

Great Master 185

Chapter 185: Gold X Accomplice X Annihilation

"Who's there?"

Faulkner asked cautiously.

Immediately, a somewhat familiar voice came from downstairs—

"It's me, Hunter.

Got some good stuff!"

The first sentence was spoken in a normal voice, while the latter was whispered.

Immediately, Faulkner pictured a police officer with brown curly hair, plump cheeks, yet a slender frame in his mind.

After a slight hesitation, Faulkner responded.

"Coming!"

Having killed that guy, Faulkner had no plans to flee far away.

He had already established his own enterprise in South Los, and even with an unexpected windfall, he wouldn't choose to leave this stable life.

Therefore, it was essential to maintain good relationships with policemen.

After securing the Golden Cane, Faulkner walked downstairs— this place was Selene Street, similar to Garden Street, both middle-class neighborhoods near West Mok Avenue, though Garden Street was on

one side, and Selene District on the other, requiring a walk across the entire West Mok Avenue to get there.

Most of the main buildings here were the most popular two and a half stories in South Los, each building completely independent, separated by their own small courtyards, similar to Cork Street, but not as spacious, yet still sought after by many middle-class residents.

Many middle-class people who bought properties here had skilled wives or first sons who opened various workshops and shops as family units.

The sign Faulkner hung outside read 'Craft Carving Workshop.'

Thus, the room on the first floor, aside from a desk and two chairs, was occupied by various stones and half-finished plaster statues.

Faulkner walked through a series of his own arrangements and carefully cracked the door open.

Seeing that it was indeed only Hunter, he then fully opened the door.

"Good afternoon, Officer Hunter."

Even though Hunter was just a patrol officer, Faulkner was still exceedingly deferential.

He knew too well how troublesome these little figures could be.

"Would you like some coffee or tea?"

"I also have some freshly brewed watermelon!"

Faulkner asked with a smile.

"Give me two watermelons!"

Hunter asked as if it was a given— not to mention eating two measly watermelons at Faulkner's, he didn't even pay when dining in Shire District.

"Just a moment!"

Faulkner smiled, but deep down he couldn't wait to stab the other man.

This greedy feeling made him think of that guy again.

'Really want to see if stabbing this patrol officer to death will reveal the same expression as that guy.'

A sudden impulse made Faulkner pause as he was turning around.

However, the next moment, he was back to normal.

Reason told Faulkner what he should do now.

Meanwhile, Hunter behind this 'fence' shuddered violently, the patrol officer looking terrified at Faulkner's back as he headed to the kitchen.

He just felt that the guy in front of him wanted to kill him.

'An illusion, right?

This guy wouldn't dare, right?'

Hunter thought, his palms beginning to sweat.

He started praying fervently for his police chief, his consultant, to arrive quickly.

Otherwise, he might indeed die in the line of duty.

Moments later, when Faulkner came out with the sliced watermelon, Hunter grabbed the slices and started munching— although it was early autumn, the noon in South Los was still scorching, and a watermelon fished out of the water was truly a delicious treat.

As Hunter munched, he took out five Gold Coins from his pocket.

"Exchange them for gold notes."

"No problem."

Seeing the Gold Coins, Faulkner's eyes lit up— as a fence, apart from the necessary buying and selling of information, his business also included the receipt and sale of stolen goods, as well as currency exchange.

Especially Gold Coins, which were his favorite.

"Give you a 2.1 exchange rate?"

Faulkner offered a rate a little higher than the highest rate.

Hunter frowned unhappily, but eventually nodded, muttering.

"This time it's okay, but next time you have to give me the real high price."

"Of course! Of course!"

Faulkner smiled and nodded repeatedly, while inside his head rang continually—

Kill him! Kill him!

Set up another plot!

With your intelligence, you can surely fool those policemen easily!

While maintaining a smile, Faulkner clenched his fists hidden under his sleeves tightly, veins bulging on his lean hands.

Caw, caw caw!

Suddenly, the cawing of crows sounded.

Hunter slapped the armrest of the chair and stood up straight.

"I have to continue patrol."

As he spoke such words, Hunter stepped towards the exit, sweat beads already appearing on his forehead— he had clearly noticed Faulkner's extremely abnormal behavior.

But, the signal had appeared.

He could retreat quickly.

He stepped quickly to the door, about to push it open.

But at that moment—

"Officer Hunter, wait a moment.

I have some things here you could take with you."

Faulkner maintained his smile, stood up, and walked towards Hunter step by step, holding a sharpened knife he had drawn from the desk and hidden behind his back.

Hunter started to tremble.

Faulkner was hiding the knife, which he hadn't seen, but he was very familiar with Faulkner's posture for hiding a knife.

"I, I think..."

Cough, cough!

The patrol officer started to stammer, but suddenly a cough came from upstairs.

Hunter was stunned.

Faulkner was stunned too.

