with a tsk.

Afterward, the fence wiped his face for the last time with a hot towel to remove any remaining glue and hairs.

After making sure he left nothing behind, he finally stepped out of the washroom.

He stretched his body and threw the pouch that had been tied around his waist to the corner—this pouch was a type of waist bag commonly used by herdsmen for carrying large amounts of water.

Of course, it could also be used to carry oil.

'After getting rid of this thing, everything will be perfect!'

Faulkner thought, yet his hands involuntarily moved to touch the wand.

The T-shaped wand had good support, and the tip was engraved to accommodate fingers, but these were not important.

The important part was the body of the wand.

At a tiny spot where the paint had flaked off, the golden glow captivated Faulkner.

He lifted his hand to gently stroke it, muttering to himself.

"Gold! Gold!"

And just then, a knock sounded from downstairs—

Thud, thud-thud!