Next, the latter, regardless of everything, turned around and rushed toward the second floor with a knife in hand, screaming madly—

"Who is it? Who is it?"

"Come out!"

When Faulkner saw the figure sitting on his couch on the second floor, he mercilessly swung his sharp knife straight toward the person.

But—

Clang!

A cane blocked in front of Faulkner.

Sparks flew, and the recoil from the blade almost made the 'fence' lose grip of the knife, but what surprised him the most was that the cane moved on its own, without anyone holding it.

Faulkner was taken aback.

The turmoil inside him began to calm down.

"Sir, why have you broken into my room?"

Faulkner held the knife, looking purely defensive.

Meanwhile, Arthur, sitting on the couch, was examining a Golden Cane in his hand and looking over a newspaper. Seeing Faulkner approach, the 'Spirit Medium' spoke slowly and deliberately—

"Three nights ago, Frank, thinking he could break even but having lost everything again, walked out of the gambling house on Garden Street. He happened to see the door of 'Tate's Wand Store' open. Overjoyed, he rushed in without thinking, hoping to grab something to recover his losses.

He had just grabbed a few canes when a patrol officer spotted him; he immediately ran outside, at the same time, tossing the canes into the roadside bushes, planning to come back later to retrieve them—but what he didn't notice was that someone had been following him, a stranger in these parts.

That person was the one who had lured Frank from Old Town to earn the gambling house owner's commission, but Frank brought too little money. Thinking of the effort he put in just to end up with such a small amount, he became discontent and decided to secretly punish Frank.

Fortunately for him, he witnessed Frank throwing away the canes. He was thrilled, and once everyone had left, he picked up the canes.

Right after he grabbed them, he realized something was off.

One of the canes felt unusually heavy. After inspecting it closely, he found out that the cane was made of gold!

He was ecstatic, yet hesitant, unable to be sure if Frank had noticed the cane's distinctiveness, so he waited outside the police station.

When Frank appeared, he immediately tricked him under the guise of offering him a place to stay, and then murdered him on Mule Street.

Afterward, this person came here to 'brag' about what he had done to you, his friend, and to sell you the Golden Cane.

You agreed, but by then, your intent to kill had already surfaced.

No!

Your murderous intent had already been present!

But you hesitated.

It's because of such hesitations that you tolerated this person who kept 'blackmailing' you.

At the same time, you proposed to this person to impersonate Frank, to fully clear any suspicions.

This person agreed.

But what he didn't know was that the next day you changed your mind. You killed him with a single stroke and then continued to act under Frank's name—since Frank from Old Town had no acquaintances, a simple fake beard and a change in body shape allowed you to perfectly impersonate him.

After all, if that person could do it, there was no reason you couldn't.

Moreover, you had to do it even better!

You were using Frank's 'death' to cover up that person's 'corpse'!

Thus, you kept publicizing your find from 'Tate's Wand Store', flaunting your good fortune to everyone.

But, what was the reality?

It was merely a ploy to attract fools."

Arthur said this, pausing briefly, then gazed at Faulkner, the slim man.

However, the 'fence' was unfazed.

"Sir, please leave.

Otherwise, I will call the police!"

Saying this, he pretended to start descending the stairs.

But he immediately stopped in his tracks.

Kuke, along with a group of patrol officers, was blocking the stairs.

And in the forefront was a large, plump figure—

"You're the one calling the police?"

With a scarred face, Dico stiffened his neck, looking up at the person above, a smirk playing on his lips and his baton itching for action.

You should know, capturing a murderer personally comes with a bounty!

Moreover, the Police Chief isn't like those crooks from before; he won't embezzle this bounty. He would get the full bounty, enough to buy another pretty dress for his daughter, Ellie!

"Officers, you wouldn't believe the words of an intruder, would you?"

Faulkner remained calm as ever.

"he tui!

An intruder?

This is our police consultant, Mr. Kledos!"

Dico turned his head and spat, a vicious grin spreading across his plump face.

"Kledos?

The 'Spirit Medium'?"

Faulkner was taken aback, then he laughed, turning to look at Arthur and asking.

"Was it Nack who told you this?

Did that guy's soul not perish with the flames?

Moreover, what do I have to worry about?

Even if I killed Nack, I wouldn't need to use such a complex method!"

His words were filled with provocation.

"No, you needed to!

Because the person you're worried about isn't dead yet, just temporarily incapacitated. You needed to make him believe that it was Nack who killed Frank, staying hidden for the time being."

Arthur shook his head, then picked up the newspaper by his side and threw it toward Faulkner.

The newspaper fluttered to the ground, landing such that the headline "Haite Furniture Store owner Haite arrested" was in view.

Faulkner's expression changed, but he still retorted stubbornly,

"I don't even know him!"

The other man asserted firmly, his voice resonant.

Arthur, however, looked at him amusedly and countered—

"Oh? But the family that was wiped out behind Mule Street always said it was the three of you who did it, right?"